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TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1842.

LINES ON THE BIRTH OF THE HEIR-APPARENT.

BY MRS. GORE.

By other lips be lofty Pæans sung,
By other knees lowly allegiance paid;
A word of warning trembles on my tongue,
That may not be unsaid!

Yet welcome, welcome, Babe! as though a star
Beacon'd thy cradle, as in Bethlehem,
To tell the nations One was born afar,
A sacrifice for *them!*

For, arduous is thy mission, royal boy!
Not unto thee sufficeth, by thy smile
To tinge with rainbow-hues the tears of joy
A mother's pangs beguile!—

Thou cam'st not here to sport with childish glee;
With thy first breath the task of care began:
Purple and pall oppress thine infancy,
For thou art *born* a MAN!

Thornless, as fortune favours theirs or them,
May prove the wreath of roses that adorns
All other brows;—the regal diadem
Must be a crown of thorns!

Nor sparkling dews, nor glowing noontide flame
Must mar the calmness of thy youth sedate;
Shunning temptation, lest in Frailty's shame
The throne participate!

No wild exploit, no pleasant midnight chimes,
Must the severer cares of State relieve;
The faults of subjects darken into crimes,
Worn on a prince's sleeve.

Stern, as the statue on its pedestal,—
Pure, as the silvery clouds of moonlit skies,
Should be the Royal One, whose actions all
Survey with jealous eyes.

By the defilements of their temples moved,
The Heathen, school'd by Nature's mystic spell,
Struck down the altars of the gods he lov'd,
And mock'd their oracles.

And thou! O happier Alfred, from whose lands
Are swept the beast of prey, and man of blood;
Know that a nation great and *free*, demands
A monarch great and *good!*

He, in whose breast abides the subjects' breath,
Spotless as truth, should keep the heart within:
And thrice accursed the king who dooms to death,
Yet dares to live in sin!—

Therefore, oh! therefore, those who love thee best,
E'en while they swell the triumph of this hour,
Fair human child!—rejoice with trembling, lest
Thy task exceed thy power.

Yet with that fear, what glorious hopes unite!—
Lov'd of a nation's heart!—what prayers ascend
For thee to Heaven's eternal throne of light,
As for a future friend!—

Vast as thy cares, thy virtues' scope is wrought!—
One noble impulse of thy heart may bless
The fate of millions,—one bright moment's thought
Secure an age's happiness!—

England hath put away her childish things;
And thine may be the name predestinate
To shine, as wisest of the mightier kings
Who glorify her state.

For this we pray!—with great ones hand in hand,—
But with the poor and humble, heart in heart,—
Oh! may'st thou live and prosper,—and the land
Bear in thy grace a part!—

So, though the nation's triumph in thy birth
Be but a tribute to old England's throne,
When we resign thee to thy parent earth,
Its tears shall be thine own!

TORY REMEDIES FOR NATIONAL DISTRESS—EMIGRATION.

During the sitting of Parliament, the Tory leaders affected not to believe that any great distress existed in the country; and certain partial returns of the receipts and payments of Savings Banks were confidently appealed to, in order to establish the prosperity of the working-classes.* Since Parliament rose, however, the destitution has become too widely spread, and too severe, to be longer denied; and the fact, that the last crop has turned out greatly deficient, conjoined with the renewed activity of the Corn-law repealers, has alarmed the Ministry. There seems no reason to doubt, that any attempt even to modify, in however inconsiderable a degree, the laws against the importation of food, must lead to the destruction of the present administration; and to avoid, or at least delay, this catastrophe, the scheme of an extensive system of emigration has been taken into the serious consideration of Government. Whether such a scheme is likely to relieve the existing distress, is the first matter we propose to consider.

It is too obvious for argument, that unless emigration be carried to such an extent as to exceed the daily increase of population, it can have no effect in alleviating the existing distress; emigration of an equal or smaller amount can merely tend to prevent the distress from becoming more severe. Now, the population of the United Kingdom, as shown by the last census, increases at the rate of about 300,000 a-year; and unless more than this number of persons be annually sent out of the country, emigration will have no effect in diminishing distress. It appears from parliamentary returns, that, of late years, the emigrants to all our colonies and the United States, very seldom exceed 100,000 a-year, and have often been under 20,000. The average may be taken at 50,000; and it is important, in passing, to remark, that from one-half to one-third of the emigrants go directly to the United States, while it is not improbable that of the emigrants to British America—forming one-half of the total number—a very great proportion ultimately settle in the United States. To produce any perceptible effect, therefore, the emigrants must be increased by sixfold in number, in comparison with those who hitherto have voluntarily left this country; and it will be observed, that every encouragement has been given to emigration, not only by Government, but by several of our colonies applying a great proportion of the price received for land sold, to take out emigrants free of expense. Considering the natural propensity of men to remain where they have been born, the love of country, and the peril and uncertainty of a settlement on a distant and unknown shore, it is exceedingly improbable that 300,000 persons could be prevailed on annually to leave this kingdom, for any inducement it is possible to hold out. We have no doubt that many who look to emigration as a remedy for distress, will be surprised to hear it maintained, that emigration must be yearly repeated; but there is sufficient reason to establish, that any drain made in this way, is speedily replenished. By the returns made to Dr. Webster, in the year 1755, the Isle of Skye contained 11,252 inhabitants: by those to Sir John Sinclair, between 1791 and 1794, 14,470. From 1770 to 1791, 4000 persons emigrated, and during the same period at least 8000 left the island for the low country, yet the population in 1794 was larger than in 1755: and although great numbers have continued to emigrate to America, though the kelp manufactory has been annihilated, no new branch of industry been created, and the island is ill adapted for agriculture, the population had increased, in 1821, to 20,627, and in 1831, to 22,796. Many similar instances could be mentioned: but it is unnecessary; as it is a fact well established, and of which abundant evidence may be found in writers on Population, that marriages and births are in proportion to the deaths, or other causes of removal. Thus the necessity of an annual or periodical emigration, when once this remedy is resorted to as a cure for over-population, is apparent.

With regard to the expense which is necessary for transporting great bodies of men, little experience has yet been had. On two or three occasions, however, Government has advanced money for the transportation of emigrants. In 1819, £50,000 were advanced to assist 5000 persons to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope. Whether the aid given was insufficient, or whether it arose from other causes, this experiment in colonization proved anything but successful. In 1823 and 1825, two bodies of emigrants were located on lands in Canada, at the public expense. The emigrants of 1825, consisted of 2024 persons; and, independently of the value of the lands given them, the expense of settling cost £43,145; rather more than £20 for each person. In 1823, 568 Irish emigrants were settled at the rate of £22 for each person. We are well aware that estimates of the expense of transporting and locating settlers, have been made at a much lower rate: but we prefer the results of actual experience to hypothetical estimates. Assuming, then, that £20 ahead, is the expense of removing an emigrant to, and settling him in Canada—we ask how *six millions* are annually to be raised, *merely for the purpose of keeping our population at its present number*, and preventing the increasing severity of distress arising from the daily augmentation of numbers. This has always been felt by the advocates of emigration, as the great difficulty: for it has been clearly seen, that the attempt to raise an additional tax for a purpose which has never been

* An appeal to the Savings Banks is a most fallacious test of the wellbeing of the working-classes; the majority of the depositors being persons of a very different description; such as petty shopkeepers, clerks, house-servants of all sorts; schoolmasters, female teachers, foremen, half-pay officers, and small annuitants, and many others, who thus place part of their dividends, or savings, for temporary safety and to obtain the current interest, in the Savings Banks. This sort of evidence of prosperity is, therefore, not to be relied on.—*E. T. M.*

popular—the transporting of our fellow-subjects to wild and distant lands—would effectually put an end to the scheme. The only proposition, therefore, that is at all practicable or worthy of consideration, is that of which Mr. E. G. Wakefield is the author, and which has been in operation in some of our Australian colonies for a few years. But as this new plan of colonization has been carried into effect in the most complete manner, in New Zealand, we shall explain it by showing how it operates there.

It may be premised, that formerly our Government gave grants of waste lands in our colonies *gratis;* as much as five hundred thousand acres being sometimes granted to a single individual. This was not only a fertile source of jobbing, but, as the favoured holders of these extensive grants were never able to cultivate any considerable portion of their grant, the result was, that the grants, if not sold, remained an uncultivated desert, which separated the cultivated districts of the country from each other, and kept the population in an isolated and barbarous state. A new plan was, therefore, suggested to the Government, viz., the selling of all lands at a low rate, but at the same time at such a price as would check individuals from acquiring right to great tracts of country. In furtherance of this new system, the present New Zealand Land Company was formed in 1839. They purchased a tract of land from the natives, and besides the purchase-money paid, one-tenth of the whole land sold is reserved for the use of the natives—which tenth must necessarily yearly become more valuable. The first colony consisted of 1100 town acres, and 110,000 country acres at Port Nicholson. These were sold at 20s. an acre, and realized, after deducting the native reserves, about £100,000. Of this sum, three-fourths were set apart to form an emigration fund, to be employed in conveying emigrants to the colony; thereby increasing the value of the lands already sold. The purchasers of land were entitled to claim the three fourths of their purchase-money, either in the shape of free passages for themselves and families, or for their servants and labourers; and where the claim was not made, the money was expended by the Company in conveying labourers to the country. Another settlement called Nelson, is now in course of formation, from which it is anticipated that £300,000 will be realized by the price of allotments: but only one half of this sum is to be appropriated for conveying labourers to the country. We confess, we see no objection to this system; but however beneficial it may be to the colonies which adopt it, it is easy to show that it must prove totally inoperative in removing the distress or diminishing, in any available degree, the population of the United Kingdom. From July 1839 to July 1841 —two years, the total number of emigrants conveyed by the Company's ships, has been 3469. Of these, a considerable proportion, no doubt, paid their own expenses; but as we have no means of ascertaining the proportion, we shall assume that they were *all* carried out at the Company's expense. Now, the Company had, previously to the sailing of the first vessel, realized £100,000 by the sale of the allotments at Port Nicholson,—£75,000 of which were set aside for conveying labour to the colony, so that each emigrant appears to have cost £21 for mere conveyance; and while the population of the United Kingdom increased 600,000, the Company removed only 3469. But to show that Mr. Wakefield's plan would give little relief to this country, even if carried to the greatest extent, we have only to advert to the circumstance, that to carry it through effectively, only a particular class must be selected—that is, the flower of our population; for the emigration fund must be expended in carrying out equal proportions of both sexes, between certain ages, say 18 and 35. Mr. Wakefield remarks:—"*There are great objections to any but young people; I will not say the narrow class to which I have adverted. Children suffer immensely* in being removed: they suffer on board ship, they suffer from confinement; and when they arrive in the Colony, they are either neglected, or are a great encumbrance. *Old people* suffer much more from being removed from the scenes to which they are attached, and they are also less able to bear the fatigues which necessarily attend upon a long voyage." However beneficial, therefore, Mr. Wakefield's system may be to the colonies which adopt it, we cannot help thinking it cannot be advantageous to the mother-country to remove the people in the prime of life, and to leave the old men and women to be supported, and the children to be brought up, at the expense of the mother-country, till they are fit to be removed to the colonies. Such a system of emigration, instead of relieving the distress and lessening poor rates, would increase both; because, for every able-bodied man removed, probably two old or feeble persons would be left to be supported. This, indeed, is the evil of all emigration; it takes away the active, strong, and enterprising, and leaves the lazy, weak, and indolent. Another evil of Mr. Wakefield's scheme is, that it tends to draw capital from Britain to be invested in the colonies, whereby the fund necessary for the employment of labour at home is diminished. Only a small portion of the price of lands to be sold can be expected to be raised in the colonies themselves; the great bulk of it must, as hitherto, be drawn from the mother-country. It is obvious that, if capital be sent abroad in as great a proportion as population, no benefit will be derived at home, from emigration, at least for many years to come. The chief cause of the welfare, and of the advance of the prosperity of any country, is the increase of capital at a greater rate than population. We really believe, therefore, that, in as far as relief from the present distress is to be regarded as the chief object for encouraging emigration, it would be much better to raise the whole money by a tax, and expend it either in employing the hands who are out of work in some useful labour at home, till the present crisis is over,—or, if that plan be objectionable, on account of the additional produce and competition it would necessarily create—to employ it directly in conveying away our population, than to draw it from our capitalists in the shape of price of lands at the other side of the globe, and then indirectly return

only one half of it to be expended for the same purpose. It is unnecessary, however, to consider the subject further; for could the quantity of land sold annually, be increased *one hundred* fold, the price of it would not remove our yearly additional population.

But perhaps the greatest objection to emigration is, that it would not relieve the classes among whom the distress chiefly prevails. These are, the hand-loom weavers, the spinners, and others employed in the cotton, woollen, and silk trades, the workers of iron, printers, &c. While population in our pastoral and agricultural counties has hardly increased at all during the last thirty years, that of the manufacturing districts has doubled. We have also a much greater number of professional men of all sorts—clergymen, lawyers, and medical men, as well as clerks, governesses, and other educated persons, than can find adequate employment. For all these there is, in reality, no opening in the colonies. In the East and West Indies, in all the settlements in New Holland, and even in New Zealand, the warehouses are filled with British commodities and manufactures, to an amount utterly beyond the demand; they can, consequently, be bought at a less price than they cost in Britain. Nobody imagines that manufacturers of cloth, of any sort, could be employed at all in our colonies. They must, whatever their age, whatever their strength or state of health be, relinquish the pursuits of their whole lives—sacrifice all the knowledge and skill which they have acquired—sink into the lowest class of labourers—and be contented to be ranked in the same order as the New Zealanders, or the late slaves in the West Indies. A person accustomed solely to in-door labour, in such work as weaving and spinning, is indeed of less value in New Zealand than the natives themselves. To send such people to our colonies is merely to send them to starve abroad, instead of starving at home. The colonies do not want such labour. Were it, indeed, proposed to export them in tens of thousands,—and in smaller numbers emigration is useless for the purpose in view,—the colonies would resort to every expedient to prevent the emigrants settling among them. Notwithstanding the almost boundless extent of the United States, and the immense demand for labour, by the construction of their extended and numerous canals, railways, (of each of which they have made, within a few years, nearly 4000 miles,) and other public and private works, there is a constant complaint in the newspapers of the Eastern States, of the insupportable influx of Irish immigrants, who are almost daily thrown on their shores; although these are the very class most fitted for the works continually in progress, and without whose aid these works could either not be completed at all, or at an expense greatly larger than that which they have hitherto cost.

The only classes fitted for an extensive emigration are, farm-servants, shepherds, and mechanics of all sorts; though the number of the two former to the latter ought probably to be in the proportion of at least 100 to 1. In country parishes in Scotland, of 1000 or 1500 inhabitants, it is unusual to find more than two or three wrights, smiths, shoemakers, tailors, &c., employing two or three journeymen and apprentices each. What is the value of weavers, and other in-door operatives, when employed in country labour,—every one must have observed, who has seen them, in periods of distress, at such work. It is no exaggeration to say that one labourer will do five times the work of such men at out-door labour; and hence the classes who are most distressed are the very last our colonists would be inclined to assist to remove.

And although means could be found to transport our working population in tens of thousands, what is likely to be the result? From the great length and consequent expense of the voyage to Australia, British North America must be fixed on as their place of destination. We have seen that already half of our emigrants either sail directly for, or find their way indirectly into, the United States. Is it likely that industrious spinners of cotton and silk, and skilful mechanics, would contentedly clear the forests in the back settlements of Canada or Nova Scotia, among frost and snow, when by a few days' journey they would receive constant employment and higher wages than ever they got at home, in the United States? It is wonderful, indeed, to mark how rapidly the views of our rulers change upon such subjects as that of which we are treating. Half a century ago, the proposal to export any part of our people, and the bare notion that we could have too many people, would have been scouted from the throne to the cottage. In earlier times, no one was allowed to leave the kingdom without the king's license; for the king was held to have such a right to the services of his subjects for the defence of the realm, that he could not be deprived of it without his own consent. To this day, the king may prevent any one, by the writ *ne exeat regno*, from leaving the kingdom. So far, again, from compelling, or even permitting, artisans to settle abroad, they were expressly prohibited from emigrating,—and upon this law two convictions actually took place at the Old Bailey in 1809: the one of a master who had offered an artificer advantageous terms to emigrate to the United States, and the other of the artificer, who, having no work at home, had accepted of these terms. The judge, who tried the case, commended highly its policy, and dwelt at great length on the mischievous crime with which the prisoner stood charged, as deservedly severely punishable by law. All this was certainly absurd; for the industry of an artificer is his only inheritance, and to prevent him from disposing of it to the best advantage, is an unwarrantable act of power; but it is at least equally unwarrantable, by imposing restrictive laws on the importation of food for the supposed benefit of a particular class, to compel him to depart from his native land, and to spend his days in a foreign, and perhaps an unhealthy, climate, among people whose feelings, manners, and habits, are totally at variance with those to which he has been accustomed. And now we come to the point:—

The Emigration scheme has evidently been set on foot to meet the Corn-law agitation; for the numbers, intelligence, and independence of the

working-classes have become troublesome, and indeed alarming, to the aristocracy. It is not for the distress so universally spread over the country that our rulers have any sympathy,—they care not for the starvation and misery of the thousands,—but they fear that they will not die quietly. They are not ignorant that all new settlers are exposed to great hardships and dangers. The first colonists in the United States almost all perished. Of 300 settlers taken out by Mr. Peel to Swan River, in 1836, a number perished, and all were dispersed in less than six months. After suffering the greatest distress, the survivors returned to Swan River, and would have put Mr. Peel to death, had he not run away and secreted himself till they were carried off to Van Dieman's Land. But what signifies thirty or forty thousand weavers dying at the Antipodes!

In the best and most favourable view, the whole question is, *Whether the food shall be transported to the people, or the people to the food.* Nothing is so expensive to remove as man; and therefore it is not only the most expedient, but the cheapest mode of alleviating the existing distress, to bring the food to the people. If money must be raised, let it be spent,—not in exporting our population as lumber, but in finding them work here: by this means, the mother country, instead of distant colonies, will be enriched. Their allegiance may be of very temporary duration, and we never will derive any repayment from advances to them in the way of revenue; for by a statute passed shortly after the American war of independence, all our colonies were freed from contributing to the revenue of the mother country. Of the value of colonies, in any shape, we doubt. Our trade with the United States of America is now ten times greater than before their independence. The more colonies we have, the greater the risk of quarrels and wars, the larger must be our navy, and the larger our army, to defend them; not one farthing of the expense of which, be it remembered, is ever defrayed by our colonies, but must be paid by the over-taxed population of Britain. If the landowners are apprehensive that the unemployed operatives will increase the poor-rates, let them reflect, that property has duties as well as rights, that it is merely the creation of positive law, and that the ground on which that law rests, is the promotion of the public good, and the increase of human happiness. Hence it may be modified or altogether changed by the same authority by which it was established, if the objects it has in view can be otherwise more completely attained.

We utterly deny that there is any surplus population in this kingdom. Even with the defective agriculture of nearly the whole of England and Ireland, and of a great part of Scotland, we, for several years recently, grew a sufficient quantity of food to support our entire population; very little foreign grain having been entered for home consumption for four or five years together. The prices of food were then low—approaching the continental rates. There was no want of work, and surplus population and emigration schemes were equally unheard-of. Our working-classes were then regarded as a blessing—not as a curse, as they now are. Between 1835 and 1838, all years of low prices, nearly 1000 new factories for the manufacture of cotton, wool, flax, and silk, were opened in Britain, and about 70,000 additional hands were engaged. What is to prevent such times returning, and full employment being afforded to every one who is disposed to work? Nothing but the factitious high price of food maintained for the benefit of the landowners.

But, admitting for a moment that the population of this country is excessive, the question arises, *Who* ought to be dismissed? The answer is obvious. Not surely the industrious and productive, but the idle and spendthrift class. God gave the land equally to the whole human race, and all have the same natural right to its possession. If there is to be a transportation of part of the population, let the fox-hunters and sportsmen go first, as they are a nuisance here, and will be useful for keeping down vermin in the colonies; then let the other useless part of the aristocracy follow, especially those who at present are not content to reside and spend their revenues within Britain, but who draw their rents from a highly-taxed and starving population, to spend them on the continent, and thus escape their fair contribution for the protection of the property they leave behind them. Finally, let not the people be deceived and be transported, "to please their lairds;" but, on the contrary, let them insist for Free Trade, beginning first with the repeal of the Corn Laws.

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. I.—THE SONG OF JANUARY.

Coem hearkaune toe mee, loteby toe ye,
Chaunte ye songes of moine pleasaunte famyle:
Moun bee youre fennes whil garnishe oure gle,
Mirthlesse ment benizon fyttefullie.

Johannes: Prior of Broomwicham.

1.

He is gone—the Year!—I am free! am free!
To revel again in my majesty.
At the hour of his birth I hastened forth
From my crystal halls in the gelid north,
And the sun looked pale at each frozen gem
On my own imperial diadem:—
For he hath small power with me.—
And I pranked it rare, for I chilled the skies,
And the crowded hearths of the human styes,
And blistered with kibes both the Scholar and Sage,
And stopped the thin blood in the veins of Age.
And I pinched the Queen in her chair of state,
And perished a miser by empty grate,
So hungry for riches was he!

And I whipt through their rags to the couch of the poor,
While they dreamed they were spurned from their own wretched door.
And I silenced the voice of the choristers—all,
The ingle-side cricket, and the dog in the hall;
For none shall compete with the glee
Of the double-faced Wizard who deigns to appear,
And swaddle the limbs of the infant year.

2.

He is gone—the Year! He is dead! is dead!
To the tomb of past ages gathered,—
I will pile him a cairn of drifted snow,
And chain up the water-fall's headlong flow,
While the North flings a thousand rockets up,
And the wassailers drain the deep cordial cup
And replenish it merrily,
Then revel again: I will bite the toes
Of the pulpited priest; and tweak his nose.
I will blister and gash his hearers' lips,
And bury sharp pangs in the labourer's hips.
The brooks I will charm, and harden the field,
Till the plough-share bright may not burrow concealed,
Though so valiant a knight is he.
I will burn your Yule logs, and with light arabesque
All your windows will furnish; and figures grotesque
I will hang from your eaves: and your boards shall be burdened
With all that is choicest, then I shall be guerdoned,
For, who half so jolly can be,
As the double-faced Wizard who deigns to appear,
And swaddle the limbs of the infant year!

J. A. O.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN ROMANCE.

NO. I.—THE INTENSE; OR, MURDEROUS SENTIMENTAL.*

LA BELLA BEATRICE: A TALE OF VENICE.

Italy, beautiful Italy, thou land of love
And love's impassioned trance;
Thy sunny skies so golden bright above
Thy dark-eyed daughters' glance:
Meet emblems are they of the fiery hate,
That with love's warmest passion still doth mate
In thee, thou glorious land,
Where jealousy can buy the dark assassin's brand!
Italy. By John Jones.

CHAPTER I.

* * * * * *

It was within half an hour of midnight, and the Piazza di San Marco was nearly deserted by the gay throng of revellers who had but lately made its arches ring with the jocund strains of a hundred hurdygurdies. The moon, cloudless and unspotted as a maiden's virgin thoughts, was shining full into the square. Near the brazen statue of the Centaur Nessus, Chizellini's Capo d'Opere, two figures might have been seen, engaged in close conversation, and occasionally emerging from behind the shadow of the statue, as if to look for some one, whose approach they were expecting.

"*Cente maledizioni!*" exclaimed one of the figures, "*Son' dannato*, if I wait any longer. My Giulietta is dying for me, and I promised to be with her by twelve."

"*Tace*, Gasparo; you're always in some infernal amour or another. Surely you might attend to business, and leave the girls alone for one night? The signor is past his time, no doubt, but we'll charge it in the bill, you know," said the other figure, sharpening, as he spoke, the edge of his stiletto upon the pavement.

"*Corpo di Caio Mario*, charge it in the bill! And what answer will that be to my Giulietta? Do you know the risk I run? 'Cod, she would think as little of dropping me a settler of Aqua Tofana in my next cup, as she would of eating garlic in her soup! I'll cut a throat, Poniardo, upon any reasonable consideration, but, hang me, if I peril my soul for any man!"

"*Ecco lo quà!* Here comes the Signor di Aquavita at last," replied Poniardo, pointing to a figure shrouded in an ample cloak, that was now seen striding towards them across the Piazza.

"*Buona notte, signor!*" said Gasparo and Poniardo at once, as the figure came up to where they stood. "We wait the signor's orders."

"You know young Giovanni Beltesta?"

Gasparo and Poniardo assented.

"He crosses the Ponté dei Sospiri to-morrow night, at twelve. Your stilettoes have a sure aim, I have been told. You know my meaning. This purse contains a hundred scudi. Dispose of Beltesta, and you shall have another of twice the amount."

At this moment, the organ of the adjacent church of San Marco was heard, blending with the voices of the choristers, as they chanted the vesper hymn to the Virgin. Awed by the sacredness of the appeal, to which the moonlight and the silence gave redoubled power, the Signor di Aquavita, Gasparo, and Poniardo dropped on their knees, where they remained, in devout contemplation, till the service ended. They then rose, and left the place.

CHAPTER II.

It is a stately room in one of the noblest palaces of Venice. Rich damask from "far Cathay" adorns the walls; and here and there some noble work of the divine Tiziano, then in the zenith of his fame, shows that the proprietor of the palazzo is as liberally endowed with taste as with the wealth which it ennobles. A room it is, where elegance conspires with luxury to build a fairy home for beauty to surround with golden visions, and weave her rare enchantments in.

* For a specimen (and a famous one, we venture to think) of the modern *classic* school of romance, we refer to *Endymion*, page 50, of this Number.

And who is she, the fair Duessa of that princely chamber? 'Tis the rose of Venice,—the worshipped of her noble *cavalieri*,—the chanted of her immortal poets,—La Bella Beatrice. She was, indeed, a theme to give a painter's pencil inspiration,—there, as she lay reclined upon a couch, her matchless form robed in the costly silks of distant Franguistan, and her fair brow softened with an air of sadness, as she perused the *sonetti* of the divine Petrarca, which she held lightly in her delicate fingers. Is she reading, or are her thoughts wandering with him to whom she hath offered up the incense of her young and passionate heart? Who may tell?

She has dropped the book, and half raised herself upon the couch, to listen; for beneath the window, which is open, a voice is singing to the notes of the mandolin.

Soft moonlight is silently streaming
Over the murmuring sea,
Then wake, love, O wake, from thy dreaming,
To shine for an hour, love, on me,
On me, love, on me;
For love, without thee,
Thee, my belovèd, my own Beatrice,
Io no son', no son' felice!

"'Tis he—my Giovanni—my beautiful, my own Giovanni!" she exclaimed, as, starting from her couch, she rushed to the window, and, leaning over it, kissed her hand to a figure that stood in a gondola in the lagune which washed the walls of the palazzo. Giovanni continued his song:

Hushed are the wakeful in slumber,
And there are none, love, to see;
The stars shine in radiant number,
But they tell not of thee, love, and me:
Of thee, love, and me;
Then place me with thee—
Thee, my belovèd, my own Beatrice,
Ed io son, io son felice!

"My poet-lover,—my peerless Giovanni,—thy Beatrice has no joy, no happiness but with thee. Haste thee, sweetest," she exclaimed, as she dropped from the window a silken ladder, that indispensable appurtenance of a Venetian balcony, "haste thee, my dearest Giovanni."

In another moment the graceful Giovanni had bounded up the ladder, vaulted over the balcony, and was standing in the room.

"Dearest Beatrice!" he exclaimed, as he folded her to his breast.

"Oh, my own beautiful Giovanni," she murmured, as she yielded to his repeated kisses, "what joy once more to hold you in my arms—*E si bello —si divino! Di piacer mi baliza il cor!*"

"*Dunqu'io son, tu non m'inganni? dunqu'io son felice!*" passionately replied the youth; and again he strained her to his bosom, again he pressed her rosy lips.

. . . . . .

"But you must go, my own Giovanni. My jealous lord will be here anon. At every sound I have thought 'twas he ascending the staircase. Nay, dearest, you must go. He was to be home by twelve, and 'tis now within a few minutes of that hour."

"*Crudel, perche, signora, farmi languir cosi!*"

"Call me not cruel! Thou knowest, love, that did it lie with myself, I should never bid thee adieu. But should he find thee here, 'twere death to both of us!"

"*Addio*, then, *bel idol mio!*"

"You will not forget me, Giovanni?" said the beauty, as she hung upon his shoulder, and gazed at him with eyes moist with the sadness of too eager love.

"Forget thee! I have no thought that is not given to thee,—no hope, but that of once more folding thee to my arms. *Addio!*—And till I see thee again,

il cor mi dice,
Io no son', no son' felice!"

A violent knocking was heard at the outer gate. Giovanni dropped into the gondola, and rowed off. Beatrice resumed her seat upon the couch, and the Sonetti of Petrarca.

CHAPTER III.

"Stand back into the shadow of that buttress," said Poniardo to his friend. "Here is the young springald at last!"

They were upon the Ponté dei Sospiri, and midnight was pealing from the lofty Campanile of San Marco. Giovanni Beltesta advanced with the unsuspecting gaiety of youth, singing, as he went,

O Beatrice, il cor mi dice
Chi' io no son', no son' felice!

He stumbled, and fell forward with a groan. The stilettoes of the two ruffians had met within his gentle heart!

"Let us chuck him into the lagune!" said Poniardo, lifting the bloody body by the shoulders.

"Bravely said, *mio bon camarado*," responded Gasparo, as he seized the legs.

A splash was heard, and the smooth surface of the lagune was broken for a moment. It passed away, and the moon was once more shining upon the water's unbroken mirror.

That night the Signor Aquavita swallowed poison. 'Twas said that the fingers of La Bella Beatrice had mingled it with his evening cup; but on this a veil of the deepest mystery rests.

. . . . . .

In a lonely cell of San Lazaro is a lovely female. See her raven tresses streaming over a throat and neck that might shame the marble of Antiparos! Her laughing eyes are bright with the lustre of a more than natural fire. 'Tis La Bella Beatrice. She speaks but of one—her beautiful Giovanni; and in the dead of night she is heard singing, in tones of the most plaintive sadness, the words that, with a foreboding spirit, had been spoken by her lover at parting,

il cor mi dice,
Io no son', no son' felice!

A romance so pure in its morals, so original in its incidents, so remarkable for the dramatic individuality of its characters, forms * * [Here the manuscript and moral abruptly break off. Through the same channel we expect the conclusion of Bulwer's sentimental and preternatural tale of *Zicci;* now in a state of suspended animation for several years; provided the gifted author does not finish it right speedily himself.]

HOWITT'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.*

RIGHT glad are we to meet Mr. Howitt once more with his foot upon the green sward of England, rambling at his own good liking, by the bright, rock-bedded streams of the North; threading its secluded valleys, wandering in its ancient woods; now musing under the towers of Brancepeth, Raby, or Lumley; and anon exploring the ruins of many an edifice of mighty name, the chiefless strongholds of the Nevilles, the Delavals, or the Hiltons,—families of far-descent, of whose fame and prowess small trace will shortly remain, save such traditions as are preserved in ballads and in storied pages like those of Mr. Howitt and his contemporaries. But who are his contemporaries? The delightful walk in literature which he occupies is at present all his own. To the eye of philosophy, or the keener orb of practical utility, his may not seem the highest sphere of lettered wisdom, or creative art; but it is undeniably that in which a successful writer largely promotes "the greatest enjoyment of the greatest number" of readers. This is surely no small achievement.

To those familiar with the previous volume of this work, it may be unnecessary to say that this one is framed upon exactly the same plan; one of entire freedom, embracing in its wide range every beautiful object and pleasure-raising emotion; whatever the painter has sketched, the poet sung, or the local antiquary narrated, of fact, legend, and tradition. Anecdotes illustrative of manners, snatches of family history, and all kinds of agreeable gossip give zest to the sketches; nay, tales of somewhat superannuated scandal, either slightly known, or long since forgotten, are revived, and will, for many readers, possess novelty as well as piquancy.

Mr. Howitt's rambles at this time have been principally in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, though he proceeded the length of Berwick, and made a raid into Liddesdale. His field is thus "The North Countrie,"—the storied Border land of daring adventure, battle, and ballad. Though he examined every scene for himself, and in measuring the ground, generally made his own legs his compasses, he has enriched, and greatly enhanced the value of his work, by a diligent perusal of county histories, memoirs, and chronicles; the works of that prince of local antiquaries and picturesque tourists, *Pennant;* of Surtees, Hutchinson, Grose, and a host of men of smaller note, who are, however, prophets in their own country. With all this, the entire body of northern legendary ballad poetry was at his finger's end. So many fine original elements, together with no mean skill in the art of combining and arranging them, could not fail to produce an exceedingly agreeable book. But not resting on literary merit alone, the resources of art also have been called in to accomplish the charms of the work. It is beautifully illustrated with numerous vignettes and tail-pieces, either actual representations of the finest scenes and places described, or poetically in harmony with their character. So that the *Visits to Remarkable Places* forms one of the most elegantly embellished books of the present season. To heighten the charm of the designs, they are all from the pencils of eminent northern artists; men of talents, full of enthusiasm for the natural beauty and ancient fame of their native region.

The Tourist, or Rambler, whose steps seem to have been almost as eccentric as his fancies—"wandering at his own sweet will," starts with a visit to the city of Durham, with which locality he is enraptured, and fairly enchants the reader. The annals of the different towns which he visited fall within Mr. Howitt's scheme; and the past and present history of this city, and of Newcastle and Berwick-upon-Tweed, are accordingly given, with amplitude sufficient to satisfy, we should imagine, even the citizens of those places; and to make the work of peculiar interest to them, from its saying so much about themselves. In describing these towns, Mr. Howitt has done full justice to their respective and relative claims. The most zealous for the beauty of the venerable and picturesque city of St. Cuthbert, among the inhabitants of Durham, must be not merely satisfied, but grateful, and proud of the lengthened descriptive eulogy of which this is a specimen:—

> There is this characteristic of most of our cathedral towns, that they have changed less in their outward aspect than others; and you would imagine that Durham had not changed at all. . . . . .
>
> Whichever way you approach Durham, you are first struck with the great central tower of the cathedral peeping over the hills that envelop the city. It looks colossal, massy, and silent. Anon you lose sight of it; but again you mark it, solemnly breasting the green heights, like some Titan watcher, and it well prepares the mind for the view of the whole great pile, which presently opens upon you. Every traveller must be sensibly impressed with the bold beauty of Durham in the first view. As he emerges from some defile in those hills which, farther off, hid from him all but that one great tower, he sees before him a wide, open valley, in the centre of which a fine mount stands crowned with the ancient clustered houses of Durham; the turrets and battlements of its old and now restored castle rising above them; and again, above all, soaring high into the air, the noble towers and pinnacles of its Norman minster. Around recede in manifold forms, the higher hills, as if intended by nature to give at once beauty and retirement to this splendid seat of ancient religion. From various points of these hills, the city looks quite magnificent. The old town, with its red roofs, runs along the ridges of the lower hills, and these higher ones are thrown into knolls and dells, with their green crofts and wooded clumps and lines of trees. The whole surrounding scenery, in fact, is beautiful. My visit there was in the middle of May. The grass had a delicious freshness to the eye; the foliage of the trees was of spring's most delicate green; and the bluebells and primroses, which the hot weather in April had entirely, a month before, withered up in the south, were there in abundance in all their dewy and fragrant beauty. Through all the finer seasons of the year, however, the environs of Durham are delightful.

* Visits to Remarkable Places, Old Halls, Battle Fields, and Scenes illustrative of Striking Passages in Poetry and History, &c. &c. By William Howitt, royal 8vo, cloth, pp. 610: Longman & Co.

This we consider a favourable specimen of Mr. Howitt's most studied manner, though we are not sure that this manner is his best. Durham possesses rare advantages over many of the English towns, in the extent, beauty, and accessibility of its public walks:—

Unlike the condition of many a beautiful neighbourhood in many a part of England, where you may peep into paradise, but may not enter; here almost wherever the allurements of the scene draw you, you may follow. Footpaths in all imaginable directions strike across these lovely crofts. You may climb hills, descend into woody dells, follow the course of a little stream, as its bright waters and flowery banks attract you, and never find yourselves out of the way. In all directions, as lines radiating from a centre, deep old lanes stretch off from the city, along which you may wander, hidden from view of everything but the high bosky banks, and overhanging trees, and intervening sky. Other lanes, as deep, and as sweetly rustic and secluded, wind away right and left, leading you to some peep of antiquated cottage, or old mill, or glance over hollow glades to far-off hills, and ever and anon bringing you out on the heights to a fresh and striking view of that clustered city, its castled turrets, and majestic cathedral. It would seem as if the amenities of this sweet neighbourhood had from earliest times been fully felt, and that the jealousies and restrictions of property had here never dreamed of hedging the public out from them.

The inhabitants are duly sensible of their high privileges; and accordingly in fine weather, on Sundays, these beautiful walks have "a gay and social aspect," from the number of decently dressed people, who are taking the air, and enjoying the scenery, without any reproach in the eyes of Mr. Howitt. He seems to think that the pious and venerable Barnard Gilpin, the Apostle of the north, employed the Sunday afternoons exceedingly fitly and well, when he gathered the poor of his flock around him at his hospitable table, and fed while he taught them, on the Sabbath-day.

To Houghton-le-Spring, the residence and burial-place of the apostolic Gilpin, the tourist repaired with the same feelings which lead a pilgrim to a shrine, or to the tomb of a saint; those of enthusiastic love and veneration. The Life and Acts of the Apostle of the North fill a few pages most delightfully. They overflow with true *unction*. If the clergy will learn the secret of turning men to God; of being beloved and adored by their parishioners, and revered by the pious and the good of all sects, let them follow the steps of this primitive apostle.

His hospitable manner of living was the admiration of the whole country; and strangers and travellers met with a cheerful reception. Even their beasts had so much care taken of them, that it was humorously said, if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the rectory of Houghton. Every Sunday, from Michaelmas to Easter, was a sort of public day with him; that is, through the worst part of the year, when such comforts were the most needed. During this season, he expected to see his parishioners and their families; whom he seated, according to their ranks, at three tables; and when absent from home, the same establishment was kept up. Lord Burleigh, when Lord Treasurer, unexpectedly visited him on his way into Scotland, but the economy of Mr. Gilpin's house was not easily disconcerted; and he entertained the statesman and his retinue in such a manner, as made him acknowledge he could hardly have expected more at Lambeth. Lord Burleigh made him great offers of advancement, which he respectfully but firmly declined, feeling persuaded that he was in a far more useful sphere than a bishopric. On looking back from an eminence, after he left Houghton, Burleigh could not help exclaiming, "There is the enjoyment of life, indeed! Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric? What doth he want to make him greater, happier, or more useful to mankind?"

His charities were large;—he visited the jails; though we do not hear of him sending any one to those dismal abodes, either for the recovery of tithes or for ecclesiastical discipline.

Externally, the scene of Gilpin's labours has not improved. Neither mining nor steam are good landscape painters; and they often even mar the mellowing and beautifying effects of Time on the Dead and the Past. But if there is not much actually to see at Houghton, the tourist is one of those possessed of the happy faculty of being able to conjure up long trains of images of faded beauty, and hallowed remembrances of departed excellence. His fancy was naturally excited while he gazed upon Barnard Gilpin's once secluded abode, now almost approached by railway omnibuses.

The parsonage is a good parsonage, with ample and pleasant grounds. It is occupied by the present rector, a nephew of old Chancellor Thurlow, but has no single monument of Gilpin left about it. Some splendid old hawthorns on the lawn may, perhaps, be considered as the most legitimate relics of his time. But one would fain enter these old and twilight rooms where he lived and studied; where he renewed his knowledge of the classical labours of his youth, and indulged in "music and poetry, in which he excelled;" where he prepared his heart-warm addresses to his people; where he prayed for them, as he rose up and lay down, who in their own humble habitations, far and wide, on many a wild mountain, and in many a hidden dale, blessed him daily in their hearts before God. We would fain see that ample, if rude, hall, in which from Michaelmas to Easter, every Sunday, the tables were spread for all his flock; and where, no doubt, as they sate together at meat, many a discourse passed—many a question was asked of the doings and sufferings of simple life, and many a quaint relation was made, that it would do one's heart good to hear now. One would like to see, in one's mind's eye, those "four and twenty scollers," sitting at their place at table by him, "whom in his own house he boarded and kept, sometimes fewer, but seldom; the greater part poor men's sonnes, upon whom he bestowed meat, drink, and cloth, and education." One would like to see where that great pot hung, "which he took order should, every Thursday, throughout the yeare, be provided full of boyled meat, for the poor of Houghton." One would like to image where and how sate and looked the great statesman Burleigh, and his train, with that venerable Apostle at the head of the table, which astonished Burleigh, "who took of such diligence and abundance of all things, and so compleat service in the entertainment of so great a stranger, and so unlooked-for a guest." "His parsonage," says his protegé and biographer, George Carleton, bishop of Chichester, from whom we quote, "seemed like a bishop's pallace; nor shall a man lightly find one bishop's house among many, worthy to be compared to this house of his, if he consider the variety of buildings, and neatness of the situation. Within, his house was like a monasterie, if a man consider a monasterie such as were in the time of St. Augustine, where hospitality and economy went hand in hand, and the doors were always open to the poor and the stranger." What a thousand pities that modern taste has swept all this away!

Gilpin's school, which stands near his church, has escaped the hand of Time; but nothing worth taking can in England escape less hallowed and greedier clutches. This seminary, which the

founder intended for the children of the poor as well as the rich, has long, in common with nearly every foundation of the kind, been diverted from the original, benevolent, and useful purpose.

In some turret, tower, or niche of every old church or deserted castle, Mr. Howitt always found a sort of howlet in the shape of a very old woman, the custodier and chronicler of the spot. The guardian genius of Gilpin's church knew little about the most illustrious of its many incumbents; but she has a touching human story of her own, which is well brought out.

Such ancient crones, vagrants, casual wayfarers, and mendicants, or lady-like housekeepers of the old school, contribute by their gossip to enliven the narrative. The tourist was, however, fortunate in occasionally meeting with intelligencers of a higher order in the course of his desultory rambles,—with obliging and well-informed persons, fitted by their local knowledge and connexions, as well as by their acquirements, to enrich his note-books, and who often participated in his enthusiasm in the pursuit of the varied objects of his pilgrimage. Of this number were the daughters of Bewick, the celebrated wood-engraver, whose genius has kindled the passion for natural history in not a few minds; and in many more a higher feeling—the love of all that is most beautiful and true in the rural scenery which lies in and around every one's daily path. Bewick's daughters accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Howitt to Cherryburn, the cottage and little farm where their father was born, and where he spent his boyhood. None of the rambles described is more delightful than the excursion to this sweet spot, which—lying about ten miles from Newcastle, and once deeply secluded—is now brought into the town by the Carlisle railway.

It is a single house, standing on the south side of the Tyne, and at some distance from the river. A little rustic lane leads you up to it, and you find it occupying a rather elevated situation, commanding a pleasant view over the vale of the Tyne. The house is now a modest farm-house, still occupied by Ralph Bewick, a nephew of the artist's; and, as Miss Bewick observed on approaching the dwelling—"May the descendants of the present possessor continue there in all time to come."

The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. It was a thatched cottage, containing three apartments, and a dairy or milkhouse on the ground-floor, and a chamber above. The east end of this was lately pulled down, and the rest is now converted into stables. Bewick was very fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes, and often used to talk of "the little window at his bed-head." Which room this was, however, none of the family knew.

We have cited this passage, by no means to the disparagement of the sumptuous and luxurious rooms and galleries of Lambton castle, or of the magnificence and grandeur of the saloons of Raby, and of many other gorgeous and far-famed residence, but simply because it is more rare and choice in its own department, and not less illustrious than those stately abodes.

Many of the older feudal residences of the north now possess the romantic charm of being deserted, and partly dilapidated. Among these is Lumley Castle, which we select in preference to any other, in a locality where the ancient seats of English nobility are as "plenty as blackberries." The Lumleys were a very ancient, and also a brave and gallant race, and among the most illustrious of the Saxon families which, distinguished long before the Conquest, survived the oppression of the Normans, and became famous during the Crusades. They were entitled to the nobler praise of being often found among the champions of freedom; if the resistance of the turbulent nobility to the encroachments of the crown upon the privileges of their order deserve so high a name. But the belief, that among this stanch Saxon family champions of popular right were found, may give more interest to the view of their deserted feudal hold.

A very aged housekeeper was the sole inmate of Lumley castle when Mr. Howitt visited it,—the exact counterpart of her who, in Mrs. Radcliffe's and kindred romances, hobbles after the orphan heroine, carrying a bunch of keys, and shows the picture gallery; among the portraits of which is discovered, by instinct, the lovely, murdered mother of the beautiful Adeline or Emmeline. An *eerie* abode the old lady must have had; yet she was cheerful and hospitable; and though it might detract somewhat from the romance of the situation, we hope that she had some tidy country-girl to keep her company, and put her snug apartments in order. It is diverting to contrast the simple and rather awkward reception of Mr. Howitt at this grand old place, with the high-sounding descriptions of such events which one usually finds in novels and histories. The castle is a large and massive structure. The Wear winds round the green slopes above which it stands, but is half-hidden by groups and avenues of lofty lime-trees. The views of the surrounding country are fine and wide; and in the distance rise the roofs and spires of Chester-le-Street. As Mr. Howitt, revolving the memories of other days, stood late in the day before this enchanted solitary pile, wrapt in romance and admiration, no living thing was in sight; and though he had been warned that the keeper was, though no giant, a gruff or querulous old lady, he resolutely pursued the adventure.

The silence of the place was only broken by the rattling of windows in the castle front, for the wind was considerably strong; I rang the bell, and presently heard a feeble footstep approaching within. A female voice demanded who was there, and giving for answer, a stranger from the south, there immediately commenced a drawing of bars, a dropping of bolts, and lugging at the huge and lofty door. "Push, there, if you please," cried the voice from within; "for I cannot open the door myself." I pushed accordingly, and at once inward turned the door, and with the force of the wind, drove the old lady backwards, for it was she. I had now to help to close it again, the wind seeming to defy both our endeavours, and even when we had accomplished it, rattling and roaring at it as if it would tear it loose. I was too much struck with the view of this noble and unique hall to be able to take my eyes from surveying it for some time, when I found the old housekeeper standing patiently by me, and on telling her I was sorry to trespass on her at so late an hour of the day, but that I was going from London into the North, and wished to have a peep at the castle, this good dame, who had been represented to me as so wayward, said with the greatest cheerfulness—O, certain, you can soon see it—the main

thing is this hall. I'll tell you all about these pictures, and then you can go where you like. I see you're a gentleman: you'll find the doors open; and when you have been where you will, here is my room," said she, showing the way into a nice, snug, well-carpeted room in the north-western tower just by, with a good fire blazing on walls adorned with some very interesting family portraits. "I cannot stand long," she said; "at my age my legs soon fail me; but if you want to know anything, you can come and ask me, and I'll go anywhere, and explain if necessary; and when you have done, here is a room or two here, near mine, with some paintings in, I'll show you." With this roving commission I again entered the great hall.

This is quite a hall to enchant a heraldic antiquary; but the mere catalogue of half its treasures would be far too much for us; and we are, besides, more interested by the romantic situation of the adventurous explorer, who, like a knight of old romance, traversed a vast wilderness of mighty rooms; finding all the doors fly open before him; and at dusk stood thus:—

Sometimes I was gliding carefully over floors of polished oak, that echoed to the tread, and threatened to throw me down at every step; then I came to a staircase that led me up into other stories, or down into subterranean passages, vaults, and offices of various descriptions; once, no doubt, busy enough with servants and their concerns, but small, damp, chill, empty, and desolate. Then again, I looked out of the front windows, finding myself gazing over a wide twilight landscape, or encountering those dark masses of woods that stretch along the western side, and rendered more solemn by the shadows of night, and the hoarse brawling of the stream in the deep glen below. Then I was at a window looking into the inner area, where all was gloomy, silent, and full of the spirit of the past. Opposite to me, in the west centre, stood a turreted gateway, on which was carved two long perpendicular lines of armorial shields, over one of which, in an escutcheon, showed the lily, and over the other the rose. The shields themselves, having the true air of ancient baronial state, as they were wont to be emblazoned on the front of martial halls, were in truth proud shields, testimonies of many a high alliance. The dexter line, Lumley and Northumberland; Lumley and Hesilden; Lumley and Daudre; Lumley and Thevenay; Lumley and Neville; Lumley and Harrington; Lumley and Plantagenet, &c. . . . . Above, on the turrets, some ancient heraldic beasts, lions or rams, seemed to range in the twilight, and threaten, as the night advanced, to become instinct with life, and prepared to play strange gambols through these old wild rooms. In the dusk below, were dimly visible the remains of ancient marble fountains. As the gathering gloom warned me, I turned from the window, and began to retrace my way through the house. Nothing could be more dismal. The wind now thundered round the whole fabric, shaking the windows, many of which presented without the view of iron bars, as of a prison. In the court-yard, the huge watch-dog barked in deep, and sonorous, and measured notes, and his hoarse voice was echoed by the dusky buildings. The wildness and gloom; the half-seen forms of things, as I steered dubiously my way through unknown passages and empty rooms, were worthy of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's most fearful castles of wonder and dread. I at one moment found myself in a few rooms fitted up for the temporary sojourn of the earl when he came there, and thought that I had much rather he occupied them than myself. It was, in fact, quite pleasant to reach once more the housekeeper's snug apartment, and find a cheerful fire, and candles casting their social light all over it.

This is surely famous reading for a gusty December night in the country. The polite ancient retainer of the representatives of the Lumleys produced her cake and wine. She was pleasant and chatty, and had a number of stories to tell of the former lords of the domain, and their family connexions; and a thorough knowledge of the family portraits.

She dwelt with natural interest on the splendour of the house ere it was stripped; on all the rooms, with their fine paintings, silk hangings and "lovely furnitur;" every room having its great pier glasses that reached to the ceiling. She related how after the house had been stripped, the earl and countess came, and how much they lamented over it. "Let us fit the old castle up again," said the countess. "Nay, my dear," replied the earl, with a sigh, "that can never be done; it would take, if it took a penny, £50,000; and then, my dear," said he, "you don't take into account that our house at Sandbach is stripped too." "Sandbach," added Mrs. Chandler, "is fitted up again, but this has never been, and I reckon never will now." She went on to inform me that her mother had been housekeeper at Glenter's Hall, a seat of Lord Scarborough's in Lincolnshire, and came here to be housekeeper fifty-three years ago. She came with her, a young woman, and had lived here ever since, being now eighty-four. That the gentry of the neighbourhood came sometimes in summer, and had archery parties on the lawn in front of the castle, and took luncheon in the hall, and sometimes had a dance there; the only circumstance, except the occasional arrival of a curious stranger, that now seems to connect this house of many ages with the living world.

. . . . . .

The night had now settled darkly down. This grand old castle front, with all its projecting towers, gloomy gateway, ancient shields, with grim and uncouth heads of beasts and horned prophets, and its lofty battlements, frowned solemnly and sternly upon me. Below, deep in its glen, brawled and muttered along the stream; and vast woods extending right and left, spread a deeper blackness around, and sent from their wind-stirred depths, dreary sighings, such as seem to belong only to night and to woods. I thought if ever there was scene calculated to create a belief in haunted halls, and in the tales and creatures of ancient romance, it was this; and as I hastened away to cross the river and regain my inn, I often turned and saw with a peculiar pleasure the ancient towers of the Lumleys looming majestically through the gloom.

Lambton castle, with its modern luxuries, follows, as if chosen for the purpose of contrast; and a fair occasion is found to bring in the legend of the Lambton Worm,* which, if somewhat worn with long use, is at least as pleasant in a book as the elegant boudoirs and rich dressing-rooms of Lambton, save, perhaps, to their noble owners.

Another pilgrim shrine was Jarrow, the abode, some thousand and a few more years since, of the learned and venerable Bede; from whose writings alone we know how Christianity was first introduced into our island; and who, long after he wrote, found a translator in King Alfred, who turned his Ecclesiastical History into the vernacular Saxon of his own age. It was no ordinary event to contemplate the spot on which this pious and learned man lived and died, and near which he was born. Little is known of his life; but Mr. Howitt, by the aid of imagination, fills up the meagre outline of the history of this early light of British literature, and contrasts the Jarrow of his days with the locality as it is now seen. He imagines that the venerable scholar would not have approved of many of the visible signs of the march of improvement.

* See Tait's Magazine for July, 1840, page 446.

Exactly opposite to his window he would see the dragons of steam running too on dry land, and sending their screams farther and more piercingly than, soon after his time, the flying Saxons sent their outcries at the onset of the Danes, who came, and twice laid his beloved cell in ashes. He would see—where the Tyne then looked on its pleasant banks in one long summer Sabbath of quietness, on its overhanging trees, on its solitary angler—now huge ranges of ballast-hills; that is, hills, and almost mountains of sand, that ships coming from the south of England, and the continent, have brought as ballast, and emptied here; and upon these hills, now grown over, in a great degree, with grass, and even grazed by cattle, a blue, bearded, and amphibious race, with their hands in their trouser pockets and quid in mouth, rolling along, and a motley crew of keelmen, boatmen, ship-carpenters, cokers, and diggers of railway lines, more intently busy than even he himself in his life of St. Cuthbert, and the records of the ancient church. Instead of the smell of the unsullied, wild, and sweeping sea, what smells would there not reach him! tar and sulphur, coal and smoke, and arsenic, and all "the nasty poisons which kill everything but their own makers."

But Bede would never visit the spot again if he could. Not only is it now engulphed in that Pandemonium of scenes and sounds just mentioned, but the neighbouring district is become an actual region of railroads. . . . The air thrills with the shrieking of steam whistles, and the rush of iron wheels catches your ear even where some little hollow would persuade you that you had reached a solitude. The green headland of Jarrow looking out pleasantly amid such incongruous scenes; its shattered monastery; its old Norman church, and its ample, quiet burial-ground, thickly studded with tombs, serve only to show the grand contrast between the England of his day and the England of ours. He would cast one approving glance, if he ventured anywhere within sight of the place, at a school which they are building at the eastern end of the ruins; and then retire to Monkton, his native village, about a mile off, where his Well still flows into a green winding valley, and where women still bring their children to be dipped in it for the cure of various diseases, first dropping in a crooked pin; and after every immersion lading out the water, and suffering it to re-fill before they plunge a fresh patient.

Bede, if he did return, might perhaps perceive the utility of these nuisances, and forgive them; on the same principle that a Bucolick poet overlooks a compost dunghill.

The castle of Hilton, in this richly-castled region, is, though in a very dilapidated state, still a magnificent place. It boasts an antiquity almost coeval with Bede. The Hyltons are said to have been settled here three hundred years before the Conquest. They, however, sided with William of Normandy, who, in consequence, granted them very large possessions on the Wear. The ancestral fame of this family was resplendent in their own county.

Surtees states, that even when the fortunes of the house were fallen, the gentry of the North continued to testify their respect for them, and to acknowledge them as "the highest noblesse of the North without the peerage." The name of Hilton, he adds, always stands first in every episcopal commission. In 1669, Mr. Arden, complaining to Miles Stapleton, Esq., of the unseemly pride of Dean Carleton and his daughters, adduces, as a superlative instance of it, that the Dean had seated himself above Baron Hilton at the quarter sessions, to the great disgust and reluctancy of the country gentry; and that, moreover, the young Lady Carletons had crowded themselves into a pew in the cathedral before Baron Hilton's daughters.

The Hiltons, at one period, possessed eight manors in the county of Durham, two in Yorkshire, and two in Northumberland; and rich church livings. The civil wars completed their ruin which expensive law-suits had begun.

The Barons of Hilton sunk lower and lower, till the last of the family, a widow and her daughter, lived on the Windmill Hill, Gateshead; the husband and father—the last of the direct Hiltons—having been, it is supposed, a woollen-draper. Such were the strange fortunes of that family before whose ancestral house I now stood.

What is this decay, after all, to the numerous descendants of the "ould ancient Kings of Ireland," who are now acting as porters on the quays of Dublin or Cork, and as hewers of wood and drawers of water in all the cities of their conquerors, or on the spot where their ancestors were sovereign princes. The chiefless pile of Hilton, now the dwelling of a poor family of field-labourers, was the haunt of one of the last *brownies*, or goblins, known in English family traditions. Apropos to Hilton, Mr. Howitt revives an equally wild tale in those adventures of the Countess of Strathmore, and her infamous husband, Stoney Robinson, or Bowes, which amused the tea-tables of our grandmothers. The story would make a capital groundwork for a modern novel, with the addition of a few more mysteries, and at least one fair murder, if it had not, as we believe, done duty of this kind already.

A romantic or poetical antiquary could no more pass the towers of Brancepeth and Raby, than a Quaker the town of Darlington, sung by us, as—

The *darling* town of schism

and of

Pease and plenty.

Darlington is the residence of many respectable and wealthy families of FRIENDS. Their co-disciple—if they allow him the honour—compares them with the priests who formerly held their place in this locality, and indeed monopolized every rich and beautiful spot that had not been pounced upon by the feudal barons, and makes this broad and important distinction between the ancient and modern lords of Darlington:—

The clergy since have had nothing to do but to *reside*; the Friends, on the contrary, have been born in the enlightened modern times, when phrenology *did* exist, and have added to these other organs, the one discovered by this science as very large in modern heads—*acquisitiveness*,—and they have accordingly, most of them, made their fortunes by their own right hands. It must be allowed at the same time that the Friends, and amongst them conspicuously the Darlington Friends, have been as free to distribute their wealth for the public good, as to acquire it for their own. They are active in all works of public interest and improvement, though in this particular it may shrewdly be said that they find such matters by no means inimical to their own interests.

From a rather full account of Newcastle, ancient and modern, and, among others of its live elements, the *colliers*, we extract the following passage, for different reasons. It is, in the first place, the picture of a peculiar class not much known beyond their own districts; and, secondly, one is at present doubly glad of the relief of contemplating any section of the labouring population of England that still command a fair share of those comforts which they all toil so hard and industriously to obtain.

There are commonly as many houses erected near each

colliery as serve the whole of the workmen, and each one is allowed a small plot of ground for the growth of pot-herbs, potatoes, &c. They are fond of good living, in which they freely indulge, whenever their circumstances will allow them. Pies, dumplings, and puddings, with the best of beef and mutton, &c., are their common fare. They have a great liking for kneaded cakes baked on the girdle, which with them are called singing-*hinnies*, and their propensities for black-puddings is notorious. On market-days,

> —— For black puddings, long measure,
> They go to Tile Trullikay's stand,
> And away bear the glossy rich treasure,
> With joy, like curled bugles in hand.

As the colliers form a distinct body of men, and seldom associate with others, they entertain strong feelings of mutual attachment. When they combine, or *stick*, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy. This appears to be a very old custom, the origin of which is lost in the remoteness of time.

Their diversions are bowling, foot-racing, hand-balls, quoits, cards, and sometimes, in places where they dare pursue it, hunting and fowling. Cock-fighting used to be a great diversion before it was forbidden by the law. When they have their bowling matches, they usually repair to a level piece of ground on a moor or common. A certain number of throws is agreed upon, and the game is won by the party who, to use their own phrase, "measures out the greatest length of ground." Some of these bowlers can throw to an incredible distance. Many of them will venture the full amount of their fortnight's wages—for they are paid only once a fortnight—on a bowling match, and often to the great embarrassment of their family affairs.

To the annual public feasts, vulgarly called *hoppings*, in the southern parts of the county, great numbers of the colliers resort. Here some of them display their buffoonery in grinning for a parcel of tobacco, which is commonly either hung on the sign-post of a public-house, or suspended at the end of a stick projected from one of the windows for that purpose. The competitors exhibit beneath, with their eyes fixed on the precious prize, which is the reward of him who assumes the most frightful countenance. They also at these places show their activity in playing at the hand-ball, in dancing, and foot-racing; and he who outstrips his fellows in the race, is presented with a coarse woollen hat of about three or four shillings value.

In the families of colliers there are frequent intermarriages. . . . . .

In their dress they often affect to be gaudy, and are fond of clothes of flaring colours. Their holiday waistcoats, called by them *posey jackets*, are frequently of very curious patterns, displaying flowers of various dyes; and their stockings mostly of blue, purple, pink, or mixed colours. A great part of them have their hair very long, which on work-days is either tied in a queue, or rolled up in curls; but when dressed in their best attire, is commonly spread over their shoulders. Some of them wear two or three narrow ribbons round their hats, placed at equal distances, in which it is customary with them to insert one or more bunches of primroses or other flowers.

Those who have been long employed in pits where the passages, or *head-ways*, are very low and confined, contract a partial deformity of shape. In such subjects, the breast is more than usually prominent, and the body rather twisted; others are crooked in the legs.

The Methodists, the first reformers of the unhappy classes, abandoned by their more fortunate fellow-citizens and completely neglected by their clergy, and latterly the Temperance Societies, have made some inroads on the old usages of the colliers. Among the young, many now neither fight nor drink on Sundays; thus flying directly in the face of the wisdom of their ancestors. There is quite enough of the magical transformations of Mr. Grainger in this book, save for those who have profited by them; and after all that has been accomplished, there still appears an abundant field in Newcastle for one who, in civilized communities, ought to precede, or at all events keep pace, with the ornamental architect—namely, the scavenger. This, however, is not the fault of Mr. Grainger.

A visit to Seaton-Delaval affords scope for a long history of the exploits of that eccentric *roué*—(blackguard is the plain English word)—Sir Francis Delaval, the founder of that school for clever and agreeable rakes, which was perfected by Sheridan. A noble marquis, who figures as frequently in the reports of the police as in the House of his peers, is maternally descended from the Delavals, and certainly shows the blood. From the Delaval family the Marquis of Waterford inherits Ford castle, famed in Border wars and Border legends; at which rumour lately bruited that he was to keep up the customs of chivalry so sublimely revived—from the sublime to the ridiculous being but a step—at Eglinton castle. But tournaments are costly toys; and the marquis is not quite so extravagant as his notorious kinsman Sir Francis, who, after running through his own large fortune in a course of profligate extravagance and low vice, by base arts swindled a poor woman out of her hand, and a fortune of £90,000, which was quickly sent the same road. He was, in short, one of those gentlemen of great talents, great family, and far descent, who, if half the stories of his friends and panegyrists be authentic, eminently deserved the tread-mill.

We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Howitt, to Mitford, Warkworth, Alnwick, Bamborough, and other celebrated places, in Northumberland, though we can promise those who do so, fine description, storied lore, and a vast fund of entertainment. Nay, we shall not be tempted even by Grace Darling, who is compared with Jeanie Deans, whom she certainly may resemble in simplicity of manners, prudence, and modesty. But, obeying the natural impulse of humanity, even in the face of great danger, is one thing, and the moral heroism of Jeanie Deans another. There are many Grace Darlings to be found among the sex in all parts of the world, and in all ranks; but we suspect there are very few Helen Walkers to be met with anywhere. It wrongs the cause of truth to speak of Jeanie Deans as the creation of a novelist. She was the genuine woman which a happy nature, and the fire-side religious education, and high moral feelings, of the peasantry of Scotland had made her. It was easier to invent a Rebecca or a Minna Troil, than this sober-minded but high-souled country girl. To Scott belongs the honour of adopting her, and embellishing her modest virtue with a thousand beauties. Grace Darling herself cannot be persuaded that she did anything so very unusual or wonderful. She is perfectly right; and entitled to more respect for the general modesty and propriety of her conduct and demeanour, after so many people have been trying to turn her head, (when their own was a little touched,) than for her noble but yet simple act. She deserves yet higher praise

for having refused £20 a-night to appear on a London stage, merely seated in a boat, or on a rock, and saying nothing. Assuredly Jeanie Deans would have done the same, and have far preferred to earn, by milking her cows, the half of twenty-pence a-day. Like Jeanie Deans, Grace Darling has a Duke and Duchess for friends and protectors, and the liegewoman of the Duke of Northumberland is not to marry without his approbation.

His stately castle draws forth the warm admiration of Mr. Howitt. Among its multitudinous beauties and rarities, we find nothing more interesting than the dairy, nor amusing than the late Duke's wooden steed—named *Velocipede*, dam, Elm-tree,—sire, the Village Carpenter; now laid up for the gratification of posterity. Of this horse, it is told here—

The Duke and his physician used to amuse themselves with careering on these steeds about the grounds; but one day, being somewhere on the terrace, his Grace's Trojan steed capsized, and rolled over and over with him down the green bank, much to the amusement of a troop of urchins who were mounted on a wall by the road to witness this novel kind of racing. On this accident the velocipede was laid up in lavender, and a fine specimen of the breed it is. I asked the old porter if the story was true, but he only smiled, and said, "Mind! I did not tell you that. Don't pretend to say, if you write any account of this place, that you had that from me." . . .

But the one object which marks the rural taste and affluence of our English nobility as much as anything connected with their country estates, is a dairy; and here is one, the Duchess's Dairy, with which few in England can compare. It is a cottage building, standing in a beautiful shrubbery garden on the banks of the Aln. The building without has a projecting roof, is surrounded by a veranda, or rustic colonnade, and over its walls clambers, and clusters, and blossoms luxuriantly, the Ayrshire rose. The colonnade is neatly paved with different coloured pebbles. Within, the floor is of alternate squares of black and white marble. The walls, the ceiling, the windows, everything about it is of the most exquisite and delicate cleanness. In the centre stands a massy slab of marble, nearly white, of from five to six inches thick, of more than three yards long, and a yard and a half wide. On this, stand the two last meals of the milk unskimmed, and in white earthenware milk-pans. Around the walls run two shelves of marble, bearing other pans; and on the upper shelf a luxurious assortment of old china bottles, dishes, vases, &c. The cows which supply this beautifully managed dairy are twenty-eight in number. At this early period of the season, when many of them were not giving milk, the produce was 50 pounds of butter per week; when they are most of them milkers, it amounts often to more than 120 pounds. The skimmed milk goes to feed a large family of pigs which are kept in an adjoining piggery, of which the arrangements and animals themselves are equally remarkable. The dairy gardens are as delightful as you can imagine. They are indeed a sort of fairyland region, lying along the banks of the Aln, and literally flowing with milk and honey.

Not one of the many magnificent seats and vast feudal castles described, charm us so much as this glimpse of the old English Manor-house of Mitford.

Its battlemented tower, with large mullioned windows boarded up, and converted into a dovecote; the arched entrance below, with the family escutcheon over it, and the beehives seen within it; the broken walls; the old yew trees about it; the part converted into a tenement covered with ivy, with its ancient porch supported on two stone pillars; the simple garden; the orchard; the walks clean swept; the lofty trees overhanging,—realized all that the poetry of rural life has feigned or imaged forth from such beautiful realities as this. . . . . It was a scene that belonged to England, and to England only—a portion of that deep, rich, and perfect rural beauty, that, from the love of our poets, has become as much part of our literature as of nature itself. Around was the sound of rooks, those attendants only of English country houses, which still cling with strong attachment to the old manor-house rookery; of daws and starlings which haunt the ruins of the manor-house and the castle; and the notes of the various birds which build in the orchard trees, added a great cheerfulness to the spot.

But peacefully beautiful as this scene is now, it has seen many a stern warrior its lord, and stood the brunt of many a fierce blast of war.

After exhausting Northumberland, coastwise and central, and leaving Berwick, Mr. Howitt commenced, what he calls, *a Stroll along the Borders*, and made a plunge into the Cheviots. It is so difficult to get off macadamized roads now-a-days, even in the most ardent pursuit of the picturesque, that we gladly embrace whatever slender opportunity offers of obtaining a view of Nature in all the undress in which she can now be caught, in any quarter of this tamed island. For this purpose we follow our tourist from Rothbury, dear to Churchmen! up the valley of the Coquet, by a track not yet altogether hacknied. After spending a fine June night at the *Three Moons*, in this Goshen of the clergy, our traveller starts off thus:—

My way up the valley to Elsden and Otterburne became every step wilder, and to me therefore more attractive. It was a glorious day, at once sunny and breezy. The way laid along the foot of the high craggy fells on the one hand, here and there stretching out into cultivated uplands; and on the other side of the valley rose the stern and dark mountains of Simonside. When about half-way—it was twelve miles—the roads became very bad indeed. . . . . As I proceeded I had to cross and recross with the windings of the stream, the valley becoming more solitary, wild, and desolate. Alpine bridges, such as they have in Scotland, composed of two poles and a little turf, or at least the remains of them, were now the means of transit, and as these were at least a dozen feet above the stream, they were pretty good testimony of the height to which floods rise in this valley. I learned afterwards that it was the great rainy time of last harvest that had raised the river so as to carry away all these bridges together; and that the river will sometimes rise, rapidly, twenty feet above its ordinary channel. Indeed, the vast shoals of gravel and huge stones that are lying here and there in the bed of the river, and the river itself running like a silver thread, amid a wide expanse of this debris, between its shaggy banks, show the fury of the waters that sometimes pass along here.

About two-thirds of the way I came to an old park, which occupies the bottom of the valley and the sides of the hills for a large compass; its old gray walls running over the black stony fells, and through the thick copses which fill the hollows. Its old gates, with large stone gate-posts, peeped out close to me unawares, amongst the alders in the bottom of the vale up which I was advancing, and deer and black cattle showed themselves on the distant slopes. It was one of the most lovely things I ever beheld: there is no house belonging to it; the gloomy cragged summits, and brown, heathery, and stony wastes of Simonside, expanded themselves into the sky on the opposite ridge of the valley; and on my side, high fells also, and long deep glens filled with bushes showed themselves over the alder wood, through which I wended, along the river bank. All in the distance was silent and basking; all about me were the scents of the woodland, and fresh green of young leaves and young grass, of primroses peeping under the boughs, and blue-bells in their first beauty, not as with us in the south, worn out with the old age of a few warm weeks, but as if fled hither with the cuckoo, and smiling at our southern

notion that they were dead. This park belongs to a gentleman who resides at a distance—Mr Ord of Nunnykirk, and being a general appurtenance to a large house, and yet fixed here where no such house is to be found, it has the air of an enchanted domain, watched over by some invisible hunters. But I dare say, did we venture to give chase to one of its deer, a substantial keeper would soon issue from some hidden hut in a woody nook!

A dismal narration is given of a murder committed by tinkers, at a solitary peel-house on Whiskershields Common, in this neighbourhood, about fifty years since; for which two women and one man were executed, and the latter hung in chains on the spot. The subject is recommended, by our author, "to Mr. Ainsworth, and his scoundrel-admiring disciples."

Mr. Howitt crossed the country from this place, and so to speak, threaded the Cheviots, keeping as far away from high roads as possible, until he found himself upon, what he calls, Dandie Dinmont's farm; though certainly not the true Charley's Hope.

A long wade through deep heather,—a single shepherd going his round barefoot, and a woman or two looking out from a lonely hut, as I passed, where perhaps no stranger is seen twice in a life,—and I found myself on—Dandie Dinmont's Farm.

Yes! I was now at the head of Liddesdale, once the grand retreat of Border thieves—the land of the Armstrongs and Elliotts—and on the very ground which supplied Scott with the prototype of one of the most genuine rough diamonds of humanity which his own or any works have presented to public admiration. The farm-house lies on the Jedburgh road, not far from the Note-of-the-Gate. It is called Hendley Farm. James Davison was the hearty fellow's name, whose character was so well known, and so exactly touched off by Scott, that everybody immediately recognised it, and he bore the name as if it were really his own.

Mr. Howitt falls into some inaccuracies here, and elsewhere, from adopting popular editions of current stories; but they are of little consequence. He, however, commits a worse and a wilful fault, in occasionally reporting conversations which he himself invited, and which must hurt the feelings, and, perhaps, the interests, of the persons so unguardedly giving him their confidence. Such are the cautious old farmer, near Berwick; and the clergyman who was met at Warkworth; both of whom were civil and kind to the stranger, and neither of whom could ever expect to see their "loose cracks" set down against him in a great book. The practice, whether Yankee or English, deserves to be checked and rebuked. But Mr. Howitt's book was printed while he was abroad. Had he seen pages 415-16, and especially 489, staring him in the face, in a proof-sheet, he would probably have scored out what we consider objectionable. Things look very differently in print and in manuscript. In brief, when—

A chield 's amang us taking notes,

he should either give us some warning intimation, or exercise that discretion—of which good taste is the parent.

Anecdotes like the following do not fall under this censure, and they illustrate points of character and states of popular feeling.

At the Note-of-the-Gate, where I stopped some time for a rest, the old man and woman were a right hearty old couple. When they heard over what a moorland I had steered my course, they were astonished that I had ever found the way; and said that I must be dreadfully tired and hungry. They would, therefore, cook me a rasher of bacon, and soon produced good white bread, and equally good beer. But it was their conversation that was the most refreshing. They were so keenly curious of news, and so humorous in their observations on it. When I said I came from London—"Eh! London, that's a gran' place! Ye're wise folk at London," said the old man. "How so?" I asked. "Why, ye ha' just noo fetched a callant out o' a furrin country to be the queen's husband, and gein him thritty thousand pounds a-year for it; and there's many a braw chiel here wad ha' takken the job for noothing, and done it weel too. It was a great shame," he added, "that a woman should rule all the men in England, and find none of them good enough for her into the bargain."

While exploring in this direction, where all was new to the traveller, (however familiar, Hermitage Castle, and the grave of the Cout of Keeldar may be to many,) and which will be not only new but welcome to the great bulk of his readers, Mr. Howitt had the good fortune to stumble upon the annual celebration of the Liddesdale Games, at Castleton. These he describes, with great animation; for he appears to have entered completely into the spirit of the scene; and to have viewed everything with the lively feelings of first impressions, and the poetry of old association. For him the old Border times were for the moment revived.

At Keeldar Castle occurred the last, and one of the most pleasant of his adventures. This solitary mountain hold is a hunting seat, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, who has, we believe, opposed the scheme of opening a public road through the domain; though such a line, it is imagined, would be of great utility to the whole kingdom, as well as to the particular district, by shortening distance and facilitating communication. It is to be hoped that the Duke's objections will give way before much higher considerations, than the pleasure of an individual, of whatever rank, opposed to the convenience and interests of a community. In the meanwhile, we are glad that no such road was opened before Mr. Howitt stood at *gloamin* under the battlements of Keeldar Castle. He had visited Mangerton Tower, the original hold of the redoubted Johnnie Armstrong, on the evening after the games, and thus continues:—

I now hastened back over the Borders into Northumberland. My course was over high, green mountains, without track and without tree. The moorcocks rose noisily from the grass around me as I went on; the sheep fled like wild deer as I approached; and far and wide nothing could be seen but green and naked hills. So lonely, so pathless was the whole region, that had the Brown Man of the Moors started up, I should scarcely have felt it stranger than seemed the whole unusual scenery about me. My directions from a countryman, however, were to steer south. . . . . .

At length I caught sight of the gray battlements of the castle, and entered the open gates of its court with some caution, lest, as a stranger at that time of night, I might be set upon by some large dogs. I now heard the merry sound of bagpipes within, and approaching a door whence a light came—for nobody was in the court-yard, nor could I see a bell—I discerned a large kitchen, with a famous peat fire, and before it a woman with a child on her knees. This was Mrs. Dagg, the wife of the Duke of Northumberland's head keeper here, and mistress of the house. I explained to her that I wished

to visit the scene of the ancient abode of the Cout of Keeldar, and that I was afraid that I must petition for a night's lodging, as I understood that there was no inn within eleven miles. Mrs. Dagg, who was a tall and intelligent-looking woman, looked rather strange at this proposition, but said that she was expecting her husband every moment from the Liddesdale Games, and she had no doubt he would accede to my request. She then asked me to sit down, and begged to know my name. I told her my name would be quite strange to her, as I came from London, and never was there before, but that it was Howitt. "Howitt!" said she, "that is a name very familiar to me. Pray are you at all related to the lady of that name who writes such beautiful poetry?" I told her that it gave me equal surprise and pleasure, in that secluded region, to find that my wife's poetry was so well known to her. "Here, Janet!" she cried, rising up, "take the bairn. Pray come this way, sir; I am delighted to see you, and so will my husband be." She speedily led the way into a handsome parlour; asked what I would take; made tea for me, and again expressed her delight in seeing the husband of Mary Howitt. While she made tea, she inquired if anything had been cleared up about the mysterious fate of poor L. E. L., talked of her poetry, and of Mrs. Hemans', and was impatient for the arrival of her husband. Presently, two young men entered, who seemed well acquainted with books; and we sate, most unexpectedly to me, talking of literature, and the legends and history of the border, till twelve o'clock. . . . . .
The first thing which I saw on looking out of my window the next morning, was a man in front of the castle, with one child on his shoulder, another on his arm, and two or three pulling at the skirts of his coat. "That," said I, "is Mr. Dagg, and the very man for me! One is sure of a hospitable welcome in the house of such a child's playfellow as that." Accordingly when I came down, he hastened to me, gave me a hearty shake of the hand, a hearty welcome to his house, and to breakfast, which was waiting. I found Dagg a thorough Dandie Dinmont. Dandie he used to know; and Hogg, he knew; and he had all the hearty frankness and bluntness of Dandie. He was fond of hares, of hunting, and all field sports; was full of the games where he had been the day before as an umpire, and where he used often to clear off the prizes himself in running and leaping. . . . . .
Mr. Dagg said his father and grandfather had held the same post as himself there before him. Besides this, he was an extensive farmer. How few men are more to be envied than such a one as this Dandie Dinmont of the Northumbrian Border. With a wide scope for all his strong country tastes, and a wife full of intelligence and a love of reading, to make his fireside as cheerful as his own spirit seems to be constitutionally.

Mr. Howitt now steered his course down the north vale of Tyne, by Falstone, Charlton, the seat of the Charltons, an old and powerful Tynedale family, Bellingham, Chipchase, and other places of historical note,—until he came to the Roman wall at Chesters, above Hexham, where, in a howlet-haunted tower, he found yet another old woman and her spinning-wheel.—And thus closes this entertaining record of a very charming ramble, from which Mr. Howitt must have derived much pleasure; while he has for life laid up a store of delightful images and remembrances, and composed a work which will impart enjoyment of the purest and most humanizing kind to thousands.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with an account of the Derwentwater family, *apropos* to *Dilston Hall*, one of their seats. It is written by the modern lady of the hall. Its interest is of a different character from the rest of the book; but it communicates some new and authentic facts, regarding the last unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater.

Among the many snatches of old ballads and metrical chronicles which enliven the work, there is a *Wanderer's song*, written by the author, which is absolutely the best lyric he has ever produced. We cannot resist so apt a conclusion:—

A jolly life, my own sweet wife!
A jolly life 's the wanderer's still,
Though all alone I travel on,
O'er many a Norland moor and hill.

I rise not with the sun, not I;
I let him mount his tow'r and call
The lark into the list'ning sky,
The ousel to the waterfall.

Then up I spring, my window fling
Wide to the sea's delicious roar.
The breakers white, the sails in sight,
These call me to my tramp once more.

The yellow broom nods as I pass;
The gorse breathes orange odours sooth;
The flowers on banks of dewy grass,
Bring back Spring mornings from my youth.

By sandy shore I list the sound
Of rushing waves; I strip, and dash
Amid the billows as they bound,
With shout of joy and giddy splash!

Again I reach the moor-track dim;—
The world of wanderers all is out;—
The pitman grim, the damsel slim,
The jolly boatman short and stout.

The Bondager is in the fields;
The tramper stays to call the town;
And I alone wend gladly on,
Until the sun himself go down.

I cross the brook; I mount the hill;
Gaze o'er the cliff where sea-birds throng;
Where light skiffs sweep, and broad sails fill,
And busy steamers beat along.

The ruined castle beckons me,
The abbey hoar, the forest dell;
By ancient halls I wander free,
And by the hermit's shattered cell.

A jolly life, my own sweet wife!
A jolly life 's the wanderer's still,
Though all alone I journey on,
O'er dusty road and Norland hill.

The cottage dame would know my name;
The sturdy yeoman noddeth free;
The stooping beggar makes his claim,
And talks of battle and of sea.

I meet the brats, I hear the wail
Of woman loaded like a bee,
Who trudges fast o'er hill and dale,
But halts with tears to beg of me.

But lo! the pleasant way-side inn,—
I fling my knapsack on the floor,
Feel tired of tramp, as saints of sin,
And vow that I will budge no more.

The beef-steak smokes—a glorious sight!
The port new life the heart sends through;—
The bread is white, the ale is bright,—
The post brings letters, Love, from you!

What were the vows I made just now,
When faint and weary, worn and chill?—
A jolly life, my own sweet wife,
A jolly life 's the wanderer's still!

MUSINGS IN THE WEN.

THE CROSSINGS, THE GIN-PALACES, &c.

BY A TEMPLAR.

Crossing the Regent's Circus last Sunday, I observed that at each of the four crossings of that little circle, there was a sweeper. Between the Circus and the Haymarket, I counted two men sweeping crossings in Coventry Street. Down Regent Street, in the direction of Waterloo Place, were two more; one was busily sweeping across Regent Street, in front of the County Fire Office, and another from the same corner, at right angles to him, across the lower end of the Quadrant; and along Piccadilly sweepers were to be seen "in number numberless," at the end of every street that opened into it between the Circus and St. James's. There were upwards of twenty of them in a distance not exceeding that between the Register Office and Hanover Street, and the top of the Mound and the corner of George and Hanover Streets. *Voluntary* labourers are they, in the task of keeping clean the paths which have already been made straight. They lift their brooms or lay them down as suits their inclinations—they drive no bargain beforehand with those for whom they open an unobstructed way—and yet they must find their account in it, as the task can scarcely be plied for amusement. In their beautiful practical faith in the sense of the community, that the labourer is worthy of his hire, the bishop, who rolls smoothly along between his purple-liveried coachman and footman, might read a useful lesson.

In another respect, the prelate might allege, their example is scarcely so edifying. On working days their number is much reduced: it is only on the Sabbath that they are to be found hanging in such bee-like clusters along the street. The cause is obvious; there are not so many halfpence to be picked up on "week days." The income of the sweeper flows from the poorer of the middle-classes, or from those who are only above (if above) himself in circumstances. Rich people never carry coppers, and do not like to give away silver. They pass by the sweeper, as they pass by the post against which his broom is reclined, while he is beating his arms across his body to warm himself. It is from servant maids, shop or errand boys, small hucksters, and the like, that he anticipates the chance halfpenny; and it is only when they are out making holiday that these classes have any halfpence to spare. Their holidays are the sweeper's harvest. Like other people, wise in their generation, he "makes hay while the sun shines." If their masters and mistresses would allow them to make holiday on any other day, he would not "desecrate" the Sabbath from sheer love of the act; but as it is, he cannot help himself. Besides, among the twenty who have set my fancy a-gadding, there are at least ten Lascars, and they of course observe a Sabbath of their own.

There is, however, a class of every-day sweepers, who seem to make it the business of their lives. They are more thinly sown than the Sunday sweepers; but every day, "from morn till dewy eve," you find them at their "accustomed" crossing, as regular as the hero of Gray's elegy. They are a people apart, and have a consuetudinary code of their own: they regard each other's right of property in their respective crossings. Sometimes cases of disputed possession occur; and, as there seem to be no recognised tribunals in their commonwealth, the pleadings are interminable. Like the Jews of old, and the Arabs of the present day, they are apt to lay hold of the first passenger who will lend an ear to them, and say to him, "Do thou be judge between us." A right of appeal to the next good easy man who will allow himself to be stopped, is asserted by the party against whom judgment is given; and a sequence of such appeals renders their litigations almost as interminable as a suit in Chancery.

One fine autumnal morning, as I was loitering about one of the suburbs, two of these disputants, arguing from my leisurely and uncertain pace, seized upon me as a "waif or stray" cast on their domain, and installed me high arbiter between them. It was owing to this chance that I obtained a gauge of the crossings-sweeper's *status* in society, I might never otherwise have enjoyed. Without entering into all the details of the orations *pro* and *con*, it will be sufficient to observe that the claimant complained of the possessor's having obtruded himself into the crossing while he was laid up with a fever in the Middlesex Hospital; while the defendant maintained, that though that might be true, the gentlefolks could not go with their crossing unswept, and that the plaintiff might, now he was recovered, take up some unoccupied one. From the abstract question of right, both diverged into appeals to my humanity; and I learned from the plaintiff (what the other could not deny) that he had nothing but his brooms and his crossing to maintain himself and three motherless children, whilst the other, besides being a much more hale and hearty man, earned a shilling almost every night as supernumerary at the English Opera. It was indeed evident that the stage education of the latter had not been thrown away upon him: there was an air of sentiment in his mute standing at a distance from the passengers, and allowing a little boy, rather sprucely dressed, to apply to them for their small change. Many a tender-hearted milliner has doubtless set him down for one who had seen better days, and still endeavoured to keep his child tidy, regardless of the seediness of his own apparel. These little revelations seemed to bring the rival sweepers within the pale of the "re-

spectable" classes. It was clear that their profession could ensure a livelihood to a steady man of regular habits; and it was equally clear that there were men of genius in it, who aspired to make it do more. The supernumerary of the English Opera belongs to the same class, though moving in an humbler sphere, as the nominal merchant who speculates upon opening a trade with Circassia, or in settlements on the coast of Central America; or as the "literary *gentleman*" who obtains the applause of a small circle by his avowed writings, and adds to his income by anonymously puffing or cutting up the works of others, whichever pays best—the dirty work of literature.

But crossings-sweepers are not the only professional gentlemen (or ladies) in London who drive a steady regular trade in what might appear to the casual observer mere chance employment. From the cabman who hires his horse and vehicle from some proprietor by the day, down to the mud-lark who picks up coals at low-water in the bed of the Thames, you find in each scrambling pursuit many who, by persevering adherence to the same poor employment, from day to day and from year to year, contrive not only to supply immediate cravings, but to lay up a trifle. The class of cabmen named, and the watermen at coach-stands, form the connecting link between the drivers of the anomalous and anonymous trades under consideration, and those recognised by "society" as legitimate pursuits with distinguishing names. The mud-larks verge upon the more precarious livers who depend for subsistence upon what they can pick up, without inquiring too curiously as to whether it has an owner, or whether that owner is inclined to dispense with it. The mud-larks and cinder-rakers of London are much on a par with the gleaners of the rural districts; with such "damnable iteration" does Nature repeat herself under such varying forms. It is not safe to allow the mud-lark to creep too near a coal barge lest she make more coals fall out than would naturally do so: and we believe reapers and overseers are jealous of gleaners treading too closely on their heels. The gleaner with her accompaniments—blue skies with high white clouds straggling across them—the rustle of the unreaped corn, and the contrast between the golden stubble-field and the trees yet brightly green—may suggest more pleasing images to the painter or poet; but the mud-lark, as she emerges from the ooze of the Thames, (like the heroes of the Dunciad emerging from their dive in Fleet-ditch,) is not a whit more apt to overstep the narrow limits which divide *meum* from *tuum;* and it is ten to one that she is, in her department, a much more civilized and sociable being than the other. At all events, the Ruths of London are good enough for the Boazes of Houndsditch and Hollywell Street. Cowper, no eulogist of town life, has drawn a picture of the vegetable souls of the rural poor, to which no large town can produce a parallel. The veriest outcast there finds associates, and is humanized by their intercourse.

The class of which we are speaking—the Lazaruses who, from the abundance of rich men with well-spread tables, are enabled, in London, to elevate the picking up of crumbs to the dignity of a profession—the voluntary occupants of odd corners of the great field of employment, which labour on a larger scale leaves untilled—are perhaps as refined in their feelings and deportment in this metropolis as in any city in the world. The emissaries of statistical societies, and other curious inquirers, who have of late endeavoured to learn the numbers of these people, and the appearance of their homes, bear unvarying testimony to the civility with which they have been received, while going from house to house, taking their unauthorized census. They are a community sufficiently numerous and wealthy to have drawn upon themselves the attention of speculators. The gin-palaces are built and kept up out of their earnings. The artisan, and the unskilled labourers who do the rough work under him, have their pint of beer with their meals, or may occasionally take or give a glass at their house of call. Of late they have been getting fonder of the Temperance Coffee-houses. The regular customers of the gin-palace are the toilers in these squalid unhealthy pursuits which lie on the extreme verge of the realm of industry—in the "debateable land" between *Workdom* and *Thiefdom*.

It is worth while for the snug merchant or other member of what ought to be the comfortable classes in a land like ours, to step into a gin-palace occasionally, as he returns home from the theatre or his club. In one corner he will see some veteran out-pensioner, who has encountered an old acquaintance, sunk down to this class, and, for the sake of former days, has stepped in to take a glass. The old hero has perhaps been at Astley's or some minor theatre, and is eloquent about the absurd manner in which the storming of the fort, amid a blaze of blue or red light, was got up; no general ever dreamed of mounting a breach with cavalry. Near these gossips stand a group of dustmen, with a stray chimney-sweep amongst them, puffing at enormously long tobacco-pipes. These are the more select portion of the assemblage; the vestments of the remainder are indescribable—sex, age, and shape, are scarcely distinguishable. They are ragged as if worn for centuries, and filthy as if gathered from the lay-stalls. They are shouldering and pushing to the counter,—all tongues are loosed, and loud and incoherent is their clatter. But, with the exception of brief angry bursts, all is good nature. The gin-palace is a city of refuge, within which the policeman does not intrude, so long as the noise is not very excessive: the inmates know the precarious tenure of their sanctuary, and have acquired the habit of respecting its conditions. Still, the scene is not over-edifying; and those verging on dishonesty are brought into perilous contact with those who have already sunk into the quagmire. And yet every one of the inmates, if remonstrated with for their indulgence in "Old Tom," or "Cream of the Valley," might urge, and with more reason, the plea which Scott has put into the mouth of Maggie Mucklebacket.

Since we have got to the gin-palace, we may as well hover about a little, for the sake of watching

those who loiter round its doors of a Sunday morning. The street-sweeper is the only one whose industry encroaches on the rest of the Sabbath; and even in his case, the bulk of the labourers are casual—mere Sunday sweepers, as has already been noticed. For the rest, however, Sunday is a mere cessation from toil. They have become so inured to their haunts that they cannot leave them. The bashfulness of bad clothes keeps them from emerging into the airy and open spaces of the town; and to wander beyond its limits is an enterprise of which they seem as incapable as the fish of taking a walk on shore. Their rest is a wearisome effort; and to dull their sense of it, they repair for a doze to the gin-palace, and then lounge apathetically about its door, relieved for the time from the tedium of their own existence.

This is the true picture of the pariah *caste* of London—the lowest grade of honesty. They are more conversible than the same class elsewhere, because they are tamed by being accustomed to society. It is mere taming: the human being is not raised above its animal condition. The delusive representation of some popular writers conveys a totally erroneous impression of this class, which has the picturesque of grotesqueness, and nothing more. Startling adventures are as rare in it as in any other; the police keeps it within the bounds of commonplace. The quaint smart sayings attributed to its members are mostly inventions of a higher class, which they learn and repeat by rote. The rabble of London is as void of inventive wit as the rabble of any other place. Whoever would trace to their source the Cockney witticisms which gave the hint, (and no more,) expanded into the Weller budget, must go to another fountain-head. Flash songs and flash tales, convey about as accurate a notion of the street Cockney as Dibdin's songs do of the real Jack tar, or the Donald of the Operahouse of a genuine Highlander. They are composed by a class of mimics and song-writers not clever enough for the minor theatres, ("in the lowest deep a lower depth,") who exert their most sweet voices, and practice their last compositions, for the edification of clerks, shopmen, and country boobies, in the Cider Cellars, the Adelphi Shades, and similar places of midnight rendezvous. It is the scraps of these wit-feasts, caught up by stray conductors of omnibuses, and bandied from one to the other in passing from behind their respective vehicles, that are in time picked up by the class with whom they are by some supposed to originate.

It is probably out of place to moralise on such a subject. In their uncultivated state, these men can only be susceptible of animal pleasures. Their pipe, their pot, and their glass of gin they must have, when they can get it. And somebody must be paid for providing them with it. So any man, who is inclined to trade in this way, may say to himself, "If I don't, another will,"—an argument by which men can reconcile themselves to many strange actions. This is fair enough; but when one finds eminent patriots, before Committees of the House of Commons, attempting to persuade Honourable Members that they have been induced to establish gin-palaces, by an idea that they tended to promote morality—because their publicity, and the want of benches to sit down upon, prevent men from sitting and soaking—one cannot help feeling sick and sad at such coxcombry.

Some such class as this will probably always exist so long as men and the world continue what they are. Human nature can soar high, but it cannot always keep on wing, and at each new flight it must spring upwards from the ground. "We stand in the dirt while we look at the stars," is an old proverb; and some portion or other of society must be smirched by the mud with which it comes in contact. There are minds too unergetic to learn or labour skilfully: there are dregs in society as well as in liquor—we may fine and rack as we please, but some will remain. But this is no reason why we should not try to make it as pure as possible: let men have education—if they reject it, then the fault is their own. And, above all, let us struggle against all laws which have a tendency to drive down, into the class I have been describing, minds which, but for them, would have struggled to keep above it. The questionables are not numerous in a healthy state of society, and they can then be easily kept in check. But when rulers and lawgivers take upon them to be wiser than God Almighty, and undertake to decide what industry profits a country and what must be abstained from—like the farmer in the fable, who prayed to have the distribution of the weather in his own hands—then does their bungling bankrupt and beggar the intelligent and industrious on all hands. Men who have struggled year after year, gradually sinking in the scale of social comfort, at last lose hope, and allow themselves to sink to the bottom. But they do not acquiesce in their fate with the equanimity of those who feel themselves in their natural position. They are seared by misfortune, and envious of all who are or seem more successful than themselves. They are the materials out of which rioters are made, when some accident breaks in upon the ordinary current of society.

Let our rulers look to it: what they call their "policy" is fearfully swelling the numbers of this class. Every moment they put off attending to the growing clamour for bread, is pregnant with danger. "The needy man who hath known better days," has been noted, from the time of Shakspeare, as eminently liable to the seduction of evil prompters. "I will do such things—what they are I yet know not," says poor Lear. When Jaffier saw his doors hedged round by "gaping creditors," and knew he had not "twenty ducats in the world," then it was that Pierre found him in a mood to dream he could redress the wrongs of society by the dagger. It is those who are seared, by feeling themselves driven down to an element of which they are not native, that are what a modern writer terms "the dangerous classes in large towns." The natural mob, or rabble, or whatever they may be called, are too torpid, and too devoid of invention, to do much mischief. Effective rioters—even where there is least apology—are cast-off copying-clerks, dissipated apprentices who have enlisted and been drummed out of the regiment, and such like. Society has enough to do to guard itself

against this ragged regiment under any circumstances; but when its numbers are swelled with men who can lay the flattering unction to their souls, that the misgovernment of others, more than their own misdeeds, have made them what they are—then, indeed, "there is danger in them," which, "let thy wisdom fear." Our rulers may rest assured, that if evil come of it, many have deeply sworn, that, cost what it may, they whose heartless apathy has caused the mischief shall suffer most.

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *November*.

A DROPPED PAPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—I have long had a great ambition to see some lucubration of my own figuring in the fair printed double columns of your magazine. Being a stanch Tory, I could not promise myself that pleasure from the inditing a political diatribe against these Reforming Times, and hallooing, at the top of my voice, that there has been a tremendous ὁδος κατω ever since the passing of the Reform Bill. Therefore I tried a sonnet in the manner of Haynes Bayley; studded with plaintive lamentations for a fair girl with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and snowy neck, and half-a-dozen etceteras, whom I met plucking flowers somewhere in the south of Utopia. But the censor to whom, with a panting heart, I brought the effusion, just muttered something, of which I only caught the ominous sounds, "Morta Minerva." Dashing the sonnet into the fire—an office which my tutor kindly performed himself to all my Latin verses in more juvenile days—I put on my hat with a dignified air, told my tutor he was an ass, and stalked into the Parliament House. The Court had risen; but I walked up to that weary corner, where so many gentlemen, clothed with the full panoply of gown, &c., but without a brief, "while away the weary hours" in mutual sympathy, or patrol the spacious Court-room, in ever-revolving cycle, like the demons in Vathek. The spot awakened too many painful reminiscences; so I was marching off, when I saw, lying on the ground, a somewhat soiled manuscript. Picking it up, I found it to contain a rhapsody about German Metaphysics, of which your contributor, Mr. De Quincey, is the Atlas, since poor Coleridge retired from the stage.

Now, Mr. Editor, I do maintain, and am ready to demonstrate the position, that the next best thing to composing a paper is to transcribe it. For there are just two things in the matter. There is the *thought* and the *expression*. But the *expression*, because it is so, must contain within itself the elements of the thought; and these bore, Coleridge says, that a symbol must partake, in some measure, of the reality of what it symbolizes. Therefore the writing is just an abbreviated expression of the thought. Doubtless both are best: but the one which contains the other is the more valuable of the two ingredients. Most metaphysically reasoned, my clerk has just ejaculated. Why, in that way my writing is better than your thinking. Don't, my good fellow, too rapidly reduce into maxims what are, *a priori*, *laws*. But the editor will be tiring of this palaver. So, for these, and diverse other good and weighty reasons, I transcribed the said rhapsody, and herewith I send the first part of it, which is merely an introduction to the principal; but the latter is very ill-written, and not yet transcribed. I will send it, however, should you like the first part.

1st P.S.—You need be under no apprehensions of the wrath of the author, seeing that, if Jean Paul, after stealing and printing the contents of fifteen letter-boxes belonging to the Quintas, coolly said, he would keep the injured man under his thumb, I may surely bear the wrath of one mystified German "Schwindel Geist."

2d P.S.—Being but a poor German scholar, I trust you will make allowances for the transcribing of hard names from an abominable scrawl.

Yours, &c.

KLEPTES.

"Dans notre enfance nous vivons selon l'imagination: et l'imagination se prend aux formes. L'emploi des mythes est destiné à satisfaire cette faculté. Le mythe n'est autre chose qu'une fiction qui représente la verité."
—*Victor Cousin's Nouveaux Fragmens Philosophiques*, p. 382.

Schelling was wont to tell a dream which he dreamed one night when a student at Leipsic. He had been studying the "*Grundriss der Wissenschaftlehre*," which had then newly come out, and collating with it the Treatise of Spinoza de Deo: and he supposed that the two ideas had battled together in his mind, and from the conflict arose the dream. Thus he used to praise the dream, and to say that there was a good kernel within the Mythical shell. He told it as follows:—

When the twilight consciousness, which is the theatre of dreams, awoke within me, I found myself in a valley, whose greenness was variegated (ποικιλη) with many flowers; and there were high blue hills which fenced in the valley; and from them descended a stream which was glittering in the sunshine. It was the hour of noon. There were many people passing up and down that valley, all happy and careless. Many bells, too, were pealing through the valley whose sound made the air melodious; and I thought I heard a well-known strain, the "Christ is arisen," chanted by many voices. Birds were singing sweetly on the trees by the river side, which were green with a June greenness.

Yet could I not linger in that fair valley. For the careless happiness of man and nature met no echo in my soul. I felt I was a searcher for something I found not there.

And I strode, I knew not well why, to the distant hills. There was a path among those hills, alongside of the shining river, which, as I went up, became black and turbid; and its blackened waters seemed to be reflected in my soul, and to cloud all my thoughts. And the sun went down into a far-off sea, whereto flowed the river: and many stars came forth from the bosom of the sunless sky. Their queen, too, came forth with a white-robed planet in her train. And the dark heath of the hills was lightened up again, and rocks, decked with rain-drops, glittered in the moon-beams. Still trode I among those hills, and there was no sound nor any voice to answer my own. But a great stillness brooded over all that country, like chaos before the voice of God rang through the void. And I looked up to the clear and cloudless face of the virgin sky, and called upon her to answer the problem which vexed me; but there was no reply:—the sky looked as calm as ever.

Gradually, as I looked upon the lonely planet, which alone twinkled not, it seemed to move; and, with a soft music—it might be but in thought—moved along the skies, as erst the star of Bethlehem to mark where the Meek One lay. And I followed its motion; and I walked for many miles in the course pointed out by it, which was in a far sinking path among the hills. And they rose higher and viewlessly in distance on either side of it. At length the planet stopped, and its partner in that strange dance stopped also. And it was a deep cave wherein that path ended, and above which the star stood fixed, looking softly with her dead eye of love.

I looked anxiously into the cave, but heard nought but a ceaseless dropping of water along its sides; and I was faint with much exertion, and well nigh turned away in despair. But there came, I knew not whence, a solemn sound like that of an Æolian harp, as if the organ of nature itself was sounding palpably; and the music was like that glorious music which I loved in my childhood—the deep yet harmonious Hundredth Psalm—the music-embodied spirit of Martin Luther. When the music ceased, I heard a small still voice, and yet the sound came as if I heard only the reverberations of the voice on the walls of the cave, and thus it spoke— * * * * *

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.*

The attention and interest, which the previous works of this writer on the same fertile subject have excited, in spite of their manifold blemishes and blunders, is proof enough that *London* is an inexhaustible theme; and that, merely to speak about the great Babylon, is to make sure of a large number of auditors. So far as the present author's powers of description and means of information go, the theme is indeed pretty well run out; but, like an economical manufacturer, even from the fag-ends and waste he contrives to spin out another couple of volumes; with which, however, some good new material is intermixed. The subject with which he opens, *Medical Quackery*, is of itself copious; and, although he has told several stories which strongly tax the reader's powers of belief, it is too probable that much more extraordinary facts, in the history of quackery, remain to be disclosed. It is but the vulgar quack whose arts are ever fully discovered.

London is the grand emporium for all the quacks of the three kingdoms, and for many of those of the continent; though, like other stars, they often make excursions into the provinces during the dull season, and there reap a rich harvest. Of the metropolis, this writer remarks, as thousands have done before him,

> There is nothing too ridiculous for a London population to swallow; nothing so absurd that they will not at once subscribe to it. Nor is this predisposition to be duped by empirics, this alacrity in reposing faith in the preposterous promises and pledges of quacks, confined to the lower or less informed part of the London population. It is by no means uncommon among the aristocracy, and those whose standing in society implies more than the average amount of education and intelligence. Who does not remember the crowd of aristocratic and fashionable witnesses, the host of lords and ladies, who came forward, fourteen or fifteen years ago, in a court of justice, to bear testimony, in the capacity of his quondam patients, to the distinguished, nay, the unparalleled medical skill of the late St. John Long? And is it not notorious, that at this very hour many of the higher classes are daily becoming the easy dupes of empirics, in all departments of the medical profession?

Among the most strenuous of St. John Long's believers was Sir Francis Burdett, then a Liberal. The person, who of late has done business in the largest way, was Morrison, in whose universal pills a flourishing trade is still carried on. Some of the arts of quacks, to bring themselves and their drugs into notice, are here described. Puffing paragraphs, and advertisements in the newspapers, are of course their main reliance; though their schemes and rogueries are numerous, and often most ingenious; something new being always fallen upon when the old trick grows stale. Small hand-bills copiously distributed; peripatetic advertisers, and chalking, have all had their day. Some Medical Quacks start at once with a book. Here is an *awrist* of the tribe.

> There lately lived, on the south side of Oxford Street,—I do not know what has become of him now,—an empiric who professed to cure all diseases of the ear, and who surpassed all the other quacks I ever knew, in the article of advertising himself at the cheapest rate, considering the effectual way in which he did it. He was constantly on the look-out among his patients for hapless authors, literary men, or other persons in any way connected with the press; and the moment he discovered any of the "lettered" or philosophical fraternity, he called all his cunning and ingenuity into full play, with the view of turning them to what he called his professional account. If they had influence enough, directly

* By the Author of the "Great Metropolis," "Travels in Town," &c. 2 Volumes, cloth: Saunders & Otley.

or indirectly, over any journal, to get a puff of the empiric inserted gratis, so much the better; but if they should not be able to do that, it would, he used to say, go hard indeed, if they could not assist him in drawing up a neat paragraph, which some other patient, when put into his hand cut and dry, would get published in some newspaper or periodical, into whose columns he might have access. Some years ago an acquaintance of mine, labouring under a defect of hearing, waited on the empiric in question. The former was instructed to sit down in a chair, and having, in that respect, promptly attended to the commands of his medical monitor, the latter commenced an examination of the ear, and afterwards had recourse, for about a quarter of a minute or so, to the farce of poking in it with an instrument which I am incompetent to describe. "The loss of one's hearing is a great calamity," bawled the empiric into the other's ear, with as self-consequential and oracular an air, as if he had made some marvellous discovery of infinite practical importance.

"It is, indeed," sighed the other.

"Very great misfortune, certainly," resumed the quack.

"It is particularly so to me," observed the patient.

"I don't doubt it, sir, I don't doubt it, sir," pursued the empiric. "Pray, do you follow any particular profession?"

"I am a reader in a newspaper office," answered my acquaintance.

"A reader in a newspaper office, did you say, sir?" remarked the quack, suspending, all of a sudden, the poking process, while his eye and countenance lighted up with exultation at the words.

The patient repeated his statement.

"What is the paper, pray, that you are connected with?"

"The 'Public Ledger,' sir."

"Oh then," remarked the quack, his eye gleaming with ineffable delight, and tossing the instrument for clearing the tunnel of people's ears aside, "Oh, then, perhaps you could get this little paragraph inserted in that journal." And so saying, Dr. G—— handed his patient a small paragraph prepared for the occasion, surcharged with his own praise as a professional man.

"I have no connexion with the editorial department of the paper," remarked the young man, "otherwise I should be glad if I could serve you."

"Oh! but of course you know the editor, and if you ask the insertion of the paragraph as a favour to yourself, he will put it in at once."

In short, the aurist tried every method before he came to the main point.

"Two guineas, sir, is the fee," said this incarnation of cunning and quackery, his fingers quivering in a paroxysm of impatience to clutch the circulating medium.

On the fee being deposited in his hand, he rang the bell by way of intimation to the servant to open the door. "You'll take care that the paragraph appears," remarked the quack, as his patient was in the act of quitting the room.

"I'll do what I can, sir," returned the other.

"And to-morrow, if possible?"

"I'll try."

"Call on me again in a few days, if your hearing be not improved;' it's only half-a-guinea for a second visit."

In noticing a sensible and useful little book, entitled *Spectacle Secrets*, we exposed the tricks of the eye quacks, and need not return to them here. Quacks, like strolling players, generally assume fictitious names. One of them is noticed, who has changed his name a dozen of times. Quackery, like all other descriptions of fraud, does not once in a hundred times enrich the practisers,

With all their thrift they thrive not,

though a few do make great hits; as this one—

One of the most ingenious and successful expedients ever resorted to with the view of practising on the gullibility of the metropolitan public, was hit upon by a quack, who is still alive, and living in great splendour at the West End, on the princely fortune he acquired by his well-conducted empiricism. Being of the humblest birth and origin, and unacquainted with even the most common rudiments of education, he, before commencing business, had the tact to employ a person of dissipated habits, who had been regularly trained up to the medical profession, and to whom a few shillings were everything, to instruct him how to use a certain number of medical terms and professional phrases. Having mastered this preliminary task, he engaged, for six months, at so much per week, six persons, some of whom were porters, and others day-labourers, and, as an inducement to keep the secret, and skilfully to act the part he should allot to them, he held out to them the strong probability of their situations being permanent. These half-dozen persons, not one of whom could read or write, he formed into a Board of Health, to sit daily from ten o'clock till three; while, during the remainder of the day, they were to "make themselves useful" by carrying boards on their shoulders, containing the name and address, and profession of their master; or distributing lilliputian hand-bills, announcing his miraculous medical skill in all diseases, and also the fact that his patients should, in all cases of importance, have the benefit, for a small extra charge, of any advice of his "Board of Health," consisting of the "first physicians in Europe." Previous to this, however, I ought to have observed, he had carefully tutored the Board how they were individually to act. They were instructed, never, on any account, to venture a remark of their own on any case, or in the presence of any patient, but simply to concur in every opinion he expressed, or observation he made, either in audible accents, or by the silent but not less expressive language of a nod of the head. In order to carry out the idea to its greatest practicable extent, and to make the aspect of the Board as imposing as possible, this arch empiric provided suits of black clothes for them of the first quality, together with a fashionable cane for each. The clothes were doffed and the canes laid aside, in an adjoining room, as soon as the various consultations for the day were over; and the "first physicians in Europe" were obliged to encase themselves again in their dirty, tattered, and thread-bare apparel, and resume the undignified employment of carrying large boards on their shoulders, and distributing hand-bills. The thing took amazingly. Whenever a patient waited on the quack, whom the latter deemed one who was in circumstances to pay a little in the shape of extra fees for medical advice, he was invariably told that his case was one of great importance, and must be referred to the Board of Health. Into the presence of their medical highnesses, the patient was accordingly forthwith ushered. There they sat, around a large table, in solemn—affectedly solemn—conclave, leaning on their canes, and looking wondrously wise and attentive, while their chieftain was asking the patient questions respecting the nature and manifestations of his malady. They, of course assented to everything he advanced by way of opinion, either as to the case itself or as regarded the mode of treatment to be adopted. In a short time, the fame of the Board of Health, over the water, (for its locality was on the Surrey side of the river,) soon extended itself far and wide, and patients flocked from all parts of the metropolis to receive the advice of half-a-dozen of the "first physicians in Europe," which I ought not to omit to state, was to be had at a remarkably low rate, considering the usual charges of physicians. The Board existed for many years, and was only dissolved when the proprietor of the establishment thought fit to retire from business, after having made a princely fortune by his ingenious quackery.

A living sample is thus described—

There is now living, in one of the streets leading out of Oxford Street, a consummate quack, who makes experiments with great success on public ignorance and credulity, in the capacity of a physician that can cure all

manner of diseases,—who previously appeared in almost every conceivable department of medical charlatanism, always professing to confine himself exclusively to each particular department. He commenced as an eye-doctor; but that would not do: then he appeared, but with no greater success, as an aurist: a year or two afterwards, he undertook the cure of the toothache, without extraction, or indeed without anything. Still the speculation did not answer. He eventually tried, with no better fortune, every other branch of the medical profession; and at last found that to be a universalist, a doctor who could cure every disease brought under his notice, was the only way in which he could hope to fill his pockets, by gulling the public. With each profession, this ingenious empiric changed his name, and also his residence; in two or three instances, indeed, he changed, if there be propriety in the expression, his country; for he suffered his beard to grow into luxuriant mustachios, and, having thus acquired something of the external aspect of a foreigner, he represented himself as Monsieur Malletron from Paris.

In a succeeding chapter, Miscellaneous Quackery is treated; as Quackery in Shoe-blacking, Religion, Publishing, Parliamenteering, the Weather, and so on. The Scientific and Literary Quack is thus presented at full length. Count Fathom was nothing to him.

There is a noted empiric in town at the present moment, whose quackish practices are so varied and multifarious, that it were no easy matter to name a line of business or profession in which he has not at one time or other appeared. In several departments of quackery, he is at this instant carrying on a thriving business.

The history of this empiric is an extraordinary one. He was brought up to the business of a cobbler, at which he worked to the satisfaction of those who intrusted him with the repairs of their damaged boots and shoes, until he had attained the age of twenty-five. He then married; and his soul rising contemporaneously with that event, above his leather and his last, he resolved on earning literary renown, and if possible bettering his pecuniary circumstances at the same time. But the question suggested itself how was this to be done? How was literary distinction, and an improved state of his finances to be achieved? The embryo empiric did not possess a particle of learning,—unless the capability of reading ordinary English in an ordinary way, and writing a tolerable hand, ought to be dignified with the name. An ingenious idea struck him. He resolved on reading a number of works on popular science, and then, having, by means of a pair of scissors and a quantity of paste, dovetailed together the more interesting and more easily comprehensible portions of each book, forming them into a whole. The work thus promptly manufactured, was carefully transcribed by a young acquaintance, who could write a superior hand. An attractive title was next invented, and to give the greater effect to the title, he prefixed to his name, as the author, the honorary term "Professor," and appended to it the initials, "F.R.S. L.L.D.," and several others of an equally imposing kind. The little work found a publisher, and the publisher obtained for it a remunerating sale. The little reputation which "The Professor" thus acquired, by not only stealing other people's ideas, but their very words, did not, however, satisfy his aspirations after literary and scientific fame. Nor did the comparatively slow process of obtaining a name in the world by the publication of books, at all accord with his eager and impatient anxiety to be considered a man of literary note. What, then, was to be done to accelerate his progress to the distinction he coveted, and to his possession of the means which he concluded that distinction would place at his disposal for bettering his pecuniary condition?—a consummation of which, I ought to have already remarked, he never lost sight in his yearnings after literary and scientific celebrity. His ideas on this head proved him to be a genius of no ordinary kind. In the course of five minutes his fertile brain—fertile, I mean, in the way of inventing ways and means of bringing himself into notice—not only formed a philosophic society which was called by the name of the greatest moral philosopher the world ever produced, but represented the society as being in active operation, and including in the list of its directors and members, a multitude of names, which, though altogether unknown to fame, were nevertheless those of persons who were members of all the learned and philosophical societies in Christendom. The number of initials which was appended to each name, was not only extraordinary, but reminded one of the tail of a comet. It was only surprising that the names of gentlemen who could rejoice in being members of such a host of learned bodies, should have been wholly unknown to an "intelligent and discerning public." Yet so it was: nobody had ever, not even by accident, encountered the name of any of these illustrious philosophers; but being unwilling to admit his ignorance of the existence of the attainments of such men, every person concealed his surprise in his own breast. The very first intimation which the public received of the existence of this imposing association of *literati* and philosophers, was conveyed to them in the shape of a report of their proceedings in a morning paper; the Professor himself figuring as the president and principal speaker. With the assistance of the person already referred to, who was a young man of some education, and whose pecuniary circumstances, coupled with the utter absence of principle in such matters, rendered him the obedient servant and convenient tool of the empiric—the clap-trap report was prepared and sent to the morning journal alluded to. But how, it will be asked, did it find its way into the columns of the paper? Why, the empiric's inventive powers hit upon a very ingenious scheme for the purpose. To the report was appended a resolution purporting to have been carried by deafening acclamations, after most eulogistic speeches by the mover and seconder, to the effect that Jacob Judkins, Esq., the editor of the Morning Intelligencer, had been unanimously appointed honorary member of the V—— Society. The distinguished compliment thus paid to the editor, ensured a ready passport to the entire report into the columns of the Intelligencer. Finding the thing thus far eminently successful, the Professor or empiric, assigned weekly meetings to the non-existent Society, at all of which, as a matter of course, he himself was the principal speaker; and on no occasion did he omit to pay some high-flown compliments to his friend the editor. Week after week did the reports of the proceedings of this distinguished philosophical society appear in the Morning Intelligencer; and the result was that, though no one ever before heard the name of the Professor or his associates, everybody concluded that the former must be some great man, who, in verification of the remark of a Greek historian, that the greatest geniuses often lie concealed, had hitherto remained unknown to the world, in consequence of one of those capricious freaks in which dame Nature (alike regardless of the justice due to the illustrious parties themselves, and the honour and interests of mankind) occasionally delights to indulge herself.

The empiric having thus procured a publicity for his name which must have satisfied the most voracious appetite for newspaper notoriety, next bethought himself of the way in which he could convert his celebrity to the best pecuniary account.

This was as dexterously managed. A meeting of the Society resolved that a *testimonial* should be given to the Professor's merits in the form of plate.

It was further stated, that in order to allow other "friends of philosophy and admirers of science" who were not members of the V—— Society, but might be desirous of being allowed to express their sense of the Professor's services to science, by recording their names on the subscription list; it was, I say, agreed by the Society, that such persons should have an opportunity of gratifying their feelings by contributing to the testimonial fund. And in order that a good example might be set to all such persons, the members of the Society—no

one of whom, be it ever remembered, but the Professor himself, had an existence—appended very handsome subscriptions to their respective names. A treasurer was duly appointed to receive the money, and to retain it until the Society should determine on the nature of the testimonial to be presented to the Professor. This treasurer was none other than the quack himself, though of course under a fictitious name. The appointment of a secretary (also the quack himself), followed, and the meeting agreed that a lithographed copy of the resolution should be forwarded by the secretary to "every known friend of science and philosophy in England," with a request that he would give a practical expression of his sense of the Professor's services to science, by subscribing to the fund. Many of the persons to whom the circulars were sent, knowing nothing more of science than of the Professor, and yet proud of the compliment paid to them by the assumption that they were the friends of philosophy and admirers of science, were prompt in forwarding their subscriptions "in aid of the fund for a testimonial to Professor ——." The subscriptions, which were very considerable, being directed to be sent to his lodgings, addressed to an imaginary treasurer, whom he christened Henry Blunt, Esq.—found their way at once, as a matter of course, into the pockets of the Professor.

At a great dinner, attended by many *savans*, the plate was of course presented, and the country subscribers satisfied with reading learned and eloquent speeches which were never spoken, save in the newspaper; in which also a Shacabac dinner, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, and the rarest wines, was served up in first-rate style. After quoting these speeches at some length, our author concludes,

Such was the tenor of the report which appeared next morning in the Morning Intelligencer.

Each subscriber fancied that he was the only person absent; and the only drawback to the gratification with which he read the account of the way in which the affair passed off, was, that he had not been apprized of the dinner, so as that he might have had the pleasure of being present.

But what of the Professor now? Since practising the above ingenious and successful piece of empiricism, he has appeared before the public in every conceivable variety of character. Two or three years ago, he became an apostle of tee-totalism, and visited different parts of the country for the purpose of lecturing in favour of an entire abstinence from spirituous liquors, and on the singularly salubrious qualities of cold water in its "aboriginal" state. This of course was at the expense of the Abstinence Societies; but the supplies having somehow or other stopped, after several weeks' advocacy of the cause, he suddenly ceased to waste his eloquence on the merits of that cause. For anything he cared to the contrary, tee-totalism, the moment it failed to afford him pecuniary advantage, may have gone to the dogs—or to any other quarter it pleased.

The next evolution of the Professor, in his character of a quack, was in the capacity of a preacher of the Gospel. My readers may startle at this. It is, nevertheless, melancholy though it be, a sober fact. And there is not the slightest infusion of fancy in the statement I am about to make, namely, that when he had made up his mind to try what could be done in the assumed character of a reverend gentleman, he felt at a loss to decide as to what denomination it would be best for him, in a pecuniary point of view, to profess to belong. He actually had the cool effrontery and the fearful mental profligacy, to ask a friend of mine, when making known his ministerial intentions, what he deemed the section of Christians whom it would be most advisable to connect himself with. Curious to learn to what awful lengths the empiric was prepared to go, my friend asked him what he thought of appearing as a preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists? He objected to any connexion with that body, because he could not conceal from them the circumstance of his being no preacher at all. The peculiar organization of their society, and the rigid supervision observed over all the movements of their ministers, would render it impossible for him to practise the imposture, without detection, for many weeks. "The Baptists, then!" suggested the other. The Professor had a high respect for the Baptists; there were many men of great moral worth and undoubted talent among them; but the prejudices in favour of infant baptism and sprinkling were too general and too strong to admit of their principles or themselves becoming extensively popular. "What do you say to the Independents?" The Professor replied to the latter suggestion, that he certainly thought that body preferable to either of the other two which had been named; and accordingly made his election in its favour. In accordance with this choice he actually forthwith proceeded to engage a chapel, and without any change in his name beyond the prefix of Rev., caused himself to be placarded through a great part of the metropolis as the Rev. A—— B——, minister of the Independent Chapel in T—— Street. In this locality, and this character, he continued, however, for only a limited time. He soon made the discovery that there was little chance of his acquiring either money or reputation in his capacity of a reverend gentleman, and, therefore, in nine or ten weeks, he abdicated his ministerial functions, forsook the Independent Chapel in T—— Street, and reappeared in the newspapers as a person of high sounding scientific and philosophic attainments.

This must have been a shallow, sorry knave. He throve in no walk. We dishonoured Ferdinand Count Fathom by the comparison. His next appearance was as an M.D., the physician to an hospital that never existed, in which capacity he recommended another quack's pills. Is there not some one who takes a malicious pleasure in priming or cramming our author at times? or in experimenting upon the largeness of his swallow? There has no doubt been a *Verulam* Society, and there are quacks enow in every department, but his Professor out-Herods Herod. Thus is he finally disposed of. Nor would it be worth while to follow his infamous career, save to put people on their guard against all manner of pseudo-professors.

But what is he doing at the present moment? I cannot answer the question, though I still observe his name figuring in the papers as the "Professor."

The last part he played, which has come under my notice, was that of a begging letter-writer. The Mendicity Society have in their possession a goodly number of his epistles, written in this character. Some of these have come under my observation, and are very curious in their way. I shall watch with peculiar interest the future movements of this Protean empiric.

The arts of Begging Impostors occupy a considerable portion of the volumes. But these have already been sufficiently exposed by the published reports of the Mendicity Society, and in the newspapers. We have some doubts as to the new and curious facts on this subject, imparted to the author, or picked up by him, without, as we apprehend, very rigid examination; and in the conjectural statistics of all such statists, from Colquhoun downwards, we place no faith whatever. Still many of the strange things told of begging impostors must be grounded on fact, though we are not prepared to go the length of receiving the whole of the following statements without qualification:—

Some of the more successful begging-letter writers keep their clerks, and sport their horses and gigs. This

was the case with blind Williams, so well known in town some years ago. It was ascertained at the time, that his annual income, from his begging-epistles, averaged from £600 to £800. He regularly employed two clerks, at a salary of £80 a-year, in the one case, and £50 in the other. He likewise kept his horse and gig, and might often be seen "showing off" in the most fashionable parts of the town. He kept his mistress also, and on his death, his principal clerk, Joseph Underwood, of whom I shall have to speak hereafter, actually married her, regarding the printed documents and business materials of her late "protector" as equivalent to a fortune. The other clerk of Williams also afterwards established a profitable business, on his own account, in the begging-letter way; but it was not equal to that of his late employer.

A common practice in the begging-letter business is, for a number of impostors to enter into a sort of partnership together, it being found that the trade can generally be carried on most successfully that way. In such cases, however, they do not all "share-and-share alike." The company, if I may so speak, is formed on the banditti principle; in other words, they have always a head who acts in the capacity of a general, and all their movements or "operations," as they themselves phrase it, must be in strict conformity with his instructions. The late notorious Peter Hill, whose case was brought so prominently before the public fifteen or sixteen years since, was the head of one of these companies or gangs. It was ascertained, beyond all question, at the period to which I refer, that the average amount of which the charitable public were daily plundered by the impositions of Peter and his gang, was upwards of £20. His own share, after paying all the subordinates, or his "men," as he used to call them, and after making deductions for expenses in the shape of paper, postage, &c., was not much under £600 a-year.

Of all the begging-letter impostors of whom I have heard, Peter was unrivalled in the facility and success with which he could change his personal appearance. In the course of one day he could assume and sustain, with admirable effect, seven or eight different characters; so that those who saw him, and were conversing with him, at ten o'clock in the morning, might have been in his company at twelve, and never had the slightest suspicion of the fact.

The London police of that day must have been much more easily deceived than their successors. It is well known that the Mendicity Society lately captured the private journal or ledger of a notorious begging letter-writer, which was a great curiosity from the nature of the entries; but some sarcastic wag must have improved on the hint it afforded, and have furnished Mr. Grant with the following *jeu d'esprit*, probably intended for a Magazine, which he seems to take in sober earnest:—

Some of the begging-letter writers occasionally make droll remarks in their journals, in reference to the result of their applications. The following is a characteristic specimen of a recent case:—

June 20.—Addressed the Duke of Richmond under the name of John Smith; case, leg amputated, out of work for six months, and wife and seven children starving. Result, £2. Not amiss, but hope to be more successful next time.

June 25.—Letter to Bishop of London; name, William Anderson; case, licensed clergyman of the Church of England, but unemployed for four years, and wife dead three weeks ago, leaving five motherless children. Result, no go; too old a bird to be caught with chaff; but try it on again next week.

June 28.—Try Sir Peter Laurie; case, industrious Scotchman, but no employment; lived on bread and water for eight days, but no bread, nor anything to eat, for the last three days; name, John Laurie. Result, referred to the Mendicity Society, Sir Peter being too far north to be done; knowing rogues these Scotchmen; there is no gammoning them.

June 30.—Addressed Sir Peter Durham; case, lost a leg and arm in the service; was one of his men on board the ship Pallas; great destitution; not even as much as to get my timber leg repaired, being broken by accident; name, Jack Scraggs. Result, £5; Sir Peter a regular trump; drink his health in a bottle of best Madeira; have at him again in a fortnight or so; plenty more cases to be got up; plenty more names to assume.

July 4.—Address Lord Wyndford; name, Samuel Downie; case, ruined by attachment to Toryism; have often detected treasonable conspiracies, and been a proscribed man by my former acquaintances in consequence; great hater of Reform, which means Revolution; ready to shed my blood in defence of Church and State. Result, long letter, enclosing half-a-sovereign; miserable work this; won't pay for consumption of time and paper; Wyndford a stingy customer; stingy old boy to deal with; cut the connexion at once.

July 6.—Letter to Lord Holland; name, Jonathan Manson; case, endured for a long series of years a species of living martyrdom for my zeal for Reform principles; was intimately acquainted with Muir, Palmer, and the other Scotch Reformers who suffered in 1794, for their principles; am now struck with palsy; wife dying, and six children without a bed to lie on, a rag to cover them, or a morsel of food of any kind to put into their mouths; most deplorable case altogether; dire necessity that induces to write; great outrage to feelings. Received £5, with a very compassionate letter; the compassion may go to the dogs, but the £5 something substantial; jolly old cock yet; long may he live to lean on his crutches; will go it again; stick it into him at least once a fortnight.

July 3.—Wrote to Lord Brougham; directed to apply to the Mendicity Society; particularly obliged to his lordship for his advice, but would have preferred a sovereign or two; have no wish to make the acquaintance of these Society gentry; wonder how his lordship himself would like their bone-gruel, which they dignify with the name of soup, and to be kept to hard work at the mill to the bargain.

The real impostors are often, however, rogues of great tact, and fertile invention. Our author suggests that, as Romance writers, several of them might have made a fortune. If Romance-writing were "as easy as lying," this might hold. The impositions of common mumpers and street beggars next fall under consideration. They are endless, and as has been well known from the days of Beaumont and Fletcher downward, they are often most ingenious. The very dogs of the blind beggars are as cunning as their masters.

The most original trick among the beggars, which we learn from this book, is committing suicide, by drowning in the Thames in warm weather, and hanging on a lamp-post in winter; a confederate being always at hand to save the "unfortunate man," and of course to make a collection from the humane spectators for his benefit. From the report of a friend who spent a night in jollifying in a beggars' hôtel, our author gives an account of their usual proceedings, which appears about as authentic as the entries of the letter-writer quoted above, or as certain witty police reports that occasionally appear in the newspapers, or as some of the rare anecdotes found in this work. We are far from imputing want of sincerity to the author, but his credulity is marvellous; and, perhaps, this simplicity is the charm of his books.

Rag Fair furnishes material for a curious chapter; and, as comparatively few even of the inhabi-

tants of the great metropolis know either of its whereabout or its usages, one that is novel. "And," says our authority,

There is not a scene in London, more worthy of being witnessed, than that which Rag Fair exhibits. The place in which the fair is held is in the vicinity of Houndsditch. It begins at the end of Cutler Street, leading out of Houndsditch, and proceeds about seventy or eighty feet in an easterward direction. It then embraces a narrow street, called White's Alley, extending about a hundred feet towards the north; thence it again takes an eastward turn, proceeding in a direct line, and extending as far as Petticoat Lane, where it turns to the north and south. Probably the entire length of the locality graced by the presence of the patrons of Rag Fair, may be nearly a quarter of a mile; while the width of the space it occupies varies with the breadth of the streets and lanes in which it is held. The largest of these lanes is dark and dirty. It is quite an era in its existence to be illumed by even the most momentary gleam of sunshine. Any one would find it a perfectly safe speculation to wager any sum his opponent might be pleased to accept, that, for eight consecutive months of the year—namely, from September to May—the sun will not show his face on the pavement of the leading street. It is never dry. While the dust is flying in all directions, to the serious inconvenience of the eyes, the throat, and the nostrils, in the other streets and lanes of the metropolis, the centre of this dark dirty street exhibits a Thames in miniature. Let no one suspect me of exaggeration or hyperbole when I say, that, for centuries past, there has been a substance, at least ankle-deep, constituting a compromise between water and mud, in this particular spot. . . . . .

At what particular period Rag Fair was instituted, is a point which none of our metropolitan antiquaries, so far as I know, have been able to ascertain. That it has existed for centuries is beyond question; there are historical proofs to that effect. It is held every day in the week, Saturday and Sunday excepted. The reason why there is no fair on Saturday is, that the Jews, by whom it is chiefly frequented, hold their Sabbath on that day. The reason of its not being held on our Sunday is, that the law, or rather the local authorities, will not allow it. The fair may be said *fairly* to commence at half-past one. In the summer season, it is kept up, with great spirit, until about six; in winter, the traffic ceases, and the buyers and sellers quit the place of merchandise, when it becomes too dark to inspect the ragged commodities in which they deal. . . . . .

The quantity of old clothes in Rag Fair is truly astonishing. It is difficult to imagine whence the articles can all have come! One would suppose, the worn-out apparel of the whole population of London was exhibited in it. In addition to the loads under which the thousands of Jews, men, women, and children, who stand in the market-place, groan, there are tables and forms in front of every door and window on either side of the streets, and lanes, and alleys, on which are mountains of old "clo." Of course, as hats, according to the notions that now-a-days prevail in the world, are considered an essential part of one's wardrobe, there is no lack of *chapeaus* in this mercantile region; and what is more, they are in the most perfect harmony with the articles of woollen manufacture.

The buyers and sellers who congregate in Rag Fair are thorough men of business. They are persons of few words; they have no time for talking. Unlike their brethren in Monmouth Street and Holywell Street, who systematically ask three times as much as they will be glad to accept, they ask the lowest price, or within two or three pence of it, in the first instance.

Eating Houses is a subject on which this author is probably less liable to be deceived than on most others. They are visible; they speak for themselves; they may easily be experimented upon. The writer of a little book, which we noticed some years since, entitled "The Poor Gentleman, or the art of Living in London on a Hundred Pounds a-year, and on Fifty Pounds a-year," fairly exhausted the theme for popular uses; yet the following remarks are worth attention, from incidentally illustrating national character:—

It is a feature in these dining establishments which is worthy of notice, that though, when you go and seat yourself for dinner in them, you may see forty or fifty persons met on a similar purpose, you can have your meal in as much quietness and peace as if you were the only individual present. Nobody will even pass a look with you, far less stare at you to such a degree as either to deprive the articles you have ordered of all relish, or yourself of all stomach. Everybody in these houses scrupulously reduces to practice the popular injunction of "Mind your own business." All is perfect quietness and propriety of conduct. There is no conversation going on beyond, it may be, the exchange of a few words, in the shape of whispers, between two or more friends, who may either have gone to the place to dine together, or met there by accident. . . . . .

Several attempts have been made to establish table d'hôtes in London, similar to those which are so general in Paris and other large continental towns. All such attempts may be said to have proved failures. It is true, that there are still two or three houses in which table d'hôtes are advertised, and to which the public are invited, as if they were flourishing concerns. They are not so. They are attended by very few persons, and want that free and easy air, which is one of the principal elements of the enjoyment afforded by those on the continent.

The most spirited attempt ever made to establish a table d'hôte in London, was made six or seven years ago, by Mr. Leach,—father of the distinguished humorous artist of that name,—then the proprietor of Anderton's hôtel, in Fleet Street. There were three dinners every day, at, if I remember rightly, the respective hours of one, three, and five. The number of persons who sat down each day, varied from fifty to one hundred and fifty. I have been present when the number dining exceeded one hundred and forty. Though the price per head was only eighteen pence, the dinner was most excellent in quality, and ample in quantity. Everything, indeed, was of the very best quality that could be procured. There were the three courses, as at all public dinners: in fact, the table d'hôtes of Mr. Leach were in every respect equal to what is to be had on those public occasions when the ticket is a guinea; only there was not, of course, any wine or dessert. The expectation, indeed, of the thing ever being made to answer, was grounded on the supposition, that a very large majority of those who sat down to dinner, would order a given quantity of wine. The event proved how erroneous was the calculation. Not more than one in twenty "took their wine." They contented themselves with Dr. Wade's favourite beverage, "heavy wet." In some cases, indeed, they acted on the tee-total principle, though tee-totalism was then comparatively unknown. After persevering in the experiment for seven or eight months, Mr. Leach found himself a loser by the speculation to the extent of several thousand pounds.

The principal Fish, and Butchers' Meat, and Vegetable Markets, and the Jews and Quakers, furnish themes, the latter not much to the purpose, perhaps, but which help to eke out the requisite number of pages. But there are other topics discussed, for the selection of which the writer deserves great credit. Among these is the relative condition of the different classes of fellow-rationals and fellow-immortals constituting the society of the Great Metropolis. We have already said that we do not place implicit faith in this writer's statistics; but in the following passage, although his figures should be to some extent erroneous, his sentiment is thoroughly correct:—

All the varied phases of human life are to be witnessed in the metropolis. The extremes of riches and poverty, of luxurious living and the want of the necessaries of life, are hourly exhibited in London, in more marked contrast, perhaps, than in any other place in the world. Little do those in the more fashionable parts of the metropolis, who have been nursed in the lap of opulence, and been always surrounded with a profusion of the luxuries of life; little do they know the deep distress endured by myriads of the lower classes in the central and eastern districts.

It were a curious and not unimportant exercise to inquire into the modes and means of living which obtain in the higher and humbler classes of metropolitan society. Of course the expenditure of aristocratic families varies with the circumstances and habits of the respective heads of those families; but if I were to express an opinion as to the average annual expenditure of each of the 2000 or 3000 titled families who live in London, that opinion would be, that such average expenditure is about £12,000. I have often thought that, if the sum thus yearly dissipated on the follies and extravagances of one family, were judiciously distributed among the poorer classes of our metropolitan population, how vast would be the aggregate amount of happiness of which it would be productive. Supposing, for example, it were divided into sums of £12, and that that amount were given to as many families as there are £12 in £12,000, the benefaction would raise no fewer than 1000 families, at present enduring all the horrors of want, to a condition of comparative comfort. . . . . .

It is painful to think that the aristocracy should feel so little sympathy with the fate of the suffering poor. If they were only to sympathize with those of their fellow-creatures in London, who are doomed to struggle with privations which almost overmaster their powers of endurance, they could never bring themselves to expend such immense sums in mere folly and display; while thousands, and tens of thousands, of those around them, are suffering all the horrors of the deepest poverty. I knew instances in which fashionable families of the West End expend £500 on a single rout. Has it never occurred to these persons that, had this sum been judiciously expended on the famishing poor, it would have provided a plenteous and healthful meal (assuming the expense of such meal to be sixpence) on no fewer than 20,000, out of the 50,000 already referred to as rising every morning from their beds without knowing where they are to procure a meal, or whether one is to be procured at all.

I wish this culpable extravagance were confined to persons moving in aristocratic circles. It prevails, unhappily, to a very great extent among persons in the middle ranks of life. Many of our metropolitan professional men—physicians, lawyers, and others—live at the rate of £3000 or £4000 per annum; while thousands of our city merchants and other tradesmen expend twice that sum. Even some of our literary men, ambitious of aping the manners and expenditure of the great, are in the habit of giving occasional dinners, the cost of which varies from £70 to £100. One instance of a dinner lately given by a literary gentleman to a party of his friends, came under my notice, the expenses of which amounted to upwards of £125. Such extravagance is, in any case, foolish; as well as at variance with right feeling. In the case of literary men it is especially so, for few of them are in circumstances to afford it; or if they be this year, their pecuniary affairs may be in a very different position next year. Of all professions, that of literature is the most precarious. The annals of modern literature are crowded with most painful illustrations of the truth of these observations.

The extravagance which prevails among the middle classes is not, perhaps, so strikingly seen in anything as in the costliness of their furniture. The late Mr. Hope, author of "Anastasius," furnished his residence at the enormous expense, including his pictures, of £300,000.

Of the men of the present day, not claiming aristocratic connexions, there is none so celebrated for the indulgence of an expensive taste in furniture, as Mr. Broadwood, the brewer, son of the late Mr. Broadwood, the eminent pianoforte maker. The former gentleman, who, it ought to be mentioned, is a bachelor, and only keeps a suit of chambers in the Albany, Burlington Street, is said to have a collection of antique furniture in his drawing-room alone, which cost upwards of £15,000.

From a section upon *Dress-makers* and *Milliners' Assistants*, the number of whom is probably rather overrated at 15,000, though it must be very great, we extract the account of their hours of labour, which are excessive, and as incompatible with health as with the ends of a rational, probationary existence.

The usual hour at which dress-makers' assistants commence their labours, is seven in the morning, and that at which they close for the day is eleven at night. One half-hour more elapses before they can retire to rest, and in order to be ready to resume their needle at seven in the morning, they must at least get up by half-past six. The average amount of time, therefore, which is allotted them for rest, does not exceed seven hours. This would be obviously too little for delicate female frames—especially at the critical time of life at which by far the largest portion of these girls are apprenticed—even were their labours light and of short duration during the day. But the very reverse is the painful fact: they ply the needle without a moment's intermission, save the twenty or thirty minutes allowed them for eating their meals, from the time they enter the work-room, until they have quitted it for the night. Now, surely it needs no medical genius to tell us, that to poor young delicate creatures thus worn out day after day for a succession of months, with fourteen or fifteen hours' unintermitting toil, seven hours' repose is not only inadequate to meet the requirements of nature, but must be attended with the greatest perils to the constitution. Nor ought I to omit the mention of the fact, that the little repose allowed them is deprived of its beneficial effects, by the circumstance of from ten to twelve of their number being compelled to sleep in one small confined bed-room.

But the evil if merely regarded in a physical light, does not end here. In addition to the injurious effects of these protracted hours of exhausting employment on the bodily health and spirits of these girls, they are pent up, during the day, in heated rooms, where the luxury of a mouthful of pure air is seldom enjoyed. Their meals, too, which are entirely of a coarse description, and altogether unfitted for the subdued and delicate appetite of creatures thus employed in sedentary labour from morn to night are snatched up with an expedition which deprives their food of half its nutritive qualities. As for digestion, who could expect that process to go on, when the transition from the eating-apartment to the work-table is contemporaneous with the last mouthful they have swallowed! Air and exercise are things unknown to them; and to aggravate the physical hardships of their condition, they are, in the majority of cases, subjected to insults and to irritating language from those in whose employment it is their hard lot to be.

Such is the usual fate of dress-makers' assistants, in what is called "the season," which season usually lasts four or five months of the year, beginning in February and ending in July. There is a second season, of two or three months' duration, towards the end of the year, which, though not so oppressive as the first, is still very arduous. On urgent occasions, such as a drawing-room, a ball, or other greater display at court, the hardships of the poor assistants are increased ten-fold.

One case is mentioned of a young and delicate girl who was not permitted to lay herself down on a bed, or even on a sofa, for *nine* days and nights. But the fact is impossible. If she had not dropt her needle in less than half that time, it must have been because she had fallen down herself. What follows is unhappily less questionable:—

I have myself known young females come up from the country to serve two years' apprenticeship with a London

dress-maker, with the view of returning to their native place, and there commencing business for themselves. They have come to London with the bloom of health on their cheeks, a flow of animal spirits in their manner and conversation, and a general appearance of life about them, which were delightful to witness; but before four months had elapsed, I have seen them so pale, emaciated, dispirited, and altered in their appearance, that their own relations could hardly have recognised them.

But the injury done to their health is not the only evil which results from the deplorable situation of dress-makers' assistants. Anxiety to escape from their bondage, disposes them to seize with eagerness on any offer of marriage which may be made to them, without bestowing much consideration on the disposition of the party, or his character or circumstances. Hence, innumerable unhappy marriages are the result.

Nor is this all. The unhappy condition of young dress-makers renders them an easy prey to the evil designs of the profligate of the other sex. An idle protestation of love, mendaciously made, is readily believed by them, and an immediate deviation from the paths of virtue follows. By and by this first and solitary aberration from the path of innocence, is succeeded by their entire abandonment to a guilty course of life, as a means of obtaining a livelihood. Those who have devoted much attention to the subject, assure me, that the number of dress-makers' assistants to be found among the wretched creatures who walk the streets, is very great.

Most of the young dress-makers, especially in the West End, have been brought up in circumstances of comparative comfort, and have received a fair, if not a finished, education; but their parents being either dead, or not in a condition to provide for them any longer, they have been placed under the necessity of doing something for their own support, and hence, as the most likely means of earning a subsistence, have made up their minds to acquire a knowledge of dress-making. It need not be added, that, having been thus brought up in easy circumstances, and receiving the advantages of a respectable education, they are thereby rendered peculiarly sensitive to the hardships of their lot. Their delicate frames suffer greatly, and their susceptible feelings are keenly wounded where females of more robust constitutions and less cultivated minds, would neither receive injury nor suffer annoyance. Far preferable to their condition is that of the house-maid or the servant-of-all-work. The latter in most instances is not worse off now, than, in all probability, she was during the whole of her life; while she has usually the advantage of comfortable meals, and in all cases the benefit of more or less exercise.

But what perhaps constitutes the greatest aggravation of the miseries of the poor dress-makers' assistant, is the fact of her pitiable condition being *unpitied*. The mistress for whom she toils day and night, has no commiseration to expend on her; but, on the contrary, as before remarked, deepens the distress consequent on her monotonous and irksome labours, by the tyrannical conduct she practises towards her. Nor has the poor creature the most slender share in the sympathies of those for the adornment of whose persons she exercises her taste and wastes her energies. They think of the dresses which she is engaged in making for them, but have not a thought to bestow upon her. Ah! little does the high-born and high-bred beauty, who is to figure in the ball or at the drawing-room; little does *she* think, while exulting in the anticipated conquests she will make or the impression she will produce, of the jaded condition, the almost broken hearts of the poor delicate creatures, who at that moment are not only wasting their strength, but it may be their lives, in the preparation of the dress in which she is to appear. . . . .

A word or two now in reference to the mistresses of these poor creatures. In the majority of cases—especially in the West End—mistress milliners and dress-makers live in great splendour. They rent large and fashionable houses, and furnish them in a style of great magnificence; have a large retinue of servants; receive formal visiters; and give expensive parties! In fact, it were difficult to distinguish from the style of furniture and general aspect of their houses, between many of our mistress dress-makers and aristocratic families. Need I add that the contrast between their condition and that of their miserable assistants, only aggravates the wretchedness of the latter!

We are far from certain that all is gold which glitters among the mistresses, but the sufferings and probable destiny of too many of the assistants are facts beyond dispute. Our author hopes that those who interest themselves for their black fellow-creatures will not continue to overlook this most interesting class of neglected and suffering creatures. A very great number of other young women in London, as in all the greater towns, obtain a scanty subsistence (for a living it cannot be called) by their needles, as shirt-makers, collar and stock-makers, book-stitchers, fur and carpet-bag sewers, &c. &c. Their condition, though not worse, or not quite so bad, with respect to long hours during any part of the year, is much worse in point of wages than that of the dress-makers. Their average earnings do not exceed six shillings a-week; but their wages are often under that sum. Many of the best and most industrious hands can, at shirt-making, earn only ninepence a-day, so low is the rate of remuneration for this article. Those that work at furs earn rather more, but their work fails in summer. The utmost that is assumed as the average weekly gains of these young women, when the best and worst trades are taken together, is eight shillings; yet we cannot see how that is made out, if the previous statements are correct. The best paid are the book folders and stitchers in certain large establishments, some of whom earn ten shillings weekly. This writer's opinion on one point connected with the condition of these girls, and of others employed in a similar way, is not only charitable, but, we believe, just; and we cite it the more gladly, that we have seen other late pretended statistical works representing nearly this entire class of young women as corrupted, and as procuring dress by illegitimate means. In noticing the extent to which they generally indulge in showy dress, he observes:—

To me it appears that in most cases the circumstance may be accounted for from the fact of their living with their parents or near relations, who lodge and board them either gratuitously, or for a mere trifle; and thus enable them to expend nearly all their earnings on dress. In other instances, where the parents of the girls are not in a condition to afford them this assistance, they submit to many privations in the way of meals, in order that they may be able to indulge their passion for dress. Many of them, in the inferior houses, scarcely ever partake of any other food than a cup of tea and a slice of bread, morning and evening; and a crust of bread and a morsel of cheese in the middle of the day.

The entire number of the young women thus earning their daily bread, is assumed at 37,800; and all of them who are without other honest resources and the protection of friends must be in an unsafe and an uncomfortable condition, and one which indeed "stands in urgent need, morally and socially, of amelioration." He who comes forward to make the attempt, will not only merit the gratitude of the poor creatures themselves, but should be hailed by society as a genuine philanthropist.

This we consider the most important and really valuable chapter in these volumes; and we earnestly hope that it may fulfil the benevolent intentions of the writer. In the Strictures on Female Servants, we find nothing novel, save the notice of an institution which should be imitated in every town. It is of a *Servants' Home*, with which a Registry is connected, where a temporary home or refuge is provided for young women of good character out of place, and where means are taken to find them suitable situations. How much suffering, misery, despair, and actual vice and crime, arising from destitution, might not such an establishment prevent in all great towns. As to the methods proposed for reforming female servants, although it be in general true that all reforms—all great improvements—proceed upward from the lower classes, and are forced upon the higher—yet improvement within doors, instead of marching upwards, must, we apprehend, to be effectual, begin above, and descend down stairs. It is quite as sure that good mistresses will, in general, make good servants, as that good mothers will be blessed with good children.

The work includes one of the latest miracles of modern London—the *public vehicles*, and their conductors, who are verily a people as peculiar as the Jews, with whom it closes. From the chapter on Benevolent Institutions, one might be led to imagine that there is no misery known in London, for which the fitting antidote is not liberally provided. We need but recur to the preceding chapters to learn how fallacious is this opinion.

THE RECOVERED MANIAC'S LAST LETTER TO HIS BEAUTIFUL PHYSICIAN.

"The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write. He answered no. She wrote some lines to him, to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her."—*Combe's Notes on the United States.*

How oft, and yet how vainly, do I strive
To comprehend the darkness of the past;—
To have, so long, been what is called alive,
Unheeding summer's sun and winter's blast;—
Moving among the various and the vast,
Insensible to wonder and delight,
To hope, and fear, and shame; and thus, at last,
Emerge from that most miserable night,
Bringing life's shattered lamp for love to reunite.

Maiden! 't is a strange lot,—ay, much too strange
For my so lately quickened heart and brain
To feel secure, lest th' all-glorious change,
Wrought by thy loveliness, may pass again
Like April's wandering sunbeams,—lest the chain
Which melted, at thy presence, from my mind,
As Spring melts Winter's snow from peak and plain,
May be, by some dread power, again designed
With its most callous links my sinking soul to bind.

Yet deem not that my melancholy gaze
Is more allied to madness than despair;
Or that aught, but the loss of thee, can craze
One whom thou hast delivered from the lair
Of that relentless monster. Lady fair!
With thine eyes' light upon me, I defy
All the stern powers of darkness to ensnare
My reason in their net, though they should try
To force me back again with hell's whole enginery!

That eye averted, and that light withdrawn,
Mercy might summon madness to my aid,
To root out all remembrance of the lawn
Which in my life's black forest thou hast made.
Ah, woe is me! that this bright dream must fade,
Or haunt my prostrate heart with such unrest,
As Evil's most inexorable shade
Inflicts for ever on the guilty breast,
Till it becomes the lord, where first 't was but the guest.

Yet I have known no guilt. It was no crime
Of my committing, that shut out the light
Of reason from my boyhood,—blending time,
And scene, and circumstance, in dreamless night,
And hanging round the circle of my sight
The damp unfeeling darkness of the grave:
And yet thy beauty had sufficient might
To penetrate that dismal prison-cave,
From which no power but thine my worthless heart could save.

Angels have visited the sons of men,
When the worst shape of tyranny did make
The quiet nooks of the green earth its den,
And in the blood of peasants strove to slake
A thirst that is insatiate.—They did wake,
Within those lowly hinds, the latent fire
Whose embers still defy oppression's rake;
And suddenly uprose each son and sire
To strangle on their hearths the sordid slaves of hire.

Spirits have answered the inquiring mind,
Resolving mysteries of faith and fate;
Genius and Truth have been to human kind
An ever-active power, to recreate
The purity of that primeval state
Which crime has so obscured.—But, maiden! naught
In all the ages of our nature's date,
Has to another brain and bosom brought,
As thou didst bring to mine, through love, the light of thought!

Thy glorious image, in my heart enshrined,
Seems ever animating Nature's face
With flashes of a spirit more refined
Than any which the multitude can trace
In the cold common earth.—It doth embrace
All objects that the eye can gaze upon,—
Brightening and blending hues, and giving grace
To all the various forms that float and run
Beneath the quickening glance of the all-circling sun.

The morn I met thee was a sunny morn,
And dewy flowers were glittering in its light;
The wind swept softly o'er the green-eared corn,
To rouse it from the slumbers of the night;
And the small branches of the forest's height
Were waving like a banner o'er its head;
And harmonies and odours did unite,
With all the forms of beauty which they fed,
In vain, from my crushed heart to lift its weight of lead;—
Until *thy* form was added to the scene;—
Until thy glowing face and kindling eye
Turned into shade the very morning's sheen,
And from the Spirits of the earth and sky
Drew forth a wondering and admiring sigh:—
For little thought they ever to behold
Beauty that should their brightest nymphs outvie
In any human thing,—whose mortal mould
Has little else but tales of crime and misery told!

The music of thy voice fell on my ear,
Rousing, like the last trumpet, from the dead
The mind's long-dormant energies; while clear,
And deep, and soft, its magic accents spread
A web of glory round my loosened head,
And wove a robe of light for my cold breast,
Beneath whose radiance naked madness fled,
To find, in some dark cell, that gloomy rest
Which it may seek in vain where Love becomes a guest!

Thus I beheld thee! Thus the vision wrought
The restoration of my wandering mind;
Yet is there more than madness with the thought
Of thine approaching bridal-rite combined.
Words would but mock a misery so refined,
Should I attempt to garment it in speech;
And never was a doom to man assigned,
(A lesson of endurance e'en to teach,)
That flung a feeble heart so high above hope's reach.

Flowers bloom not on the lofty mountain's brow,
But its untrodden wreath of snow is pure;
There, though in Beauty's ear Love breathes no vow,
A Spirit dwells from Falsehood's voice secure,—
And from the thousand phantasms that lure
The fickle and the foolish on their way,—
Communing but with objects that endure,
Nor subjected to any other sway
But *His* whose hand leads on alternate night and day.

While there is beauty in the earth and sky
There may be peace in some sequestered nook.
Maiden! if thou art happy, I will try
In sober sadness on my lot to look.
Though thou art gone, shall I be all forsook
By those delightful thoughts thy presence gave
When sombre madness to its centre shook,
And trembling, like a superstitious slave,
Departed to the gloom of its own hopeless grave?

L. D.

JEANNETTE THE FEARLESS.

A ROMANTIC TALE: FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN THE RETURN OF THE FLEET FROM TRAFALGAR.

"Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."—STATIUS.

In our most joyous hours,—when we yield ourselves up to the *abandon* of careless gaiety and pleasure—when our hearts are light as the gossamer, and volatile as the zephyr which lifts it from the ground—when all the earth looks bright, and we forget for a while that there is sorrow or sadness on its surface, that canker riots in the greenest bud, and the serpent lurks beneath the flower!—that moment would seem to be specially chosen by the Demon to remind us that we are fallen, by fiercely demonstrating the power which pristine error has imparted to the enemy of human kind. From behind the curtain of life, while before it in all the glare of gayest revelry, we, "players merely," are disporting our antics in unbridled mirth, he protrudes his grisly head, and grins and gibbers in the midst of our enjoyment, chuckling with fiendish exultation over the combustion which will speedily blaze out amidst all our fragile scene-work and tinsel finery, and mixing the terrible ingredients of a deadly poison, to be heedlessly drained by us with our most intoxicating draught of pleasure.

It is some compensation for the frailty of our common nature, and for the evils which that frailty entails upon its possessors, that virtue has a power of self-sustainment which can blunt the sharpest arrows of misfortune; that heroic souls may dwell even in the slightest forms; that the feebleness of age and sex may be canonized by the firmest resolution; and that the great lesson of tranquil and silent suffering is often most forcibly inculcated in quarters where human eyes would detect nothing but weakness,—a benignant Providence outstripping in their case the efforts of stoic indifference and philosophic pride to support the pressure of calamity.

JEANNETTE JACQUELINE was young,—she had but reached her nineteenth year; lively and intelligent, as the soul which flashed through her eloquent eyes abundantly demonstrated; and singularly beautiful, as the recollection of every surviving seaman who had the good fortune to see her, when she was lifted almost lifeless on board the *Belleisle*, will readily testify. Her face was one to be remembered for ever. In the words of a French prisoner of rank, who shared her fate at Trafalgar, it was a face "*pour faire tourner la tête la plus dure.*" Her large and full dark eyes denoted her Burgundian orgin; and her forehead, white and smooth as sculptured marble, had its clear *albâtre* relieved by the most beautifully pencilled brows; while a rich profusion of raven locks, glossy and silken, clustered in natural ringlets round a face, whose charms were not (as is the case with most of her countrywomen) confined to a single feature —the lustrous and soul-piercing eyes—but equably diffused over all. Artless simplicity gave an added sweetness; candour and benevolence left everywhere their impress in the breathing beauty of the mind. Lips redolent of roseate freshness; teeth of the purest pearly whiteness; a delicately rounded cheek, bespread with peach-like bloom; a contour altogether classic and statuesque;—all these harmonizing, blending, and relieving each other with that marvellous symmetry which fixes the eye upon some master-piece of art—the divine creation of a Phidias or a Canova—and forbids it to select one feature upon which to dwell, where all are perfect—where each by its position imparts and derives a "double charm:"—such was the unexaggerated character of Jeannette's beauty, when, six months before, she was the flower of the village of Sainte Marie, within a few leagues' distance of Charmes on the Moselle.

Jeannette was the youngest of six children—the promising family of a comfortable farmer; or (to speak more accurately) of a small landed proprietor

—for the Directory had recently broken up the large estates, and completely altered the territorial tenures. The migration, which in several instances ensued upon this memorable change, had attracted her father northwards from Burgundy to the fertile territory which is watered by the Moselle. Of the four sons, two had already been draughted off by the military conscription; one remained at home to aid his father in the management of the farm; Jeannette, assisted by a younger sister, modestly superintended the dairy and the poultry-yard; and the youngest boy was prosecuting his studies at Rheims, being intended for the profession of the law, of which one of his maternal uncles was a distinguished member.

It were strange, indeed, if a maiden of Jeannette's superior attractions—brought up, too, under the eye of a most excellent mother, whose amiable as well as valuable qualities, together with an unruffled sweetness of temper, she was generally reputed to inherit—had not gathered upon herself, as with a lens, the rays of passion, and glances of love, which sped from the hearts and eyes of the neighbouring swains. And gather them she did (although unwittingly) in abundance. It is not our purpose to lay the full particulars of unsuccessful courtships and rejected offers before our readers. Suffice it, that Jeannette's heart, though it had long been sued for in vain, was found at last to be not inexorable. A manly, and high-souled youth, Auguste Choiseul by name, became the chosen companion of her evening walks on the banks of the delicious Moselle, which, here a pleasant streamlet, flows gently with sloping vineyards on either side, and swelling in its course, pours its blue waters onward amid the most enchanting scenery, till it mingles with the storied Rhine at Coblenz.

By the margent of this infant flood, were Auguste and Jeannette to be seen every evening at dusk, gathering the fairest of the wild flowers that grow in neglected abundance on the green sward which skirts the stream, or watching the rising of a favourite star, or hailing the silver radiance of the still lovelier moon, and poring together by her mild benignant light over the beautiful pastorals of Florian, so sweetly in unison with that delightful scene. Auguste would read aloud, yet with subdued emphasis that denoted the depth of feeling within; and Jeannette would listen to the rich tones of his manly voice, while a tear stood in her eye, as the fervent language of the poet painted the sorrows of *Galatée* or *Estelle;* and, as she walked hand-in-hand with her Auguste—her accepted lover, and the accepted of her parents—she would gaze into his dark eyes, and whisper with a tremulous voice:—"My Auguste, we are not destined to sorrows like theirs,—our lot is of unmingled happiness!" Alas, for the fallacy of human hopes!

The *fête* of St. Mary of the Valley fell upon a beautiful day in August. The beautiful rustic church was adorned for this occasion with all that purity of taste and simple elegance for which the inhabitants of this district are famed. The ancient image of the Virgin, reared upon a central and elevated platform, was attired in the richest silks, garnished with gold and strings of pearl. Her pantouffles were of embroidered satin, adorned with the most tastefully disposed rosettes; and the bracelets which encircled her arms, as well as her necklace of brilliants and antique ear-pendants, were supplied from the Château. A diadem, that sparkled in the eyes of the villagers with imperial lustre, encircled her brows, and the effigy of the infant God in her arms bore a crown which they believed to be unrivalled in its magnificence. Clusters of waxen tapers dazzled the eye in every part of the church, and sparkled with reflected beams amidst the ornamental *parure* which, upon this favourite festival, lavishly decked the image of the village protectress. In the most conspicuous portions of the houses of the more pious inhabitants, smaller figures of La Sainte Vierge were adorned with scarcely inferior care, and lighted tapers were placed in her hand, as well as in that of her blessed Son. Placed at such a distance from Paris, these happy villagers knew little of those recent events with which the world had been made to ring, and sympathized still less with their promoters.

The service of the day was duly performed. Incense floated to the roof of the Gothic pile. The solemn Mass was chanted at the altar; and the responses given, if not with cultivated skill, at least with natural taste, and unmixed fervour, by the village choir. The "Salve, Regina!" and the "Alma Redemptoris Mater!" were sung by fifty voices; the *éloge* of the Virgin's transcendant merits was pronounced from the beautifully carved pulpit by the curé; the *salût*, with all its gorgeous attributes, incense and cope, and crystal "pyx," and the swelling strain:

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium!

all these rites were accomplished with the wonted continental punctiliousness. The Church poured forth its stream of eager votaries; and the village green became the universal point of attraction. In the centre was erected an image of the Virgin, and round this were placed rows of benches, on which the elder portion of the community proceeded to take their seats. At one side, the village band of musicians occupied an elevated position, and, after sundry efforts of preparatory dissonance to secure the "concord of sweet sounds," as lively an air was struck up, as if revelry and not worship were the work from which they had just proceeded. Places were soon taken, and the spirit-stirring *contre danse* was at once commenced with all that enthusiasm which is so peculiarly French, and upon a scale so extensive that it would have puzzled the most skilled in the evolutions of a modern drawing-room. In this first dance, it is scarcely necessary to state, that Auguste and Jeannette were partners. With conscious pride did their parents survey their graceful movements; and a pair more suited for each other it would indeed be difficult to conceive.

Of the beauty of Jeannette's face we have already endeavoured to convey some faint notion. The exquisite symmetry of her form we shall find it

still more difficult to portray. Rather *mignonne* than otherwise, her shape was of that peculiar excellence which, under every new phase, exhibits a new beauty. The bust was perfection, and its exquisite snowy swell, slightly revealed according to the custom of that day, might have diverted a follower of the Prophet from his first glimpse of Paradise. The arms hung, as if a sculptor had disposed them. The beautiful neck, with which was disclosed a portion of the smooth and pearl-tinted shoulders, supported the small and lovely head at that precise angle which is characterized as the line of beauty. The *tournure* was the very limit of grace; the limbs floating in native and unconstrained freedom displayed to the captive eye the untaught "poetry of motion." The *jupon* revealed by the outer robe, which was gracefully festooned with a bow at either side, did not descend so low as altogether to shroud the symmetry of a matchless ancle; and the foot—"*ce petit pied d'amour!*"—which might have exercised the fancy of a hundred sonneteers, with half its charms untold, tapered away beneath a high-arched instep into a graceful *minceté*, which completed the picture of bewitching loveliness.

Upon this exquisite figure the eyes of old and young were centred. Of Jeannette's dancing it is enough to say that it was worthy her natural gifts, and of her partner that he was worthy of her. Of a commanding figure, yet not too tall; square-shouldered, deep-chested, and lightly limbed; erect in stature, with a head nobly set, manly features, clustering curls, and the eye of an eagle, Auguste was no disgrace to the hand, which was his for the dance, and was destined to be his for life. No eye could trace disparity in their personal accomplishments, as there was none whatever in their social stations. Both were the children of respectable, though small, proprietors of land in the same commune. Even the jaundiced eyes of envy could detect no flaw in Auguste's reputation; her croaking voice would not dare to forbid the bans. While affection hallowed, worldly suitableness sanctioned the union; the necessary preliminaries had all been adjusted; and the nuptials were fixed to take place within the octave of the present festival.

The dancing was succeeded by those rural sports, of which the French are so passionately fond. *Mâts de cocagne* exercised the youthful; and the graceful games of running in a sack for a prize, and straining to retain possession of refractory pigs by their caudal appendage—the said appendage being carefully soaped beforehand—employed the energies of many of the older; while the more manly sports of shooting with the "arc à la perche," and the "grand arbaléte," leaping, and flinging the bar, occupied the more ambitious amongst the adult male community. Music, instrumental and vocal, filled up the intervals of varied amusement. The delicious wine which the banks of the Moselle abundantly produce, circled freely, but not intemperately, amongst the festive groups which dined that day *al' fresco*, old as well as young—meats prepared on the previous day, and an unbounded profusion of fruit, constituting the bulk of the repast. Health and contentment formed a more potent sauce than the most piquant condiment of palaces; and in the jocund laugh which arose from every group there sounded nothing hollow.

Marmontel has drawn a very pleasant picture of a species of Optimist Island—a philosophical El Dorado, where the customs and institutions of the old world are unknown, where (*prok pudor!*) a temporary choice usurps the place of marriage; and the earth supplies the dwellers thereon with a spontaneous sufficiency:—a richly tinted cabinet-picture, which looks pretty in the closet where it is painted, but fades the moment it is exposed to the glare of day! All that is rational in the enjoyment which Marmontel describes—all that is reconcilable with the promptings of the unstained soul, was realized that day by the happy villagers of Sainte Marie. In every large assemblage, whether in town or country, the leaven of iniquity is sure to be mixed up; but here there was perhaps as much of innocence as can fall to the lot of our chequered humanity.

A clapping of hands from the untutored master of the ceremonies, and a *coup d'archet* from the leading violinist, summoned the dancers once more together. The oldest couple in the village was this time amongst the *figurans;* and even lameness took part in the amusement, without eliciting one unkind remark from the amiable and genuine politeness which uniformly presides in France over these rustic merry-makings. The dancing, as usual, waxed warmer and more excited, as the evening grew later. Featly they footed it in the midst of the figure "L'Eét;" and it is doubtful whether a single soul amongst them was aware of a hostile approach, when they were suddenly surrounded by armed men!

"Yield up your gay galliards to the naval conscription, in the name of the Republic!" exclaimed a man of stentorian lungs, the leader of the band. "If they would dance, it must be on the ocean, *en face de ces chiens d'Anglais!*"

Consternation, terror, dismay, took possession of the souls of the villagers. Mothers trembled for their sons; girls for their lovers; the old for their protectors; the young for their companions. The air was filled with lamentation, but in vain. The conscription is inexorable!

It is needless to dwell on the details of a heart-rending scene. The band which surprised the peaceful village of Sainte Marie, acted under the immediate orders of the Directory. The ports of France had been ransacked for sailors, and the rural districts must furnish their quota of marines. Food for powder must be extensively provided, and all for the glory of France! Unlike our own press-gangs, these men acted with a show of legal regularity. The village roll was called over, and the ages of the several inhabitants extracted from the parochial register. Nevertheless, this formality was merely delusive. Substantially, it was an impressment, although without knocking on the head. The leader of the gang knew well his *rôle*, and played it to perfection. Not a single square-shouldered, muscular youth was left out of his summary conscription. Tears, entreaties, offers of pecuniary substitution he turned from with a deaf

ear. "Able-bodied *galliards*, brave and hardy youths"—these, he said, were what the Republic wanted to man her navies, and humble the pride of Britannia's wooden bulwarks. Need we say that Auguste was amongst the number of the unhappy *élite*? With a proudly submissive air, he tore himself from the arms of the almost frantic Jeannette, invoked a blessing on her head, murmured a broken adieu, that almost rent his heart-strings—kissed her burning forehead, and, within two hours of the period of this terrible intrusion on the peaceful mirth of a secluded village, had set out on his way to Toulon, strongly guarded amidst the flower of its male population.

Amongst the severest afflictions of life is the rude disruption of the ties which we have formed in our progress through its vicissitudes. The separation by main force of a limb from its parent trunk—a horror which makes humanity shudder—is a forcible, but not too strong analogy.

The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear!

The sundered fibres shake with a convulsive movement. And as the heart will "cling like a tendril" to whatever is nearest and dearest, when the chains which have bound its affections are rudely snapped asunder, the revulsion is most fearful to contemplate. This it is which invests dissolution with its worst terrors, both to the parting soul and to the survivors; which makes the word "farewell," amongst beloved friends, so difficult to pronounce; and, when that word is compulsorily uttered—when the separation is forcibly effected—when a fearful future stares us in the face—when probability conjures up before the loving heart the terrible image of an eternal adieu—makes the "drowning eye and choking utterance" but feeble images of the pangs which rend the soul, and invests the shuddering reality of existence with the pall and shroud of death!

To say that Jeannette was horror-struck, agonised, maddened, were a faint expression of the dismay which took possession of her soul. There was but one on earth for whom she cared—but one with whom her sympathies were complete—the master of her fate—her idol—her enchanter! And from him had she been torn but a few hours before they were to have been united indissolubly—for ever! Let none talk of grief that have not witnessed the pangs of such a separation. What was life to her, without him for whom—with whom alone she chose to live? What was this earth to her with all its pleasant places, its joyous sunbeams and its fragrant flowers, without him who could impart savour to the insipid, and greenness to the barren?—without whom the most glowing prospect were a blank, and verdure mere sterility? Her young heart and his were as one. Enough that they were torn asunder!

She wept not—she spoke not—she did not even sigh! They bore her home to her father's house; they laid her down upon her little bed. Her father and her mother, and her sister, tended her with angelic assiduity; but all unconsciously she lay while two suns rose and set. And then she woke from her trance, and wept long and bitterly; and she became calmer, and then she took her resolution.

The scene of our simple tale now shifts to Toulon. The fleet of the Republic there lay at anchor. The conscripts had all undergone the process of drilling; and to each was allotted that portion of the public service, for the discharge of which he seemed to be best fitted. Auguste had been draughted with several of his fellow villagers on board the *Achille*, a seventy-four gun-ship. The post of gunner was allotted to him as suited to his superior intelligence, which had displayed itself in a sort of mechanical docility, even while his mind was far away on the banks of the sweet Moselle. At first he was moody and doggedly indifferent; but the example of the enthusiasm by which he was surrounded operated upon him insensibly. A patriot, although unmoved by the plottings of political schemers, he could not long remain an uninterested spectator of preparations in which the glory of "La Jeune France" was so deeply involved. Gradually his heart awoke from its trance—he learned even to seek relief from brooding care and home-sick anxiety by an active participation in the stirring scenes which were bustling around him; and cruelly and unjustly as he had been torn from his home, he began to long to plant in the hands of his country, that goddess of every Frenchman's idolatry, the trident of Ocean with the sceptre of Earth. He applied himself vigorously to his allotted tasks; and progressed so rapidly in the estimation of his commanding officer, that he was appointed captain of one of the guns.

The bustle of preparation had almost completely subsided; the signal for departure was hourly expected, when a youth, clad in the homespun garb of a Burgundian peasant, applied to a boat's crew, which was just pushing off from shore for the *Achille*, beseeching them to take him on board. He was laughed at by the men, but repeated his entreaty in tones of such earnest supplication, declaring himself an orphan with no visible means of support, who would do anything to make himself useful on board ship, and longed for an opportunity to share in the defence of his country, that the lieutenant, who sate in the stern beneath the waving *tricolor*, moved by the soft and plaintive tones of his voice, and perhaps still more by the good looks of the youth, which, bronzed as he was by an autumnal sun, were nevertheless strikingly apparent, good-humouredly exclaimed, "*A la bonne heure, mon jeune héro!* France hath need of the arms of all her *braves*. We shall find a place for you on board *l'Achille*, though it were but to assist the cook in the cabouse, or perform the *rôle* of a powder-monkey!" Right joyously did that youth leap on board the pinnace. In truth he seemed to restrain himself with difficulty from screaming aloud, so great was his delight; and the heroic *empressement* of one so young was hailed by the sanguine as an omen of success.

The signal rocket was fired from the heights of Fort St. Denis; the anchors were weighed, and the stately fleet held its course S.S.W. for Cadiz. The English "hounds" were there before them. Cressy, and Poictiers, and Agincourt, burned in the recollection of every Frenchman; and, unable to effect by land the subjugation of the British Lion, they longed to harpoon the Ocean Mammoth.

"Longed!" There was not a cabin-boy in all that fleet that did not feel assured of success!

The springal, whose eagerness to join in the affray we have just commemorated, was, soon after the sailing of the fleet, added to the gang of which Auguste had the charge, his allotted task being to hand powder up from the magazine during the action which was soon expected. What was there in that youth's appearance which challenged Auguste's attention—which riveted his fixed gaze? What was there in his embrowned lineaments which could awaken remembrance? Gratuitous demand! What effort at disguise can shroud that knowledge to which the heart at a bound intuitively attains? The youth saw that his secret was discovered. Before the anchor was weighed, he had kept himself shielded from observation. But now that it was impossible to put him on shore, he felt that farther effort at concealment was unnecessary. He placed the forefinger of his right hand on his lips, with the other laid hold of Auguste's *blouse*, and whispered the single word, "Descend!" Down they went, where there was none to observe them. In an instant the stranger youth flew into Auguste's arms, clung to him with passionate fervour, and covered his face with kisses! Is it necessary to write down that adventurous youth's name? Has not the reader's heart divined it? It was JEANNETTE!

To the rapture at this unlooked-for meeting, which took possession of Auguste's heart, succeeded deep horror of the dangers to which his loved Jeannette was about to expose herself—

"*Ange de ma vie!*" he exclaimed, "thou knowest not the fearful peril."

"Peril! I fear it not," was her reply. "*I am with thee!*"

"But thou shalt not remain. Thou must be put on shore."

"Auguste! wouldst thou kill me? Part with me now, and we shall meet no more."

"If thou hast no pity on thyself, forlorn maiden, have pity on me."

"Auguste, dost thou love me? Not a word more! If thou lovest me, not a word! I will share thy perils, or die! Put me on shore, if thou wilt. But the ocean is deep, and there are headlong precipices by its side. Auguste, I am thine: I shall not live without thee!"

Auguste wept, and pressed her to his bosom. He saw that she was resolute, and he yielded to the invincible determination of that slender girl. But a new horror aroused him.

"Thy sex! thy sex!" he exclaimed. "Were it once suspected, what single arm could shield thee from the licentiousness of lawless men? Thy sex! thy beauty! *Mon Dieu!*"—and he covered his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out some fearful image.

"Auguste, fear nothing. I have tinged my face and hands with the walnut juice. No eyes will dwell on the dusky traits of a poor *Bohemien*. They will never suspect me."

Auguste at once saw that she was right. All-powerful love could alone have enabled him to pierce in a moment through her well-invented disguise. Her complexion was as brown as though she had been exposed from infancy to the fierce action of a Southern sun. The peasant garb hung loosely around her exquisite form, and gave her merely the air of a graceful, though ill-clad boy; clumsy shoes concealed those prettiest of feet; and her long and lovely hair gathered up on the top of her head, beneath a rude but closely-fitting straw hat, left only a few ringlets to be seen at either side, which challenged no remark amongst sailors, proverbial for the attention which they pay to the culture of their *chevelure*.

Auguste's anxious heart raised new scruples; but the heroic girl was unbending, and she silenced them all with one long kiss of love.

The scene now shifts to the theatre of a mighty and memorable conflict:—

'Twas in Trafalgar Bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay;
Each heart was bounding then!

But why attempt to describe that glorious action, the events of which are stamped on the memory of every true-born Briton, as Nelson's name is engraven on their hearts? Why seek to portray the merits of a victory which, in the words of Lord Collingwood's despatch, "added a ray to the glory of the British crown, and conferred a lasting benefit on the British nation"? Why dwell on the events of the fearful engagement, when the heart reverts irresistibly to that exterminating fire from the tops of the *Redoubtable*—that ambush of musquetry which slew our noble chief in the arms of victory—which pierced his gallant heart (for it was in the left breast that he was struck) in the very hour of his fame's brightest consummation—sealing with a hero's blood the bond of endless gratitude, to which his country has sworn fidelity—which ducal coronets heaped upon his head could have ill discharged—which will render his name immortal through all time? Let us rather return to the subject of our tale.

In the very hottest of the action, the *Achille*, which had been engaged with an English seventy-four, *took fire!* Amid the roar of cannon, the suffocating smoke belched forth at every broadside, and the infernal rattle of grape-shot and shells, Jeannette had maintained her dangerous position fearlessly, passing to and fro with buckets of powder from the magazine-room to the gun, of which her Auguste had the charge, with unflinching regularity; and for all the perils to which she exposed herself, she felt abundantly recompensed by one glance (as she arrived at her destination with each fresh supply of that fuel of destruction) which assured her of her lover's safety. Of herself she thought not; his image absorbed her soul. Engaged on the lowest gun-deck, neither Auguste nor any of those near him had the slightest suspicion of the fearful danger that invested them. But, as the Englishman sheered off, on perceiving that he had silenced his antagonist's fire, and as, on the roar of the artillery ceasing, the cry of "Fire!" from the upper deck became audible, this fresh and imminent peril appalled the most stout-hearted. Auguste seized Jeannette by the arm, and rushed to the ladder; but at that moment the smoke

issued down the opening in black and thickening volumes, and threatened to produce instant suffocation. The upper part of the vessel was entirely in flames. But Auguste was nevertheless determined to reach the deck above. He rushed for a moment, bearing Jeannette in his arms, to one of the port-holes for air, and returned to accomplish the fearful ascent. But the ladder now was burning, and certain death awaited them in that quarter. To pass, without destruction, was impossible! They hurried down to the gun-room, but even this was filled with smoke; and the pain of breathing became almost intolerable.

"*Mon Dieu, que faire?*" exclaimed the agonized Auguste.

He gazed for an instant in Jeannette's face, and saw the heroic girl smiling!

"God," she said, "will protect us!"

If there be an incarnate angel, it is faithful woman in the hour of peril and suffering.

Auguste rushed to the port-holes of the gun-room, and tried them successively; but they were too small to admit his passage. He gnashed his teeth in despair.

"God will protect us!" again exclaimed the smiling girl.

In this fearful position of peril, which taxed to their utmost limit the powers of human endurance, half-suffocated they treaded the decks, one after another gave way, till at last, with a fearful crash, the guns came tumbling down to the deck on which they stood. Some were crushed to atoms; others, in shrieking agony, leaped overboard. *Jeannette was left alone.*

No cowardly desertion defiled the fearless character of Auguste, even at that terrible hour. He was struck by a portion of the falling timber, and, stunned for the moment, was hurried along unresisting by his frantic fellow-sufferers. They tumbled overboard together. Some sank to rise no more; others, more fortunate, clung to a chance spar, and snatched life from the very jaws of death. Auguste, revived by the immersion, was amongst this number.

Left all alone, in this dire extremity, Jeannette's indomitable courage, and reliance in Providence, did not forsake her.

"God! Thou wilt protect me!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and with eyes raised, amidst the terrific havoc around her, to Heaven.

But the fire continued to rage, and to approach her; and, as she knew the position of the magazine, she expected to be blown up every instant with the ship! She tried to effect a passage through the stern port-hole of the gun-room; but in vain. Her clothes were too bulky. Coolly as though she were about to bathe in the most retired and inviting waters of the limpid Moselle—her native stream—she undressed herself, let down her flowing hair—for even in that dread extremity the pride of maidenhood forsook her not—and crept through the port-hole. She clasped the rudder-chain. She raised her eyes to Heaven, and awaited the fearful explosion, which she knew was at hand. Cool and collected was her calculation that, in the breaking up of the ship, the rudder would become separated from it; and, if Heaven protected her from death at the awful moment when the enormous mass of powder became ignited, that she might use the rudder as a kind of raft. There she clung, abandoned but not yet hopeless, her lovely form suspended betwixt earth and heaven, with nought to shield it from the rude sea-breeze, and nought to sustain it but the maiden's own undaunted heart. But

On horror's head horrors accumulate!

The lead from the poop, melted by the flames, ran down like burning pitch upon her; every drop pierced to her soul. Her agonies were sharpened beyond endurance, and she fell into the sea!

Not even here did her self-possession desert her. The cooling waters assuaged her pain, and revived her powers of endurance. She grasped at a piece of spar which floated near her, and she still was buoyant above the waves. The guns on the lower deck of the *Achille* soon exploded with terrific force—yet they harmed her not. But now the flames had reached the magazine, and with tremendous roar the ship blew up!

Jeannette was still unharmed; and when that appalling sound died away, she found herself still buoyant amidst floating pieces of wreck. At this instant two barges from the *Belleisle* approached the scene of destruction; and, amongst the few survivors, picked up Jeannette. Who shall picture the astonishment, the superstitious dread, with which these gallant tars lifted into the boat this lovely Nereid—her polished limbs, which sculpture could but feebly imitate, and all the ravishing symmetry of that beauteous form, veiled by no other covering than that which her long dark hair, falling round her like a veil, supplied? Just breathing, but almost inanimate, she was laid on the floor of the barge, and the covering which even the luxuriant folds of her tresses too scantily furnished, was supplied by the gallant officer in command, who covered her with a portion of his clothes. Carefully wrapped up in garments which displayed the insignia of the British naval service, and gradually restored to perception, she was conveyed on board the *Belleisle;* and recognising on the topmost step of the companion-ladder her faithful lover, who had been picked up by the other boat, she fell weeping on his bosom, and exclaimed—

"My Auguste!—my Auguste!—I knew that God would protect us! The English conquer to save!"

Auguste and Jeannette spent many an after year in their native village, loving and loved on the vine-clad banks of the Moselle, surrounded by their blooming offspring, and blessing the clemency of English victors.

THE GLASGOW MORTALITY BILL FOR 1840.*

THE municipal authorities, and especially the gentlemen connected with the public institutions of Glasgow, deserve the greatest praise for the attention they have for many years paid to statistics connected with the city, and its hospitals and charities. This science, hitherto comparatively, if not entirely, neglected, is at once the basis and the director of reforms and improvements, whether legislative or administrative,—whether affecting the moral or the physical wellbeing of communities. The Tables of the MORTALITY BILL, twenty-six in number, are, we make no question, accurate; and they have been examined and approved by a Committee of the Town Council. But with them, though possessing interest of various kinds, we do not at present concern ourselves; the Letter or Report prefixed to them, and the general remarks by which they are followed, being sufficient for our immediate purpose, of drawing attention to the rapid advances which extreme poverty, and its sure concomitants and attendants, misery, filth, disease, and a high rate of mortality, are making in those places which were once proudly termed the "seats of the national industry."

One startling fact, with which the report sets out, is, that high as the mortality, relative to the population, has been during the last ten years, it is even greater than has been represented in the mortality bills. This inaccuracy has been owing to the *estimated* population of the city having been assumed as greater than, by the national census taken in June last, it is found to be in reality. Within the last ten years, or from 1830, the condition of the bulk of the inhabitants of the city of Glasgow has deteriorated to an alarming and most painful degree, and the rate of mortality has increased in proportion. "It is painful," the report states,

> To observe the great change which has taken place for the worse in the sanatory condition of Glasgow since 1831. From the official report of the census of Lanarkshire, which I lately had occasion to submit to the Honourable Archibald Alison, sheriff of the county, it appears that the average annual amount of deaths during the five years previous to 1831, was as 1 to 41·47, or 2·39 per cent. compared with the population of that year; whereas during the five years previous to 1841, the average annual number of deaths, when compared to the population of that year, amounted to 1 in 35·59, or 2·97 per cent. It will be observed, however, that though these proportions give a true indication of the sanatory condition of Glasgow at 1831, compared with that at 1841, yet both give too favourable a view of the average mortality of these years, because stating the proportion to the population of the last year only; the average annual deaths for these last five years are to the mean (corrected) population of these years as 1 to 30·41, or 3·28 per cent. It also appears, from the same report, that, while the average annual number of deaths of children during the five years previous to 1831, were to the population of that year as 1 to 101·96, during the five years previous to 1841 they amounted to 1 in 75·41 of the population of that year.
>
> These are facts that cannot be too strongly brought under your notice; for although the representations to government which have lately been made by you as a body, in conjunction with those of many other municipal authorities of Scotland, have not yet been successful in securing the adoption of measures fitted for the removal of those causes which are known to be so detrimental to the health of the inhabitants of large towns; yet as this subject is of so much importance to the wellbeing of this rapidly increasing community, it is exceedingly desirable that your exertions to procure a beneficial change should not be relaxed.

As in every other large city, disease and mortality prevail to a much greater extent in certain quarters and suburbs of Glasgow than in others; and from causes common to all large towns. In all of them, as well as here, it is found that,—

> "*Cæteris paribus*, the mortality increases as the density of the population increases; and when the density and the population are the same, that the rate of mortality depends upon the efficiency of the ventilation, and of the means which are employed for the removal of impurities," the facts elicited by the late census go a great way to account for the high increase of mortality which has taken place in Glasgow since 1831. In Gorbals proper, where there is one inhabitant for every seven square yards of surface, including houses, streets, lanes, &c., the population has increased 20·39 per cent. since 1831, though no new buildings have been erected. And in Blackfriars parish, where few new buildings have been erected, the increase of population since 1831 is upwards of 40 per cent.

Some hope of improvement is expressed from the introduction of those legislative measures at present contemplated, for improving the health of towns, by better drainage and ventilation, which were discussed in a late number of this Magazine, and by a revision of the poor laws, for which, along with nearly all the municipal bodies of the kingdom, the Town Council of Glasgow lately petitioned parliament.

The increase in the population of Glasgow, and of the other manufacturing towns in Scotland, such as Dundee, is, we apprehend, anything rather than a natural and healthful increase. In reference to Glasgow, it is here ascribed to an influx of the working-classes into the city and suburbs in quest of work, "in numbers which considerably exceed the demand for labour, and consequently the means of obtaining a comfortable subsistence." This is stated as

> One of the causes of the deterioration which is rapidly taking place in the condition of our population in a many localities; an opinion strongly borne out by the reports made by the enumerators for the census, of the cases of destitution which attracted their especial notice to the effect, that of such cases the great majority are natives of Ireland.

By the present poor-laws, there are many cases of extreme destitution among these unwelcome strangers which cannot be effectively met, and hence the unchecked growth of the evils complained of, namely, dense numbers shut up in narrow spaces, bad ventilation, misery, disease, death!

* The Glasgow Mortality Bill for 1840. Drawn up by Alexander Watt, Esq., by order of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the City. Glasgow: W. G. Blackie & Co.

From the General Remarks, which follow the Tables, we copy the subjoined passages, which are pregnant with matter for reflection. To the consideration of Sir Robert Peel we especially recommend them. Their moral is not limited to Glasgow:—

The deaths of children in 1839 amounted to 50·16 per cent. of the whole deaths; in 1840 they amounted to 45·69 per cent. of the whole deaths. Unfortunately, however, this apparent improvement in the vitality of children under that age is not borne out by a comparison with the amount of population, as the deaths of children under five years of age in 1839 were to the population as 1 to 69·89, whereas in 1840 they were as 1 to 67·70. There can be no greater proof that something is necessary to be done to ameliorate the social condition of the people, than that the mortality among children is so high, as it is well ascertained that the deaths among children, beyond a certain point, may be considered to be in an inverse ratio to the care that is taken of them, and to the proper system that is pursued with regard to their food, clothing, and exercise.

In noticing the mortality of children, Sir James D'Iverneis observes, "if the different states of Europe were to keep and publish every year an exact account of their population, carefully stating, in a separate column, the precise ages at which children have died, that separate column would exhibit the relative merits of the governments, as indicative of the comparative happiness of their subjects. A simple statement of figures would then be more conclusive upon this point than any other arguments that could be adduced." Mr. Porter, in his excellent statistical work on the Progress of the Nation, very justly remarks, on the above paragraph, "that governments cannot with reason be held to be the source of *all* the circumstances, favourable and unfavourable, which affect the happiness of a country." Yet the knowledge of these facts forms a strong reason for urging forward those sanatory improvements in which so deep an interest is taken, both as regards the unhealthy condition of many portions of the city itself, and also as to those evils which arise from the destitute state of so many of the poorer classes.

That the proportion of the deaths of children under five years of age, in 1840, bears a smaller proportion to the whole deaths than they do in 1839, arises chiefly from a greater number of the adult inhabitants having been cut off by fever.

The number of deaths from fever, always great in Glasgow for many years back, was very great indeed in the year 1840. And fever cases are, in general, attended by most distressing consequences or collateral effects. It is remarked—

From fifteen years of age and upwards, no less than three-fourths of the deaths by fever took place (exclusive of those constantly sick) at those periods of life when the parties dependent on their own labour might be considered as being able to support themselves, and a very large proportion of them as being the means of supporting others, such as their own families and aged parents. And to add to the evil, so far as the value of labour is concerned, the proportion of deaths by fever among males and females at these ages was as 100 males to 75·19 females; thus still further enhancing the evils attendant on poverty and destitution. Were it necessary to show that the funds, as well as the persons, of the rich are affected by the present state of the city, in order that strenuous measures may be adopted to urge forward those sanatory improvements of which the city and its inhabitants are capable, and which they so much require, it will be found in the greater amount of funds paid to the poor during those years in which there is a greater prevalence of sickness and of death, especially among the adult population, than in those years when the city is more healthy. That the increase and virulence of fever are to be attributed, in addition to the destitute state of many of the inhabitants, to those pestilential vapours arising from the want of proper drainage, and the proper circulation of pure air, in many portions of large towns, and in none more than in our own city, is clearly proved by the evidence now before the country. It does not so clearly appear how far the other diseases, besides fever, which cause death, are affected by the same causes; but as it appears that in Glasgow, in 1840, nearly one death in every seven (7·17) was caused by fever, and that one in every three-and-a-fourth (3·25) deaths was caused by the two groups of diseases, fever and eruptive fevers, it forms matter for most serious consideration, and decidedly proves that no time ought to be lost in carrying forward those sanatory improvements in contemplation. This is a question that comes home to the bosom of every family: for although these diseases may be chiefly propagated, and may rage with the most fatal effects in the unwholesome abodes of the poor, the contagion soon passes from street to street, and from one district of the country to another, and the rich become sufferers as well as the poor.

Were the Drainage Bill, recently introduced into Parliament, to be carried into effect, it certainly *would* be one step in the right direction. But, in order more effectually to arrest the progress of disease in Glasgow, and to raise the moral and physical condition of the poorer classes to a more desirable state, it is to be hoped that other efficient measures will speedily follow.

Among the most efficient of these measures must be unshackling the trammels—giving free play to the energies of trade; and a poor-law that shall not be a mockery of the end proposed by every poor-law, save the niggardly and vitiated system which goes by that name in Scotland.

One curious fact is elicited by these tables—namely, that whereas the young men of Glasgow find themselves wives in other places, neglecting their fair townswomen, the young women of Edinburgh seem to be in request among strangers. In other words, in Edinburgh, in 1839, there were 71 more females belonging to the town married than males; and in Glasgow, (but in four years,) 101 more males married than females.

LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC.*

The title of this pleasant book is somewhat vague, though its history and plan are clear enough. Ten or a dozen years since, an English lady, who has an accomplished and most affectionate sister, married one who would probably be called by her friends, "a Russian nobleman," and who, in fact, was one of the landed class or barons of the province of Estonia, a country which has often changed masters, but which, for the last hundred and twenty years, has been under the dominion of Russia. After a long separation, the unmarried sister had the felicity of visiting her relatives in Russia; and a narrative of her journey and residence in Estonia, and of a winter spent in Petersburg, written in the form of letters, makes the

* A residence on the shores of the Baltic described in a series of letters, by a Lady. 2 volumes. Murray.

subject-matter of her delightful and instructive work. With a quick and instructed mind, refined taste, and a more than womanly power of reflection, she possessed the rare advantage, over ordinary travellers, of having been for above a year domesticated in the regions which she visited; and of being, from her connexions, received, wherever she went, on the footing of friendly and easy familiarity. Though not without the alloy of a certain quantity of, what is sometimes termed, English prejudice, she is more remarkable for its frequent concomitant, English good sense, and, without a narrow, exclusive spirit, or lack of charity, for English, old-fashioned moral discrimination. To some frigid readers, the frequent expression of her passionate attachment to her sister, may seem superfluous; while to others, and probably to all woman readers, this vehement affection will form, as it were, the key-note to the work, toning and harmonizing all its parts. But the main value of the book is, that it presents an ample and complete picture of feudal manners; nearly such as, modified by other institutions, they existed in England three centuries ago, and in Scotland and Ireland within the last century. We find pictures of the same sort in Mr. Laing's Travels in Sweden and Norway, though these belong to a happier, because a more equal state of society; in Captain Hall's *Schloss Hainfeld;* and in Miss Pigott's graphic sketches of the rural life of the German nobility at the close of the war. But they are without the fulness of detail, and the finish of this account of the Estonian noblesse, which revives, as brightly as in a romance, that picturesque state of society, to which we probably recur the more fondly that we have long outlived its good and its evil; and seem verging on other tremendous evils incompatible with its institutions.

At the present crisis, this picture of feudal manners—of the feudal life in all its barbaric pomp and rude plenty—may teach a useful lesson to those who would crush, and who seem to despise, the trade and commerce to which they owe that enormous wealth, that refinement of manners and luxurious accommodation, which distinguish them from the landed class of every other European country. The extinction of manufactures must be attended, though after a period of great hardship, by nearly the same consequences as their non-existence. We would pray our barons and baronets, and wealthy estated esquires to ponder the condition of their contemporaries of Estonia, with ten and twenty times their number of fertile acres; and seriously to ask themselves, how they would like to see their refined wives and daughters fulfilling the menial offices of the *Frau* and *Fraulein*, and they themselves living as did their forefathers under the Tudors.

The book is without dates; but we gather that the fair traveller embarked one autumn, in an English steamer, for Copenhagen; from whence she proceeded to Petersburg in the steamer which sails regularly, while the navigation is open, between those cities. This was a rather circuitous route to Reval, the capital of Estonia, and the town residence of her sister; but there may have been good reasons for it, with which the reader has nothing to do; and it must always be an object to an intelligent stranger to visit the capital of Russia.

The voyager, but especially the adventurous female voyager, who sails from Dover to Calais, or from Holyhead to Dublin, without encountering a gale, compared to which that which dispelled the Spanish Armada was but a zephyr playfully ruffling a park pond, is to be considered unfortunate; but how much more to be pitied, should she not be taken in an awful hurricane in crossing the Atlantic, or going up the Baltic. In fact, no such tame voyage ever happens. This fair traveller had enough of it. She, and her fellow-passengers, whom she graphically describes, must have been in very serious danger, before the captain of the steamer, a brave veteran lieutenant of the royal navy, called down the companion to the dismayed group, "Let the passengers prepare to come on deck at a moment's warning, but not *before*." This excellent seaman had been one of Nelson's protegés, and when a midshipman had been kissed by the beautiful and fascinating Lady Hamilton; a way her ladyship had of turning the heads of boys, and of fools of all ages. The gale abated, and they put into Christiansand to refit, where the French steamer from Havre to St. Petersburg had already found shelter. So far as regards one nation—the French—this lady is most rigidly *English* in all her notions; though, it must be owned, the specimens of *La jeune France* seen in the Havre steamer, were not favourable ones of the Grand Nation. They seem to have been ladies and gentlemen bound for the Russian theatres, and other places of amusement even less creditable; such as those promiscuous balls, where the women of all ranks are masked and pell-mell, and the men with no disguise save their moustaches and their native bronze; those balls, which the omnipotent Czar has taken under his special protection, and at which he relaxes from the cares of empire in the manner we shall afterwards see.

At Copenhagen, the passengers were transferred to the St. Petersburg steamer; and at Cronstadt commenced those tortures inflicted on all foreigners by the brutal Russian custom-house officers. They did not terminate there. At Petersburg, the same disgraceful inquisition was renewed, and the goods and chattels of the unfortunate strangers rescued at last in a sad state of confusion and dilapidation. Young France swore aloud; and more decorous Conservative England grumbled not a little. The traveller must have a strong motive to visit Russia who makes up his mind to the many pains and penalties, and insulting annoyances which this ordeal heralds.

So much has been said of late of the magnificent exterior of the swamp-based and forced city of the Czar, that we consider the subject exhausted; and this lady, besides, invites us to fresher and more attractive fields. Her shrewd but decorous remarks or significant hints, on the low taste visible, and on the incongruous images of barbaric pomp and architectural magnificence in close neighbourhood with misery, squalor, and filth, are more original. After viewing the vast and gorgeous Casan

Church, and describing the imposing solemnities and rites of the Greek worship, she remarks :—

And then, to turn from all this blaze and gorgeousness, from walls of silver, and hangings of pearls, to the poor creatures who at this moment seemed the only objects of such display;—abject beings with tattered garments, decrepid bodies, and animal countenances, who stood crossing themselves, bowing at intervals before the shrines till their foreheads resounded on the marble floor, and staring around, gaping, or spitting, between every prostration,—old hags of nuns in filthy attire,—wretched cripples and loathsome beggars, whom one seed pearl from the Virgin's shoulder-knot would have enriched, but to whom in their faith the sacrilegious thought, doubtless, never occurred. Here, also, the trophies of conquered armies hung around; but this time the eagle was the emblem. . . . .

Having thus taken the aggregate of a Russian church interior, for the rest are mere repetitions of the same barbaric splendour, unsanctified by true art, we proceeded to the Academy of Arts on the Wassili-Ostrof. This is one of those outwardly splendid piles, with ten times more space than in England would be allowed for the same object, ten times more out of repair, and ten thousand times dirtier. At the ceremony of Russian baptism, the sign of the cross is made on the lips to say nothing bad, on the eyes to see nothing bad, on the ears to hear nothing bad—and, it must be supposed, on the nose also to smell nothing bad;—for the Russians do not seem inconvenienced by the trials to which this organ is exposed on entering their dwellings. But to return to this odoriferous Academy.

The buildings of the capital are magnificent in appearance, but they soon fall into decay; partly from the effects of the alternately severe cold and extreme heat of the climate, but more from the want of substantial finishing at first, and of necessary and timely repairs. The houses are "wretchedly glazed, and wretchedly *shod*"—floored, we suppose, is meant—and street pavement is, save on one promenade, either unknown or execrable :—

Such holes as an infant *Zarowitch* might be lost in; and, lest this should seem overdrawn, I can add what I myself was eye-witness to, viz :—an Ischvouschik composedly washing his droschky in a colossal puddle, full in sight of the palace windows, after which he washed his face and hands in the same, and drove off. . . . And now, lest my pen should be deemed invidious, let us turn to the splendid granite blocks in which the Neva and all tributary streams and canals are bound; solid, polished piles, which no mortar has ever defaced, being cramped together with iron: or let us acknowledge the patronage which Russia has afforded our English ironworks, which here relieve these sturdy masses with a border as elegant as it is light.

Among the persons to whom the traveller had letters of introduction was a Russian baron, fortmajor of Petersburg, and an aid-de-camp to the Emperor, who stationed a sentinel at her door, and was zealous in showing her all the sights. A stroll on the cold sunny pavements of Nevski was more congenial to her taste, and the scene is well worth a traveller's notice :—

Here it is that Russians of all garbs and ranks pass before you. Here stands the Ischvouschik, loitering carelessly beneath the trees of the avenue, who, catching your steady gaze, starts up and displays a row of beautiful teeth beneath his thickly-bearded lip, and pointing to his droschky, splutters out "Kudi vam ugodno?" or, "whither does it please you?" Here stalks the erect Russian peasant, by birth a serf and in gait a prince,—the living effigy of an old patriarch,—bearded to the waist, his kaftan of sheep-skin, or any dark cloth wrapt round him, the ample front of which, confined at the waist by a belt of bright colours, contains all that another would stow in a pocket: literally portraying the words of Scripture, "full measure shall men pour into your bosom." Contrary to all established rule, he wears his shirt, always blue or red, over his trowsers, his trowsers under his boots, and doubtless deems this the most sensible arrangement. And look! here go a posse of Russian foot-soldiers, with close shorn head and face, and browbeat look, as little of the martial in their dusky attire as of glory in their hard lives, the mere drudges of a review, whom Mars would disown. Not so the tiny Circassian, light in limb and bright in look, flying past on his native barb, armed to the teeth, with eyes like loadstars, which the cold climate cannot quench. Now, turn to the slender Finn, with teeth of pearl and hair so yellow that you mistake it for a lemon-coloured handkerchief peeping from beneath his round hat; or see, among the whirl of carriages, three and four abreast in the centre of the noble street, that handsome Tartar coachman, his hair and beard of jet, sitting gravely like a statue of Moses on his box, while the little postilion dashes on with the foremost horses, ever and anon throwing an anxious look behind him, lest the ponderous vehicle, which the long traces keep at half a street's distance, should not be duly following; and within lolls the pale Russian beauty, at whose careless bidding they all are hurrying forward, looking as apathetic to all the realities of life as any other fine lady in any other country would do.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the comprehensive remark of the old French Count to the late American traveller, Mr. Stephens,—namely, that in Russia the only difference of manners between the noble and the serf was, that the former tucked his shirt within his trowsers, while the latter let it hang over as is here described. The small number of women seen in the streets contributes to the dull air of Petersburg. The English lady accepted the warmly pressed hospitality of the baron, who, with his wife and family, resided in a suite of rooms in a sort of barrack, which would be fancied sorry accommodation for a man of similar rank in other European capitals. She was kindly offered her choice in this magnificent apartment :—

"Now," said the baron, his pale face glowing with hospitality, "here are eight apartments; select which you please for your sleeping-room. Here are the two drawing-rooms, there the dining-room; there," pointing to the right, "is my wife's cabinet; there," pointing to the left, "is my own writing-room; further on is our bed-room; in short, you have only to choose, and never was a guest more welcome."

His English guest had, in the vaunted eight rooms, conjured up a vision of "eight spare bedrooms, all fitted up with English privacy;" but finding how matters stood, she settled herself where she could be farthest from the children, and farthest from the soldiers, choosing the dining-room, —where a bed—probably a *shake-down*, was partitioned off by a screen. But her welcome had been cordial, and her rest was good. What more could a traveller wish for? Her host had the charge of above a hundred criminals waiting their trials. These were not the most desirable neighbours; but they were worth examining :—

Those apprehended for murder were chained hand and foot, and at least a fifth of the number were thus fettered. All nations and tribes of Russia were congregated here, Tartars, Finns, Calmucs, Bukharians, Circassians, &c., all wretched, vitiated-looking beings, many fine in feature but hideous in expression. The most remarkable was an Arabian prince, a plunderer of the desert, fine, handsome, haughty, and hardened; a very

Thug in impenitent expression, who drew up his fine figure as we passed along, and clanked his murderer's chains as proudly as if they had been the insignia of honour. It has not been at all times safe to enter this den, and the last fort-major, whose guard at the grate was neither so numerous nor so vigilant, narrowly escaped with his life.

These prisoners were well lodged; and they ought to have been well fed, if this were not Russia, in which common vulgar honesty is yet a quality as rare among general officers as if they were British commissaries of a past age. This passage were hardly worth citing, if it were not illustrative of the entire system of Russian administration :—

That I might not tell England that the prisoners under his care were neglected, the colonel sent for a basin of soup from the prisoners' supper, and truly it was such as a more squeamish stomach might have relished.

But the great evil is, that all this is too much in the power of the commanding officer to pervert and abuse, who, being himself entirely without check or control, too often starves his prisoners to increase his own poor pay. The rank of a general, I am sorry to add, does not here pledge its owner to honesty, and it is well known and as frankly acknowledged, that the *chef* of a regiment will with impunity defraud his soldiers of their allowed weight of rations, and pocket the surplus, or market them out to daily labour, of which he himself appropriates the wages. For here the individual who wears the emperor's livery is denied the pride of knowing that he is absolved from that of any other master, and every soldier who will, learns a trade.

This was not a traveller bit by the Russo-phobia, nor one who went to spy out the nakedness of the land; yet the same opinion of the want of probity and common honesty among men holding high military or official rank, is, in substance, repeated at different stages of her progress. Her book, warmly as she praises him, will certainly be added by Nicholas to the list of the proscribed.

An attack of the fever, to which all foreigners are liable in this "swamp-based capital," delayed her journey till late in November, when, under the sole charge of an alert and trusty Russian man-servant, she set out for Reval, a distance of three hundred miles. The valet or postilion was as ignorant of any language save his own, as the lady was of Russian, and the winter had already set in with severity; yet, in spite of every discouragement, she joined in the universal sentiment—"I detest Petersburg!" and, bundled up in furs, joyously set forth on the lonely and picturesque journey, through forests and wastes of snow, not yet so hard as to bear a sledge, but difficult to get through with four post-horses.

The journey affords one original picture of Russian native manners. At Narva, she had been recommended, by a friend, to people, who must probably have set down the foreign lady as intolerably haughty, if not positively rude. Their house was a rambling edifice of unpainted wood, and "all on the ground floor," or of one storey. She says,—

I entered a suite of rooms, and caught sight of various female shapes receding before me in the same proportion as I advanced, until, having gained the apartment conventionally dedicated to the ceremony of reception, they all faced about, and came bowing and curtseying forward to receive me.

Let me be exonerated from the charge of ingratitude in what I am about to say; but in the house where I now received the outward rites of hospitality, the curiosity excited by the novelty of an English guest, the vanity of showing off an English lion, was so far paramount to every other consideration, that ere I quitted it, my debt of obligation had been pretty well cancelled. I was ill,—tired,—a stranger,—but it mattered not; my advent in this little *Kräkwinkel* was too great a wonder to be neglected. Before I had been there an hour, visiters crowded in to see me, and first an old lady catechized me, and then a vulgar officer, who from the abundance of his mouth bombarded the store and floor around, instructed me; imparting between every fresh volley various items of information relative to English customs and manners; our queen's beauty, matrimonial intentions, &c.; in all of which he was so perfectly satisfied with his own authority, that I ventured no expostulation. All this time my hostess was in a flutter of importance, and, whenever my answers appeared deficient, filled them up so readily, that I found I could safely leave the task of my biography in her hands. She subtracted some years from my age; she added some thousands of roubles to my rental, placing me, with a delicacy worthy a better occasion, in this respect on a par with the grandees of her own land; and then, with a sigh, she ejaculated, "Poor young creature! so ill too!" "The dysentery," exclaimed three voices; "No, typhus fever," said a fourth; "All the English have it when they travel," cried a fifth; and so on, till I had full occupation in listening. All this would have been very amusing at another time, but I longed for quiet, and had a buzz of voices and glare of lights around me; I longed for rest, and was planted upright in a hard chair, which was exactly convex where it ought to have been concave. I looked back on my quiet carriage with affectionate regret, and wished myself seated in it, and continuing my journey.

Having, with the assistance of my watch and my very slender Slavonic vocabulary, contrived to make Anton understand that we were to start at eight the next morning, and having now borne this examination and exhortation for several hours, I began to consider how I should best sound a retreat from the circle of my spectators, I cannot say audience. At the first indication the whole rose in arms. They had not half enjoyed my company. Besides, supper was coming in, and forthwith my hostess enumerated one greasy dish after another, with various amalgamations of reputed English origin. May I be forgiven for inwardly shuddering as I thought of my late diet of sago and rice-pudding. And now, being thus far, though it was evident my conduct was the most flagrant breach of Narva decorum ever known, I persisted, being hardly able to stand, on retiring to rest, and at last broke through the ring. The next morning, by half-past eight, no carriage was visible; nine o'clock, half-past nine came, and still Anton appeared not; and now I elucidated that, in the hopes of my being induced to meet another select circle that evening, my hostess had remanded my carriage *sine die*.

But off went the wilful Englishwoman, certainly leaving the Russian ladies to marvel at her ill-breeding, down, probably, to the present hour.

The inns, or post-houses, in the province of Estonia, a comparatively new appendage of the empire, were not found in any respect superior to those of the older dominion; and the traveller does not affect indifference to the accommodations and comforts of civilized life: so that, it is probable, her most joyous moment in this journey from England, until, at its termination, she was clasped in the embrace of the sister, for whose sake she had made so unusual an effort, was when, at a rather decent post-house where the *glazed* windows were bright, and the floor clean and fresh sanded, she saw and "could have worshipped" a regular eight-day clock, emblazoned, "Thomas Hunter, Fenchurch-street." The mystery of the bright windows, and clean sanded floor, were soon ex-

plained. "Twenty years before, the host had spent some months in England, and had he denied it, his habits would have borne witness to it; for the table was neatly spread, water and towels placed." We hope that every foreigner may profit as much by a few months sojourn among us. That night the wearied traveller slept safely below her sister's roof, in the *Domberg*, which is the aristocratic quarter of Reval. And now the interest of her narrative fairly commences, with the "unlocking hearts, and unpacking trunks."

Even in that empire of strangely mixed races, the Russian, the province of Estonia presents some remarkable features. Originally under the nominal sway of Denmark, it was transferred, in the fourteenth century, to the Teutonic Knights; from whom the present body of nobility claim their descent. It subsequently passed to the dominion of Sweden, and was finally ceded by Sweden to Peter the Great, in 1721, as we have since seen Finland, and on nearly similar terms. Russian policy enjoins the show of liberality to its new subjects. The province was permitted to retain the senate of the knights, a kind of provincial house of nobles, which still, once in three years, exercise certain privileges in managing their own affairs, and enact certain pageants at Reval. The population now consists of Estonians, Germans, and Russians; the former being the peasantry, and still speaking their original language; while the nobles use the dialect of the German, derived from their knightly Teutonic ancestors. Until so late as 1828, the peasantry were actual serfs. Save in name, their condition is not yet much better; and the oligarchical institutions of the province present a bar to the advancement of civilisation; though in Reval, once a branch of the Hanseatic league and a place of commercial importance, there appears something like the germ of a middle-class, and, certainly, a higher degree of mental civilisation than among the noblesse,—if knowledge of the refined arts be held a truer test, than the presence of a barbarous pomp and vulgar ostentation. This is incidentally shown by our letter-writer, in describing the difficulty of getting up a charity concert, when Madame Rossi—once the Sontag of Europe—found her most efficient assistants, not among the sons and daughters of the noble houses, who hold to the royal road, or short cut to Art, but among those of the honest burghers of Reval. Of the noble class it is observed—

> Some offered for music's sake, and other for fashion's sake; and parts were eagerly demanded by the *élite* among the bathing guests at Reval, as well as by a few practised singers belonging to a musical club among the *roodeliche*, or not noble, *who unfortunately are the only class in Estonia who keep up any interest in such pursuits.* These formed an excellent *fond* to keep wavering voices right, for most of the fashionables thought chorus-singing would come by inspiration, and, when we all removed to Reval for the final rehearsals, were as innocent of their right parts as if they had never seen them. . . . . These ladies were worse to teach than charity-girls. Some of them deemed the rehearsals utterly superfluous, others left their parts behind them, and others were so inveterately in good humour, that it was difficult to scold them for being as much out of tune.

Next to emancipating the serfs of Estonia, Nicholas ought, by his imperial fiat, to abolish that peculiar privilege of the Estonian barons, which must continue to act as a complete bar to the improvement of the noble class; to the rise of a middle order; and to social progress. This is not the law of primogeniture, nor yet of entail—institutions warmly admired by our authoress,—but a corporate right possessed by the nobles, which is more detrimental than either. The entire territory of the province, is divided into above six hundred noble domains, or baronies, after the manner of feudal usages; and though these estates may pass from one noble family to another, and very frequently do, they cannot be purchased by any one that is not, so to say, matriculated of the order of nobility. The wealthiest merchant of Reval cannot become a landed proprietor; and intermarriages between the two classes are regarded as degrading and disgraceful *mesalliances*. This English lady sportively advised one of those poor, landed, long-legged, proud Barons, to marry the pretty and accomplished heiress of a rich Reval merchant. The joke did not take.

With true appreciation of all that is picturesque, antique, and cordial, in their old-fashioned, buckram, and stereotyped manners, our fair traveller is quite alive to the low intellectual condition of the Estonian nobility; among whom, moreover, the most scrupulous observance of a rigid ceremonial, is as far from being the guarantee of high or refined morality, as among the less stiff Russians. What shall we say of the state of a society, in which the sexes, in their hours of social intercourse and relaxation, are completely separated, save while consuming their victuals at the same plenteous board—for it is not to be called dining, or supping together,—or while actually engaged in the dance, to which the fair partner comes when called, and, when it is over, vanishes, and alone, to regain the herd of her gossips in another apartment? But we waste space in these preliminary remarks, which were better filled up with some of our author's charming and vivid pictures. After spending a few days with her sister, in that aristocratic quarter, the *Domberg*,—which predominates over the old picturesque town, like a feudal castle over its dependent village, and which is cut off from vulgar contamination, by something resembling the ancient warlike defences of high walls, gates, and draw-bridges,—the family removed to their baronial residence, at about a day's journey from Reval, and a new world opened up to the English lady. After travelling all day through a richly-wooded landscape, she—

> Arrived in the evening before a grand crescent-shaped building, recalling in size and form the many-tenemented terraces of Regent's Park. If the exterior promised fair, the interior far surpassed all expectation, and I have only to shut my eyes to a certain roughness and want of finish to fancy myself in a regal residence. The richness of the architectural ornaments,—the beauty of the frescoes and painted ceilings,—the polish of the many-coloured and marble-like parquêtes,—the height, size, and proportion of the apartments, produce a tout ensemble of the utmost splendour, entirely independent of the aid of furniture, which here, like the Narva chairs, seems to have been constructed before comfort was admitted to form an ingredient in human happiness.

It is a strange assimilation, this splendid case built over the simplest, most primitive customs. The family have no fixed hour for rising, and sometimes you find only your host's empty coffee-cup, whilst he is abroad or busy writing ere you have risen; or you meet a servant bearing his slender breakfast to him in bed, and long after you are settled to the occupation of the day, you see him emerging from his dormitory in his dressing-gown, and with a most sleepy face. Breakfast is here not considered a meal, and not half the respect paid to it which the simplest lunch-tray would command with us; some take it standing, others smoking, and the children as often as not run off with their portion of *butterbrod* to devour it in comfort in some little niche, or upon the base of a pillar in the magnificent salle; or facilitate the act of mastication by a continual wandering from place to place, which upon English carpets would be considered nothing less than petty treason. Then at one o'clock we all pass through the suite of rooms to a dining-room, spacious and splendid enough for Crockford's Club-house, where an excellent, plentiful, and formal repast is served, generally preceded by what they call here *Frühstück*, or breakfast, (the real breakfast, according to the acceptation of the term, being simply denominated *café*,) which is not treated as a midway morsel to silence the voice of appetite, but looked upon as a herald, the dinner being in full view, to summon and encourage all the powers of relish and enjoyment. Accordingly it consists of highly-spiced or salted dishes,—of strong Swiss cheese, pickled fish, black puddings, sausages,—washed down with a glass of potent liqueur, which the elder ladies seem to enjoy quite as much as the gentlemen. The cuisine is German, upon a foundation of native dishes, one of which especially no foreigner can pass a Wednesday or a Saturday in this country without tasting; for, by old established custom, on these two days a kind of pudding made of oatmeal, and called *Brei*, regularly recurs in lieu of soup; being handed round by one servant, while another follows with an ample jug of the richest cream, which you pour over your smoking hot brei without any reserve. Cream enters into a number of dishes, and is used with a liberality which, except in the cases of its being eaten sour, covers in my view a multitude of culinary sins. Another peculiarity of daily occurrence is the rye bread, here slightly fermented for the table of the family, and most powerfully so for that of the attendants, and which a palate requires the initiation of a few weeks ere it can relish. White bread is here considered as a delicacy little inferior to cake, being made of the finest Moscow flour, easily recognisable by its dryness and insipidity, while the term *brod* is conventionally restricted exclusively to the long chocolate-coloured rye loaves; and several dear little blonde wiseheads were infinitely amused at the ignorance of the English visiter, who at dinner called for *Schwarzbrod*, black-bread. The mode of waiting is the same as in Germany—the dishes are carved at the sideboard, and carried round,—a plan which sometimes occasions great mortification, for by the time the solitary lump of meat has been laboured through, swallowed past redemption, and your plate removed, exactly that vegetable succeeds which would have given it the requisite relish. . . . . Tea at six is a slight meal, the beverage itself being of the finest description; but supper is a solemn repast of several courses, when so much is eaten that it is no wonder but little appetite survives for breakfast.

Servants of both sexes swarm here as numerously as in a house of the same rank in England—the one, it is true, with rusty coat and unblacked boots, but the other neat and tidy, generally still in her village costume, if unmarried her hair braided simply and picturesquely round her head, who goes sliding over the parquête floors, and, such is the inconvenience of these thoroughfare houses, has no other passage from her working-room, to the kitchen than through the whole splendid suite of drawing-rooms. Here, as in all countries in an early stage of civilisation, the women labour twice as willingly and effectually as the man. As household servants they become trustworthy and active, work with their needle, wash, and dress hair superiorly well, while the Estonian ladies require so much attendance, and accustom their servants to consider them as so helpless, that it has cost me a severe dumb struggle with an officious lady's-maid to assert the independence of my own habits.

The *oatmeal pudding*—the liberality in the use of cream, where there is no market for dairy produce—what is it, but old Scotland, in remoter places, down even to the passing hour?—while the rye-bread, is exactly the *sour-bread*, still used in Cumberland and Westmoreland. To the neat serving maiden, we may still find counterparts, in those remote places at home where wages are low and manners simple;—but where, in England, beyond the rare and notable wife of a large dairy farmer, shall we find anything resembling the over-tasked *baroness*? The delicate wives of the Georgian and Columbian planters, expiring under the fatigue and responsibility of managing and providing for their hundreds of black serfs, are not more to be pitied.

After taking a review of the dwelling-rooms and bedrooms, all spacious and airy, and wanting nought save that most desirable of all bed-room requisites, privacy, my hostess led the way to her *schafferei*, or store-room, and, unlocking the door with a slight solemnity of manner, ushered me into a crowded treasury of household goods. The room was a very warehouse, hung round, fitted up, and strewed about with the numerous items of a housekeeper's economy, to which those who only consume them often attach too little importance, and those who have to provide them too much. Side by side on the floor stood big-bodied bottles of spirit and liqueur, rolls of coarse linen, jars of pickles and preserves, hanks of wool, loaves of sugar, and bundles of flax. In deep chests around were the Moscow flour, salt, sago, saffron, starch, &c., &c., while tiers of drawers displayed large provisions of native dried apples, pears, cherries, pease, beans, birch-twigs, applied as a decoction for wounds,—in short, a perfect Hortus siccus for kitchen use. Around hung balls of twine and yarn, nets, corks, candles of as many colours and sizes as those offered to the Virgin of Cæsan, tanned sheep-skins both black and white, and numberless other pendent treasures, while one side was fitted up in numerous partitions, where the raisins, figs and spices for daintier palates were stored. This schafferei is the particular sanctuary of the lady of the house, who, if she do all, has enough business to transact. For the duties of an Estonian *wirthschaft*, or *ménage*, are not confined to ordering dinner, or scolding servants, but, like those of our grandmothers a few generations back, who directed the weighty concerns of a large country residence, include the weaving of linen, the *making of candles, the boiling of soap, brewing of liqueurs*, &c.; and communication with distant towns being necessarily seldom, it requires no small forethought to provide that during the long months of winter the family shall never fail in sugar or plums, nor the many hangers-on in the back settlements of the house in the mere stable articles of subsistence. It is true every lady has her housekeeper to advertise her that there is no more home-brewed vinegar in the bottle, or home-made starch in the tub, or, if she be unusually wealthy, an extra assistant, emphatically styled a *Mamselle*, on whom all these base cares descend; but housekeepers and mamselles will be human as well as their mistresses, and sometimes all three unite in forgetting some important trifle, which equally spoils the dinner and the temper of the *Hausherr* for several days.

All these grave responsibilities render the post of a baron's lady one, however honourable, but of little repose.

How would our refined aristocratic ladies like

to return to this kind of life,—to what they consider the ignoble cares and household drudgery, from which the progress of society, the increase of wealth, and humanising civilisation, have relieved them, and also many women of greatly inferior rank? After carefully locking up this baronial store, the keys and safety of which must involve a heavy responsibility, the exploratory, or showing-off walk, was continued by the happy sisters. The housekeeper's and servants' rooms came next; the housekeeper being a most important functionary in such an establishment. These rooms were not exactly after the pattern of the snug, carpeted, and wainscoted, and picture-hung parlours of the well-dressed housekeepers of our squires of all degrees.—But we shall see the domestic accommodations of the feudal baron, in their most picturesque and sunniest aspect.

We continued our walk to the housekeeper's rooms, very comfortable and warm, with three little children and half a dozen chickens sharing the brick floor;—to the kitchen, where the men cooks were in active preparation round their flat stoves; and then on to the *Volkstube*, or people's room, where all the lower servants, the coachmen and grooms, (here not included as house servants,) the cow-girls and the sheep-boys, &c., all come in for their meals at stated times, and muster between twenty and thirty daily. This was a room for an artist—a black earthen floor, walls toned down to every variety of dingy reds, blacks, and yellows, with a huge bulwark of a stove of a good terra cotta colour, and earthen vessels, and wooden tubs and benches; and, in short, every implement of old-fashioned unwieldiness and picturesque form. But the chief attractions were the inmates, for, hard at work, plying their spinning-wheels, sat, either singly or in groups, about fifteen peasant girls—their many-striped petticoats, and dull blue or gray cloth jackets, their tanned locks falling over their shoulders, and deep embrowned spinning-wheels, telling well against the warm tones around them. In some the hair was of so light a hue as exactly to repeat the colour of the flax upon their spindles, and these, the housekeeper informed us in broken German, were the surest of husbands—flaxen hair being a feature that the hearts of the peasants are never known to resist. Most of these picturesque damsels were barefooted, and one pretty yellow-haired lassie, observing that she was particularly an object of attention, let her hair fall like a veil over her stooping face, and peeped archly at us from between the waving strands. I can't say that any of these young ladies looked particularly clean or inviting, but every vice has its pleasant side, and the worst of dirt and filth is, they are so picturesque. Some of them rose on being addressed, and, stooping low, coaxed us down with both hands—much as if they were trying to smooth down our dresses. This is the national salutation to their superiors, especially if there be a request to make. Further on stood a stout kitchen-girl, her jacket thrown off, and only her shift over her shoulders, kneading in a deep trough with a strong wooden bat the coarse bread which is called by distinction the *Volksbrod*, or people's bread. The spinning-girls belong to the estate, and attend at the *hof*, or court, as the seigneur's house is termed, for so many weeks in the winter, to spin under the housekeeper's superintendence; nor do they appear very averse to this labour, for, besides the smart grooms and soft shepherds who assort with them at meal-times, this Volkstube is the resort of every beggar and wandering pedlar, and the universal tattleshop of the neighbourhood.

The further branches of this spinning department are among the most interesting of a lady's wirthschaft.

According to a custom not long exploded in our own country, this kind of domestic manufacture was always carried on by the lady-housewife, on a scale proportioned to the number of her daughters, and her own noble ambition to accumulate linen and cloth of all sorts. In Estonia, as once in England, and until lately in Scotland—

A careful parent, who concludes that her daughter is born in order, one time or other, to fulfil Nature's great law, cannot well begin to amass too early, and ere the infant be fairly out of its long clothes, the first foundation of the dozen-dozens of sheets and table-linen, which are to give her additional grace in the eyes of her lord, is laid. In former days this was carried to a much greater extent, and a happy house full of daughters groaned with the growing treasures of their *Austeuer*, or dowry.

This lady is learned upon the advantages of stoves; and we must confess, that neither all philosophy, nor yet all good common-sense, are monopolized by our own faultless island notwithstanding its multitudinous comforts. Ventilation she considers to be tolerably well provided for in the great houses, by the size of the rooms, and from them all opening into each other, and thus forming one enormous apartment, and from the entire absence of curtains and carpets; and she remarks of the stove-heated rooms—

This equable temperature, to live in, retire to rest, and rise by, is certainly the most agreeable luxury, and there can be no surprise that foreigners rail at our rooms which freeze them by the window or scorch them by the fire; but a more important fact attending this general distribution of heat consists in the absence of all pulmonary complaints and rheumatic maladies in this severe climate, though the want of fresh air—no necessary attendant, however, on this mode of heating—engenders other diseases. How many a delicate girl in our own consumption-stricken land lays the first stone of her early grave in her finishing year at some boarding-school, where she sleeps in a freezing atmosphere, never sufficiently warms herself by day, and frequently fails in that generous diet which might qualify these evils!

The out-door buildings—the *offices* of this large and rambling establishment—were next examined. They were upon the same gigantic scale.

After this summary of the house, and the various pros and cons of its internal economy, you must now accompany me to the numerous buildings scattered around, all on the same scale of grandeur as itself, where the domestic herds pass their long winter in shelter, warmth, and almost darkness. In the first we entered, a noble edifice 120 feet long, and supported down the centre by a row of solid pillars, above a thousand sheep were most magnificently lodged, affording as they congregated round their cribs, or quietly stopped eating to gaze upon us, a most novel and striking picture of a vast northern fold. In another building was a herd of stalled cattle, some destined for slaughter, others milch-kine, with many a barefooted peasant-girl and half-full machine of milk at their sides. Further on, the pigs had their domicile, and the fowls theirs, and in the midst of these buildings rose the *Brandtwein's Küche*, or brandy-kitchen, where the process of distilling from rye, barley, or potatoes, goes on night and day; the refuse grains of which contribute to fatten the cattle we have just quitted. It will easily be supposed that the task of calculating and providing food for this multiplication of mouths, all dependent on the help of man, is no light one. Every animal has so many pounds of hay allotted to him per day, and each week's consumption is something which it never entered into the heart of an English farmer to conceive: and, if the winter exceed its usual limits—if these poor quadrupeds, which go up into their annual ark in the month of October, be not released till the beginning of May, a scar-

city of food can hardly be hindered. Fresh litter is strewed daily, which never being removed, the cattle stand at least six feet higher at the close than at the commencement of their captivity. In this consists the main provision of manure for the summer's use. The sheep were all of a picked Merino breed, to which the closest attention is paid to preserve it *intacte*. This is a branch of husbandry only lately undertaken in Estonia, and at present attended with great success and profit. . . . . From the farm-yard we turned our course to the garden, or what will prove to be such when this three feet of snow shall have disappeared. Here were also a number of tender creatures under shelter in the noble line of greenhouses and hothouses, while the graperies and peacheries were in different stages of forwardness—the trees in the latter just putting forth their delicate pink blossoms. These, however, and the other usual exotic tenants of such glass-houses, elicited no sentiment beyond that of admiration.

And these are probably a rare, and certainly but a modern feature, in Estonian residences.

We shall leave our author's vivid descriptions of her exhilarating winter walks, in this new region, to the lovers of nature and poetry. The frequent appearance of the wolves, that still abound in the province, in which a thousand are killed in a year, gave these pedestrian excursions the heightening touch of a small danger.

Christmas—blessings be on it!—comes with its joyous, old-fashioned, quaint, and merry face, to lengthen the long arctic winter, and is kept with due observance for three days. The Old Style is still observed in Estonia, as in older parts of Russia.

The established religion of the province, is not that of the Greek church, but the Lutheran. Religion, however, seems to be considered something far too vulgar for the noble barons, though necessary to the peasants; and the clergy—a poor body—are still much in the same condition as were those of England, when Parson Adams drank his cup of ale in Squire Booby's kitchen. The functions of the clergy and their emoluments, are much the same as in Norway, where the minister's place is no sinecure.

On the first of the glorious *three days* of Christmas, the Englishwoman was invited to accompany her friends, to dine with a neighbouring family, only about thirty miles off, and at the usual early hour of the country. She accordingly began to dress in the morning, for the evening party. Personal warmth being first duly provided for, so far as woollens and furs could accomplish this difficult business, with the thermometer at 5° of Fahrenheit, our traveller gives this graphic description of *sledging*, which we have heard other *experienced* individuals mention, as not always that easy, gliding, exhilarating motion, of which Yankee poets dream.

It must not be supposed that sledging is here such smooth gliding work as it is generally represented; on the contrary, a succession of drifts, worn into deeper declivities and higher ascents by the continual traffic, will subject you to a bumping kind of movement, which, in spite of your solid feather-bed casing, is neither convenient nor agreeable. Then suddenly the sledge declines a fathom deep on one side, and out flies the coachman's or footman's leg to act as an additional prop, and you lie comfortably cradled upon your half-suffocated companion, when, with a loud jingle of all four horses, the sledge is jerked out of the hole, and the travellers once more stuck upright. And then, perhaps, when the track becomes narrower, the outer horses are driven into the loose deep snow, and one of them tumbles over head and ears into an invisible ditch, whence, his long traces giving him perfect liberty, he clambers out again unassisted, shakes the snow from his sides, and snorts and stamps with the utmost impatience to be off again.

But the road was got over, though the journey might not have been quite a pleasure drive; and presently—

The great structure of Fähna—for such was the name of the residence to which we were bound—was soon seen rearing itself in the distance, a square mass against the sky, without a tree or object near it. Here, our wrappers being gradually peeled off, we issued like butterflies from our woollen cells, and were ushered into a large assembly, where the hostess, a pretty graceful young woman, came forward, and welcomed us with the utmost courtesy and good breeding, and even found a few pleasing, though imperfect, words in English to say to her foreign visiter, with a kindness of manner and intention which quite won my heart. Immediately upon our arrival the *frühstück* of Swiss cheese, and pickled *strömlin*, a fish peculiar to Estonia, with red and white liqueurs, was handed round, after which a servant whispered something to the hostess, who rose, and with a distinct voice and graceful manner, simply said, "May I beg you all to table?" and, herself taking the lead with the oldest gentleman of the party, we filed off, a party of at least fifty, a cluster of little boys and girls bringing up the rear; for an invitation to the heads of a family is tacitly understood to include all the olive-branches, however numerous or tender. As each couple entered the dining-room, the cavalier bowed profoundly, disengaged himself, and went his way, while all the ladies seated themselves on one side and all the gentlemen on the other, the hostess heading the table, whilst her husband mingled with his male guests. Conversation was therefore restricted to the different lines, and the process of serving dinner absolving, as I have before observed, the gentlemen from all obligation of courtesy, and no intimation to venture a conversation across the narrow table being apparent, not a single gentleman addressed his fair *vis-à-vis* during the whole repast. This is an additional reason for retaining our old English mode, as engendering trifling attentions, which tend to keep up the outward semblance of good breeding, the absence of which, I am inclined to think, in some measure, contributes to the Transatlantic style of manners which are observable among the present generation of young Estonian nobles. The courtesies of the table began with the well-side and water-drawing times of the patriarchs; the woman-despising Turk eats alone. My own position was very enviable between two charming lady-like women, who proved the most agreeable representatives of their country. The dinner was sumptuous, with a profusion of splendid glass and plate, the latter, as well as the beautiful damask linen, marked with the maiden name of our hostess, and which, it may be as well to mention here, though I should grieve to see that pretty animated face shrouded beneath a mourning cap, all revert with the rest of her dowry to the widow on her husband's death. Among the novel dishes introduced on this occasion, was the elk, a harmless animal which infests the Livonian woods, in flavour much resembling venison, and a preserve of rose-leaves, a luscious kind of ambrosia, like eating perfumes, or a smack of paradise on earth; and lastly, a dish which the season alone rendered peculiar, for who would have thought of ices on Christmas day? But no one could quarrel with the cold interloper, for the room was hot to suffocation, and the delicious walnut-cream ice melted most gratefully down our throats. When the last dishes of fruits and bon-bons had been handed round, our hostess rose, and, the gentlemen clustering at the door, each resumed his lady where he had left her, and, conducting her into the next room, again made his bow and escaped. Coffee was now handed round, and a long and superb suite of rooms being open to us, the whole party of ladies paraded up and down in distinct groups; after

which the matrons sat down to sober converse, and talked, as good wives should do, of their children and their *wirthschaft*, and some drew forth little ladylike bits of embroidery, on which their fair fingers were soon busied, while the older ones knitted away most energetically at the "weary pund."

Meanwhile the younger portion, including many beautiful and graceful young women, well dressed, and elegant in manner, clustered together in girlish guise, in the deep recesses of the windows, or round the piano, or played at bagatelle with many an animated laugh and jest. And where were the gentlemen all this time?

At a subsequent period of her residence, this keen observer and lively writer finishes her picture of Estonian modes and manners, and presents us with a *family-party*, coeval with the age of the Grandisons, at the latest.

By the word *family-party*, I must beg not to be understood one of those rude, indecorous gatherings—those social Babels of our native land, where brothers, sisters, cousins, nephews, and nieces meet together to banter, tease, and laugh; but an orderly meeting of courteous individuals, who know what befits their dignity, and are above taking advantage of the bonds of relationship to indulge in any promiscuous levity!—fie upon it! Even the very furniture partakes of the general feeling; —hard stuffed, bright polished, and richly carved, there is no indelicate straying about the rooms like our loose-mannered, depraved, forward generation, who come before they are called; but each stands austerely in its place, and waits to be sought. The ladies curtsy, the gentlemen bow, and sometimes a fair hand is reverently kissed, while the lady—for such is the peculiar custom both here and in Russia—is expected to dive down and imprint a chaste salute on the extreme confine of the cheek, or very tip of the ear, or any other part of the gentleman's physiognomy thus employed which her lips can reach. This requires some practice to do gracefully. . . . . This is looked upon by the gentlemen as their undoubted perquisite; and I have seen a pretty foreignwoman gravely reprimanded by her dull Estonian lord for hesitating to comply. It would be hard to say what grade of relationship or exigency of circumstance would compel an Estonian nobleman to forget that he is not to be at his ease, according to our western notions of such. On the other hand, to a lover of antiquity, this living representation of by-gone manners is highly interesting. At every moment I am reminded of some trait which increasing luxury and increasing retrenchment have equally conspired to banish from our soil. Here every country gentleman keeps open house, and no account is taken of how many mouths there are to fill, whether in hall, kitchen, or stable. The houses are vast, grand, and incommodious, and countless hangers-on and dependants supply the economy of steps by a superfluity of feet. The Seigneurs here never move about with less than four horses, and often six,—rusty equipments it is true;—but it is a mistake to imagine that the coaches and four of our ancestors were marked by the same neatness and finish which now attend the commonest pair; or that their neighbourly meetings were distinguished by that ease, sociability, and intellect which render the English society of the present day so delightful. On the contrary, as soon as the scanty topics of the day were exhausted, they all sat down to cards, and that perhaps by broad daylight, like too many of the Estonian gentlemen. Then, as now here, all natural products were plentiful and cheap, and all artificial objects scarce and dear; and the manners to correspond were hospitable in the main, but rigidly formal in detail.

But there is one rare and beautiful feature in Estonian social relations—the absence of family quarrels—and one to us unaccountable, save, probably, from the absence of the root of all evil. Another softening and kindred feature of this condition of society, is the social equality of all belonging to a certain class, without respect to their wealth. It is remarked that—

All those born in a certain station retain it, whether their means be adequate or not, and are admitted into society with no reference as to whether they can return the obligation. Otherwise I do not believe the real morality of the community in any way advanced by their rigid outward decorum. Like people who first peel their apple and then eat the paring, it comes to the same thing in the end. Consistent with the spirit of an old picture, they bend all their attention to the minutiæ of a fold, and neglect the first principles of perspective. Harmless freedoms are controlled with bars of iron, while, from the facility of divorce, and other laxities which the Lutheran religion allows, many a sin walks in broad daylight, without so much as a cobweb over it.

The class upon whom this prohibition of harmless freedoms, or in other words this chain upon natural spirits, falls heaviest, is that of the unfortunate little Estonian young ladies. Children of all ages are here palmed upon all society, greatly to mutual inconvenience.

Russian manners are gradually creeping into Estonia, to the great alarm of its noble, elderly patriots, the descendants of the Teutonic knights. Nicholas wishes to suck them into the vortex of his mighty system of centralization, and their provincial senate opposes no effectual bar; while interest and ambition powerfully draw the Estonian youth, who often find employment in the civil or military service of the emperor, in the desired direction. The Russian language here, as in all other Russian dependencies, has, in the schools and universities, superseded the native tongues. The ukase of the emperor, requiring that all the children of a Russian parent, whether father or mother, shall be of the Greek religion, while living in Russia—the modest emperor not exacting Conformity from his subjects in countries, where there is no Greek church—has offered no obstacle to the amalgamation going forward; as a larger fortune, with a Russian bride, compensates the Estonian youth beforehand, for his progeny giving up the religion of his ancestors, and adopting that of the emperor, along with other minor regulations and matters, such as the length of spurs, and the curl of moustaches. The Estonian peasant alone, who has, indeed, no motive for changing his faith, remains firm to the form of Christianity to which it was so difficult to win his Pagan ancestors. And now we come to the social condition of the emancipated peasantry—the aborigines of the province, the genuine *Scythians*—whose manners and condition have not very materially changed, in the many generations which have witnessed the revolutions going on among his varied and distant sovereigns. The specimen chosen is from the better class of the peasantry; those holding the greatest extent of land, and consequently doing the most service to their feudal lord.

Wishing to see the Estonian peasant under every aspect, I requested my hostess—one whose heart feels interest in the most stupid, and love for the most contemned, of her adopted countrymen—to exhibit to me some peasant's dwelling which might fairly represent the comforts of this class. Accordingly we drove to the abode of a hard-working, respectable Estonian, about three wersts removed, and were helped out of our sledge by a gaunt host with streaming locks, who stroked us down in the national fashion, and begged us to enter. The house was a one-storied erection, built of roughly-

squared logs, and occupying as much space as any of our large old-fashioned farm-houses, with a double wall on the entrance side, separated by a passage of about six feet wide, which greatly tends both to warmth in winter and coolness in summer. In this passage an extremely filthy sow and a whole litter of little pigs were grunting and tumbling about with some other little animals, seemingly of the same generic origin, but which, on nearer inspection, proved to be part of our host's youthful family. To pass through the inner wall we stepped over a high ledge, through an aperture wide enough for a Lambert, but hardly high enough for a child of twelve years old, more adapted apparently for quadrupeds than for men. Once housed, we were obliged to wait a few minutes before our eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness, or threw off the film of water with which the strong stinging atmosphere of wood-smoke obscured them, when the first object we discerned was a rosy peasant-girl weaving a piece of linen in the same gloom by which we could scarcely distinguish the loom. The room where we stood was at least twenty-five feet long; with a black earthen floor, strewn with fir-tips, and the chief object was the great stove. This was a huge mass of masonry towering among the dry rafters of the roof, with rough ledges of stones, up and down which a second litter of children were climbing in their shifts, while on the highest ledge lay a baby fast asleep. A projecting shelf of wood ran round two sides of the room, about two feet from the floor, which, strewn with straw, serves as the family-bed for the night, is converted by day to any household use, and was conveniently fitted up with hen-coops underneath. There was no chimney in this apartment, and no light but from the low door. Further on were two other rooms, mere little dens, with a pane of dusky glass in each, and a few articles of furniture—a couple of chairs, and chests for clothes—the same roof houses, the little horse, and other cattle. There was nothing in all this to disgust—hard fare and independent habits,—and when we took our leave, we made the little shock-headed children very happy with some rolls of white bread, a dainty they see much more rarely than our poor children do cake.

This peasant occupies about twenty-five acres of land, upon the estate where I am sojourning. Every estate is thus parcelled out, the proprietor having a considerable portion under his own management, the rest being divided among the peasants, who, from time immemorial, have belonged to the land, and till within the last few years in the condition of serfs. The same fields, therefore, for which they formerly paid a rent, limited only by the will of the *Herr*, or lord, they now hold upon a tenure fixed by law, which is as follows:—Each peasant householder, or *Wirth*, occupies so much land, for which he pays rent in the shape of so many days' labour, man and horse, per week, upon the lord's fields; by certain contributions of corn; and of a calf, a goose, so many fowls or eggs, and so many bundles of flax—all of which last small tithes generally come within the lady's department, who has thus the products of a most extensive farm-yard to register and superintend. The smaller the occupation, the fewer the days of labour to perform, and the poorer the peasant. A so-called two days' *Wirth* generally performs the requisite labour in his own person, but a six days' *Wirth*, a rank which the peasant we had just quitted occupies, sends his labourers to supply his place, and, by sending two men three successive days, has the rest of his week undisturbed. Upon this estate, no less than 360 days' work is contributed weekly, and yet the labour is not equal to the demand. This allotment per week is the only fair arrangement, for, though many a week in winter occurs when no man can work, yet were the proprietor to claim all his permitted days only in the summer, the peasant would not have a day left to reap or sow for himself.

The act of enfranchisement in Estonia has not been accompanied by the advantages which those who abstractedly reckon the state of independence too high, and that of serfage too low, might expect.

We must give time. The white serfs of Estonia, Courland, and Livonia, had no Methodist or Baptist missionaries labouring among them, for a previous half-century, and preparing them for the unknown and unvalued blessing of their human birthright. They have, besides, the misfortune of being only *half* emancipated,—raised to the dignity of paying a poll-tax, and being forced to become soldiers, but having no more to say than their masters, as to what the amount of that tax shall be, or whether they are able to pay it or not. The act of emancipation produced one amusing consequence. This was the adoption of family names, by those who had, from time immemorial, been only designated by the baptismal appellation. On the estate of this lady's brother-in-law, we are told—

It cost the lord and lady no little trouble and invention to hunt up the requisite number and variety of names for the tenants of their estates. The gentleman took the dictionary—the lady, Walter Scott, for reference—with us it would have been the Bible—and homely German words were given, or old Scottish names revived, which may one day perplex a genealogist. The worst of it was, these poor creatures were very difficult to please, and many a young man, who went away happy with his new family distinction, returned the next day with a sheepish look, owning that his lady had put him out of conceit of it, and that he would trouble the *Erra* (the Estonian corruption of *Herr*) to provide him with another, not seldom ending by begging leave to adopt the aristocratic, unsullied, sixteen or thirty-two quartered name of the Count or Baron under whom he served. But, however liberal of his neighbours' names, the Estonian noble is in no hurry to bestow his own; far from running the risk of such vile identity, he does not even allow the peasant the same national appellation which countrymen of the same soil, whether high or low, generally wear alike. The aristocrat is an *Esthländer*, the peasant an *Esthe*. The noble's wife is a *Frau*, the peasant's a *Weib*, and any transposition of these terms would be deemed highly insulting.

Specimens of the best-looking of the young peasantry were selected as subjects for the lady's sketch-book; and one Estonian yellow-haired Apollo, though at first delighted to have his likeness drawn, became as much alarmed for the consequences, as the Red Indians of the Missouri, whom Mr. Catlin painted there. He feared that he might be sent to Siberia, in consequence of this paper-and-pencil spell,—or to *England!* The peasants were seen to some advantage in the church of the village, which is five miles distant from the baronial residence, and rarely visited by its inhabitants.

Here we found the peasants' sledges standing in double rows as thick along the road as the carriages before the Opera-house at a morning concert; and, entering through a dense crowd, smelling strongly of their sheep-skin habiliments, and the smoky atmosphere in which they live, we mounted a gallery to a pew reserved for the family, whence we looked down upon a platform of human heads of every variety of rich blondes and and browns—blacks there were but few, and grays none at all; though of wrinkles, failing limbs, and other signs of age, there was a premature profusion. The service, which was in Estonian, had commenced, and, after the first careless wonder with which you listen to a new language subsided, my eyes busied themselves with what was around them.

The men were all on one side, their long hair, untouched by scissars since their birth, divided down the centre of the head, and flowing on their shoulders: the women on the other, with high helmet-shaped caps of every variety of bright colour—their gay ribbons and

bright locks streaming promiscuously from beneath; or sometimes all this lowly vanity covered with a white handkerchief, which, disposed in a band across the forehead, and falling in ample folds down the cheeks, ennobled many a homely set of features. Beauty there was but little: here and there a young rosy cheek and bright eye shot through the crowd, but the generality were plain rather than ugly. The first impression on the mind of this dense crowd of attentive poor was almost painful. Our Saviour's audiences were only the poor; and amongst the silent listening throng who stood, each leaning with clasped hands upon his foremost neighbour's shoulder—here and there a child held aloft above the crush of limbs, while a row of sick and decrepit beings, ugly, abject, yet venerable, lying on mattresses in every picturesque form, occupied the centre, and Hebrew-draped heads, and Apostolic countenances, crowded around—you missed only the divine aspect from this ready-made and most touching picture. The women were chiefly in sheep-skins or wolf-skins, with gay bands round their waists,—the men in the same, or in a coarse brown cloth, with rows of silver buttons down the breast. The scene was enlivened by the presence of a bridé—in other words, a *fiancés*—who, at the publication of her banns, has the enviable privilege of appearing before the public in every rag and ribbon which it ever entered the head of any Estonian Madge Wildfire to desire, being literally loaded with all the ribbons, handkerchiefs, and petticoats which herself or her neighbours can muster; only the outer edge of each, in the insolence of her wealth being visible, till the bride looks like the walking pattern-book of the *Kirchspiel*, or parish, and the admiring swain views at one glance both his companion and her wardrobe for life. . . . . .

The church itself was a heavy ancient building, with simply groined roof, gay bedizened altar, and white-washed walls behung with tin urns and armorial bearings. Before the conclusion of the sermon, a contribution was levied, with long pole and bag at end, as elsewhere, into which Kopecks of all weights and sizes tumbled, upon which the clergyman retreated to the altar, and, facing the audience, chanted a few sentences in a high key. This was the signal for dismissal: the solid mass stirred, and broke up into hundreds of fragments—the reeking church was abandoned—each recognised his own little sledge and horse among multitudes which seemed cast in the same mould—poles stuck—rope-reins entangled—bells jingled—and voices scolded and laughed alternately; and in five minutes the whole congregation were scouring away across the country.

Many of our readers have seen something very much resembling this, if home-made russets and gay tartans are substituted for the skin cloaks required by the severity of the climate. The clergyman, besides their dues for marriages, confirmation, and administering the Sacrament, and the corn given by the landlords, who appoint them to the livings, are paid a certain amount of very *small* tithes in fowls and eggs by the peasants, who also pay them service in various ways. Our lady thinks the clergy very ill-paid by the peasants, but we question if they are of the same mind. The Estonian clergy have this peculiar duty:—

Besides his weekly duties, and the penance of a cold church seven months in the year, he has to attend the call of his poor parishioners, scattered frequently over a circumference of a hundred wersts; while twice in the year all the boys and girls in the parish assemble for three weeks under his roof, to be instructed and examined previous to confirmation; on which occasions the *Frau Pastorin* sets all of them to spin her flax, twine her cord, and do other little household jobs, and not seldom has the honour of entertaining the young countesses or baronesses who have come on the same errand, and must pass through the same *Lehre*. Thus it is that the sacraments are strictly observed, sometimes it is to be hoped for their own sakes, but principally as a political ordinance, by which government keeps its eye on every individual in the realm; obliging him, at stated intervals, to emerge from the deep torrent of Russian population, and bear witness of his existence.

The Estonian peasant is found in the exact state which his degraded and oppressed position, borne down by the double misery of taxation and military conscription, may augur. On those estates where the proprietors are frequently changing, and which are consequently the worst managed, he is found—

A dull brute indeed; insensible to a kindness he mistrusts,—careless of improvement—improvident as the Irishman, without his wit—and phlegmatic as the German, without his industry. Rather than work beyond the minimum of his necessary *Corvéage*, he will starve. Provided he can have a pipe in his mouth, and lie sleeping in the bottom of his cart, while his patient wife drives the little rough horse, or, what is more frequent, while the latter will go right of itself, he cares little about an empty stomach. Offer him wages for his labour, and he will tell you with the dullest bumpkin look, that if he works more he must eat more; and the fable of the belly and the members has here a different termination to what it had in our young days. On the other hand, on those few estates which have been occupied for several generations by the same family, the peasants appear invariably an active, industrious, and prosperous set—attached to their lord, and ingenious in various trades. . . . In his very crimes the Estonian is a coward; he seldom gets beyond pilfering, and here makes a curious distinction—regarding it as no crime to steal that which cannot squeak or bleat in its own defence. Thus, a pig or a sheep would be the height of iniquity, while a *Kümmet* of corn, or an *Eimer* of brandy, are very venial sins. Other crimes he has few, and murder is unknown. The penal list of this last year offers only eighty-seven misdemeanors in a population of above three hundred thousand peasants, and five of these consist merely in travelling without a passport. In this respect, also, the Estonian's conscience is so tender, that the Legislature allows no punishment to be enforced till a voluntary confession has been made—well knowing that no Estonian can be long without making a clean breast. Not so his lofty and lively neighbour, the Russian; whose Legislature might whistle for his voluntary confession. Serf though he be, he is a very Saracen in independence; and his list of crimes would make a wild Newgate Calendar.

Again the scene is shifted to town-life; for to Reval the family returned, when the *Land-tag* met; and when the town became somewhat like a French provincial city in the days of Madame de Sevigne, at the yearly Assembly of the States. A few noble families and public functionaries throw open their saloons, and there would be a tolerably pleasant society save for the one appalling blank:—

Were it not for the freezing system of separation and formality which pervades the members of the society itself, and which unfortunately has not been left behind them in the country, Reval would be more attractive than many a capital ten times its size. But a spell seems to hang over both man and woman: the best elements of society are at their disposal—splendid rooms—excellent lighting—throngs of attendants—charming music—and the choicest of refreshments; but the gentlemen occupy several apartments with their thronged card-tables, and the ladies sit, stand, or walk about the rest, and, though all imbued with the very spirit of courtesy and good humour, it must be owned, get at length a little tired of one another's company. Or, if sufficient gentlemen can be seduced from the whist or boston tables to form a dance, the cavalier abstains from fetching his lady till the moment the music begins, and remorselessly casts her off the moment it finishes, leaving her to thread her timid way through files of company to the distant corner where her chaperon is seated, and, once free, never approaches

her again. Which party is in fault? It is hard to suppose that Estonia's sons are either "so good or so cold" as not to care for the society of a fair and agreeable woman; and it is equally unjust to asperse her daughters with having wearied them of that which they have so little opportunity of bestowing. The ladies impugn the gentlemen, who, to speak candidly, show no desire to break through these imaginary boundaries, for, if but two meet in the same room, they invariably sit together, or walk together, or smoke together, or in some such way illustrate their principles of strict decorum.

Our authoress considers the grievous error mainly chargeable upon the women, but scarcely, we think, makes out her case. She bewails the facility of divorce permitted by the Lutheran religion, without being able to fix upon this evil, for it is one, the many minor blemishes of what is, in many respects besides want of *comforts*, a very low state of society. The absence of female influence in Estonian society, and its general langour and insipidity, are attributed to early marriages, where there are so many household calls upon the young matron's time and energies, which must consume her leisure, and arrest the course of self-improvement which education has hardly begun. Marriages or courtships are conducted upon the principle of the father being the absolute master of his dutiful daughter; and as girls are married while children, or little more, our traveller, perhaps justly, considers the father the best judge of his daughter's future happiness. Moreover, she imagines that the "sacrifices" are, in general, very light, and willing submissions. But the Circassian girl, it is said, exults in being purchased from her father, loaded with finery, and carried away to be sold at Constantinople to the highest bidder, though, notwithstanding the bliss of her ignorance, her condition is surely not the less morally pitiable.

The noble descendants of the Teutonic knights, so far as the beautiful sex is concerned, do not appear to be more imbued with the spirit of chivalry than their Calmuck neighbours; yet they get on wonderfully in managing that their daughters, in forming matrimonial unions, shall marry in their own station; and shall drive well, lodge well, and dress well; and what more is to be desired by any prudent, noble father? Our authoress was bidden to a marriage at Reval. Invitations in Reval are in general by "word of mouth;" but on this solemn occasion there came a card, intimating that "*Mein Tochter*" was to be married. The old County, the wealthy father of this young lady, who, among her other names, bore the Ossianic appellation of *Malvina*, was a rigid household disciplinarian, who had brought his little wife into admirable training; and who managed his three marriageable daughters upon the national plan, modified by his personal tastes. Many suitors had applied to him; for it would have been as idle as it is unusual, to sound the inclinations of the young lady, or even those of her mamma. We are told by our lively authoress on her way to the auspicious marriage of the properly brought-up young lady—

Nor was it till a suitor appeared, backed by a *Schulden-freies Gut*, a debt-free estate, and other undeniable guarantees for table, garderobe and stud, that he was known to deviate from his usual ominous dismissal, when, walking at his accustomed pace into his daughter's room, he said, "*Malvina du bist Braut*," to which the dutiful girl replied, "*Gut papa*," and not so much as inquired "*mit wem?*" with whom! . . . . . At the appointed hour, we drove in full evening dress to Count ——'s house, and were received at the door by four shivering marshals, or, in other words, bachelors selected from the mutual families, each with a white bride's knot round his arm who ushered us into a room dazzling with excess of light, where sat the formal circle, the married ladies on one hand, the unmarried on the other, and where the countess, a blooming young woman, scarce older-looking than her daughter, received us in silence.

It is so much the habit in our civilized age to regard marriage de convenance as a thing repugnant to human nature, equally tyrannical in act as cheerless in result that though sad experience had taught me the fallacy of trusting the brightest of wedding hopes, or the most impatient of wedding faces, I involuntarily entered these rooms with the feeling of assisting at a sacrifice. Far however, from the system of marriages de convenance being one of oppression and degradation towards the female sex, I am inclined to think that, in a country where custom marries a girl before she can know her mind, far less that of others, and where the rules of society interdict all previous acquaintance, it is, on the contrary, one of mercy and protection. What act can be more tyrannical to the future woman than the indulgence of the girl's so-called first love! What result more cheerless than the vital mistake of a hasty choice.

. . . . . .

In the pair about to be united, if the act on the lady's side was not beautified with the graces of affection, yet had she had the widest scope for choice, she could hardly have given her well-wishers more reasonable grounds for hope. For the *Bräutigam* was one of a family whose simplicity, kindness, and integrity, are proverbial in Estonia—one whom the quiet girl might find it equally easy to obey—or rule.

The marriage, at which there was abundance of eating and drinking, kissing and dancing, ended very like an English wedding of the days of bluff King Hal; and goes far to palliate the graceless modern English custom of the young couple running away to hide their bridal joys and blushes, from the very door of the church where they are made one:—

Then came a grand supper, with toasts and sententious speeches, where the four indefatigable marshals waited on the company, and, returning to the ball-room, the bride vanished, and in the space of a few minutes reappeared clad in an unbecoming matronly cap, her discarded myrtle wreath hanging on her arm. At this all the unmarried girls formed a circle round her, when, with a pensive, suffering look, which brought tears into many a bright eye, she kissed each in sign of farewell from their ranks. The same ceremony was performed by the bridegroom with his comrades, but brought tears into nobody's eyes. Then again the maiden circle encompassed the bride, who stood, a pretty emblem of Cupid, with blinded eyes, and wreath in hand, while they passed round her, but saw well enough to put it on the head of her husband's eldest marriageable sister. This delighted the old count, who rubbed his hands and exclaimed, "*Meine Tochter wird eine kluge Frau werden!*" my daughter will make a clever wife. The bridegroom was served the same, and by rather a puzzling countertype bestowed his hat upon one of the youngsters surrounding him, who now, with uproarious voices, seized him in their arms, and disregarding his bride's nerves, tossed him aloft, his long legs almost reaching the ceiling, in sign of having utterly cast him out of their fellowship.

Four o'clock struck ere the guests began to depart, but by noon the next day the new married couple were occupied in receiving a throng of morning visiters who came to congratulate. The same day was a large dinner-

arly,—the same evening the pair appeared at a public ncert.—The following days were spent in a succession f entertainments, and thus the spring-time of wedded appiness was offered up for the enjoyment of the public. lowhere are there such volumes of high-flown trash ritten on bridal modesty as in Germany, and nowhere it less respected.

The longer our traveller lived in the country, she ame to understand the more deeply the oppressions nder which the peasantry groan.

Though absenteeism is rare—Estonian landlords rving no, or but slender rents to squander, whether Paris, London, or Petersburg—the peasants are ften oppressed by a functionary in the capacity of bailiff, at whose mercy they are left; and who rinds the poor labourers, while he cheats his employer. When to this are added the exactions of he Government, and the conscription, it is not onderful that very few instances occur of an stonian peasant ever rising above his original ondition. In the protracted winters, and frozen prings, of this climate, when man and beast suffer like, the privations of the peasants are often extreme. Spring—our sweet season of spring—is, ndeed, to all living things, the most dismal time of he northern year; but especially to the peasants nd their domestic animals:—

At the beginning of winter the peasant fares well, eats wholesome rye bread, and plenty of it. Towards spring, his stores, never well husbanded, begin to fail, and the coarse rye flour is eked out with a little chopped straw; but, when the season is thus prolonged, this position is reversed, and it is the straw which becomes the chief ingredient of the loaf which is to fill, not nourish, his body—so much so that on exposure to fire this wretched bread will ignite and blaze like a torch. This insufficient fare is often followed by an epidemic—typhus or scarlet fever. The latter especially is the scourge of the land, and almost invariably fatal to children; and villages are sometimes depopulated of their juvenile members, for those who struggle through the fever are carried off by subsequent dropsy. As for prompt medical attendance, how is that to be expected among a poor and widely-scattered population, which not even the highest classes in the land can command? Many a nobleman's family is situated a hundred wersts from medical aid, and thus four-and-twenty fatal hours will sometimes elapse which no skill can recover. Upon the whole, however, the average of health is very good.

But, however it fare with them, the poll-tax must be paid; and if the fatal lot fall upon him, the wretched serf must promptly obey:—

The present rate of *Kopf Steuer*, or poll-tax, is four roubles sixty kopecks, or about four shillings English per head, not only upon the able-bodied man, but upon every chick and child of male kind—an enormous tax when the relative value of money is considered. A revision of the population takes place every sixteen years, and, if the household pay not for those born unto them in the interim, they do for those taken from them; therefore the crown is no loser, and the ill wind blows no good to the peasant.

The recruiting system falls especially hard upon those provinces tributary to Russia, but otherwise not Russianised. No matter how foreign and incongruous, all atoms that enter that vast crucible, the Russian army, are fused down to the same form. The Estonian, therefore, fares so much worse than the native Russian, in that he leaves not only kindred and home, but language, country, and religion, and furthermore an inherent taste for a pastoral life, which the Russian does not share. From the moment that the peasant of the Baltic provinces draws the fatal lot No. 1, he knows that he is a Russian, and, worse than that, a Russian soldier, and not only himself, but every son from that hour born to him; for, like the executioner's office in Germany, a soldier's life in Russia is hereditary. He receives no bounty-money; on the contrary his parish is charged with the expense of his outfit to the amount of between thirty and forty roubles—his hair, which an Estonian regards as sacred, is cut to within a straw's breadth of his head; and amidst scenes of distress which have touched the sternest hearts, the Estonian shepherd leaves the home of his youth. If wars and climate and sickness and hardship spare him, he returns after four-and-twenty years of service—his language scarce remembered, his religion changed, and with not a rouble in his pocket—to seek his daily bread by his own exertions for the remainder of his life, or to be chargeable to his parish, who by this time have forgotten that he ever existed, and certainly wish he had never returned. Perhaps an order or two decorates him, or reaches him after his dismissal; but the worn-out Russian soldier has little pride in the tokens of that bravery which has consumed his health, strength, and best years, and earned him no maintenance when these are gone.

A family of three children, however, or a personal defect, gives the claim of exemption. With such a service as the Russian in prospect, it is not wonderful that voluntary maiming is frequent. We are informed:—

A stone-mason whom we observed chiselling a delicate piece of sculpture under the utmost strain of sight, for one eye was blinded with a cataract, we strenuously urged to apply for medical aid, but smiling, he replied, "I would not have two eyes for the world—now I can't be taken for a recruit."

On those estates where the population from some cause is not able to make up the necessary number of recruits, a child is delivered over and consigned to the military school at Reval. The crown must have its "pound of flesh." This substitute, however, it accepts most unwillingly, as each of these little *Cantonisten*, as they are termed, costs government at the rate of thirty kopecks a-day, and not above one-third are reared for actual service. Such is the anxiety of the crown to enforce every means of securing men for the army, that the moment a soldier's wife gives birth to a son the parish authorities are bound to give notice, under penalty of five-and-twenty roubles for every month's delay. So much bread or corn is then allowed for the infant recruit, which is fetched monthly from the nearest town.

But this hangs on a long concatenation of *ifs*, ending with this important one—*If* the higher classes in Russia could be depended on for honesty. This traveller, will not, we imagine, receive the Emperor's portrait set with brilliants, high-strained as her compliments of Nicholas and many of the members of his Court are. We should even fear that she has in some instances been indiscreet, and may have compromised some of her friends and entertainers, with this jealous, implacable, and ever-watchful Government.

Though far, indeed, from being the most agreeable portion of her work, her observations are not the least valuable when, in returning from Reval on her way home, she looks more closely into the structure of the Russian Government, and is forced to see the corrupt and dissolute state of morals among the higher classes, unredeemed by any degree of that refinement which strips vice of part of its offence in veiling its grossness. In judging of Russia, she tacitly claims to have dived beneath the *froth* of that high society with which such persons as the Marquis of Londonderry mingled, and which they paint *en beau;* and she may be

easily acquitted of entertaining the party views of those who write anti-Russian dissertations in pamphlets and periodicals. She is a high, though a rather rational Tory. She reëntered Petersburg about the Christmas and New-Year holidays—a time of unrestrained intercourse, jollity, and carousing there, as in Estonia:—But her strictures upon the policy, and above all, the manners of the court of St. Petersburg, demand more attention and space than we can at present afford.

ENDYMION; OR, A FAMILY PARTY OF OLYMPUS.

A ROMANCE.

BY RECHOBOAM BEN ABRAHAM, JUN., ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas a hot season in the skies. Sirius held the ascendant, and under his influence even the radiant band of the Celestials began to droop, while the great ball-room of Olympus grew gradually more and more deserted. For nearly a week had Orpheus, the leader of the heavenly orchestra, played to a deserted floor. The *élite* would no longer figure in the waltz. Juno obstinately kept her room, complaining of headache and ill-temper. Ceres, who had lately joined a dissenting congregation, objected generally to all frivolous amusements, and Minerva had established, in opposition, a series of literary soirées, at which Pluto nightly lectured on the fine arts and phrenology to a brilliant and fashionable audience. The Muses, with Hebe and some of the younger deities, alone frequented the assemblies; but with all their attractions there was still a sad lack of partners. The younger gods had of late become remarkably dissipated, messed three times a-week, at least, with Mars in the barracks, and seldom separated sober. Bacchus had been sent to Coventry by the ladies, for appearing one night in the ball-room, after a hard sederunt, so drunk that he measured his length upon the floor, after a vain attempt at a Mazurka; and they likewise eschewed the company of Pan, who had become an abandoned smoker, and always smelt infamously of cheroots. But the most serious defection, as also the most unaccountable, was that of the beautiful Diana,—*par excellence*, the *belle* of the season,—and assuredly the most graceful nymph that ever tripped along the halls of heaven. She had gone off suddenly to the country without alleging any intelligible excuse, and with her, the last attraction of the ball-room seemed to have disappeared. Even Venus, the perpetual lady patroness, saw that the affair was desperate.

"Ganymede—*mon beau garçon*," said she, one evening at an unusually thin assembly, "we must really give it up at last. Matters are growing worse and worse, and in another week we shall positively not have enough to get up a tolerable gallopade. Look at these seven poor Muses sitting together on the sofa. Not a soul has spoken to them to night, except that horrid Silenus, who dances nothing but Scotch reels."

"*Par dieu!*" replied the young Trojan, fixing his glass in his eye. "There may be a reason for that. The girls are decidedly *passées*, and most inveterate blues. But there's dear little Hebe, who never wants partners, though that clumsy Hercules insists upon his conjugal rights, and keeps moving after her like an enormous shadow. 'Pon my soul, I've a great mind—Do you think, *ma belle tante*, that anything might be done in that quarter?"

"O fie! Ganymede—fie for shame!" said Flora, who was sitting close to the Queen of Love, and overheard the conversation. "You horrid naughty man, how can you talk so?"

"*Pardon, ma chère!*" replied the exquisite, with a languid smile. "You must excuse my *badinage;* and, indeed, a glance of your fair eyes were enough at any time to recall me to my senses. By the way, what a beautiful *bouquet* you have there. *Parole d'honneur*, I am quite jealous. May I ask who sent it?"

"What a goose you are!" said Flora, in evident confusion; "how should I know? Some general admirer like yourself, I suppose."

"Apollo is remarkably fond of hyacinths, I believe," said Ganymede, looking significantly at Venus. "Ah, well! I see how it is. We poor detrimentals must break our hearts in silence. It is clear we have no chance with the *preux chevaliers* of heaven."

"Really, Ganymede, you are very severe this evening," said Venus, with a smile; "but tell me, have you heard anything of Diana?"

"Ah! *la belle Diane?* They say she is living in the country, somewhere about Caria, at a place they call Latmos cottage, cultivating her faded roses—what a colour Hebe has!—and studying the sentimental."

"*Tant pis!* She is a great loss to us," said Venus. "*Apropos*, you will be at Neptune's *fête champêtre* to-morrow, *ne c'est pas?* We shall then finally determine about abandoning the assemblies. But I must go home now. The carriage has been waiting this hour, and my doves may catch cold. I suppose that boy, Cupid, will not be home till all the hours of the morning."

"Why, I believe, the Rainbow Club *does* meet to-night after the dancing," said Ganymede, significantly. "This is the last oyster night of the season."

"Gracious goodness! The boy will be quite tipsy, said Venus. "Do, dear Ganymede! try to keep him sober. But now, give me your arm to the cloak-room."

"*Volontiers!*" said the exquisite.

As Venus rose to go, there was a rush of persons to the further end of the room, and the music ceased. Presently two or three voices were heard calling for Esculapius.

"What's the row?" asked that learned individual, advancing leisurely from the refreshment table, where he had been cramming himself with tea and cakes.

"Leda's fainted!" shrieked Calliope, who rushed past with her vinaigrette in hand.

"Gammon!" growled the Abernethy of heaven, as he followed her.

"Poor Leda!" said Venus, as her cavalier adjusted her shawl. "These fainting fits are decidedly alarming. I hope it is nothing more serious than the weather."

"I hope so too," said Ganymede. "Let me put on the scarf. But people will talk. Pray heaven it be not a second edition of that old scandal about the eggs!"

"*Fi donc!* you odious creature! How can you? But after all, stranger things have happened. There now, have done. Good night!" and she stepped into her chariot.

"*Bon soir*," said the exquisite, kissing his hand as it rolled away. "'Pon my soul, that's a splendid woman. I've a great mind—but there's no hurry about that. *Revenons à nos oeufs*. I must learn something more about this fainting fit."

So saying, Ganymede reascended the stairs.

CHAPTER II.

A brighter or more exhilarating sun never dawned upon Olympus than that which ushered in the *fête champêtre*, given by Neptune, perhaps the most popular middle-aged deity of the times. The magnificent lawn of his celestial villa was decorated for the occasion in a manner perfectly unique, even for heaven. A new entrance gate had been built entirely of conch shells; tents, fringed with costly sea ware, were erected on every part of the grounds, and the ample tables they contained were stored with refreshments, terrestrial as well as marine. Crowds of Nereids and Tritons were engaged as waiters on the guests, whilst, in the largest of the artificial ponds, Proteus, the celebrated juggler, who had been retained expressly for the occasion, went through a variety of aquatic evolutions,—sometimes imitating Sam Patch, the famous diver of Niagara, and sometimes assuming the terrific appearance of the great American sea-serpent. At an early hour, the company, which comprised the whole fashion of Olympus, were assembled in the villa, and after partaking of a sumptuous *dejeuner à la fourchette*, broke up into groups according to their several fancies, and strolled through the pleasure ground in search of amusement. With the reader's leave we shall play the spy upon one *tête-à-tête* held in a sequestered arbour.

"And so you preferred listening to Pluto's lecture on the dissolving views, instead of meeting me, as you promised, at the assembly! Pretty conduct, indeed, Mr. Apollo, after all that has passed between us!" said our fair acquaintance, Flora, pouting, to a very handsome young man, with a magnificent head of hair, who strove to detain her reluctant hand in his own. "You needn't squeeze my fingers that way. I should have known you better. False, deceitful wretch that you are!"

"Nay! not false, not deceitful, my own charming Flora," replied Apollo, with much *empressement* in his manner. "You know Pluto is my uncle, and that I have great expectations from him; but I swear by Styx, that rather than draw one tear from the lovely eyes of my Spring-queen, I would pull the venerable codger by the nose!"

"Would you indeed?" said Flora.

"On my honour, I would, if you insisted on it. But why speak more of this? Can you doubt my love—my constancy?"

"Did Daphne find you constant?" asked Flora, with a sigh.

"Daphne? Daphne be hanged!" cried Apollo, vehemently. "She had the thickest ancles in the whole Peloponnesus! Speak not of her—but you, my own, my gentle Flora!—can you doubt that this fond heart beats, trembles only for you? O, on these rosy lips let me impress——"

"Lawk!" screamed Flora, "there's somebody coming."

And, sure enough, two youths in military undress sauntered past the entrance of the arbour; and the keen glances they cast within sufficiently be tokened their perfect consciousness of the proceedings of the amorous deity.

"Ah, Pollux! ah, Castor! my fine fellows, how are ye?" said Apollo, with great effrontery, rising and presenting a finger to each. "What sort of blow-out had you at Mars's last night. Pan and the rest, I presume, eh? Screwed, of course?"

"Tol-lol," said the eldest of the Gemini.

"I can easily believe it," said Apollo. "By the way, Pollux"—and he led the Argonaut aside—"you needn't say anything about seeing me and Flora together in the arbour—you understand? Not that it signifies a brass copper, but the confounded people here will always be talking, and I don't wish to have the poor girl annoyed. There's a good fellow—give a hint to your brother too, and both of you come and dine with me on Wednesday next at seven."

"I'm your man!" said Pollux. "Dinner and dumbness is the word! But I say, Apollo—really, now, ar'n't you coming it rather strong?"

"Devil a-bit!" said the Captain of the Archers. Flo. and I are old friends, and we flirt with each other merely to keep our hands in practice. But, come, let us all take a turn and see the fun."

The four proceeded from the arbour together. Various of the Celestials who encountered them, stopped the Gemini, inquiring eagerly after Leda, their mother's health.

"What the deuce do the people mean?" said Castor, after several such interruptions. "The old lady is as strong as a cart-horse, and ate four muffins this morning."

"Glad to hear it," said Apollo, drily. "But, come—let us walk upon the terrace, and look over the battlements of Olympus."

To that favourite spot they went, and bent over the blue cerulean, while the massive orb of the earth lay beneath them, revolving like a mighty ball. Midway between, they marked a lustrous speck enlarging as it soared upwards, until it seemed to assume the lineaments of a human figure.

"By Jingo! that's Mercury!" cried Pollux; "why, he's two hours before his time."

"Mercury, is it?" cried Pan, who, with his friend Bacchus, now came up. "Then, please the pigs, I'll get my manillas, at last."

"O, confound it!" said Bacchus. "He's a long way off yet. Let's go into one of the tents, and get a hot tumbler."

"No—no—man! stay a moment. There's Juno."

"*Bon jour, Messieurs,*" said the Imperial Queen, caressing her favourite pea-hen, who followed her with as much docility as the famous tame Transatlantic oyster. "What *can* you be looking at, down there? Ah!" she exclaimed, adjusting her eye-glass, "Mercury, I declare, and in a monstrous hurry too! What possibly can have happened?"

The light figure, of the messenger of Olympus, now rose above the crystal battlements, and, with one graceful circuitous sweep, alighted in the midst of the Celestials. He was flushed and out of breath.

"Mr. Mercury! I presume you have brought me the *esprit de milles fleurs?*" said Juno.

"Dear Mr. Mercury,—where's the *blonde?*" cried Flora.

"Mercury, my lad! did old Screwdriver cash that bill?" inquired Apollo.

"What says Hoby?" said Pollux.

"And Stultz?" added Castor.

"Merks, old chap! shell out the cheroots," said Pan.

"And the *eau de vie,*" cried Bacchus with a hiccup.

The herald of Heaven looked from one to the other of his tormentors despairingly.

"I'll give up my place!" said he: "by the Lord, I will, rather than stand this bother! Do you think I had nothing to do but look after your traps, and such a shindy down yonder as never was—Where's Jupiter? My wig! what a rage he'll be in!"

"What's the matter, Mercury? Bless me, what is it?" cried all the gods and godesses in a breath.

"Matter!" repeated the son of Maia: "matter enough, if you knew it. Diana's off—bolted—gone to Gretna-green, or the devil knows where."

"My sister eloped!" cried Apollo, hastily; "that's a lie!"

"Did you apply that expression to me, Sir?" said Mercury, getting very red in the face, and squaring at the Pythian.

"Yes!" said the other, delivering a left-hander: and to it they went with the unction of Dutch Sam and Aby Belasco.

The goddesses shrieked and squalled. The gods formed a ring, and shouted in extreme ecstasy. How long the combat might have lasted is uncertain; but a stately figure burst through the circle, and interposed between the pugilists.

"None of this nonsense," thundered Jupiter in an overwhelming voice, "or I'll knock both of you to eternal smash! Apollo—you're an idiot: Mercury—you're another. Hold your tongues both; or rather you, Mercury, speak and explain this blackguard behaviour."

"Please your Excellency," said Mercury—— But what Mercury said had perhaps better form the commencement of a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

"Please your Excellency," replied Mercury, "I said Diana had bolted——"

"Eh! what the devil! my daughter, Di?"

"Off—eloped—absquatulated," replied Hermes, applying a slice of raw potatoe to his eye.

"Ten thousand Phlegethons! and with whom?"

"A pig-driver, may it please your Excellency."

Apollo fell into convulsions. Jupiter swore horribly.

"Ten shillings for profane oaths," said Chief-Justice Rhadamanthus, taking out his pencil; "I must book the governor for the tin."

"My Lord Chief-Justice," said Jupiter, "make out a warrant instantly for the apprehension of the audacious scoundrel, who has made away with a ward of our celestial Chancery—What's his name, Mercury?"

"Endymion."

"For the apprehension of Endymion.—I'll trounce the villain at common law, or my name's not Saturnius!"

Rhadamanthus did as he was desired; wrote out the warrant and delivered it (along with a small note of the fees) to the Father of gods and men.

"Here—you, Mercury," said Jupiter, "take this warrant and execute it instantly. Bring the prisoner here, and that unfortunate girl along with him, and do it directly."

"Your Excellency," said the son of Maia, with considerable dignity; "your Excellency will please to remember that I am neither a bailiff nor a messenger's concurrent: if I undertake the job, I shall expect to be paid *extra*——"

"D'ye grumble, sirrah?" shouted Jupiter. "Be off like winking—or else——;" and he caught up a stray thunderbolt.

Hermes cleared the parapet of Heaven.

"Here's a shindy!" said Pan,—"blowed if I could have believed it! Di. looked as if butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth. What say you, Ganymede?"

The young Trojan indulged his curiosity with a supercilious stare at the questioner,—muttered something about "vulgar fellows" and "d—d impertinence," turned on his heel, and walked away.

"Well—if I ever!" said Pan. "I've a confounded mind to pull the puppy's nose."

"No, no!" said Bacchus, seizing his friend by the arm; "never mind the Jack-a-dandy. Come into this tent, and we'll have a pot and a pipe together."

Jupiter continued walking to and fro in a violent state of excitement. Most of the other deities had retired out of respect; but Juno would not lose such a charming opportunity for a few moral observations.

"Well, Sir," said she, "this is a very pretty business indeed! Nice doings those for a daughter of yours! I presume you remember what I told you when you first allowed her to associate with my Lady Venus?"

"Madam," said Jupiter, "if I were to remember half of your idiotical conversation, I should have very little time to think of anything else."

"O very good!" replied Juno, bitterly; "you may be as rude as you please, but that won't alter facts. I repeat that you have yourself and no one else to blame."

"Zounds, woman!" cried the exasperated deity, "will you hold your infernal tongue? Here do I hardly know whether my head or heels are uppermost; and you keep pestering me with your palaver and Job's comfort."

"And this is my reward," said Juno, "for all my anxieties and cares! O you horrid—horrid brute!"

"Madam!" don't provoke me to blacken your ox-eyes!" roared Jupiter in a towering passion. "And now I think of it—there's these bloody peacocks of yours have scratched up all the vegetables in the garden; but I'll stop their tricks effectually. Here, Neptune! send for a blunderbuss."

"Don't! don't!" screamed Juno, in concert with her imperial fowls, who, as if conscious of their own imminent danger, set up such a pea-hawing, as would have stunned terrestial ears—"Don't do any such thing, dear brother Neptune—for the love of Amphitrite, don't!

There is no saying how the affair might have terminated, for Jupiter had picked up an enormous stone, with a view to peppering the peacocks, when a cry from Castor, that Mercury was reascending with the prisoners, restored a temporary calm, and once more drew the whole hierarchy to the battlement.

CHAPTER IV.

The criminal van of the Celestial Courts was shaped something like a minibus, so that until it was fairly landed on the terrace, none of the eager company could catch a glimpse of those within.

Mercury sprang from the box. "Well! here they are safe and sound, and a pretty business I've had in catching them. Walk out, my doves. Here's a jolly party waiting for you!" And he opened the door.

To the utter amazement of Olympus, who expected the apparition of a curly-haired swarthy Asiatic, clad in tunic and buskins, after the fashion of the Carian pig-drivers,—out stepped from the vehicle a tall sandy-haired, raw-boned individual of six feet, arrayed from head to foot in a suit of tartans of more lustrous dye than the fancy petticoat of Iris: in short, a Highlander in full costume—the first that ever set foot in the heathen heaven. After him descended Diana, blushing, and in tears, yet still peerless in immortal beauty. A murmur of astonishment ran through the assembled circle, which, however, produced no effect on the undaunted Scot, who continued to gaze around him with stoical indifference.

"Who the devil have we got here?" said Jupiter at length—"Are you Endymion, fellow?"

"Am the individual that was arreested at your instance," replied the Highlander calmly, "in token of which I have here a copy of the charge, manifestly incompetent, as not having been executed by a regular messenger; and I reserve to mysell a' richt of action of damages for wrongous imprisonment and otherwise, as accords of law."

"What the deuce does the fellow mean?" said the bewildered Jupiter.

"My Lord," interposed Rhadamanthus, "these matters had better be discussed *in pleno foro*. If it please your lordship to take your seat as Supreme Judge, you can constitute the Session, and proceed in common form to try this embarrassing case."

"Ye may do as ye like," replied the Scot; "but as a preliminary defence, I plead the privileges of the College of Justice. Am an advocate's first clerk, and in no way amenable to ony jurisdiction, except that o' my ain Coort. *Vide* Bothwell *v.* Maitland, December, 1582.—*Morrison*, page 2399."

"What's the meaning of this jargon?" asked Jupiter.

"A declinature of jurisdiction, my Lord," said Rhadamanthus; "but it won't do. Fellow, that plea must be dismissed, as you are now beyond the bounds of the Court of Session."

"I was arreested in Scotland forty miles north o' Gretna, on the Carlisle road," persevered the Scot; "and the lad wi' the wings in his bannet hadna even a border warrant, though that wadna hae been competent neither."

"Is this the fact, Mercury?" asked Rhadamanthus.

"'Pon my soul, I believe so," replied Mercury.

"Then Jupiter's in an ugly scrape, that's all; and the action must be dismissed," said Rhadamanthus.

"Ye're a wise judge, ma lord," said the Scot with a bow, "and weel versed in the Principles. Ye might make a first-rate Ordinar on the Bills. I submit that I am entitled to full expenses."

"Of course," replied the gratified Rhadamanthus.

"And is this confounded rascal to get off Scot-free, after having eloped with my daughter?" asked Jupiter.

"That's the law," said Rhadamanthus.

"Ye may gang before the Coort o' Session, and tak' a remit to the Commissaries, upon finding caution *judicio sisti*," remarked the Scot; "and ye'll hae to gie in defences against a sma' action at my instance for wrongous imprisonment, and detention o' ma person: forbye an action o' repetition as ma wife's *curator bonis*. I presume now we're free to gang. Diana, ma pet, dicht your e'en and pit on yer bannet, and we'll toddle cantily hame."

"Yes, dear Endymion!" said the sobbing Cynthia.

"Endymion! awa' wi' yer havers! Can ye no call me by my richt name, Tavish Mactavish?—an ancient family, gentlemen, and weel kent at the back o' Breadalbane. Sae gude mornin' to ye. Maister Mercury! an' ye wad keep your head out o' the rape o' the law, just take us back to whaur ye fand us."

"Best thing you can do, my lad," remarked Rhadamanthus, in reply to an appealing look from the herald, who accordingly mounted and drove off.

"I'm a wretched man," said Jupiter.

"Here's a go!" roared Pollux, rushing hastily into the presence: "Flora has bolted with Apollo."

Hercules entered, foaming at the mouth—"Justice! Almighty Jupiter! My wife, Hebe, is off with that villain, Ganymede."

"Father of gods and men!" cried the gouty Vulcan, limping up—"Venus, my abandoned wife, has just eloped with Hesperus."

"Go to the Court of Session and the Commissaries, gentlemen," said Jupiter, with desperate calmness.

"O lord! O lord! here's an awful dispensation!" said Pluto, staggering in—"Jupiter, my dear brother, that wretch, Ixion!"

"What next?" said Jupiter—"out with it."

"That sacrilegious monster, Ixion, has carried off your Imperial Consort!"

"Heaven be praised!" cried Jupiter, dashing his wig among the stars, "that's the best news I've heard for many a day. Gentlemen all—least said is soonest mended. Bacchus! order out the drink—'Fore George, we'll have a night of it; and to-morrow we can all go to the Commissaries together."

CERTAIN OMISSIONS IN THE RECENT GAZETTE.

Britons, rejoice with heart and voice,
You here may see respected,
Time-honour'd names whose many claims
The Whigs too long neglected.
But take a peep, with eye of sheep,
At those of late brevetted,
And you will see two more with me
As Generals gazetted.

There's General Famine, foe to cramming,
A long, lean, fearful fellow,
His troops are gaunt, his *Aide** is Want,
His uniform pale yellow.
There's Arson, he who likes a spree,
A wicked hum'rous varlet,
Who plays droll tricks with farmer's ricks,
His colour's fiery scarlet.

For me I'm bent (I'm Discontent)
Upon a secret mission,
An ugly job, to head the mob;
And thus runs my commission:—
"Fare quickly forth, rouse South and North,
That nought the purpose mar may
Of General Peel, with lead and steel,
Soon to employ the army.

To murmurs loud invite the crowd,
Sow zealously Sedition,
Cry loud for bread, wail children dead,—
Yet—waken no suspicion.
The Chartist crew assist to brew
Some caldron of commotion,
That we may still their zeal with pill
Of lead, or slumb'rous potion."

In this brevet some minds may fret
That names have been omitted,
Which they suppose Lord John had chose
Had he but been permitted.
There's General Trade, a gallant blade,
And General Education,
Both favourites with the pride and pith,
I own it, of the nation.

Some, too, may blame to miss the name
Of valiant General Freedom,
And call Sir Bob, a scurvy snob,
Who dared to supersede him.
I *could* defend my gallant friend,
Sir Rob, with reasons twenty,
And show you, too, why *entre nous*
He passed by General Plenty.

And other change, all woundy strange,
Is fixed in council privy:
But ere the time to blab were crime,
Or tidings I would give ye.
Yet your safe ear I need not fear,—
Well—'tis in agitation
Soon to gazette Peel's special pet,
Old General Taxation.

None but a fool tells tales from school,
Excuse, then, that I tell ye one:
It makes me fret that next Gazette
That upstart Gen. Rebellion,
Ere Spring you'll see, put o'er *us Three*,
Peel's quondam allies famous.—
Grief stops my pen—Farewell, till then.—
"Majora *tunc* canamus!"

A. B. T. C. D.

* Aide-de-camp.

WALTER MAPES' JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

BY BON GAULTIER.

No doubt many of our readers have often, like ourselves, grown merry over the fine Latin drinking song, beginning,

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,

which Leigh Hunt has naturalized among us, under the above name, in a translation such as he only could produce. Nay, if any of them ever had the fortune, or *mis*fortune—we shall not say which, as tastes are various—to spend an evening with a beer-party of Bürschen, the chances are, that he may have helped to swell the chorus of the song itself, in music, that gave the Bavarian Brown all the smack and relish of Muscadin or Canary. Not that the song needs any such adventitious aids to set it off. Far from it. Like all good Bacchanalian poetry, it carries its own wine and company with it. Here, for instance, are we ourselves, that never, from our youth up, were detected in any greater indulgence than a second glass of dry Lisbon, ready to confess to having alarmed our landlady on more occasions than one, by chanting it *ore rotundo*, and with a very intoxicated roll of the eye, over a Finnan haddock and a glass of very mitigated ale. And why was this

—but that, being rather imaginative, the spirit of the song had transported us into a snug refectory at Oxford in the twelfth or thirteenth century—we are not particular to a year—with a jolly abbot "simmering," like old John Willett, before the fire over against us, as, with upraised flagon, we trolled out our determined resolution,

To end our days, in a tavern drinking;—

totally forgetting, that all the while we were only a student attending the divinity classes, on a bursary of ten pounds per annum, and accommodated with airy lodgings in the High Calton, at four shillings a-week, including fire, a table-cloth, and other extras.

In these days, we knew no more of the origin of the lines, than what Camden in his *Remains* had told us: that "Walter de Mapes, archdeacon of Oxford, who, in the time of King Henry the Second, filled England with his merriments, confessed his love to good liquor in this manner." We believed the venerable antiquary, and inquired no further, till we found on our table, the other day, a comely quarto, issued by the *Camden Society*, entitled, "*The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes, Collected and Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq.*" We shall say nothing of the very pleasant reading which the whole volume afforded, —its satire, its graphic pictures, its dramatic vigour, its unctuous humour, and, on occasion, its serious force. Our business is with the song, which, oddly enough, turns out to have originally been no song at all, but to be only a part of a satirical poem of some length, from which it had been culled by some choice spirit, some two or three centuries after Walter Mapes, with his jibes and merriments, was as forlorn a thing as Yorick the king's jester himself.

The poem is entitled *Confessio Goliæ*, (Golias being a sort of clerical jester,—an impersonation of the Gluttony, Intemperance, and Immorality of Monkhood, the character of which Rabelais' Panurge is the more modern type,) and, says Mr. Wright, "it is particularly remarkable, because it contains the lines, which, formed into a *kind of drinking song* at a later period, have hence been the chief instrument in spreading the reputation of Walter Mapes in modern times." Formed into a kind of drinking song, quotha! Hear this, ye Bürschen of Leipzig, ye Renommisten of Jena, and groan for the *Philisterey* of Mr. Thomas Wright! For ourselves, we forgive that gentleman; for in the benevolence of his editorial heart, hath he not said, that "*without any direct evidence to the contrary*, we hesitate in taking from him" (our excellent Walter, to-wit) "the authorship of a poem, which has been so long coupled with his name." Generous forbearance! and without any direct evidence to the contrary too! But, perhaps, there is some indirect evidence? Not a vistage: Mapes, Mr. Wright tells us in his preface, was esteemed by his sovereign "for his extensive learning and courtly manners. He was a wit, and a man with a marked taste for light literature." No doubt he was; and just for these very reasons, the man to have written the poem in question. Indeed, it could only have been written by an elegant scholar and polished humourist. Such compositions never emanate from any meaner source. The inventor of Falstaff was no drunkard; and the mad waggeries of Father Prout, in our own day, spring from a brain as richly stored with "the best of man's best knowledges," as the heart of the reverend father is gentle and refined. Take the more remarkable case of Rabelais, of whom Mr. Wright's volume has constantly reminded us. He was a scholar, and an accomplished gentleman, a man of pure life, of elegant tastes, and kindly and charitable habits: but he did not, therefore, the less certainly write his singular romance. Besides, popular tradition has fathered the poem upon Mapes for many centuries; and the people rarely fail to place the saddle on the right horse. So Mr. Wright, it is just as well that you have let the matter alone, "in absence of direct evidence to the contrary." The man who called in question the existence of Homer has only proved, that learning is not necessarily knowledge —which, indeed, we knew before.

But to return. The poem is supposed to be the confession of a young priest to his bishop,—and a very pretty confession it is. It is written with double rhymes, in a measure corresponding to that which we have adopted in our translation, but with a felicity of expression, to which Leigh Hunt alone could do justice. It has graces, which no pen but his could snatch; unless, indeed, it were the still happier quill of that facetious Mr. Huddesford, who rendered one of the couplets of the song, in this most facetious quatrain.

Mysterious and prophetic truths,
I never could unfold 'em
Without a flagon of old wine,
And a slice of cold ham!

Oh, that Walter Mapes had heard these lines— "Huddesford, Huddesford!" he would have cried, as he finished his hundredth peal of laughter, "thou'lt be the death of me!"

The Confession.

My spirit is perplexèd sore—with sentiments funereal,
And I must give its musings vent,—so bitter and so dreary all;
Alas, alas! I doubt I'm made—of very light material,
And like the leaf that every wind—blows off on dance aërial.

For though 'tis clear a man of sense—a man that's 'cute and knowing,
Would fix his dwelling on a rock—that there was no o'erthrowing,
I'm such an ass, that like a stream—I'm ever onwards flowing,
And over me fresh skies are bent—and fresh winds ever blowing.
I'm like a ship without a guide—I'm sadly deaf, when mass calls,
I keep no lenten holidays,—no macerating Pascals;
Nor bolts, nor bars can hold me back—whene'er a chum or glass calls,—
And sooth, they are, these chums of mine—a precious set of rascals.

Like most young men, steeped to the lips—in vices foul and shameless,
I tread the broad way, that leads down—to a place that shall be nameless,
And eager more for pleasure, than—to be in morals blameless,
I cultivate my outward man—and mind my inward's claim less.
A love affair appears to me—of grave and weighty moment,
A labyrinth of pleasant fears—and cheerfully I roam in't;
The toil that Venus doth enjoin—is pleasant toil, and so meant
For men of *nous* alone; your fools—were never yet at home in't.

Oh, saintly father, pardon me—forgive my agitation,
I faint, I die, I'm going off—in pleasant trepidation!
The beauty of these girls, it tears—my heart to laceration,
I'm kissing the whole lot of them—the dears, in contemplation!
'Tis no such very easy thing—to keep one's nature down, sir,
And not to feel a little queer—in looking on a gown, sir,
Especially when in it is—a maid of nutty brown, sir,
Young flesh and blood must needs break out—though saints may fret and frown, sir.

Set a man within a fire—will the flames not singe him?
Who can live in this vile world—nor let its vileness tinge him,
When Venus plants on every side—her snares and traps to twinge him,
And rosy lips and sparkling eyes—and sunny locks unhinge him?

The second charge against me is—that I am given to dicing,
But most unfortunate am I—that very pleasant vice in;
And, when cleaned out, I find my wits—so very sharp and slicing,
That floods of song roll in on me—in measure most enticing.

The tavern's pleasures are the next—that do my spirit lumber,
They always have stuck fast to it—and always will encumber,
Until I see the cherubim—approach in goodly number,
To sing my poor departing soul—into eternal slumber.

In a tavern I shall die—unless my purpose misses,
With old wine upon my lips—to cheer me with its kisses,
And, when the angels come to take—my soul away to blisses,
They'll say, "The Lord be merciful—to a toper, such as this is!"

Wine in brimming bumpers bears—the spirit's richest ores up,
And, on nectar-moistened wings—to the stars it soars up;
Greatly I prefer the can—mine host against me scores up,
To the cup our cellarer—with cold water pours up.

There be some small poets who—shunning public places,
Woo in shady solitudes—the Muse's pensive graces;
There they toil, and sweat, and moil—making dire grimaces;
Yet, after all, what they produce—in very piteous case is.

There be bards that put themselves—on thin water gruel,
Fly the world's loud bickerings—strife, and jarrings cruel;
Toil for immortality—and, as they grasp the jewel,
Die off from inanition, like—your fire, for lack of fuel.

With one's own peculiar whims—Nature still doth mould one;
When my genius is starved—'tis a very cold one:
Any boy might beat me then—nor need be a bold one,—
Oh, I hate your fasting days—as I do the Old One!

Every man, by nature, hath—his own gifts and mission;
I'm one of those that need good wine—to aid my composition,
Then my genius doth attain—to its full fruition,
And my language overflows—even unto repletion.

As my liquor floweth good—goodly verses flow so,
But unless I eat as well—they will never go so.
With a bottle in my belt—then my measures glow so,
That Ovidius Naso's are—compared with them, but so so.

Never is there given to me—poetic inspiration,
Till I've ate and drank my fill—even to saturation!
Bacchus then, within my brain—hath the domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me—to general admiration.

Lo! I have told how ill I've lived—how wickedly and vainly;
For, had I not, your servants would—and that's my reason mainly.
They, sneaking rogues, will never speak—their evil thoughts out plainly;
Nor e'er confess the sins they love—and revel in profanely.

But now I meekly stand before—my blessed lord and bishop,
And all my sins and naughtiness—canonically dish up:
Let him cast a stone at me—who ne'er had wicked wish up—
On his heart, nor now can find—a single fault to fish up.

I have mentioned every sin—that I know about me,
And the venom, cherished long—cast away from out me.
The ancient Adam I abjure—infidels may flout me—
Man sees the face, but Jove the heart—what matter though they doubt me.

Vice I hate:—the virtues all—how pleasant surely they be!
My inward man regenerate—this shall a glorious day be.
On the tender milk of grace—I'm fed, like new-born baby,
That my heart of vanity—the seat no longer may be.

Lord Bishop, pray, be merciful—to me and from the treasure
Of thy abundant goodness yield—thy suppliant good measure;
Forgive my sins, and I'll perform—at my very earliest leisure,
Whatever penance you enjoin—with a very great deal of pleasure.

EXPLICIT.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The History of the Templars, and the Temple Church, and Temple, London. By Charles Addison, Esq. Longman and Co. Post quarto, Pp. 395.

This is a book, even in its form, designed for learned and antiquarian readers. But not for them only; for it exhibits many authentic though singular aspects of character, and courses of action. What has struck us most, is to see the Knights Templars finding not merely an apologist, but an enthusiastic champion in modern times. Their new historian vindicates the Order from many undoubted calumnies and aspersions; and imputes their decline, not in any degree to their turbulence, their indomitable insolence and profligacy, but exclusively to the jealousy of the clergy, and to the cupidity awakened among churchmen and nobles, by the vast wealth of

these military-monks. Whatever were their vices, and with whatever danger their great power and wealth, and the abuses of both, threatened society, it must be confessed that the Templars received but scanty justice from the church; which determined, by any means, to crush the formidable rival body it had unduly fostered, as soon as it could no longer be made subservient to its own purposes.

Mr. Addison's narrative of the rise, the usages and customs, and of the decline, and the tyrannical and cruel extinction, of the Templars, is animated in its movement, and pregnant with matter. His admiration of the Order imparts a glow to his pages which excites the reader's sympathy, even when cooler judgment does not sanction all his opinions.

As specimens of the style of the work, we could wish to select a few passages, from what, to the majority of readers, may prove the most interesting part of the volume, namely, the relics of the Knights Templars, which were long preserved in the Temple, in Customs and Regulations, of which many vestiges may still be traced. Among these, so late as the times of Philip and Mary, was the oriental fashion of wearing long beards. Their Majesties found it necessary to interfere to reform this fashion; and ordered that none under the degree of a Knight, being in Commons, should wear the beard above three weeks growing, upon pain of a fine of 40s. The Knights were, moreover, required to lay aside their arms and Spanish cloaks, swords, bucklers, rapiers, hats, and gowns. None of the COMPANIONS, except Knights or Benchers, were allowed to wear light colours in their doublet and hose; or to wear any upper velvet cap, or any scarf, &c. &c. These sumptuary laws are less important in our times than the order:—"That no attorney should be admitted into either of the Houses; and that, in all admissions from thenceforth, it should be an implied condition, that if the party admitted practised any attorneyship, he was *ipso facto* dismissed. By a statute of James I., it was ordered that no one should be admitted a member of either Society who was not *a gentleman by descent*. James also took order about their dress and equipments; and made the Templars lay aside *boots* and *spurs*, "as ill-befitting gownsmen, and rather the badges of *roarers* than of civil men." His Majesty allowed no boots in his own Court. These gownsmen, for a long period maintained the ancient character of the Temple for sumptuous and magnificent hospitality.—Much curious information concerning persons of great historical name, connected with the Temple, the Temple Church, and its monuments, is compressed in three or four intermediate chapters of the work.

When the ruin of any individual or body of men has been resolved on by the Church, the cry of *infidel, heretic*, has been in all ages the watchword. The accusations of this sort, and others brought against the Templars, can only find a parallel in the annals of witch trials. The accusations were, if possible, more absurd and atrocious, and the punishments inflicted more cruel; burning slowly to death having in France been the common sequel to the use of the rack; while long and severe imprisonment, and torture to obtain confessions, were often employed. In England, their ultimate punishment was less sanguinary, and many of them were absolved of their heresy, and what is called *reconciled* to the Church; but stripped of their property and left to languish out the remainder of life in the most abject poverty. A dark chapter in the history of Priestcraft is that which records the extinction of the Knights Templars, whatever their errors or vices may have been.

A History of the Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of the History of Charlemagne; Life of Edward the Black Prince, &c. 2 volumes, octavo. Saunders and Otley.

This addition to the historical labours of Mr. James appears to be incomplete; or more probably a third volume has yet to appear. We have, in the meanwhile, gone no farther than the Introduction to the work, which consists of a comprehensive and luminous view of the feudal system, and of the institutions of chivalry; a necessary preliminary to the History of Cœur-de-Lion, and probably not the least valuable part of it.

Frederick the Great, and his Times. Edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

This, like the above book, has come north either in an imperfect state, or it is only published in part. It is, we should imagine, neither originally written by an Englishman, nor a recent production; but Mr. Campbell discreetly tells us more than that,—he considers it a work for which he is proud to stand sponsor; and this is saying much. It comprehends the memoirs of Frederick William I., as fully as those of his more celebrated son, and exhibits the interior of the principal German courts during both their reigns. It contains a great deal more of anecdote, scandal, and private history, than of national annals. Those who are acquainted with that strange, yet attractive, book, the Memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth—the daughter of the one Frederick, and the sister of the other,—may have some idea of much of the piquant contents of a work, to which we hope to return.

An Account of the Settlements of the New Zealand Company, from Personal Observation during a Residence in New Zealand. By the Hon. Henry William Petre.

Though this gentleman's leanings are to the Company, which he thinks has not been fairly treated by the local supreme authority, his account of the new settlement is written in a temperate tone, and gives the most lively hopes of its progress and rapid prosperity. The early adventures of the settlers are replete with interest; and their conduct, by this report, has hitherto been admirable.

New Zealand, South Australia, and New South Wales; a Record of Recent Travels in these Colonies, with especial reference to Emigration, and the Advantageous Employment of Capital. By R. G. Jameson, late Surgeon-Superintendent of Emigrants to Australia. Pp. 372. With Map. Smith & Elder.

This is a judicious and impartial work, which we consider well worth the attention of emigrants. It is, besides, a fair topographical account of New Zealand, with which two-thirds of the volume are occupied. The writer has visited each of the new settlements in this important colony, and also the mission stations, and has judged for himself.

The Works of De Foe. Volume II. Edited by William Hazlitt. London: Clements.

We described the nature of this cheap edition of the works of a popular and classic English writer when announcing the first volume. The second one contains the *History of Mr. Duncan Campbell, the Dumb Philosopher*; the *Journal of the Plague-Year*; the *Memoirs of Captain Carleton*; the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with the Further Adventures*; and the *Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe*,—works much less known than the original adventures; and the *Life of Captain Singleton*; taken together, a rich and varied banquet. Another of these comprehensive tomes will, we presume, complete an excellent edition of an author who is indispensable to every Englishman's library of standard and sterling works.

A Search into the Old Testament, in order to trace its Claim of being the Depository of Divine Communications. By Joseph Hume. Longman & Co. Cloth. Pp. 304.

The author—not Mr. Joseph Hume, the patriot and ex-legislator, but Mr. Joseph Hume, the translator of Dante's "Inferno" into English blank verse—states, in his preface, that the investigation, of which the results form the present volume, was "undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining what were the evidences that could be drawn from the Old Testament which might establish the truth of those momentous passages that involve supernatural events, and which must therefore have been divine productions." [predictions?] This purpose is accomplished by a minute analysis of the Old Testament; references only being given to chapter and verse, as the insertion of every passage complete would have swelled the work to several volumes. The work will be of considerable use to Biblical students.

The Fortunes of Faith; or, Church and State. A Poem. By Thomas Hornblower Gill.

In this Poem a historical survey is taken of the difficulties which pure Christianity has in all ages had to struggle against, from ecclesiastical corruption and domination, as well as from the secular arm. The piece must attract notice. The sentiment is excellent, and the style generally terse and vigorous, though the rhymes are often faulty. We cannot tell to what denomination of Christians the author belongs, but he is a thorough Voluntary, and that upon the highest grounds. To several passages which we had marked for extract, as the description of Mahomet, and the spread of Islamism, the humiliation of Henry at the Tomb of Becket, Wickliffe, Luther, and the early puritans, our limited space denies admittance; and we must be contented with the following picture of Cromwell's soldiers:—

Devout enthusiasts! matchless sons of war!
Whom bigots still malign and priests abhor;
Despite their hate a rare renown is yours
Which will not die while deathless Truth endures!
Ye felt the sin of force, the shame of creeds,
Loathed the foul chaff on which the bigot feeds,
A stronger, ampler, nobler diet sought,
And willed that Man should worship as he thought.

This cause their strength, this liberty their boast,
What valour could confront the saintly host!
No dull machines! no vulgar warriors they!
Seasoned with blood, and satisfied with pay!
No soldier passions taint their dread employ,
Nor wanton slaughter yields unhallowed joy;
They spurn the palling stimulant of lust,
Nor bound their wishes to the meed of dust,
Demand the conflict for a nobler prize,
And seek their crowning guerdon in the skies.

Survey their camp! no tumult shocks the eye,
Unseemly brawl, or drunken revelry;
No impious oath grates harshly on the ear,
But prayerful silence reigns unbroken there;
See, side by side in meaning contrast laid,
Life-giving word and death-dispensing blade!
In mystic trance the raptured warrior kneels;
O'er all his soul the bright delusion steals;
Each sense absorbed, his heaving heart outpoured,
He joys in fancied commune with the Lord.
Mark on his changing cheek, his bright'ning eye
The bursting hope, the speechless ecstasy!
O'er each wild hope these waking dreams reveal,
Distempered Faith has set her burning seal;
The vision warms! she greets the expected day,
And thanks the Saviour's smile and shares his sway!

But ere that Faith, with wild, diffusive glow,
Lights her impatient votaries to the foe,
Devotion's impulse wakens every tongue;
The stern enthusiasts kindle into song;
In deepening notes their rugged anthems pour,
High o'er the trumpet's blast, the cannon's roar,
Pray ere they fall beneath its fiery breath,
And close the Book of Life to march on death!

But Truth their various errors would not hide;
They sinned, and Heaven protracted rule denied;
Insulted Freedom cursed their tyrant-chief,
O'ertasked Devotion murmured for relief;
Religion frighted in her gloomy dress,
And Reason sickened at each wild excess.
Revolted feeling swept their strength away;
The people willed that kings again should sway,
In reckless trust expressed their mad delight,
Nor asked a pledge, nor registered a right.
Securely thron'd, the Monarch hailed the priest,
Replaced the purple, and respread the feast;
(He scarce could sin without his ready tool,)
The grasping Church resumed her baleful rule,
Refused to gather wisdom from her woe,
Renewed the crimes that wrought her overthrow,
Recalled each woe that darker times had known,
And in the race of guilt outran the throne.

Their opening deed was worthy of the Twain;
According vengeance doomed the spotless Vane.
Patrician patriot, court-acquainted saint,
Who mingled with the world, but caught no taint!
Sublimely eloquent and purely wise,
He gained in Glory's race, when Virtue won the prize.
Disarmed by mercy, yet unmoved by fear,
True to each right that Conscience counted dear,
Bold when a tyrant's deeds provoked the strife,
He gave to Freedom all his glorious life.
He braved a stormy ocean from his youth,
His pilot, Virtue, and his beacon, Truth;
His soul was bright beneath the darkest sky;
His faith was fervour mixed with charity,
Reproached fanatic hate, ascetic gloom,
Forbore to shrink yet trembled to presume.
He felt that Freedom was the life of Faith,
Born at one birth, alike exempt from death,
Served with one service, courted with one love,
The same their labour here, the same their crown above.

Sublime religion! heart ennobling creed!
Here lay his strength, hence sprang each deathless deed;
'Twas this the poet praised, the friend revered,*
The tyrant hated and the fearless feared;
'Twas this the prelate loathed, the monarch doomed,
Yet quenchless Hope her votary's soul illumed;
When low Ambition played the traitor part,
And warriors quailed, he wore a dauntless heart;
When vengeful Power proscribed the cause he loved
Unworthy Death the willing witness proved

* See the sonnet addressed to him by Milton,
"Vane young in years, but in sage counsel old."

That Hope gave brightness to the dungeon-rock,
Smiled at the sentence, glorified the block,
To opening time a prophet-gaze applied,
And gave her son the victory, though he died!

Rambles in Ceylon. By Lieutenant de Butts. Allen & Co.

This work is intended to supply a blank in light oriental reading; and to draw attention to an interesting and important colony, which is thought of with indifference, chiefly because the people at home know little or nothing about it, and that the climate is in very bad repute. The acknowledged want the author has supplied by lively descriptive sketches, and discussions on all sorts of subjects connected with the island.

He has given a version of the fatal episode of Major Davie and his command, which is new to us, and very disparaging to the memory of that unfortunate officer. We are not enabled to refute the statement from our own knowledge, but we hope that it has been rashly adopted, and admits of explanation. Davie is acused not merely of incapacity, but of poltroonery, and, by implication, of treachery. The following conclusion of Davie's history, is very different, indeed, from that current in Scotland:—

When our troops occupied Kandy, in 1815, Davie managed to elude the strict search that was made for him. He had contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Kandian monarch by adopting the dress, religion, and customs of the natives. He died in 1816. Like the Venetian,

Unanneal'd he passed away,
Without a hope from Mercy's aid:
To the last a renegade.

We extract one other passage, not to show the style of the work, but to serve a higher purpose. After mentioning the old Dutch monopolies, Lieutenant de Butts remarks:—

Ceylon affords a striking instance of the triumph of free principles in commerce. Until within the last few years, nearly every article of produce was subject to almost prohibitory duties. During the government of Sir Wilmot Horton, this unenlightened system was suppressed, and in its stead was substituted tariff duties, founded on the most enlarged views and commercial principles of the present day. The result has even surpassed the anticipations of the most sanguine; and from the day on which the principles of free trade were applied to the colony, the prosperity of Ceylon may henceforward be dated. One unfortunate exception has, however, been made in the application of the universally just principles of freedom in commercial intercourse. Cinnamon, formerly the staple commodity of the island, and that for which it was chiefly famed, is now lying under the incubus of the enormous export duty of one hundred per cent. Thus while the export of coffee, sugar, and cocoa-nut oil, is rapidly increasing, under the beneficial influence of the fiscal regulations that have been mentioned, the demand for cinnamon, fettered as it is with restrictive duties, has rather diminished than increased; and the trade in this spice will continue to languish, until a material change is effected in those absurd and anomolous duties, by which its energies have of late been cramped and subdued.

Treatise on Printing and Type-Founding. By T. C. Hansard. Adam and Charles Black.

This is another reprint of one of the elaborate articles which have appeared in the last Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It will form a useful companion for the Library, as well as an instructor to the practical printer. It comprehends all kinds of printing, and is illustrated with the original engravings of the Encyclopædia.

Traditions of the Covenanters; or, Gleanings among the Mountains. Second Series. By the Rev. Robert Simpson, Sanquhar. Edinburgh: Paterson.

This small and homely volume is composed of the same materials, and written in the same spirit, as the first of the series, in which, however, the more memorable traditions were well-nigh exhausted. But what remains will afford very agreeable reading for a Scottish farmer's ingle-neuk, and will tend to strengthen the healthy principle of resistance to interference with the rights of free opinion, and of private judgment, whether that interference and attempted domination shall emanate from presbyters or curates, from Star Chambers or General Assemblies.

The Young Islanders; a Tale of the Past Century. By Jeffreys Taylor. Pp. 373, with Wood engravings. Tilt & Bogue.

A Juvenile Tale of *Crusoeish* adventures is in this volume run out to greater length than is usual in the *nice* little books got up now-a-days for young folks; and into which their papas and mammas often take a sly peep, just to ascertain "if they be proper reading for the children." The *Young Islanders* will be pronounced quite proper; and every tolerable imitation of Robinson Crusoe must be entertaining. By a series of accidents, in which some acquiescence of the fancy is required, a number of English school-lads are cast upon a desert island, and left wholly to their own resources, which were about as limited as their knowledge or judgment. The history of the progress of this isolated juvenile community, is an epitome of that of large adult colonies. The work is all good and entertaining, save several horrific incidents, and the close, which is too mournful to be wise in a work for the young.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1842.

Here, once more, comes Mr. Hood; open-handed, light-hearted, a droll, a wit, a humorist, as the world sets him down; and, in reality, all and each of these buoyant characters, and also what that wise world does not, we imagine, suspect, a true philosopher; and what is yet more rare, a modest, self-respecting writer. His absence for the last season "eclipsed the gaiety of nations;" and what is unusual, no one could guess in what manner he had disappeared, and whither he had gone. No newspaper "prated of his whereabout;" unlike in this to some authors, who, as he says, are "like Miss Blenkinsop's curls, never out of the papers"—either as going, coming, or fixtures; and yet paying no advertisement-duty, or none that benefits the revenue. He is invited to no public dinner; gets no service of tea-plate; is, we suspect, not to be caught as a lion, though he were capable of being tamed when caught. No American travellers have thought it worth while to break in upon him, and squeeze out an autograph—no one can tell the colour of his eyes, or how he wears his beard. In short, as an author who has works to sell, and a considerable reputation to coddle and keep warm, Mr. Hood is, or for two years has been, an unpardonable man. However, here he is again, and assuredly not the less welcome in our estimation, that he has in this long interval made "no noise nor stir about town."

The fame of his Annual for 1842 rests upon the grand epic of *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*; a poem which eminently entitles the author to the dignity of

being dubbed a philosopher; but many bright and funny things, *à la* Hood, are comprised within the same boards, in which the Precious Leg is rendered Immortal.

It is not without a certain remorse that we mangle or mar its symmetry, in attempting to display were it but its golden great toe to our readers.

The pedigree of Miss Kilmansegg is somewhat doubtful; but of her more immediate ancestors—say her grandpapa—it is certain that he literally rolled in gold—

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend,
And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd—
Himself, and wife, and sons so bold;
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
"O bella eta del'oro!"

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,
In golden text, on a vellum skin,
Though certain people would wink and grin,
And declare the whole story a parable,—
That the ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,
Who held a long lease in prosperous times
Of acres, pasture and arable.

Leaving her ancestry in this pleasing and tantalizing obscurity, we come to Miss Kilmansegg's birth, which was as auspicious as gold could make it:—

She was one of those who, by Fortune's boon,
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth—not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poets' wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rocked the cradle.

She was born among eider down, and under damask and golden canopies; her first breath of vital air was redolent of otto of roses—her first glimpse of light, six wax tapers placed in golden branches:—

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a time-piece in *or-molu*
That stood on a marble table—
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of *Gildings* running away
As fast as they were able,
With a golden God, with a golden Star,
And a golden Spear in a golden Car,
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried;
Which made a sensation far and wide—
Ay, for twenty miles around her;
For though to the ear 't was nothing more
Than an infant's squall, 't was really the roar
Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder!
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry—"Confound her!"

The signs, omens, and portents, that awaited this wondrous birth, might have sufficed for a Princess Royal, or a Prince of Wales. The feasting and quaffing were on the mightiest scale, and as for the baby wardrobe:—

—— How was the precious Baby drest?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Crœsus' issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed, night, morning, noon.

. . . . . .

But her nursing was poor to her christening, when—

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West-End people came
To the rite of Christianity:
The lofty lord and the titled dame,
All diamonds, plumes, and urbanity.
His Lordship, the May'r, with his golden chain,
And two gold sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men
With their orders and stars to help M or N
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seemed so happy—a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob, the Father, strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laughed aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter;
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.

He had rolled in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seemed to have entered into his blood
By some occult projection;
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true
About a rich complexion.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet;—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado:
And the Book of Prayer was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun
Like a copy—a presentation one—
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold! gold! and nothing but gold!
The same auriferous shine behold,
Wherever the eye could settle!

. . . . . .

The childhood of the golden heiress is even more golden than her infancy. Her go-cart rolled on golden castors; her doll was solid gold; her primer was a book of gold-leaf. Her accomplishments were in harmony with all that had gone before, until her education being completed, it was ever——

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold, as if for her bread;
The metal had so undermined her.
Gold ran in her thoughts, and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
With which he walked behind her.

And there go Peter and she in picture as true as life. Ah! better she had ever walked thus humbly; but Miss Kilmansegg could, among her other accomplishments, sit a lady's horse, although it reared; and one day she was run off with, and thrown by her bay "Banker, by Bullion out of an Ingot mare," and, after a desperate race over half London, thrown. Her amputated human limb, the result of this accident, the brave girl of gold vowed, should be replaced by a Golden one—and nothing baser; wood and cork she disdained.

A leg of Gold—*solid* gold throughout;
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
Should ever support her—God willing.

. . . . . .

"Gold! gold! gold! oh, let it be gold!"
Asleep or awake that tale she told,
And when she grew delirious;—
. . . . . .

And the *Precious Leg* was formed, all sterling metal, bearing the goldsmith's mark on the calf. "'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,"—it was the talk of the whole town—East and West; and it proved Miss Kilmansegg's fate. Her courtship by a fierce foreign Count, her marriage, her honeymoon, her wedded misery, follow in regular succession, and also her father's death, and her mother's madness, when, alas! spite of her gold—

Friend or gossip she had not one
To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done.
. . . . . .
How he kissed the maids, and sparred with John;
And came to bed with his garments on;
With other offences as heinous;—
And brought strange gentlemen home to dine,
That, he said, were in the *Fancy Line*,
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
And called her lap-dog "Venus."

Even Sir Jacob's gold could not long supply the wants of the Count; and then came the tug of war:—

Now the Precious Leg, while cash was flush,
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
Had never excited dissension;
But no sooner the Stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
A perfect bone of contention.

The catastrophe may be foreseen. The owner of the Precious Leg became its victim.

Gold! still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—
By a golden weapon—not oaken:
In the morning they found her all alone—
Stiff and bloody, and cold as stone,
But her Leg—the Golden Leg—was gone!
And "the golden bowl was broken!"

So ends Miss Kilmansegg.

The Open Question is a peculiarly well-timed *brochure*. We wish there was of it a penny edition for Scotland, where it is greatly wanted. There are many shrewd hits, much of the Hood philosophy, and of *Sterne* wit, in a long sweep-net sort of story, entitled, "*A Friend in need*,"—but we must not venture upon it, lest it be with us—"In for a penny, in for a pound."

Advice to the Bilious; or, a Treatise on Disease of the Liver. By Rowland East, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, &c. &c.

This strikes us, though we pretend to no great knowledge of the subject, as being a sensible and clear little treatise, and one which, without the usual dogmatism of some of the doctors, rises above the safe commonplace, or the "damnable iteration" of others of the publishing members of the Faculty. To show that it is not commonplace, we cite one paragraph, where the writer, at the outset of his discourse, is treating of that ill understood quality or condition of being, which goes by the name of a strong or a powerful constitution.

It is not muscular power, because the highest degree of it is associated with disease. There is something in the human constitution indefinable, call it what you may, essentially distinct from muscular force. It is that *preservative principle* which keeps up the vigour and maintains the balance of the rest; through atmospheric changes, pestilential vapours, vicious excesses, it sustains the human fabric up to the number twelve. Like the limbs of the polypus, it increases its force in the same ratio in which it is needed, until a certain period, when its productive power is paralyzed, and is sometimes entirely defunct. . . . . .

Unless there be a due proportion of the preservative principle, to which we have alluded, down that constitution falls, like the palace of ice in the beams of the sun. This is that peculiar influence which we sometimes see so remarkably exemplified, sometimes combined with muscular force, at other times apparently dissociated from it, termed, in vulgar language, "a good constitution." Many, even females of delicate appearance, who have not by habit been associated with sudden changes or depressing privations, will struggle through want, privation, the effluvia of disease, the changes of the atmosphere, and still retain the balance of the powers. This is an illustration of the preservative principle.

This difference between muscular power and health is further illustrated thus:—

A man who lifts four hundred-weight may have great power; but it is not yet decided whether he has all its ramifications. It is not the force of a simple individual muscular contraction which is to be estimated relatively to health: it is the duration of that force. He who lifts four hundred-weight with ease, could not probably struggle through a day's march, or a harassing campaign. His enormous strength would be exhausted by its first impulse; and he would be lacking in that great qualification, which would sustain him through continued exertion, without permanently injuring the constitution.

There is an extraordinary resemblance between the physical and moral powers, and the similarity presents an illustration. Many, from the momentary action of moral principles, might resist successfully a powerful temptation, who would yield to a series; whilst many, who would have to call up all the aid of long-established habits and associations, and with difficulty resisting the evil, would hold on their way, by the self-preserving energy of their own principles, through a continued succession.

It is thus with the material frame, the grand desideratum supplying all deficiency. The key-stone preserving the fabric is that peculiar influence which, whether it be a cause or result, gives to the balanced powers of the human body the character of permanency. I know a gentleman whose muscular strength is remarkably low, but whose capabilities of continued exertion are equally remarkable; and I should unhesitatingly pronounce him in possession of a better species of constitution than many whose physical force is much greater. I have known him, through all the fatigues of study, irregularity of living—passing from the dice-box to the wine-cup, and thence to the routine of college duties—and yet his buoyancy was retained, and his health not permanently affected.

Again:—health is not entirely dependent upon the condition of the physical powers. The air may be pure, the diet nutritious, and the varied organs in a state of healthy action, and yet the individual may not be vigorous. There must be the concurrence of the mental faculties.

It is impossible to say when or where is the point of union between body and mind,—when or where impulse partakes most of the physical or mental character. But in spite of this mystery, the union and reciprocal influence does exist, and is perpetually exercised.

But we shall not go farther on this head, nor yet touch upon the specific purpose of the Treatise; imagining that the following specimen of the author's reasoning will not only be more generally intelligible, but, in these extreme tee-total times, more useful. In the undeniable abuses of alcohol, its uses are in some danger of being forgotten; and *spiritual* usurpation is no longer confined to the clergy.

Much has been written and more said respecting the consumption of fermented liquors: many advocates of

total abstinence, urging as an argument that the use of alcoholic drinks is unnatural. This argument amounts to nothing, because the term unnatural in this sense has no definite signification, as the elements of which alcohol is composed are elements which are found in the human body, and which are essential to its existence—hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon—into which elements all wines and spirits must be ultimately separated. There is no substance whose elements are identical with those of which the human body is composed, the moderate use of which is injurious. The opponent may assert that the constant use of opium is injurious—admitted; but opium contains *morphia*, which forms no part of the body, and is foreign to it. The majority of drugs owe their power to a foreign active principle. This is the case with digitalis, hemlock, colchicum, and all the active preparations. There is associated with these something of a peculiar nature, sometimes in the form of an oil, sometimes of an acid or alkali, which is positively elementary, irreducible into a divided form, the foreign aid of which is called in to counteract disease, or restore the balance of the circulation. To make a condiment of these, even in their smallest doses, is injurious, because there is a principle set at liberty which cannot be connected with the human body, but remains as an irritant or a sedative, without aiding digestion or contributing to the economy of the body. Food becomes obnoxious when elements are introduced which cannot be resolved. But this cannot be asserted of alcohol or wine; there is nothing essentially injurious in the elements of which it is composed. Elements cannot combine in a purer form than in alcohol, and he who pronounces it unnatural must discard the use of bread and water, for even then he is consuming hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon.

Let us look at the opium-eater, a man who resorts to a stimulant, but in addition to it introduces into his system a paralyzing active principle, viz., *morphia narcotine*, which never can contribute to the formation of the body. He is invariably emaciated by its influence, unless there is in the human frame, as was the case with the celebrated Robert Hall, a virulently painful disease, on which the power of the narcotic is expended. Was ever such a case known as an opium-eater retaining his faculties and strength till the age of eighty? Whilst we daily see many who have wallowed for half a century in beastly intoxication, who have retained health and faculties to the last. And why? Because the intoxicating liquor was composed of nutritious and natural principles. But when these simple elements are used in excess, then they become dangerous. This is the case with all species of diet, with *water* itself, and with bread. Excess of light, heat, clothing, &c., with calamitous sequences, ought not to lead to their exclusion. "Light is good, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun:" but to collect its rays into a focus, and to concentrate them on the organ of vision, is to destroy it. Wine, too, is good when its quantity is regulated by prudence. When the three powers are losing their balance,* no uncommon occurrence in the gloom of sorrow, in the excitement of business, when contemplating the miseries of fallen hopes in the desert of a cruel world, the wine-flask, more exhilarating than the bottle of water to Hagar's child, has restored the balance, and increased the power. When is wine necessary? I will tell you when. In this commercial country a commercial simile will be understood. There are many men in business who, could they obtain the loan of £100 for a few days, would be saved from utter ruin. A bill is due, the returns of the following week would be certain to meet it, but the money is wanted now. "Lend me £100 for seven days, and I am safe; refuse me, the returns of the ensuing week, though certain, I cannot wait for. I am ruined for want of power, a momentary power, which would place me on an elevation where I could throw out my energies." Just so with wine. The powers are down to Seven, it is too low an amount of power to sustain health; they are gradually sinking to Six or Five; could they be raised to Nine, the individual would be safe, because, from Nine to Twelve he would spring by the elasticity of his constitution. This is the moment for wine; it is the £100 which meets the difficulties of the day, and sustains the individual till he has the returns of the ensuing week. It gives an impulse to the three powers, which the preservative principle, being rallied, maintains. Avoid, then, excess; recollect that the elements are natural, but excess of natural elements will destroy the fabric. Reserve the use of these elements to raise the power from Nine to Twelve, not from Twelve to Twenty; and, as a physician and reverer of the word of God, I would say, "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." Abuse it, you will have disease of the liver, and deserve it.

Among the various causes of Liver complaint which Dr. East enumerates, is the frequent or constant use, in this notoriously drug-consuming country, of drastic purgatives. Against this prolific source of mischief he bears this strong and decided testimony:—

The habit of employing these medicines is lamentably on the increase. Persons, on the plea of economy, are in the habit of applying to the chemists and druggists for an aperient pill and draught. These men, who are necessarily ignorant of the delicate structure of the lining coats of the stomach and bowels, are in the habit of prescribing indiscriminately the most irritating medicines, such as aloes, gamboge, scammony, colocynth, &c. &c., which may give temporary relief from head-ache and fever, but which lay the foundation of a distressing hepatic disease. No language, however strong, or exposè, however searching, can be too severe to demonstrate the melancholy and dangerous results of this practice. The delicacy of the lining coat of the bowels is so fine, as to preclude the majority of these medicines in their larger doses, except in cases of extreme danger; and yet they are daily administered for the simplest derangement of the digestive organs, and are as prolific of constitutional injury, as the adulterated gin of the metropolis. The same remark applies to the abuse of the various "patent medicines" which are distributed through the country, the ingredients of which are of the most injurious tendency; and as the disease under discussion is so lamentably on the increase, it is not rash to assert, that one cause is evident in the universal abuse of these dangerous and irritating medicines. It is well known that the substance of the bowels consists of a mucus and muscular coat. Whether constipation arises from one or the other is a question which alone can be decided by a competent and educated physiologist. To irritate, therefore, the whole mucus coat of the intestinal canal, to set up, both directly and indirectly, an excessive hepatic secretion, merely to overcome the rigidity of the muscular coat of the lower bowels, would be an act of great temerity. Again: to administer a medicine, the specific action of which is on the muscular coat of the bowels, merely for a slight deficiency in the serous discharge, would be equally injudicious. And yet these varied medicines, possessing the most irritating qualities, are indiscriminately administered by hundreds of uneducated men; and hence, amongst other maladies, disease of the liver. Another very common source of hepatic disease is the abuse of bark, or the sulphate of quinine. Quinine is a fashionable medicine, and every lady who lies languidly on her ottoman is conversant with its properties. Its effect on the appetite is great, the stimulus which ensues is a permanent one; *hence its abuse*. Many of the fair sex, who would shudder at the allusion to gin or brandy, indulge in a habit equally injurious, when they swallow injudiciously Quinine pills. The stomach is subjected to a stimulus beyond its healthy degree, and the hepatic secretion becomes morbid; whilst a general constitutional irritability is the natural consequence. The abuse of bitters is a prolific cause—a general one. There is, in the human constitution, an intuitive love of stimulant; and human nature frequently exhibits great weakness when discussing this particular subject. The thousands who resort to the stimulus of the common dram shop are condemned by those who are taking anti-spas-

* This refers to a Table which the author imagines, of which Twelve is represented as the healthy medium.

medic draughts from the apothecary; the "baby's gin-glass" is spoken of as a specimen of the degeneracy of the age, whilst the infant of the objector is probably in the act of being stupified by "Dalby's Carminative;" and the folly of the wine-bibber is frequently rendered the subject of satire by the man who has just finished his opium. All excess is bad, alike to matter and to mind; the human frame, like the instrument of music, requires a peculiar touch: that touch may be varied, on account of the rich compass of the notes; beyond this compass, harmony ceases, and the rude hand which attempts it frequently destroys the instrument. The individual is capable of a certain amount of excitement, and, to restore this when drooping, the aid of stimulants is called in; but it is when it has reached its proper level, there is an attempt to increase what is natural by an artificial agency, that the agent becomes abused.

These are the remarks of a judicious professional man; and it is only by the soundness of his opinions on matters of which they are able to judge, that people can form a proper estimate of "a Liver-Doctor," or any other kind of doctor. This little volume is dedicated, "by special permission," to the Duke of Sussex. It is worthy of the most distinguished patronage.

THE NEW NOVELS.

We have, with very few exceptions, nothing new or agreeable to report of the mid-winter batch of novels. "Thieves! Thieves! Fire! Fire! Murder! Murder!" cries "that make night hideous," are the fitting mottoes for most of them. And first,—

Ferrers.—Much could not be expected from a novel of which the malignant monomaniac Lord Ferrers was the foredoomed hero. Yet from Mr. Ollier better might have been hoped, had he not proclaimed himself the convert, the admiring disciple of Mr. Ainsworth. Now, however it may fare with the heads of the Ainsworth popular school of romance, there is but slender chance for their imitators, unless they out-Herod Herod, and riot in blood and villany. Besides the usual number of murderers, burglars, thief-takers, and so forth, Ferrers is illustrated by an amiable character, who, after murdering his sister in cold blood, for the sake of her money, at the opening of the story, lives as a mysterious and most interesting penitent, the saviour of everybody, throughout its course; and edifies the reader much in the style of those saints whom the gallows speedily translates to glory.

Flirtation, or a Month at Harrowgate, promised better. We fancied ourselves secure here against murder, arson, and other popular topics; and were confirmed in the pleasant delusion by a *sensible* preface—a grave, moral, and religious preface—disclaiming all frivolity of purpose, and, above all, those false and extravagant representations of life and manners which are generally found in novels. Now, how has Miss Sinclair redeemed the I O U of her title page? With only two bloody murders, one fire, ditto villain Jesuit, mysteries innumerable, and a jealous waiting-maid, who powders her sick mistress's pudding with arsenic, *à la Lafarge*, as coolly as if the mortal poison were crushed lump. This, however, is not surprising, for the young lady whom it is attempted to poison, and her sister—the pattern girl of the book—take the matter quite as easily. Now, all this might be forgiven by the critics, or conceded to the prevailing raw-head-and-bloody-bones humour of the day; but what will the young ladies say? deluded as they must be by the flattering promise held out to them, when they find that there is no *Flirtation;* absolutely nothing of that gay, airy, intoxicating, innocent, evanescent, and indefinable thing, which alike defies goose quills, and crow-quills, to paint.

The exception to the Banditti Ruffian and Mystery tomes, is Cecil, a Peer; and Hardness, or the Uncle. The first is the sequel to a fiction which last season set the town a-gape for twice nine days; namely, Cecil, The Coxcomb; as to the authorship of which, the knowing have come to the conclusion that Mrs. Gore and Sir E. L. Bulwer wrote, (Beaumont and Fletcher-wise,) chapter and chapter about, and then shook up the whole composition in a hat. However the truth may be, it is not difficult to say who certainly has had a fair hand in Cecil, though more difficult to say who has not. Both works possess largely all Mrs. Gore's characteristic felicities and graces of style, and a full measure of her peculiarities.

Hardness, or the Uncle, is a string of desultory conversations, passing everywhere, and about any and everything; eked out by every means to get up the specified quantity of letter-press. Story there is none; character none, beyond those that have been *stock* with Theodore Hook for twenty years back. Yet the book is not without a certain kind of cleverness. Its distinguishing or obtrusive feature, however, is *Toryism;* but Toryism of that harmless, flippant sort, of which the only effect is to tickle shallow adherents of the same faith, without making for the cause either friend or enemy;—Toryism of the force and efficacy of Dame Partington's broom. The only attempt at original character—the *hard* uncle, is a complete failure. He is the mere *hard* outline of an ill-conditioned brute, without distinctness, and without shading; so ill-conceived, that the reader at the end of the book is disappointed to find that so preposterous a personage has not been acting all the while in a mask; and is nothing different from the malignant, petty tyrant which he seems. Worth ten of him is his Irish factotum and Toady, Dr. Higgins, and an amusing, Malaprop, Slipslop country *blue*, Miss Irvine. We fear the delineations of the dignified pursuits and amusements of her majesty's enlightened and respectable dragoon officers are scarcely to be called libels, unless truth be so.

Lays and Lyrics. By Charles Gray.

This is an exceedingly neat, and even elegant volume of poems, of which the history is somewhat singular, and to the author—the Poet—not a little flattering. Prefixed to it appears a lithographed *Round Robin*, in which quite a constellation of poetical names surrounds a prayer, that Captain Gray, of the Royal Marines, Woolwich, would be gracious enough to collect the effusions of his lyric muse, scattered through many periodical works, and give them to immortality. The petition has been complied with. It was, indeed, irresistible; for this was not the mere "advice of friends," but the urgent prayer of more living poets than we could reckon up, though our fingers were thrice ten. This importunity is to be held decisive as to the merits and character of the *Lays and Lyrics;* and after the opinion pronounced by such a tribunal, it would be presumptuous in us to say one word whether in praise or blame. The volume, in external show and accomplishments, is worthy of its honourable origin. It is very neatly printed, and very handsomely bound; and the vignette and frontispiece, (printed from electrotype plates,) are indeed "admirable specimens of art." The frontispiece is a portrait of the poet, in full uniform. The vignette, a delicious view of his native place, *Anstruther*, the classic

town of Maggie Lauder. The volume comes at a good season, and will, we venture to predict, receive a hearty welcome from friends on both sides of the Tweed.

SERIAL WORKS.

PART XXXVIII. THE PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE: POEMS. PART II.—[It is with a melancholy feeling that we see this beautiful work drawing to a close. In this feeling, those who for three years have seen a fresh Part placed on their tables, regularly as the first of the month came round, must participate. From a postscript to the sixth volume, we learn that the Editor, Mr. Charles Knight, (after the Pictorial Edition is completed, by the publication of a few more numbers,—which will conclude the Poems, and contain an analysis of the disputed or "ascribed" plays, with life of Shakspeare, and history of opinion on his poetical character)—is to commence editing a New Library Edition of the whole works. No student of Shakspeare, in text and in spirit, or critical Editor, has, in our time, made the subject more thoroughly his own.]

PART IX. BRANDE'S DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.

PART III. WATERSTON'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF COMMERCE.

PART XI. CUMMING'S EDITION OF FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.

No. 10. JOHNSON'S PHILOSOPHIC NUTS.—[This clever, if somewhat paradoxical writer, finding his *nuts* becoming either musty or unpalatable to the public taste, has of late salted them sharply with rank Toryism, and contemporary politics. We wish it may answer.]

No. 66. FLORICULTURAL MAGAZINE.

Nos. 1, 2. FACTS AND FIGURES; A Periodical Record of Statistics.

YARRELL'S HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS. Parts 26, 27, 28.—[These parts are principally devoted to *water-fowl*. The engravings of *swans, shieldrakes, coots*, &c., &c., are as fine as any of the previous illustrations of this elegant work; and the text is full of charming bird-anecdote, and bird *personal* history.

WINKLE'S CATHEDRALS of ENGLAND and WALES. Nos. 37, 38.—Lichfield Cathedral, of which there are six fine engravings, forms the subject of these numbers. The letter-press is occupied with a History of the See, and a description of the Cathedral, and its monuments.

SELBY'S HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREST-TREES. Parts 4, 5, 6.—[In these Parts we find all the varieties of the *willow* and the *poplar;* the *birch* and the *alder;* and also the *oak*, with several splendid specimens of this noblest of British trees, which are probably portraits.]

PART II. VOLUME II. THORNTON'S HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S OMNIBUS, from No. I. to No. VIII., inclusive.—[The Omnibus had got so far a-head of us, ere we were apprised of its starting, that we cannot pretend to overtake it. The December number, however, has pictorial as well as literary merits, which cannot be passed over in silence. Among the latter is a clever sketch by LAMAN BLANCHARD of a diner-out of a peculiar idiosyncracy, by name *Jack Gay;* a gentleman whom every one must have met, who knows much of Town society. FRANK HEARTWELL, a novel which has run through all the numbers, is here continued; and we are enchanted once more to meet Mrs. Toddles. The conductor of the Omnibus should never consent to set that dear old body down. Besides the ordinary humours, oddities, and vagaries of the pencil, the December number contains a portrait of Miss Adelaide Kemble, in the character of *Norma*, and two more good *serious* plates, illustrative of the late burning of the Tower.

PART XII. CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHARLES O'MALLEY THE IRISH DRAGOON. Two volumes octavo, with Illustrations by Phiz: Curry and Co., Dublin.—[It is a question for the Four Courts, whether this dashing work, in its collective state, falls under the head *Serial*, though such has been its birth, character, and progress. Of a work so well known, and so popular among a large class of gay, young readers, it is superfluous to say one word; save, that this production shows a somewhat more reflective spirit; and the natural consequence, a sounder moral tone, than its prototype, HARRY LORREQUER, without any abatement of humour, drollery, and broad fun.]

PART IV. THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN, and the Music of the best and most popular.

PAMPHLETS.

HOW to COLONIZE; the INTEREST of the COUNTRY; and the DUTY of the GOVERNMENT. By Ross D. Mangles, Esq., M.P.

This is an argument showing that Government ought to induce capitalists to go to New Zealand, and buy and settle on the Company's lands; and ought to employ the said Company in the business of conducting a comprehensive scheme of emigration. Never mind the labourers; get the moneyed men in the first place, and the labourers will either follow or be procured by the Company. Mr. Mangles is impressed with the conviction that such a body as the New Zealand Company is the best possible instrument for working out the prompt and effectual occupation of a new field of colonization. There is no question that colonization is very much the interest of the Company, and also that no labourers are wanted without "the employers of labour," or individuals possessing from £1000 to £10,000 capital. Mr. Mangles mentions no other field of colonization save this one. The whole pamphlet refers to the superior advantages of New Zealand. This we notice not to depreciate that colony, which seems destined to be ultimately the most prosperous of the southern colonies, but simply to show the object of the pamphlet. Of this interesting colony we have something to say ourselves by-and-by.

CLASS LEGISLATION EXPOSED. By R. T. Morrison.

PROCEEDINGS at the HALF-YEARLY MEETING of the TEACHERS INSTRUCTED at the HOME and COLONIAL INFANT SCHOOL SOCIETY.—[The discussion at this meeting will furnish some useful hints to the teachers of infant and elementary schools.]

THE PRINCIPLES of THEORY INDISPENSABLE to SOUND OBSERVATION in the PRACTICE of MEDICINE. By William Seller, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTICES of LEPROSY and LEPER HOSPITALS in SCOTLAND and ENGLAND. Part I. By James Y. Simpson, M.D., Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh.

REASONS for a NEW EDITION of SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS. By T. Payne Collier, Esq.

THE SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the BRITISH and FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, held in Exeter Hall in May 1841.

THE METEOROLOGICAL EPHEMERIS for 1842.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

The meeting of Parliament has been fixed for the 3d February, yet nothing to be relied on has yet transpired of any measures to be adopted by Government. Persons have been sent to the continent to ascertain the rate of wages, mode of living, and progress of manufactures; but as it is stated that they are, in many instances, ignorant of the language of the countries they visit, they must take their information at second hand. Why the former method of obtaining information from the Consuls has been abandoned, we are not aware, unless the report be correct, that British Consuls and Vice-Consuls are sometimes speculators in corn; and we suspect that the object of sending out special messengers on this errand is to procure, not accurate and distinct details, but such facts as may best suit the purposes of their employers. The rumour that the corn laws are to be cobbled a little, by a modification of the Sliding Scale, and a more rigid method of taking the averages, has been again revived, and again contradicted; but the matter is of very little importance, as the corn law repealers have resolved to be content with nothing but a total and immediate repeal. Another rumour prevails that the Kirk question is to be settled by the Ministry; and drafts of a bill for that purpose are even shown; but its provisions are so extraordinary, that we cannot believe the report, for it would confer powers almost equal to those of the Pope on the Non-intrusion party.—The heir to the Crown has been created Prince of Wales, and is to be christened, with great ceremony and extravagance, to gratify the Tories, and to convince the people how little they care for their distresses. The King and Queen of Prussia are expected to be present.—The most important intelligence of the month is, that the French Ministry have resolved to reduce their army by one company in each regiment, or 89,000 men in all—being about the fifth part. This reduction will effect a saving of about £1,200,000. From this step we may draw the inference, that Louis Philippe's designs on Spain are, for the present, abandoned; and that the peace of Europe is secured for some time to come: although, from the manner in which the reduction has been effected, it is obvious that the army may be raised again to its late force in the course of a few weeks. The French army is still the largest in Europe, and consists of 344,000 men.—There is still no news from China. Numerous reinforcements, both in men and ships, have been sent out; and it is to be hoped that the Opium War may be put down without farther delay, as both the Nepaulese and Burmese are preparing for the field, and we are likely to be engaged in a war with the greater part of Asia at one time.—The most important news from America is, that many of the States are unable to pay the interest of their debts; and one of them, Mississippi, refuses to raise taxes, on some quibble, that the debt has not been contracted in due legal form. It is feared that other States will follow the example, and raise quibbles to enable them to resist payment. Such conduct is most disreputable, and will be severely felt in Britain; but it is only following the example of the Continental Monarchs, who have, on many occasions, applied the spunge to the public debt. The Boundary question remains as it did; but the ferment arising out of the cases of M'Leod and Grogan has entirely subsided.—In Ireland, state prosecutions, for sedition, have been commenced; and the Tory press is calling loudly for coercive measures to put down the agitation of repeal, although the country is admitted to be in so tranquil a state that ten of the stipendiary magistrates have been dismissed; and after the 3d April next, there is only to be one stipendiary magistrate in each county.—The new poor law does not seem to work well in Ireland. Out of one hundred infants admitted into the North Dublin Union Workhouse in one year, no less than forty-five have died. In November and December 1840, seventy-six children were attacked with measles, of whom twenty-four died. All the children admitted into the house become scrofulous, owing to their sleeping in crowded and damp dormitories.

Parks near Cities.—Two new parks, or pieces of pleasure-ground, have lately been projected in London; one in the eastern part of the metropolis, to form which, an immense number of houses must be taken down; and another of sixty acres at Kennington, adjoining the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Would something of the same kind not be useful in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh? Of late years the poor people have been deprived of the only open space in the city they had access to—the East and West North Lochs; and even walking on the roads in this vicinity is yearly becoming more disagreeable, by the increase of stone walls, and the raising those already built so high that they cannot be looked over.

Population.—The total population of Great Britain, including the Channel Islands and Isle of Man, by last census, is 9,077,436 males, and 9,567,325 females; in all, 18,664,761. This includes 4003 males, and 893 females, ascertained to have been travelling by railways and canals, on the night of June 6, and that part of the army, navy, and merchant seamen, which was in Great Britain. The population of Scotland is, 1,246,427 males, 1,382,530 females; in all, 2,628,957. The increase of the population is fourteen and a half per cent. for England, and eleven one-tenth for Scotland. The great increase has, as formerly, been in the mining and manufacturing counties; being from sixteen to thirty-six per cent.: while the agricultural counties have advanced at the rate of from five to ten per cent. In Scotland, there has been a decrease in several of the agricultural and pastoral counties:—in Perthshire and Sutherlandshire, 3·4 per cent.; in Kinross-shire, 3·5; Argyleshire, 3·9. Lanarkshire has increased 34·8 per cent.; Edinburghshire only 2.8; and East Lothian and Berwickshire only one per cent. There are now upwards of eight millions more people in Great Britain than there were in 1801, when the population was 10,472,048. If the population goes on at the same rate as it has done during the last ten years, it will be double what it is at present at the end of seventy years. A singular difference in the number of males to females exists in different districts. Taking the whole population of burghs in Scotland, within parliamentary boundaries, which is 960,592, 440,528 are males, and 520,064 are females, or about one-fourth more females than males. In Edinburgh, however, out of 133,692, there are 58,642 males, to 75,050 females—a little above a third more; in Glasgow, of 257,592, there are 120,693 males, and 136,629 females—only about one-eighth more; in Greenock, the proportion is one-seventeenth; in Aberdeen, one-fourth; in Dundee, one-sixth; in Paisley, rather less; and so on. In Airdrie, the males are the more numerous, 6681, to 5735 females. The same is the case in Lauder. But these are the only instances. The return shows, in a distinct manner, how defectively the burgh parliamentary representation is adapted to the population. The Wigtown burghs, with a population of 8702, have one member; the Dumbarton, with 38,373, and the Arbroath, with 43,172, have no more; and Glasgow, with 257,592, has only two: while, if the proportion of the population were regarded, it ought to return nearly thirty. The number of uninhabited houses in Scotland is much greater than could have been anticipated with an increasing population:—the total is 24,307, to 503,357 inhabited. Of the uninhabited, 2861 are in Edinburgh and the county; and 3964 in Lanarkshire. In the county of Edinburgh, only 121 houses are building; while there are a greater number in the counties of Aberdeen, Fife, and Forfar; and there are 863 in Lanarkshire.

Consumption of Grain in the United Kingdom.—A correspondent of *The Examiner* attributes the whole dis-

tress, not to the currency, or any other of the causes to which it has been attributed, but to fluctuation in the price of grain. We some time ago gave a Table of the estimated consumption of grain; and it may be contrasted with the following, given in *The Examiner*. Both tables take the population at twenty-eight millions.

Grain.	Consumed by Man.	Consumed by Animals.	Used for Seed.	Brewing and Distillation.	Used in Manufactures.	Total.
	Quarters.	Quarters.	Quarters.	Quarters.	Quarters.	Quarters.
Wheat.....	18,696,694	.....	3,277,143	.....	966,163	22,940,000
Oats.....	12,845,000	16,000,000	4,807,500	.....	.....	33,652,500
Barley.....	2,828,571	342,858	1,810,000	7,688,571	.....	12,670,000
Rye	790,000	20,000	190,000	.....	300,000	1,300,000
Beans and Pease...	1,000,000	2,187,480	531,270	.....	.....	3,718,750
	36,160,265	18,550,358	10,615,913	7,688,571	1,266,163	74,281,250

The value of this quantity of grain, at the average prices of the year 1835, was £109,874,666; of 1837, £131,421,968; of 1838, £140,736,010; and of 1839, £160,525,531. The value of the quantity consumed by man alone, in 1835, was £58,162,235. It is easy to see how injurious to our manufactures a rise of price of 30 or 40 per cent. on the food of the people must be.

THE CORN LAW MOVEMENT is proceeding with more vigour than ever. On the 1st and 2d of December, a meeting of dissenting ministers of religion was held at Caernarvon. The proceedings commenced with a number of speeches, asserting the right and duty of ministers of religion to take part in the efforts now making to repeal the corn and provision laws.—These were followed by statements as to the distress existing in the different districts of North Wales. It was stated, that in the parish of Rhuabon, in North Wales, there were 14,000 persons who had formerly been in full employment, begging their bread. Last year several thousand children had attended the Sunday schools, but the attendance had gradually diminished, till now only a few hundreds were left. In another parish, out of 1400 male inhabitants, 1200 were out of work; and what aggravated the evil was, that while in full work eight pounds of flour could be bought for a shilling, but now that work could hardly be got, only four and a half pounds could be got for that sum. During two days' discussion, a series of resolutions, condemnatory of the Corn Laws, were agreed to, and a memorial to the queen, and addresses to the various religious communities in North Wales, were prepared. The Welsh meeting was followed by another at Derby, at which about 1200 manufacturers from Nottingham, Leicester, and Derby were present. The meeting were quite unanimous in passing a series of resolutions for the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws. From the statements made at this meeting, it appears that ever since 1815, the manufactures of the middle districts have been rapidly declining, and that during that time wages have sunk one-half,—a fact the more remarkable from its occurring in manufactures in which the principle of their machinery has remained essentially the same, and in which the manual operations have not been interfered with by steam power. A large proportion of the stocking-frames are unemployed; the export trade in hosiery to the European States, formerly important, is now extinct; and the trade with America is almost superseded by German competition. The Corn Laws were denounced as the chief cause of the present distress, and the meeting entered into a solemn pledge to unite all their energies, and to persevere in an unremitting determination in demanding their total abolition. A petition to the House of Commons, to which the signatures of the manufacturers of the middle districts are to be procured, was agreed to. A meeting of the deputies from the various Anti-Corn Law Associations of the West Riding of Yorkshire, was held at Leeds, on the 13th December. Almost all the delegates were persons extensively engaged in manufactures in Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Wakefield, and the other towns of the Riding. Since the year 1838, twenty-nine houses engaged in the woollen trade, in Leeds alone, had failed, and their united liabilities amounted to £515,000. In the flax and spinning trade, there had been eighteen failures; sixteen machine-makers had failed, the same number of wool-staplers, and an equal number had gone out of the trade,—the liabilities of these parties being £175,000. Of the stuff houses and worsted spinners, nine had failed, with debts amounting to £457,000. Adding the insolvencies of the clothing districts apart from Leeds, the total amount of the debts due by insolvents was two millions, on which not more than 6s. 8d. per pound had been paid. There had not been more than half employment for the working-classes during the last two years; and although between 1831 and 1841, the houses had only increased 3¼ per cent., the number empty had increased 55 per cent., and they now amounted to 18,870 in the West Riding. The consumption of butcher-meat among the working-classes had diminished in the same ratio as their wages. The shopkeepers had suffered as severely as the manufacturers, and they had failed or gone out of business in hundreds. It was resolved that the main cause of all the mischief was the Corn Laws, which, by raising the price of food in this country, force the labourer to spend the bulk of his earnings on food, whereby he must purchase less clothing than formerly; while consumption of our manufactures in America and other foreign countries, is impeded by our restrictions on trade, which exclude the only payment which those countries can make. Similar statements as those regarding Leeds were made as to other towns and districts in the West Riding. After passing resolutions, pledging the meeting to continue agitation against the Corn and Provision Laws, it was recommended that the Local Committees should collect information, and bring it to a Conference to be held in Leeds not later than the 12th January, in order to collate it, and decide upon the manner in which it shall be laid before the Government and the Legislature. On the 16th December, a Conference was held at Manchester, of Deputies from the various towns of the cotton districts. The assemblage comprised several Members of Parliament, a great number of manufacturers, and gentlemen of influence in Manchester, Lancashire, and Chester. The proceedings occupied the whole day. The first resolution set forth, that the district, of which Manchester is the centre, is suffering under a general depression, the operation of which has no parallel in the history of Lancashire: that the population, both employed and operative, is greatly deteriorated in condition; and that fixed capital, such as buildings and machinery, has depreciated in value one half since 1836: that bankruptcy has alarmingly increased; and that disease, crime, and mortality, have made fearful inroads among the poorer classes. A second resolution attributes the distress to restrictions on trade, and especially to the Corn and Provision Laws; and a third resolution calls for the repeal of all protective duties, including "the miscalled legal" protection to the cotton trade. We are glad to see the manufacturers call so unequivocally for the removal of taxes on the importation of foreign manufactures, and for an unlimited free trade: for, by so doing, they meet one of the arguments—the most frequently used by the monopolists—viz., that while they wish to remove all protection from the agriculturist, they are desirous of maintaining the existing duties on foreign manufactured articles entire. We trust, however, that before the meeting of Parliament, some general system of action will be devised on the part of

the advocates of Free Trade: for, however useful such meetings as those we have described may be in turning popular attention to the necessity of repealing the Corn Laws, nothing will be effected until a practical measure be agreed on, and every effort used to carry it through the Legislature.

Conference of Dissenting Ministers at Edinburgh.—In Edinburgh, a preliminary meeting of ministers and members of Dissenting Congregations was held on the 7th Dec.; and it was resolved to hold a meeting of Dissenters from all parts of Scotland, at Edinburgh, on the 11th and 12th of January, to express their opinion of the injustice and immoral tendency of the Corn and Provision Laws, and to petition for their total repeal, and an entirely free trade in corn. It is expected that this meeting will be numerously attended, and that it will have a great effect in forwarding the cause of Corn Law Repeal in Scotland. It was thought to be useless, if not insulting, to invite the ministers of the Establishment, as, from the circumstance of their stipends being paid in grain, convertible at the fiars prices, they had a direct interest in a high price of corn; and as the General Assembly had actually supported the corn laws. It was also remembered, that although they had been all invited to the Conference held some time ago at Manchester, only two or three attended it, and very few had even thought proper to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation. It is apparent, from the speeches made, and resolutions passed at all these meetings, that neither any fixed duty, nor any cobbling of the sliding scale, will now be agreed to; but that a total and immediate repeal will be insisted for.

SCOTLAND.

The Rural Police.—Neither in Scotland nor in England does this force appear to be becoming more popular. In some of the English counties it has been resolved to diminish the number considerably; and the inefficiency of the force is a subject of very general complaint. Although the expense is considerable, robberies and other depredations appear to be as common as ever; but it must be admitted, that they have been of some value as protectors of game, many persons having been punished for offences against the game laws, on prosecutions at their instance. One of the offences they appear to have set themselves most decidedly against, is thimble-rigging: but still these gentry ply their vocation in this neighbourhood as heretofore, and they are to be found almost daily on the road to Duddingston, by Arthur's Seat, where the rural police do not appear to molest them.

The Kirk, notwithstanding all efforts to check it by means of civil process, proceeds in its career. The burying of a child on the Sunday, in the Presbytery of Arbroath, has brought down on its parents the once fearful sentence of excommunication; and the Presbytery has refused to hear an application for the revisal of this sentence, except with closed doors. An effectual step has, however, been taken to prevent the agitation of itinerant orators, such as Leckie and Makgill Crichton, by the heritors interdicting the ministers from using the church for any other purpose than for divine service, and thus preventing it from becoming the theatre for uproarious and even seditious meetings. Any single heritor is entitled to prevent the church being used for any other purpose than the worship of God, and we hope the example set by the heritors of Barry will be generally followed. Rumours are in circulation, that Government intends to bring in a bill to give the Church the *liberum arbitrium*—that is, practically a right to reject or receive any presentee, independently of the wishes of the people; but it is impossible to believe that any Government could agree to such a measure.

The Railway to England.—The apathy of the people of Edinburgh, and of the eastern districts of Scotland generally, on this subject, is remarkable. To Edinburgh it is a "life and death question;" for, if the western line by Lancaster, Carlisle, and Hamilton to Glasgow, be adopted, Edinburgh will become, in a very few years, a provincial town, as venerable and as respectable as Saint Andrews. The branch, even from Symington to Edinburgh, will never be completed, simply because it has no chance of ever being carried through by private individuals; and because Government, were the revenue as abundant as it is deficient, could never feel itself justified in expending money on a project so entirely hopeless. If the western line of railway be completed, the road to London from Edinburgh will be by Glasgow; not, as hitherto, from Glasgow by Edinburgh. The west line has great difficulties to contend with, not only from the greater length of the line which is required to be formed, but from the circumstance, that the country, from Lancaster to Glasgow, is much less adapted for railway communication than that from Newcastle to Edinburgh. We have, on the western line, works of a kind that have never hitherto been attempted, embankments of immense depth, and bridges of correspondent height—one of them being 232 feet, or just twice the height of St. Andrew's steeple in this town. One great difficulty of the western line is at the outset: notwithstanding all the confident reports to the contrary, no means of passing Shap Fell with locomotive engines has yet been devised; and nothing can show the difficulty of this route more clearly than that it has been seriously proposed to run the railway through the sands of the Solway Firth, though, in proceeding by that route, the line must be useless for one half of the day, from being covered by the tides. Then, supposing the line fairly in Scotland, how are the hilly and barren districts of Dumfries-shire, Ayrshire, and Lanarkshire to be surmounted?—only by a succession of great embankments and high bridges, unequalled, we will venture to say, on any line of equal length in the world. With some few exceptions, there are no towns of importance on the western line, and the country throughout is very thinly inhabited. The great bulk of the population of Scotland reside on the eastern coast. From Berwick to Wick we find the country teeming with population, and the land in a high state of cultivation, with scarcely the intervention of a barren tract; on the west coast, with small intervals at Carlisle, Dumfries, and in the vale of the Clyde, we find neither population nor agriculture, but the country everywhere remaining in a state of nature. Nobody will pretend to compare the south-western counties—such as Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Ayr, and Wigtown—with the eastern counties of Berwickshire and East Lothian: in the former the population is 82 to the square mile, and the annual value of a square mile is £295; while in the two latter the population is 122, and the annual value £739; showing a superiority of the eastern agricultural counties over the western, when population and value are combined, of more than three to one. As is now too well known to be controverted, no railway can pay its expenses, except from passengers. In the most recent estimates, two-thirds of the money have been estimated to arise from this source; but how can there be any extensive revenue from passengers, when there is no population? It may be thought of little consequence what is the population of the intermediate district, if that at the *termini* is sufficiently extensive; but a little consideration will show the fallacy of such an opinion. For one man that has anything to do with people a hundred miles off, there are fifty who have business to transact with their neighbours not five miles distant; and hence the extraordinary fact, that three hundred thousand have been conveyed on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith railway in a year, though the country, after passing Dalkeith, is exceedingly thinly peopled and barren. But, in considering the proper line of railway to be adopted it is essential to keep in view, that it is a railway to connect England and Scotland that is wanted, and not merely a line which will make travelling from Newcastle to Edinburgh, or from Lancashire to Glasgow, more expeditious. We have already shown, that if we look to the population and value of the eastern and western districts of Scotland, the former has a great superiority. But if we cross the rivers Forth and Clyde, we find the superiority of the east coast to the west still more strongly established. Beyond the Clyde northwards, civilisation, manufactures, agriculture, and the other arts, may almost be said to cease: on proceeding from the Forth northwards, we find manufactures, agriculture, the arts, and human industry, to the most distant point, flourishing in full vigour. Let us again resort to the sure test of

statistics. The western counties of Argyle, Inverness, and Ross, contain, on the average, only 25 to the square mile; the eastern counties of Fife, Forfar, Aberdeen, and Caithness, have a population of 119 to the square mile. The annual average value of the three former counties, per square mile, is £51; of the four latter, £279: so that, looking at population and value conjunctly, the eastern counties are more valuable than the western, in the ratio of 25 to 1, per square mile. There is another important element of consideration. The passage by sea from Glasgow to Liverpool, is much easier and much more frequented, than that from Edinburgh to Newcastle. Railways can hardly ever compete with water communication by steam; and while there is little chance of any great number of passengers ever being carried to Newcastle, or the intermediate ports from Leith, already a great and increasing intercourse exists between Glasgow and Lancashire by steam-boat conveyance. With regard to the engineering qualities of the two lines, our space, as well as the nature of the subject, forbids us at present to speak; but this we will venture to say, that it will require at least double the capital to connect England and Scotland by the west coast as by the east. If the people of the eastern coast of Scotland lose the benefit which the circumstance of being the great centre of communication between the two kingdoms must necessarily confer, it will arise solely from their own apathy and indifference; and we regret to see, that while there are frequent meetings in Glasgow, Carlisle, Lancaster, and in all the towns in the proposed western line, Edinburgh and the towns on the east coast do not stir in the matter. If Edinburgh is dormant, why do not the smaller towns awake? What has become of the bold spirit and mercantile enterprise of Aberdeen and Dundee? They are suffering, we are well aware, under the general depression; but it is not by sitting with their hands across, on a great project of this sort, that alleviation of misery is to be obtained. We are well aware that there are numerous difficulties in the way, and though not the most formidable, certainly among the most annoying, that the landowners from Berwick to Edinburgh, generally speaking, will not interest themselves in the matter, and, on the contrary, appear hostile to railroads coming through their property; but were they once convinced that they would be benefited by such a mode of conveyance—a task of no great difficulty—they would cordially coöperate with the inhabitants of the towns on the east coast.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES—INCREASING DISTRESS.

Our manufactures generally, have not, for a great length of time, been so much depressed as at present. The distress is not, as hitherto, confined to one or two districts, or to one or two trades, but prevails in every branch of industry, and extends over the whole United Kingdom. At Paisley, the number of persons living on charity continues weekly to increase. It has now reached between 13,000 and 14,000; and it is obvious that it will not be much longer possible to raise funds for their relief from private charity. Considering the high price of provisions, and that there is a large quantity of foreign grain in bond, we think that petitions ought to be got up, for the Government either to release it altogether free of duty, or at a much lower rate than the sliding scale imposes, for the purpose of preventing the people from starving. No harm would be done to any one from such a step, for it may now be confidently predicted that the averages will, in a month or two, rise so high as to liberate the whole grain now in bond, at a nominal duty. It is a matter of total indifference to the farmer, whether the grain be taken out at present at a low duty, or a few months hence. In Spitalfields, in thirty-six streets carefully examined, 1025 looms were found in work, and 658 out of work; and those at work are only half employed. In the whole district, it is calculated that there are between 12,000 and 13,000 looms, half of which are not in work, while the remaining half are working half time; and as each loom employs three hands, a large proportion of the population are necessarily out of employment. In London, there are 15,000 journeymen tailors, of whom one-half are out of employ, and the other half only partially employed. At Bradford, a few months ago, 6000 persons were fully employed in the factories: at present, only 1650 are employed, and not fully; the remainder are living on their savings, or by pawning their furniture and clothes. In the iron trade, the greatest distress prevails, owing to the iron masters, both in England and Scotland, having resolved to blow out one-fourth of their furnaces for six months. The object of this is to increase their own profits, and already the price of iron has risen; but it is well deserving of consideration, whether any body of men should be allowed to enter into a combination, which reduces, in a single week, thousands of industrious men, whom these very masters will be glad to employ six months hence, to utter beggary. Dumbarton and Greenock are suffering severely from the depressed state of the shipping trade; at the former town, upwards of 200 carpenters and joiners are out of employment. In the vale of the Leven, many calico-printers are idle. At Dundee, the greatest distress prevails among all classes; and bankruptcies are almost of daily occurrence. Since 1838, there have been nearly nine hundred sequestrations in Scotland: more than three times the number of the preceding three years. The linen trade of Ireland is much embarrassed; and, at a recent meeting at Belfast, a memorial to the Board of Trade was adopted, calling the attention of Government to the subject. The depression is attributed to the restrictive measures of late adopted by foreign countries, against the importation of Irish linen, in retaliation for our prohibitions against our high duties on foreign grain, provisions, and timber.

AGRICULTURE.

It is now ascertained beyond question, that the late harvest is deficient both in quantity and quality, although the averages do not yet indicate the real state of the matter. Owing to the great quantity of light and inferior grain, which the farmers are anxious to rid themselves of, prices, as estimated by the general returns, continue comparatively low; wheat being 64s. 9d.; barley, 32s. 4d.; and oats, 22s. 4d. per imperial quarter. But if we turn to the provincial markets, we find a different statement. Thus, at Edinburgh, on the 15th December, the best wheat actually brought 80s. a quarter, though the supply was large and sales heavy; but even here the average was reduced, by considerable quantities of wheat being presented, which did not realize more than £2, 5s. a quarter. Such low-priced wheat is unfit for making bread, and is purchased for making starch, and such other purposes. The potato crop in Scotland appears generally to have turned out well, but in Wales and Ireland it is undoubtedly deficient. Owing to the long continuance of wet weather, it was impossible to take up the crop at the proper period. Great quantities have been found to have rotted in the ground; and in some parts of Ireland, not one-half of the potato crop has been saved. In England and Ireland, as well as in France, there have been serious floods, by which the wheat already sown has been much injured, and a great extent of ground intended for that crop has remained unsown. Disease among the cattle and sheep has again made its appearance in East Lothian and other districts, but not with such severity as last year; and as it is now ascertained that no great danger attends it, if not aggravated by improper treatment, the disease has not created much alarm. Notwithstanding the weekly increasing agitation for the repeal of the Corn and Provision Laws, farmers feel no hesitation in taking farms at higher rents, for they are now pretty well convinced that they have little to fear even from the most perfect freedom in trade. The stimulus which such a measure would give to our manufactures, and the additional demand for agricultural produce which would thereby be created, would very quickly compensate for any temporary fall in the price of grain, and place the agriculturist in a much more favourable position than he at present holds.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

THE NEXT MOVE OF THE REFORMERS.

WHITHER are we first to witness the immediate and total abolition of the Bread Tax, and a free trade in the prime necessaries of life,—or a National Combination, consisting of all denominations of Reformers, to obtain for every citizen his constitutional right, the enjoyment of the elective franchise?—To this alternative we have fairly come. One or other of these things must take priority; and from present appearances we are led to conclude that, after all, the first in order must be a general agitation for complete Suffrage. The Free Trade party—the voice of the country, more properly, if ever it was decidedly uttered upon any question, has declared, that no compromise with the Monopolists can be submitted to; that nothing less will meet the exigency than absolute and unconditional repeal of the imposts upon the People's food, and the knocking off of the fetters which trammel their industry. Now, the landowners and other monopolists will, we verily believe, as readily yield the Suffrage as surrender their darling monopolies.

The respite craved by Sir Robert Peel, when he had the boldness to assume office, is fast hastening to a close, and, doubtless, he now has his grand panacea prepared. We shall not be surprised to see the strong head of a strong Tory Government, compelling the great Duke of Buckingham himself to swallow the new *Sliding Scale*, for the conciliation of the manufacturing and commercial interests. But will the barren victory of Peel over Buckingham meet the necessities of those suffering interests, or the views of the earnest and thoroughgoing men who raised their voices against the Corn and Provision Laws at the late formidable gatherings, and emphatically declared that they will never rest satisfied till every vestige of those cruel, oppressive, impolitic, and unchristian monopolies, which grind the poor and corrupt the rich, are for ever swept away? Now, by what instrument or agency is this to be accomplished? In the present state of the representation, is it to be expected from any Tory, or, for that matter, from any Whig Government?

On the prorogation of Parliament, when Sir Robert Peel had received the days of grace for which he prayed, and when the course which he must, of necessity, take, was pretty clearly indicated by the sort of men of whom he had formed his Government, it was remarked in this publication*—

"Of the Corn-Law agitation abating there is little chance. Hunger will keep it alive; many pressing interests require that it should be continued; and now it is openly encouraged by the late government. But although the Corn and other monopolies may be entitled at present to take precedence in point of date, there are principles to be agitated for of equal importance. The Tories, under the guidance of Peel and the pressure of necessity, may extinguish some of the grosser monopolies; but neither Whigs nor Tories will, without a struggle, give the only effectual security for every Reform that is required—for the permanent means of all improvements, whether fiscal, commercial, or social—namely, a fair, full, and free representative system, which, besides redressing past grievances, may prevent the recurrence of similar injustice under some new name."

Such was then our deliberate opinion. Subsequent events have but confirmed it; and we have reason to know that such is now the opinion of many influential men among the middle classes, who but lately never looked to a time when they should become advocates and agitators for Universal Suffrage.

If the Free-Trade Middle-class party remain stanch to their principle of no compromise with the Monopolists, they must perforce be driven farther than this. It is satisfactory to know that they begin to perceive it is in the right direction insane Tory policy is driving them, when the denial of justice shall compel them to make common cause with their fellow-citizens. A few more weeks must show every reflecting man what is the only effectual remedy for the ills endured; the essential principle to be contended for, and also the wisdom of beginning at the beginning. It is in vain to consume time and strength in attempting to purify the stream while the fountain-head remains polluted. There is in this view much to console Corn-Law abolitionists, who are also Radical Reformers, for the disappointment and defeat awaiting them after all the efforts that have been made,—and after the sufferings of the people and the ruin of manufactures have been demonstrated beyond even the effrontery of Tory denial. If ever public opinion was decidedly expressed on any one point, it is at this juncture against the Corn-Laws, and for their instant repeal. The array of moral force, the justice and wisdom of the measure, and the urgent necessity of allaying the alarming discontents of the famishing millions, must have some influence even with the Monopolists; and yet we greatly fear that the prayers of the people will be, if not openly scouted, then eluded, and finally refused.

But if the ruling class deny the claims of jus-

* *Tait's Magazine* for October.

tice at this appalling crisis, on what motives will they ever yield? The aspect of the people of Britain at this moment more resembles that of the Americans at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, or of the Irish Catholics when the Emancipation Agitation had reached the crisis which made Peel and Wellington quail, than anything in the recent history of political movements in this country. There was great enthusiasm—hearty, honest enthusiasm for the Reform Bill; but that movement, if intense, was much less comprehensive than the present agitation. The Dissenting clergy took no active part in it, and the merchants and manufacturers were divided—many of them, and nearly all the great ones, who are now free-traders, being then Tories. The Quakers held aloof—and now we have the wealthiest manufacturers courting the coöperation of the Chartist workmen; and Joseph Sturge declaring, that nothing less ought to satisfy the people than the principle of equal rights, and every tax-paying Englishman enjoying his constitutional privilege—the elective franchise.

Classes as well as persons that held apart during the Reform agitation, are now united and active against those monopolies which, it should never be forgotten, only exist through the vicious constitution of Parliament. The great gatherings of Dissenting ministers and other delegates, representing the intelligence, the industry, the whole manufacturing capital, and much of the other property of the country, will hardly, we imagine, be described as tumultuary assemblies, where mobs of turbulent workmen are inflamed by the harangues of seditious demagogues. We have no Cobbetts nor Hunts in these days,—useful, rough pioneers as they were, in the march of improvement. Yet this imposing array of moral force, resting on the immutable principles of justice, and enforced by the unprecedented distress of the country, will be baffled, or openly resisted by a *strong Tory Government* and a sweeping majority of the "Representatives of the People." Representatives of the People! Was ever grosser mockery conveyed by that hackneyed phrase than now? A few more days will exhibit the anomalous, and, we would tell Sir Robert Peel, the ominous spectacle of two bodies of Representatives of the People sitting at the same time in London, now become a yearly and a needful custom: the one body the undoubted Delegates of the People, sent up to support their claims and to watch for their interests, responding to their needs and wishes; and the other set of Representatives, or the great majority of them, diametrically opposed to every object which these Delegates are sent to advocate. Which of these aggregations of men will the People consider their true Representatives? It is a strange sight, this same Chamber of Delegates, to which successive Governments, by the delay or denial of justice, are familiarizing the country. Would that we had one honest and fairly chosen House of Representatives instead of the two! The time is approaching to try for it:—the era of a widely-based, united National Movement, resting upon the simple principle of the equal enjoyment of the Suffrage. The organization of this movement—that of the united People against the Oligarchs and Monopolists—ought not to be lost sight of by the Delegates about to assemble in London, and who, in anticipating the sure defeat of their main object, ought to have something to fall back upon. The sooner, for this purpose, that Sir Robert Peel is run up to the wall, and compelled to own that he, as the Minister of the landowners, can grant nothing commensurate to the wants of the crisis, the better. Every rag of delusion will then be stripped away, and every single-hearted lover of the country will then know what he has to expect,—and what to attempt for its salvation, if it may yet be saved.

As leaders in such a movement as that which we contemplate, there are a few able and honest men in Parliament, and others who, though to its shame now out of it, are not lost to the cause. And to the Humes, Grotes, and Thompsons, are added a new class, powerful from moral weight, represented by such men as Joseph Sturge. Nor at this particular time would zealous Whig auxiliaries be wanting. The energetic members of the Anti-corn-law League cannot surely sit down patiently under ignominious defeat, while every interest dear to them as men and citizens is menaced with ruin. There are, besides, cheering symptoms of renewed good-understanding between the Working-men and the Middle-Classes, whose objects and interests, rightly understood, are one. Neither of them want the sagacity to perceive that their jealousies and dissensions augment the temporary strength of the common enemy of both classes. From the blending of these kindly and natural elements may we not hope for that glorious aggregation of moral force which, by first securing to every citizen his constitutional rights, will best promote the security and wellbeing of the entire community?

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. II.—THE SONG OF FEBRUARY.

Coem hearkaune toe mee, loteby toe ye,
Chaunte ye songes of moine pleasaunte famyle:
Moun bee youre fennes whil garnishe oure gle,
Mirthlesse ment benizon fyttefullie.

Johannes: Prior of Broomwicham.

WEAVE, weave me a chaplet that's meet for my tears.
Woe is me—woe is me—woe is me!

Weave, weave me a chaplet. The Vernal sprite hears:
The snow-drop, the crocus, the starwort appears;

The hellebore waited to see me and die,
And sweet polyanthus peeps up at the sky;
So weave me a chaplet:—but why should I wear
The emblems of gladness? My heart is all bare
To the sleet and the tempest, and cold as the moor
Where shivers and shakes the poor child of the boor.
Submerged are the pastures,—the shepherds complain,—
Clouds cover the mountains,—fast patters the rain,—
I am wayward and weary, what can I but mourn?
Woe is me—woe is me—woe is me!
Bleak demons possess me,
They howl round my walls;
No festivals bless me,
No mirth in my halls:
My days will be shortened, I haste to the bourne,—
Woe is me—woe is me—woe is me!

What so painful as pleasure to hearts that bewail?
Woe is me—woe is me—woe is me!

In the sky there is splendour—moths spangle the vale;
There is song in the woodlands, and joy in the gale;
There is life in the waters—there's warmth on the hill;
The robin forsakes me—the tit 's at the rill;
The noisy rook waketh the hoary-faced morn;
The plover returneth—the sheep leave the corn.
But wherefore this rapture? My wet weeds will bring
Back the wild winds of winter; thou mockest me, Spring.
Though thy voice fills the air in the tardy noon-shine,
Dun morning and evening still echo but mine.
If I breathe, thy fair blossoms are icy and dead,—
Woe is me—woe is me—woe is me!
They pass from the meadows
Like hope that deceives,
Ere dance to their shadows
The merry green leaves.
Fit emblems to furnish my premature bed.
Woe is me—woe is me—woe is me!

J. A. O.

THOUGHTS ON ANNIVERSARIES.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

The age of forty, although, unquestionably, respectable, is, in some points, not a very comfortable one. The mere animal spirits have become less buoyant, less engrossing; the intervals of reflection, undisturbed by passion, are longer; and the portion of threescore years and ten which is to ensue, looks portentously shorter than that which has passed. The close seems just at hand, and, like Master Barnardine, we have not made up our minds to be hanged. Anniversaries of the new year, and other anniversaries, which, at an earlier period, before the consciousness that we must die was awakened within us, (for whatever young people may be taught to say, they cannot feel the necessity of dying,) were so very pleasant, become now impertinent reminiscences. They are hints that the years which remain are few as well as short. It is a passing twinge which we get over; the rude ceremony of crossing the line; and rougher to the sense than even shaving with tar and a notched hoop of rusty iron. But it is passing, and when over, we buckle to the business of life again, fancy we have taken a new lease of existence, and with every succeeding year calculate upon a greater number of years to come.

Hence the age of forty, or a year or two on either side of it, is guilty of more absurd pranks than any other. It is the age at which the *maximum* of suicides is committed. It is the age at which, during the palmy days of saintly asceticism, men were most liable to take a fancy to shut themselves up in cells, and fast and scourge themselves. Of the two foolish periods of life—that in which men begin to think love the business of life, and that in which most men begin to think it less important—the latter is indubitably the more absurd. The lover does not pretend to be anything more than the slave of an instinct. He is drunk with the fermentation of his own being; without the aid of wine or opium, he plays more ecstatic gambols than the wine-bibber, and revels in more voluptuous and gorgeous visions than the opium-eater. He wastes time—he throws away opportunities—he quarrels with those he loves best—he rushes upon death, in pure *gaieté de cœur*. He is enjoying the moment with his whole soul, and knows not, believes not in the existence of the next. But the follies of the middle age are the more grotesque from their aping the airs of "wisdom, gravity, profound conceit." The fool who blows out his brains because former pleasures begin to pall upon his taste, or because he feels that his first prime has been wasted in dilapidating, instead of accumulating stores that may support the winter of his life, and misdoubts his ability to make up for lost time, looks upon his jaded feelings as a sense of truth resulting from experience. The coward who seeks to anticipate the punishment which he is conscious his selfishness and wilfulness have merited, by taking the whip into his own hand, piercing and castigating his body till he lashes himself into a state of inflated vanity more dangerous than the first, thinks he has learned wisdom. There is fulness of life about the follies of the young; but the follies of the more advanced period are cold, shadowy, unsubstantial as the gibbering phantasmata, half will-o'-the-wisps, half Scotch mists, that *sough* and whistle in the rounded periods of Macpherson.

To take an example or two:—The follies of Don Quixote (who, we take it, is the most respectable fool on record on the wintry side of forty) excite alternately laughter and commiseration. The folly of Charles V., sick of the world in which he had played so stirring a part, seeking relief from the emptiness of his own coward soul, in mumming obsequies, which should give him a foretaste of how he was to be spoken of after death, excites only a languid contempt. But the pranks of Romeo and Mercutio are no laughing matters—we may laugh with, not at the latter. And it is even doubtful whether they are objects of pity. Up to the moment of their last brief pang, their career is one of rich enjoyment: Mercutio can scarcely be convinced that he is dying; his soul takes flight in a jest; and if Romeo whine through the whole five acts, why, he whines because he takes pleasure in whining.

It is on this account that middle-aged people are so out of place in the merry-makings of annual festivals. The animal hobble-de-hoy, between boy and lad, is an awkward lout sure enough, but not one-half so absurd as the intellectual hobble-de-hoy between young and old man. He sits abstracted and grave amid the happy; either increasing their sport by furnishing them with a laughing-stock, or casting a chill damp on their gaiety, or, at best, having his presence forgotten. An unforeseen excitement may make him a good companion for the moment; but he cannot be happy with "malice prepense." Burns has caught this truth, with his usual happy instinct, in a picture of new-year festivities, painted with more perfect gusto than has ever been accomplished by any other artist:—

> "That merry day the year begins,
> They bar the door on frosty winds;
> The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
> And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
> The luntin' pipe, and sneeshin' mill,
> Are handed round wi' right gude will;
> The *cantie auld* folks crackin' crouse,
> The *young anes* rantin' through the house,—
> My heart has been sae fain to see them,
> That I for joy ha'e barkit wi' them."

There are none of your ambiguities here—none of those whose habitual feeling is akin to that of the poor fellow, who, having just received sentence of death, is stunned for the moment,—but genuine *old* people and *young* people. As already hinted, however, the uncomfortable feeling is but of short duration. It is the pang which attends every "state of transition," (as physiologists, geologists, and other *ologists*, term it,) whether that transition take place in organic or inorganic bodies, in communities or individuals, and be effected by volcanic agency, advance in years, reform bills, or the last and most startling transition, death itself. Our periods of gloom are as brief as our periods of rapture; and busy life is the spear of Achilles, possessed of the double power of inflicting and curing wounds. "The earth has me again!" exclaims Faust, when rudely awakened from the rapt dream of supernatural power; and often have we to thank the earth, and its routine of cares and duties, that absorbs our attention, leading it away from dwelling upon a prospect so much more extensive than its power of comprehension, as to look like vacancy, and deaden the heart with a sense of unreality and preternatural loneliness. We bite our lips, shrug our shoulders, shake off the dull weight of thought with an effort, and in a short time are as cheerfully engrossed with our usual pursuits as if it had never crossed us.

This is the turning point in a man's life, which decides whether he is to leave anything of his head and handiwork that will convey to posterity a notion of his powers. There is an essential difference between the works produced by men before and after this period of life. The man not arrived at middle age is possessed by his subject: he is an instrument or an object of contemplation—a thing of nature, akin to the rushing of a river, or the sparkle of ocean ruffled by a light breeze, beneath an unclouded sun—the τον νεῦτον ανεμίδμον γελασμα, or the nightingale's full tide of song; or anything bright, buoyant, and happy, that is so by the necessity of its nature. The ripened man possesses his subject, and makes of it what he has predetermined. Our interest in the poetry of a young poet is mainly personal; as in the case of Keats, whose fancies and even rhymes led him where they would; or Kirke White alternately pale and hectic-flushed; or Byron pouring out his own feelings of the moment. In poets of a more advanced age, it is the subject that engrosses us. "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" nowhere appears in his poems. Milton only once or twice refers to himself in his great epics; and some allowance may be made for his isolated position, amid a busy throng, forcing self back upon him; and as for Shakspeare, there is so little of the author in his plays, one could almost fancy them produced by the same power which produced that society of which they are a counterpart, without the intervention of any mere human mind.

The same distinctive character may be traced in the deeds of the active spirits, who, as logicians, politicians, or warriors, aspire to mould and direct the course of social events, according to their views. The young are theoretical and imaginative, and work by the contagious influence of their enthusiasm: the mature bring the stores of information, the faculty of discriminating character, the patience resulting partly from the abated impetuosity of youth, and the knowledge that he who waits longest has the advantage, and the dogged pertinacity of will, engrained and hardened by years, to bear upon those with whom they have to deal, and conquer them against their will. It is among the young that we are to seek for the apostles of a pure and imaginative faith, which, by awakening the sympathies of those to whom it is preached, can make for a time their aspirations as unsullied and lofty as its own; and the memory of which, haunting the intervals of their passion-fever dreams, may serve as a monitor leading back, after every aberration, to truth and holiness. It is among the young that we are to look for the efficient advocates of any great social change, for which the course of events has ripened society, and the mode of effecting which has been devised by older heads. Theirs is the energy which, never flagging, is urgent "in season and out of season," and the contagious enthusiasm which wins converts among the half-instructed. It is to the young that we are to look for those conquerors who have turned the matured powers of a nation to the pursuit of foreign sway, and cheered them on to perseverance, when baffling events deadened the hopes and paralyzed the efforts of their followers. But it is to the old that we must look to evolve in their closets those abstract truths which are to be preached from the house-tops by the young; to devise those modes of organization, which, for ages after they are laid in dust, are to be the mould in which society is cast; or to accumulate those materials for a colossal and protracted struggle, which some young and ardent soldier is to turn to account. It might startle the prejudices of some, to name the individuals who fall under the class of

the efficient teachers of a pure and high-toned morality; but whoever will recall to memory his favourites among those who have advocated social ameliorations, pre-supposing a change for the better in the habitual opinions and feelings of individuals, will find that the most active and influential portion of their life has been from twenty to thirty-five. This was the age of the most powerful leaders in the French Revolution: this was the age of your Alexanders and Napoleons. But Alexander would have come in vain, had not his wily and experienced father prepared before-hand the materials with which he had to work; and Napoleon merely reunited the shattered framework of that army, as a part of which he had been educated. He recruited its ranks with fierce energetic revolutionists, and hurled the might of what had been organizing for centuries at paralyzed Europe. And our most active and eloquent advocates of the liberal cause at this moment, in this country, what are they doing? One and all of them retailing small portions of Benthamism;—and would that they would take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with his system as a whole, instead of merely picking out what suits their purpose for the moment, and as often misapplying it as otherwise.

If men would but reflect that all tastes and faculties have their appropriate sphere of useful action, and that every age has its peculiar duties! Forty is a dangerous age for patriots. The young man is sucked, noways reluctant, into the vortex of politics. With limited partial views of what can be done, and with the unbounded confidence in his own powers, suggested by the thrill of their unfolding one after another, he fancies that all that is to be achieved may be accomplished by a brief strong effort. The very vagueness of his conceptions of the task he has taken in hand is one of the secret sources of his energy. As he advances in years and experience, the extent of the field of action, the length of time necessary for its performance, grow upon him with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd. The unreasonable anticipations of his younger friends strike him as proofs of their ignorance—their impatience, as proofs of their wanting the self-control and patience, which are main secrets of success. Forgetting that he was once as they are, he becomes a harsh and captious critic, and, instead of their more experienced adviser, the object of their suspicion and opposition. He feels his power lessened in proportion as his sense of the difficulties to be overcome increases. He loses heart, and subsides into a sceptical sneerer at everything and every person: or he says, since no general good is to be accomplished, why may not I as well as others take a share in what private good is going; and sinks down into a tool of those who live by abuse, and a participator in their wages. And this melancholy stripping off of "the glittering raiment" of honest Bunyan, he calls wisdom—the fruit of experience.

It is, indeed, but a small portion of those who have been active patriots before forty, who have sufficient stamina to steer unshipwrecked between the moral Scylla and Charybdis which line the shores of the straits of the fortieth year. It is not every one who keeps in the field who can be looked upon as having escaped. There are some men whose intellect does not grow with years, and who, at sixty, as at sixteen, are boys in regard to their treasured experience,—boys in regard to the extension of their views,—boys in everything but the fulness, freshness, and sincerity of youth. Enviable enough creatures some of them are, and therefore to be admired, were they not such bores and interrupters of work. These are your men, who, being able to make a neat little speech at a public meeting or dinner, and incapable of conceiving anything beyond, and gifted, moreover, with an equable flow of animal spirits, and possessed of at least a competent fortune, take a part in political business, for the same reason that others go to the opera. They are rather averse to seeing anything accomplished by their party, as it interferes with their habitual routine, and puts them out. They seek to cherish the complacent feeling that they are important persons, and object to anything that will render it unnecessary to go through the forms which they have mastered by incessant practice. They could go on singing the same monotonous verse to all eternity, delighted with the melody of their own voices. These are the most dangerous tools of the jobbers who attach themselves to all parties. They are your "fine old Whigs," who have actively and consistently supported their party for so many years:—they are your "disinterested politicians who have no private ends in view," as if a man who did not need money, wanted energy to aspire to power, and whose effeminate vanity is tickled with trifles which could gratify no one else, were disinterested:—these are the Nestors, held out as men of ripe experience to raw boys, for whom the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" has as much of the charm of novelty as "The Charter," when suspicions are to be insinuated against those who are dissatisfied with the "managers" of a party for idly "beating time" with their feet instead of advancing. One is tempted, on seeing theatres converted for a time into temples for the worship of such monkey-gods, to wish that they had had a little less of that consistency which is their only merit; they do the cause of right so much harm by continuing in the ranks, that in them ratting would be a virtue. How much the Liberal cause in Middlesex would be benefited were Byng to follow Burdett!

One cannot have everything in this world; or, as the proverb expresses it—"You can't *eat* your cake, and *have* your cake." It is possible, by means of a hot-house, to force plants into more early development; but it is not possible, by any means, to give plants, so forced, the prolonged life of those which have reached maturity by a more tedious growth. The most useful statesmen are those who are past the meridian of life; and it will generally be found that the most distinguished are those who, if they have turned their attention at all to public business before the age of forty, have had their powers but lightly tasked. Our Luthers and Cromwells have always been of ripe years before they buckled to the tasks for which they seem to have

been sent into the world. There is a most overpowering monotony of mediocrity in the exhibitions of the existing race of British statesmen; and there is something in the existing organisation of political society that threatens to perpetuate the evil. It is an expensive amusement to become a member of parliament. The whole form and pressure of the system makes it so. Men are selected for the employment, not because they have a liking for it, or the necessary talent, but because they can afford it. The concentration of large fortunes, in the hands of a few, limits the range of choice. As these compulsory servants of the public grow in years, they grow in indolence,—more especially, since constituencies have become somewhat more difficult to be satisfied with their members' performances, and seek for substitutes. No sooner does a young man of property escape from school than he is laid hold of by the parliamentary conscription. The extremely juvenile appearance of a large proportion of the members of the British legislature, reminds one of the infant incarnation of the Lama in Thibet. This precocious breaking into labour causes the most promising lads to break down long before they reach a mature age. It is melancholy —it is cruel in the extreme: but, in a country where so much opposition is offered to any proposal to protect the gristle of children from disproportionate bodily labour, what hope is there of saving the unknit intellect from being overtasked? If "the public" do not feel for physical sufferings, which all can appreciate, it is scarcely to be expected that they will sympathize with mental sufferings, which can only be conceived by those who have minds of their own.

Agitators of ten years' standing, however, like myself, even though they may flatter themselves that they have escaped the dangers that lie in ambush for middle-aged patriots, have at least learned, that our hold on the future is precarious and uncertain, and that the present moment ceases to exist even while we are in the act of naming it. They anchor themselves on the past: of its memories no power can rob them. [Thus I rambled on in a reverie, into which the sight of an early copy of Tait's New Year's number, lying uncut on the table, had thrown me.] Leaving to younger men the excitement of the ball, which has, to such an extent, superseded the more homely joys of first-footing, they love to congregate at seasons like the present, to draw out, like sympathetic inks, beneath the cheering influence of a good fire and genial glass of whisky-punch, the somewhat faded colours of earlier adventures, and by comparing notes to render the picture more complete. The deep-toned bell, which is just tolling the last hour of the departing year, conjures up, in my recollection . . .

[But the Reminiscences of the Middle-aged Gentleman, pleasant, doubtless, to himself, and flattering and delightful to his friends and cronies of *auld langsyne*, may, perchance, be of less moment to the readers of this Magazine, until a point is reached of great and general concernment—when came his *toast* of the evening,] "PROSPERITY TO TAIT'S MAGAZINE"—the child and champion of the era, which dates from the meeting of the Citizens of Edinburgh, to congratulate the French people upon their heroic deportment on, and after, the Three Days. The minds—multifarious in unity —which build up this intellectual structure, need fear no such scrutiny as has been instituted in the above remarks. Undeterred by delay—unseduced by languor—they stand true to their faith, and persist in treading the onward path. Less sanguine of immediate results, they are not the less certain of ultimate triumph; for theirs will be no victory clouded by sympathy for the defeated, inasmuch as their opponents must share in its fruits. They possess the equanimity without the humdrum of

A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN!

SPECIMENS OF MODERN ROMANCE.

NO. II.—THE COCKNEY NAUTICAL.

MONKEY ISLAND; A YANKEE YARN.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE LATE COLONEL CROCKETT.

STROLLING "down East" one fine morning, I stumbled over a square-built Yankee sailor, who, with his hands in his canvass trousers, was carelessly leading along a monkey attached to a chain.

"Want to buy a monkey, yer honor?" inquired the son of Neptune, regarding me with a pair of twinkling gray eyes, and squinting all the time like a necromantic owl.

"You've got a smart animal there, I guess," said I, chucking the individual a chestnut, which he began forthwith to devour with the gluttonous rapacity which distinguishes monkeys who are entirely dependent on voluntary contributions.

"He's like a mosquito in a full-play steamingin', I calculate," replied the ill-looking tar; "he's up—down—fly; and as for being wide awake, I wish I may be pittiklarly well dressed, if he arn't like a lawyer at election time. You can't get him to wink without paying him for it."

"Stole a leaf out of his master's book, may be," I suggested; "and writ his own name on it."

"Nevor could detarmine where he stole it from 'xactly," rejoined the Ocean's pride, looking very hard at his nose. "My believe's he takes after our tarnation tax makers—robs every one as much as he can, and borrows the rest. What should you say was the walley on him, yer honor?—he comes slick from Monkey Island?"

"Monkey Island!" I exclaimed, with awakened curiosity; "in what outlandish latitude may that be?"

"Lord love yer!" cried he of the converging optics, "did you never hear o' my grandfather's adventures on Monkey Island?"

Having candidly acknowledged that I never had experienced that pleasure, the nautical monkey-dealer took a mouthful of pig-tail, and without further preface, obligingly favoured me with the following statement of facts:—

"It was sometime durin' our great universal war, that my grandfather was coxs'n on board the *Billy-Ruffian*, 80-gun frigate, and one of the splendidest crafts in the sarvice, as I've heer'd my grandfather declare over and over agin; and, as he warn't in the habit o' *cramming* us, either with wittels or anything else, in course we're all bound to believe him. You know what a powder-monkey is, yer honor?—it's a young shaver as used, afore the inwention o' machinery, to get into the big guns for the object o' cleanin' on 'em out—a sort o' chimley sweep, on all-fours, wi' no elewation of intellect, as my grandfather used to say. Well, yer honour, on board this 'ere *Billy-Ruffian*, there was one o' the comicalest powder-monkeys that ever walked itself into the carawan of Natur's curiosities. Such a monkey-fied countenance might have caused a porpoise to turn up the whites of his eyes with dewout thankfulness to Providence for being born a fish in place of a monkey. His wisage was what my grandfather called, in his not-comprehensible lingo—a *pun upon humanity;* and when the black cook, a biggish fellow too, first see'd it, he turned reg'larly pale at the horrors o' ugliness. Well, yer honor, one night this 'ere powder monkey was taken wery queer in his wittling department—wery queer he was, sure-ly—so wery queer, indeed, that my grandfather, Mungo the cook, the ship's carpenter, purser's clerk, and one or two stiffish marines, actwally thought he was hooked by Davy Jones, to sweep the dust out of *his* locker. Grandfather supplied mustard poultices, puppies' heads, and everything else they could think on: but nothing did powder-monkey no good; and as he tossed and tumbled about in his hammock, he moaned dismally, and cried for his mother. Now, yer honor, my grandfather never dreamt, as how that he ever had a mother; for that vhereas they pick'd him up at sea one sunshiny arternoon, afloat, on the back of a grampus, from which circumstance they con-cluded amongst theirselves, that he was what people calls a nateral born infant—a specious o' dingy-brown water-lily. Howsomever that might be, about eight bells, that wery identical night, they was all awoke by a horrid hullabaloo on deck—resembling, for all the world, my grandfather used to say, a lot o' little devils playing at fly-the-garter. Presently, yer honor, while my grandfather lay wondering what in creation could produce this 'ere tumultuous phenomena, he was brought to his-self by hearing the Watch sing out, 'All hands, ahoy!' and rushing on deck, in a state of almost perfect impunity, just pictur to yourself his everlastin' conglomeration, when he diskivered, about a cable's length on the weather-bow, a large canoe afloat, manned by about sixteen able-bodied monkeys, in the midst of which respectable party, with tears in his eyes, sot young powder-monkey. 'Vell!' says my grandfather to Tom Oakum, capt'n o' the maintop, who was whistling 'Yankee Doodle' in the lee-scuppers; 'Vell,' says he, 'if that arn't enough to make a alligator laugh till the tears o' agony rushes down his throat and choaks him, it's a pity.' Well, yer honor, while they was conwersing, these 'ere sixteen monkeys pulled away, till they got to shore, when they landed along with powder-monkey, and began dancing and capering about like so many wild Ingians; durin' which, they every now and then embraces young powder-monkey with arduous delight; then giving three loud cheers, they hoisted their long lost brother atop o' their shoulders, and wagging their tails, wi' tarnation impudence at the ship's crew, who was scrowdging the gangways to look at 'em, they sheer'd off into the woods, and my grandfather seed 'em no more."

"Astonishing!" I observed, interrupting my veracious informant. "I always fancied that cheering was confined to members of Congress and the admirers of patriotic sentiments."

"Bless yer hinnocence!" replied the cross-eyed mariner, "not by no means; but what I've been telling on you, won't reach, in pint o' marvellousness by a deuce long chalk, to what's on the woyage. It was about two months arter these remarkable trarnsactions that the *Billy-Ruffian* happened to be cruising off the Cape de Werds; when the captain sent my grandfather, his mate Tom Oakum, and another or two on shore to get water, they being just then wery hard up for that same lick-weed element. Well, yer honor, it was a awful sultry day; and as my grandfather and Tom Oakum rambled thro' the woods with a couple o' empty water-casks on their shoulders, they came over wery faint and wolfish like—consequence o' which, they sot down under a banyan tree, and began to regale theirselves on some cold taters which Tom Oakum had brought with him in his handkercher. Well, yer honor, whilst their attention was mainly occupied in stowing away this 'ere belly-timber, they was all on a sudden considerably startled by hearing loud cries o' distress. Up they jumped—whipt out their mince-maids—"

"What are they?" I inquired.

"Cutlasses, yer honor; and tarning round as it might be so—may I never get another odd copper given me by a lib'ral gen'l'man like yourself, to buy baccos with, if my grandfather and Tom Oakum didn't see young powder-monkey lashed to the back of a ourang-outang, whilst another branch o' the family was a flogging on him with a rope's end, summut in the style they does in the sarvice, only with not quite so much sewerity. Well, yer honor, while young powder-monkey was a kicking and halloing, who should come up to the scene of action, but a wenerable looking ourang-outang with gray whiskers and green spectacles, and supporting his-self by a bamboo walking-stick."

"Do you call yourself a *monkey*, to flog a fellow-crittur in that way?" said Barnacles, with a wirtuously indignant expression o' countenance; "you ar'n't worthy the name of a monkey—you're

a *man*—a beef-eater!—a monkey would shudder at sich brutality."

"As good a monkey as you, old whitehairs," replied the chap with the cat o' nine tails.

"Why do you punish your child in that U-rope-ean manner, then?" demanded Barnacles, striking his bamboo 'phatically on the ground.

"'Cause he's been sarcy to his elder brother," replied the vhipper-in, "that's vhy."

"There's a proper way o' correctin' sarcy young monkeys, without resortin' to man-like wiolence," said the old gen'l'man, mildly looking over his barnacles in a Pickwickian sort o' way.

"Is there, old square-toes?" returned the schoolmaster with a sneer; "but suppose I choose to do it—vot then?"

"Why, then, I say, you're no monkey," replied Barnacles; and tucking his bamboo under his arm, off he trotted.

"You, be blowed!" cried the t'other, looking after him; "ar'n't a monkey a right to do what he likes with his own—eh?"

On hearing this observation, which sartainly, as my grandfather remarked, was more worthy of a highly intelligent nobleman, than a hignorant monkey, my grandfather and Tom Oakum bust into a loud laugh, when down drops powder-monkey, and looking at my grandfather for an instant with a aspect of horrible amazement, he takes to his heels and cuts off, like a fox who has accidentally sing'd his brush by bringing it into contract with a brick-kiln. A chase was immediately started by a parcel of idle young monkeys, who was playing at dominoes in a bush close by, and my grandfather and Tom Oakum followed in pursuit; and after about a quarter of an hour's run, they got a-head on 'em, pretty well winded as you may suppose, for them monkeys are plaguy hard to catch, considerin' as how that they'll turn a somerset o' twenty yards, and keep on it (as I know to my sartain knowledge) for a couple o' miles without once touching *terra forma*, if so be that they're larkishly inclined.

"I say old fellows," cried Tom Oakum, addressing a savage-looking gang of ourangs who had drawn theirselves up in a line, whilst powder-monkey stood behind 'em, piping his eye, and tremelous all over, "I say," cried Tom, "you must give up young powder-monkey, you must rale-ly."

"Cause why?" demanded a proud upstart monkey, sticking a quizzing-glass into his starboard peeper.

"Cause why?" replied Tom, "cause he's desarted from the sarvice, to be sure."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" cried a impudent young monkey, flourishing his tail about in a wery pompous manner.

"Tear a babby away from its nateral parents!" screamed a skinny old female, who'd only got one eye, "you ought to be ashamed o' yourselves,—you *men*, you!"

"Vell," says Tom, scratching his head, for neither Tom nor my grandfather much relished the idea of being pitched into by this awk'ard squad o' monkeys, "Vell," says Tom, "ve'll leave it to powder-monkey's decision: if he likes to go with us—good,—if so be he prefers staying in your highly cultiwated society, and larning all your iligant monkey discomplishments, vhy then, on behalf of our vorthy capt'n, whose humble sarvant stands afore you, I says, good agin.—So speak, young flipperty-gibbet,—how's it to be?"

Powder-monkey look'd first effectionately at the old gal with the wall-eye,—(he'd got on the blind side of her) then at the savage old monkey who had givin him the tannin', and who was cutting his stick with a bowie knife, (wulgarly called wittling,) then at his beloved brothers,—artful young monkeys, who was twigging him 'cause he hadn't got a ornamental tail like theirselves, and then, with a wiolent internal struggle,—nateral feelin' predominatin',—he rush'd into the arms of his wet-nurse, and buried his face in her hairy busom. It sartinly beat all the affectin' sights that ever my grand-father witnessed,—the melancholy spectacle of a hinnocent young female, unitin' herself to a wery infirm old gen'l'man, labourin' under spasmodic asthma and 30,000 dollars, *not* accepted; and though, p'rhaps, you may smile at my grand-father's veakness, he and Tom Oakum actively blubbered, till the water that fell in their handkerchers, might have filled a quart tankard. Findin' it was no use 'temptin' to argufy the question, they shook hands with powder-monkey, and bid good-by both to him and to Monkey Island together.—Got a odd copper, just to buy bacca, yer honor?"

This interestin' query having been answered satisfactorily, I proceeded home, where, on taking off my hat, I found my hair to be all on end, and as stiff as bristles, so that I couldn't get on my nightcap for nearly a fortnight afterwards. Thinks I to myself, if these Yankee sailors can't spin it of a toughish texture, now and then, my name isn't Crockett: and so much for Monkey Island!

TORY-SOCIALIST REMEDIES FOR THE NATIONAL DISTRESS.

No. II.—"THE REGULATION OF MACHINERY."

When the deputation from Paisley lately waited on Lord Stanley, for the purpose of calling his attention to the miserable condition of that town, his Lordship told them that the whole distress arose from the increase of machinery. He was met with the decisive answer that it could not arise from that cause, simply for the reason, that machinery was not at all used in the production of the staple articles of manufacture in Paisley. In the report of the conferences held with Sir Robert Peel, and several of his colleagues, by G. A. Fleming, the Editor of "*The New Moral World*," and Socialist Lecturer, Joshua Hobson, publisher of *The Northern Star*, and three others, one of them a reporter for

the same paper, assuming the title of a deputation from the Short Time Committees of the West Riding of Yorkshire, we find, in the report of their conference with Sir Robert Peel, that they urged on him the necessity of passing a Bill prohibiting the employing any person, under 21 years of age, above ten hours a-day in a factory, and *"the gradual withdrawal of all females from the factories."* The deputation did not state that they were authorized by the women of Yorkshire to obtain a law to prohibit them from exerting their industry in factories, neither did they point out in what manner they were to be kept in a state of idleness; they appear only to have regarded the *male* aspect of the question. We presume, the only reason that can be given, for females working in the factories, is, that they have not of themselves the means of subsistence without such work, and that the men are both unable and unwilling to keep them in idleness. After some farther discussion, we find the following statement regarding machinery, which we consider to be highly important, as coming from those who think it the chief cause of the existing distress:—

THE DEPUTATION.—Hitherto, Sir Robert, the interests of the capitalists have been attended to almost exclusively; and the consequence is, that the introduction of self-acting machinery, and machinery requiring the attendance of women and children only,* together with intense competition between our own merchants, has thrown vast numbers out of work, and reduced the wages of those who are employed to the barest pittance which can support existence. *This evil is likely to be still further aggravated by the immense increase of machinery abroad.* The policy of the late Government had been to allow that it should be freely exported. *Of late years machinery has been extensively introduced on the continent.* Belgium, Saxony, Prussia, and other places have, instead of taking our goods, succeeded in their primary object—*that of supplying their own markets: in some instances they have gone further, and now compete successfully with us in neutral markets; and in some articles even come into direct competition with us in our own markets.* Above all, America is a rival that threatens ultimately to destroy one of the staple manufactures of this country—cotton. It can be shown, that, in consequence of the American manufacturer possessing the advantage of having the raw material almost at his own door, he is enabled, notwithstanding a higher price of labour, *inferior machinery*, and less economical processes of management, which give an advantage to the British manufacturer of 17 per cent., the American is yet enabled, with his water-power, and cheaper raw material, in all fabrics in which quantity is more a matter of consideration than quality, to beat us in the end by a small per centage. Now, the *disparity at present existing between us as respects machinery*, cheap labour, and superior management, must, in the nature of things, be continually lessening, and a closer approximation take place. The population of the United States of America, by natural increase, aided by immigration, will lower the cost of labour; *improvements will be daily introduced in the machinery*, effecting more with a less expenditure of power; and experience will improve their modes of management, until at length they will be on a par with us in all these points; while the substantial and permanent drawback of having to send to America for our raw material, bring it home, and retransport it for sale in its manufactured state, will still press upon us.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Well, but do you not think that, according to your own admissions, the arguments against any interference which might aid the process which you have so clearly and strongly described as now going on, are very much strengthened.

THE DEPUTATION.—Pardon us, Sir Robert, such is not the case according to the light in which we view the subject. It is an axiom in political economy, that price is dependent upon supply and demand. If an article is scarce in the market, however small the deficiency may be, the price of all the stock in the market is raised. In like manner, if there be a surplus, however small that surplus may be, it affects not merely the surplus, but the whole of the commodity, which is thereby reduced in price. Now, we can show, by statistical facts and irrefutable documents, that since the year 1815, there has been a constant introduction of self-acting machinery, or machinery which imposed greater labour on the smaller number of adult operatives retained; thus cheapening the cost, and increasing the amount of production. And what has been the consequence? Why, exactly in proportion as this has taken place, *the profits of the capitalist*, and the wages of the labourer, have regularly decreased; until at length, in 1832, we received no more money for three times the amount of raw material manufactured, than we received in 1815 for the one-third. This result, in our opinion, is clearly traceable to the *unregulated use and extensive introduction of machinery*, which has either superseded adult labour entirely, or replaced it by the cheaper labour of women and children. What is now the consequence? *Throughout the manufacturing districts the mills are nearly closed.* The capitalists and middle classes are in difficulties—insolvent or bankrupt; while the operatives are in a state of destitution, which must make every heart bleed, and which arises from causes over which they themselves have no control. Now, if this insane course had been checked—if over-production had been discouraged by wise laws, and a prudent system of trade pursued, wages and profits would have been better, and employment more permanent and more equally diffused over the year. We should not have had flushes of prosperity, succeeded by long periods of depression; a continual recurrence of gluts and panics, each crisis following the other at shorter intervals, and finding us less prepared to bear it than its predecessor. For these reasons, Sir Robert, we believe that the dictates of sound political wisdom coincide with the dictates of humanity, morality, and religion, in calling upon us to retrace our steps, *and arrest the progress of a system* which is spreading disease, disorganization, and disaffection in the factory districts.

"Sir Robert Peel directed the conversation *to the broad question of machinery*, which, he said, was one of the greatest consideration." We do not, however, find that the Deputation was prepared to take up the "broad question," but, on the contrary, shirked the subject; and as a remedy for the evils felt, the Deputation had only to suggest the passing of the ten-hours' factory bill, the total repeal of the new poor law, and, in regard to machinery, all they had to propose, was the appointment, at an early period of the session, of a committee of experienced, practical, moderate men of all parties, to inquire into the causes of existing distress, and

* It would be supposed, from the clamour made about employing women and children, that it is a recent innovation. But what is the fact?—"We have conversed with very old persons, who remember when the weavers, or their factors, travelled about from cottage to cottage with their pack-horses, to collect yarn from the spinsters—often paying a most exorbitant price for it, which absorbed the profits of weaving. This was the commencement of the system of infant labour, *which was at its worst and greatest height before anybody thought of a factory.* Spinning was so profitable, that every child in the cottage was forced to help in the process—picking the cotton, winding the yarn, and arranging the card-ends. When the father was a weaver, and the mother a spinner—which was very commonly the case—the tasks imposed upon the children were most onerous. One of my informants, a man over eighty years of age, declared that he never thought of his infancy without shuddering."—*England in the Nineteenth Century.*

especially into the workings of machinery at home and abroad since the close of the war in 1815, with a view to the adoption of a comprehensive and efficient remedy.

After the Deputation had made a variety of other observations, Sir Robert Peel replied, stating, after some preliminary remarks—

I also fear that an *extension of our manufactures will not afford the relief desired;* for past experience, I think, shows that such an extension would only bring into play more machinery, and not employ manual labour in anything like the rate of the increase in the machine department.

Those who flatter themselves with obtaining a relaxation of the restrictive system, and an approximation to the principles of free trade, from the present Government, will see, from the preceding reply, what probability there is of having their expectations realized.

The Deputation expressed themselves highly gratified with their reception by Sir Robert Peel, but they were by no means so well pleased with their interview with Sir James Graham. After stating their views to him, he asked them, if they did not think that carrying their views into effect would very much aggravate the evils and distress they complained of. The Deputation, of course, said they thought it would not; and then proceeded to show, at considerable length, that the destitute condition of the operatives in manufacturing districts, arose from the neglect of the very first principles of political economy—a neglect which led to an over-supply, a supply greatly beyond the substantial demand for their productions. Since 1811 there had been a continual improvement going on in machinery, by which three times the amount of goods was now manufactured with less adult manual labour than was required in the previous period for the smaller quantity.

Sir J. Graham, in reply, urged most of the reasons adduced by the free-trade party. He dwelt with great emphasis upon the possible results of a policy which, by placing our manufacturers in a comparatively worse position than the manufacturers of the Continent and America, might ultimately render the capital of the former altogether profitless, and thereby induce them to close their mills altogether.

The Deputation proceeded to say, that according to the arguments presented in favour of the policy of causing the operatives to be dependent on a foreign market for employment, it was admitted that our ascendancy in those foreign markets could only be kept up by a continuous cheapening of the cost of production. How was that to be effected? It could not be done by reducing much lower the wages of the adult operatives. That class of labourers were as near the bare "subsistence level," when in full employ, as it was possible to place them.

Did it not occur to the Deputation, that by reducing the expense of the food of the operatives to the continental level, and thus placing the master manufacturer of this country in an equally favourable position with his continental rival, some good might accrue? Although their meeting with Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham was on the same day, they suggested a remedy to the latter, besides those they proposed to the former —viz., home colonization,—the passing of "a general waste-land enclosure bill, *which should make provision for reasonable compensation for those interested in such lands,*" and the raising of a loan, to settle down the unemployed operatives on them. Where the money for these purposes is to come from, is not pointed out; nor do we think that weavers, tailors, and printers, are persons well fitted for the laborious task of bringing our moors and bogs into cultivation. The Spitalfields silk weavers at least, we suspect, are not, by any means, converts to the home-colonization system; for at a meeting lately held, complaints were made of the hardships the weavers were exposed to, if they applied to the parish, by being put to stone-breaking —not certainly so severe an employment as digging unreclaimed ground for the first time,—and it was resolved, that "This meeting, from the various accounts given by the several *victims of stone-breaking,* are disgusted with the practice; and, further, are of opinion, that it is *unconstitutional and unchristian.*" The home-colonization scheme may be very well to talk about, but is not likely to become popular with manufacturing operatives; nor is there any chance that the settling of unemployed weavers on their estates, will ever be looked on with a favourable eye by the landowners. They have a great dislike at having their privacy intruded on, and have especial fear of trespassers, poachers, and poor rates. It would be no easy matter to raise the many millions they would consider a compensation for the land that would be required to make a fair trial of such a scheme—a scheme which bids fair to reduce our operatives to the condition of the Irish cottars.

The Deputation waited on several of the other Ministers: but nothing occurred worth noting, except that Lord Stanley was as intractable as Sir James Graham, and was decidedly opposed to any committee of inquiry, saying, that committees and commissioners had become a byword, and ridiculing their proceedings and the concoction of a "Blue Book." Though the report of the Deputation occupies six of the large and closely printed columns of *The Northern Star*, the only allusion we find in it to the Corn Laws is the following :—

The extent to which a repeal of the Corn Laws would operate in relieving the labour market from its present depression, was also fully discussed with his Lordship (Stanley,) and the inutility of that measure was exposed by the Deputation; while at the same time, they asserted its abstract justice and propriety.

No doubt it was very easy to convince Lord Stanley of the "inutility" of free trade; but perhaps the Deputation might, without impropriety, have favoured the public with a few of their reasons for thinking that the immediate repeal of the Corn-Laws would be of no utility to the working-classes.

After the very satisfactory reasons stated by the Deputation itself, as well as by Sir Robert Peel, it is hardly necessary for us to say a word to expose the futility of the schemes proposed. As to home colonization, it must require years to carry it to such an extent as to produce any appreciable effect; and the removal of women and children from factories would, at the outset, unquestionably —whatever it might do afterwards—aggravate the distress. As to the complaint about machinery,

we should like to know what is meant by "regulating machinery." If, as throughout the conference appears to have been again and again asserted, the wages of the operatives have uniformly decreased with the increase and improvement of machinery, and that it is the great cause of the present distress, not only, as is maintained, by degrading and starving the workman, but by ruining the master, it ought not to be "regulated," but destroyed; and a law should be passed for the destruction of all machinery of a greater amount, or of a superior construction to that used in 1815. Not only ought all manufacturing machinery, but all the thrashing-machines erected in England—all grubbers, horse rakes, and other agricultural implements introduced since that date, to be destroyed; and it should be rendered a capital offence to construct or use any improved machine, engine, or implement; or to make any improvement on such machines or implements for the future. How far this destruction would extend, we do not know. But why stop at the year 1815? Why not destroy the machinery in use at that date? Why not "regulate" the hand-loom? Coarse and simple as it is, they have a coarser and ruder one in India, which has the great desideratum now searched for, viz., with double the quantity of human labour, it only produces one-half of the cloth produced by our own. Why allow thread of any sort to be produced by any means but the common spinning-wheel, which again will require "regulation," since it was an "improvement" on the distaff, which, in its turn, must be regulated, as it was an improvement on a stick stuck through a potatoe, with which we have seen very good worsted spun, as the spinner journeyed through the fields, collecting from the bushes the wool which had accidentally fallen, or had been torn from the sheep's backs? What is the use of ploughs and harrows? The ground may be as well cultivated, and with double the expenditure of human labour, with spades and rakes. So where are we to stop in "regulating?" Evidently nowhere, till we have reduced man to the state of the birds and beasts, and forced him to perform every operation with his bare fingers—the only machinery which nature has judged it proper to bestow on him. So much for the absurdity of the scheme.

Now to the practical result. And as the Deputation did not explain how far they meant to "regulate" machinery, we shall take up a position they cannot object to. We shall merely assume that they think *all further improvement should be stopped.* In this event, we should soon be outstripped by foreign nations, for we have no means of "regulating" *their* machinery; and *their* governments are not likely to be so foolish as to adopt our example in restraining the use of machinery. At present, we have, in various branches of trade, the utmost difficulty in meeting foreigners in our own market. Many articles of cotton manufacture are now imported from the continent, and, after paying a high duty, sold at a cheaper rate than our own. Two-thirds of what are called Paisley shawls worn in this country are of foreign manufacture; and our exporting merchants, instead of now purchasing them at Paisley, procure them from the continent for the American markets. To hint at the impropriety of preventing machines being exported is ridiculous. It was not till all attempts to effect this object were found futile, that the law was relaxed; and there is no more real difficulty at this moment in exporting prohibited than in exporting any other machinery. It is only necessary to ship the different parts from different ports. If, then, our manufacturers, with better machinery than foreigners, have the utmost difficulty in keeping pace with them, what chance would there be if the foreigner was possessed of the superior machinery, and our manufacturers of the inferior? Is there any probability, if that were the case, that more operatives would be employed by our manufacturers? Is it not certain that much fewer would be employed? And can it be doubted, that on the first hint of a proposal by Government to restrict, or in any way interfere with the use of machinery, a great number of our leading manufacturers would transfer their capital to countries where they were allowed to use it at freedom? They would then manufacture, not only for the supply of foreign markets, but employ foreigners in supplying the home markets. The extension of commmerce is treated by some Socialists as an evil. Are they prepared to dispense with the foreign market? Are they aware that more than one-half of the cotton twist and cotton manufactures of this country—to the extent of twenty millions annually—is exported. What would be the effect in Lancashire and Lanarkshire were this market closed?

The present opponents of machinery appear to limit their hostility to the improvements of the last thirty years. But they cannot fail to be aware that former improved machinery was equally the object of hostility to the ignorant. Hargreaves was one of the greatest improvers of the cotton manufacture. He invented his "Spinning Jenny" in 1767, and it occasioned great alarm among those who earned their subsistence by the old mode of spinning, and even produced popular commotions. A mob broke into his house, and destroyed the machine; and sometime after, when a better knowledge of the advantage of his invention had begun to bring his Spinning Jenny into general use, the people rose a second time, and scouring the country, broke to pieces every spinning and carding machine they could find. Is it proposed to have another crusade of this sort against machinery? A complaint is made that a man now produces three times the quantity of goods that he did formerly, without any increase of wages; from which it is left to be inferred, that he is three times more hardly wrought; but the truth is, that the production of additional quantities of goods is entirely owing to the larger capital now invested in manufactures, the more expensive machinery employed, and the great improvements which have taken place in its construction. Before 1767, in the cotton manufacture, each spindle required a man to work it; now one man, with the aid of a few children as piecers to take up and join his broken ends, can work a thousand spindles. A million and a

half of people are employed in the cotton manufacture of this country. Is it possible to imagine that had it not been for the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and others, and the application of steam power to the various processes of carding, spinning, and weaving, one-third of the above number of persons could ever have been so employed? Under this system of machinery not only have the masters realized large fortunes, but common operatives have become the greatest manufacturers of the kingdom. In illustration of this fact, we take the following quotation from a Chartist newspaper, which deprecates machinery and the extension of commerce. In addressing the master manufacturers, the writer exclaims—

> You know, too, that *we know how most of* YOU then were. You know that we know that BENNY GOTT sat upon a stool in the counting-house, as a hired book-keeper. You know that we know that JOHN MARSHALL was a journeyman flax-heckler. You know that we know that TOM STARKEY and JOE STARKEY were journeymen croppers. You know that we know that JOHN left the shear-board in his clogs to go get wed. You know that we know the particulars of most of you; and that we know the particulars relating to ourselves. And you also know that we know, that *while you have become immensely rich, we have become deplorably poor.*

Ought a system that has made "hired book-keepers," "journeymen flax-dressers," and "croppers," among the most opulent of the land to be lightly interfered with? These men did not live before the introduction of machinery into their respective trades. If they had, they would never have risen to their present station; but they lived and laid the foundation of their fortunes before the Corn Laws restricted the importation of food, and raised up rivals to them in every part of the world. Hargreaves and Arkwright were in their graves before the Gotts and Marshalls were born. It is indeed a remarkable fact, that the year in which the Corn Laws were made operative is the date at which the operatives are said to have begun to receive less wages.

Another objection to machinery is, that it creates an over supply. Are the people of this country over supplied with clothing? Are the thousands in every city, the hundreds in every town and village who have nothing for a bed but a few shavings or straw, over supplied with bedding? Certainly not. And why are they so destitute? Because it takes every shilling of their earnings to purchase food. We showed incontrovertibly in last number, that the price of grain consumed by man alone in this country in 1840, was twenty millions more than the same quantity cost in 1835; and it is too clear to require argument, that these twenty millions must have been withdrawn from the purchase of clothing; for in what can a labouring man retrench except in clothing, miserable as it often is. He must have a house to protect him from the weather, food of some sort or other, a fire to warm him and cook his victuals, whatever be the price of food; and in all cases of men who with their families do not earn more than 20s. or 25s. a-week, four-fifths or five-sixths of their wages are expended on food alone. Take the case of a man and his wife with two children, and give them merely the jail allowance of food to criminals—that is oatmeal, coarse bread and broth; no butcher meat, no tea or sugar, no tobacco, no malt liquor or spirits; and it will be found that it will require 17s. 4d. a-week for food alone. Yet this allowance is felt to be too small even by men confined in jail. In 1836, the same quantity of food could be got for 10s., so that the family could expend 6s. 4d. that year weekly on clothing, as easily as they can expend 1s. now.

But why is there an over supply? Simply, because our Government will not allow our manufacturers to take from foreigners the only thing they can or will give—grain and animal food. Remove the Provision Laws, and though machines were tenfold increased in number, and improved in efficiency, and three times the number of operatives employed, there would be found to be no over supply of clothing, no more than there would be found to be an over supply of food in this country. It is indeed curious that we never hear complaints of an over supply of food. We never heard of our farmers—grumblers as they are professionally—complaining that the harvest was too abundant, or that their cattle were getting too fat. In fact, it can be shown, that the more abundant the crop, the better for the farmer; and a remarkable instance occurred within these few years. In 1836, the wheat sold, in the one hundred and fifty manufacturing towns where the average is struck, was 4,393,000 quarters. The average of the two preceding years was only 3,847,000 quarters: showing an increase of 14 per cent. in quantity; while the annual average price was 5s. 9d. a quarter above the average of 1834, 1835. Thus the farmer, who sold in these one hundred and fifty towns, drew about £125,000 more for their wheat crop alone, in the year 1836, than on the average of each of the preceding two years: yet more foreign wheat was entered for home consumption in 1836, than in 1835.* More cotton wool was consumed in 1836 than in the preceding years; and thousands of additional hands were employed in our manufactures: yet there was no over supply—no glut. Wages were not only higher, but employment was more constant than in dear years. With high prices of provisions, there will always be over supplies of clothing: but there is not the least probability of an over supply, were free trade established, and the markets of the world thrown open without restriction to British enterprise. We should then cease to fear improvements in machinery. The only danger would then be, if it improved more rapidly in other countries than among ourselves.

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* "Facts and Figures,"—pp. 4, 22.

HE SHALL BE A SOLDIER.

A TALE.—FROM THE GERMAN.

FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FIRST, the second in succession of the Prussian monarchs, had quitted Potsdam to visit Magdeburg, and inspect the walls and fortifications, then newly constructed by his command. On the day following his arrival, the king was to go on horseback, accompanied by a numerous and brilliant staff, in solemn procession, from the new town to the old, traversing the whole length of the city to the castle, or Prince's house as it was called. Early in the morning the whole city was in motion; old and young, rich and poor, all who could and who could not leave their shops, counting-houses, work-shops, kitchens, and cellars were in the streets on that occasion; for to see a king, and their own king, with their own eyes, was then no small matter in the opinion of the Magdeburgers. Great was the honour and glory accruing to all parties concerned; but those who, besides seeing, could relate some circumstance relative to this great event—such as, to whom his majesty had spoken; how he had put his hand to his hat when he condescended to acknowledge a greeting; and how he had cleared his royal mouth of its superfluous moisture; felt themselves an inch taller for a year and a day afterwards. A king went for something in those days; he was looked upon as a controller of eternal destiny, a national godhead in a human form. No one at that time presumed to doubt the divinity of a crowned head; except, perhaps, the chamberlains, pages, body-guards, court physicians, &c. who might come in direct contact with such potentialities.

As brooks and smaller rivers contribute their waters to swell the waves of a mightier stream, so did the courts and alleys of Magdeburg pour forth their population to increase the living mass in the principal street of the city. This street (the Broadway) of unequal width, and very irregular architecture, extended its two rows of buildings of all sizes, ages, shapes, and degrees, above a mile in length, from one gate to the other. The windows in every storey of every house were crowded with spectators looking down upon the throng below, and affording occasion in their turn for gaping admiration, or sly remark. On one side, where the crowd had ranged themselves, heads over heads as in an amphitheatre, upon the blocks of stone scaffolding, and sloping roofs of the masons' sheds before the church of St. Katherine, the stir and bustle trebled that of any other part. A considerable number of schoolboys had scaled the highest points, and were amusing themselves after their customary fashion, in watching their opportunity to push each other, when they thought themselves securest, upon the heads of the multitude below; or sliding altogether down the slippery planks that covered the seats of the stone masons, till they lighted on the ground a living avalanche, with more noise and little less danger to the bystanders.

"A thousand devils," cried a rough voice from the crowd, and accompanied the outcry with a flourish of a formidable knotted stick, that served, the owner, an invalided soldier, as an auxiliary to his wooden leg, "The imps of satan will bring down the two black towers upon our heads! Be quiet there, you young vagabonds! or I'll cut you to pieces!"

The boys stretched their necks over the edge of the precipice, and gazed, with their usual noble thirst for information, without heeding the loose stones they sent rattling down upon the heads of those below, into the abyss beneath, whence issued the aforesaid gentle warning. Some of them were well inclined to renew their diversion at the expense of the volunteer peace-keeper; but the greater part lost all fancy of the kind at the first glance of a countenance that resembled an old grizzled bear's. There was a head stuck between a pair of herculean shoulders, that might have frightened their fathers, much more themselves; a hard, bony, swarthy face, decorated with a mighty hooked nose; an enormous grizzled beard and mustaches; and two black eyes that kindled like live coals, from under shaggy pendant brows, that might have afforded hair enough for the chin ornament of any moderate man.

"What is the matter, Crabb?" said a richly clad, long-legged old gentleman, who, standing a yard higher than the surrounding crowd, like a stately pine among the underwood, reached over their heads to tap the invalid on the shoulder. "Leave the children alone: the more you scold, the better fun they will think it." The old soldier took off his cap respectfully to the speaker, but swore by thunder, hail, and lightning, that if he caught them he would soon drive the fun out of them, and that nothing was like to be half so serviceable to the whelps as a sound drubbing. "Boys must be kept in order, Mr. Wilmson," said the soldier, shaking his cudgel significantly. "The children of Beelzebub! They would make little of kicking up the same row in the presence of his royal majesty himself," added he, turning up his formidable visage, with a look of menace, towards the juvenile mob, congregated above his head; whereupon they all drew back with a loud yell, as much in mockery as in fear, and down came a fresh shower of stones and dirt.

"Still, still! quiet there! hats off!" cried a number of voices from the foremost of the crowd. "The king is coming: will you put the city of Magdeburg to shame before his majesty?"

Old Crabb, to whom a king was a deity upon earth, and something more, took off his cap with greater reverence than if he had been entering a church, and passed forwards, followed by Mr. Wilmson. There was a dead silence.

"See, Mr. Wilmson! grand, glorious! Thunder and lightning! this is an honour not to be had every day! That's the king, the foremost one with the star on his blue coat, and the *cane*. Doesn't

he know how to use it? the best corporal in the service does not handle such a stick. I remember once at Wollin——"

"And who is the old general riding by him, but a little behind? do you know him?" asked Mr. Wilmson.

"Know him, in the name of the three devils! I believe I do; my shoulders will not forget him to the day of judgment. I had not been six weeks in the regiment before I felt the flat of his sabre across my back, because my tail was not the regulation length. That's old Dessau, he is as true as steel, and as hard as a flint. You should have seen him in the year '4 at Höchstadt, when we took Marshal Tallard prisoner, and gave the French a drubbing! Whew!—how the grenades flew about our heads! At first we did not like it so well, but the old boy ordered them to play up Dessau's march, and away we went in the thick of the fiery rain. Holla! be quiet there—here they come!"

There was a profound silence. The king rode slowly onwards in conversation with his renowned General, Field-marshal Prince Leopold of Dessau, and followed by a numerous suite of officers. Just as he passed the group of which Crabb and Mr. Wilmson stood among the foremost, the king reined in his horse a moment, threw a sharp glance at the lengthy merchant, and then turning, said something to the Prince of Dessau. The prince stopped till the commandant of Magdeburg rode up; they spoke together a few minutes, still looking at Mr. Wilmson, and then followed the king.

"Crabb," said Mr. Wilmson, "I will bet ten to one the king recollects you, and your wooden leg, and so does old Dessau: they were certainly speaking of you. There is some good fortune in store for you, perhaps."

"Hang me if I was not just thinking so; I hardly know whether I stand on my head or my heels; and yet I could almost take my oath it was *you* they were talking about, Mr. Wilmson, instead of poor old Crabb. But Dessau must know me too! for it was I who struck down the Bavarian officer who had seized our colours at Höchstadt, and gave them to the Prince. He snatched them out of my hand as soon as he had got fast hold; hang me if he did not. Mr. Wilmson, I say——"

Here the veteran discovered that Mr. Wilmson had been forced forwards by the throng that followed the royal procession, and that he was telling his story to people he had never seen in his life before. Crabb looked for his man on all sides: he was nowhere to be seen. With a hearty imprecation, he turned about, and was making his way through the crowd, when his arm was seized by a tall handsome young man, who seemed, like himself, to be in search of some one.

"Thunder and lightning! Fritz, is it you?" cried the old man. "Did you see the king? you should have been with your father and me; I have such a story to tell you."

"Not now, I have not time, Crabb," said young Wilmson hastily. "Did you see a young lady in mourning hereabouts, a few minutes ago."

"My boy," responded Dessau's old trooper, curling his nose and his mustaches, "when one can have a look at the king and old Dessau, mourning young ladies may go to Jericho for me. Hark ye, Fritz, my boy, I have got something to tell you better worth listening to. Your father and I can't make out whether his majesty the king spoke to Prince Dessau about him or me. Upon my soul and body I think they were talking of me! The king must have noticed my uniform and my wooden leg; and old Dessau can't have forgotten where I lost my own good stump. Fritz, I had two legs as well shaped as yours! and so—why, Fritz, I say——" But the young man had disappeared, and the bystanders were laughing to hear the old man gesticulating, and talking so loudly to himself.

In the meantime, young Wilmson was renewing his search after the unknown beauty. While awaiting the king's appearance, his attention had been suddenly captivated by a slender graceful figure, clothed in the deepest mourning, with a large black veil thrown back over her head, displaying a brow of snow, half-covered with black crape, cut into a point coming down between the eyebrows, according to the fashion of mourning at that time. Young Wilmson made way for her to stand before him; the young lady turned her head, looked at him a moment with a pair of clear blue expressive eyes, and smiled gently in acknowledgment. Wilmson could have seen perfectly well over her head, if he had not preferred admiring the head itself, with its profusion of rich hair, clustering like fine-spun gold, under the sable folds of crape. A few longer curls clung caressingly round the dazzlingly white and beautifully rounded throat, whose beauty would have riveted the whole attention, but for the graceful symmetry of the shoulders, and exquisitely turned waist, which Wilmson was persuaded he could have spanned, if he had dared. So entirely was the young man absorbed in this interesting study, that although at the cry of "hats off!" his hand moved mechanically to his head, he would have been exceedingly puzzled to say why; and when the fair stranger again turned, and courteously inquired if he had had a good view, he hesitated, coloured, half inclined to think she was laughing at him. The general movement recalling to his mind where he was, and that the beauty probably referred to the royal procession, and not to her own fair person, Wilmson contrived to stammer forth a suitable reply. The lady bowed, and endeavoured to move forwards; but as she was visibly incommoded by the crowd that still pressed on all sides, Wilmson was under the necessity of offering his arm, and the lady of accepting it; and thus they moved slowly through the throng—the youth in silent rapture by the side of the fair girl, and feeling as if the whole festival had been prepared in honour of him.

"I live so far from here, by the Sudenburg gate," said the young stranger, stopping, when they had cleared the crowd, "I will not trouble you any further." "Do not speak of it; I am amply rewarded," replied Wilmson;—"but your will shall be respected. I will leave you when my

attendance is no longer necessary. I must learn self-denial; no one can expect to be happy always—even you are not."

"No, certainly not," said she, in a low tone. Then, after a pause, she added, turning towards him, with the gentle smile that always lighted up her sweet face as she spoke—"I have not the honour of knowing you. How have you learned so much of me, and that I am not happy?"

"I should have guessed it by your dress," said Wilmson.

"Oh, I am in mourning for my mother—for my dear mother!" said she, in a tremulous voice. "I hope that is a grief you have not known."

"Nor ever shall. I lost my mother before I could know her; but my father is so much the dearer to me."

"Oh, you are happy then—you are happy! I had lost my father long before; I am an orphan, and alone in the wide world."

The tone of sorrow in which these words were uttered, went to the heart of the young man. Beauty and grace bewitch the senses with their nameless spells, and awaken a tender admiration that may quickly ripen into love; but the sacred touch of sympathy is more powerful than either. The youth felt his whole nature moved by a tenderness of compassion, indescribable in words. How gladly would he have offered the balm of consolation, had he known more of his lovely companion; how did he long to question her further! But the fear of appearing obtrusive, the dread of tearing open wounds, so imperfectly closed, withheld him.

While he yet hesitated in what manner to express compassion, the young stranger suddenly uttered a loud cry, and dropped his arm. "Oh, heavens! what shall I do? what shall I say? what will become of me?" cried she, with a look of consternation, endeavouring in vain to look for something in the crowd.

"What is the matter?" asked Wilmson, hastily. From his companion's exclamations, he gathered that she had lost some object of value intrusted to her, and that it was impossible for her to replace it, and that she stood in great fear of the anger of the owner. "Do not be uneasy—comfort yourself —I will find it, if it is in the city: walk slowly on—I will overtake you," cried Wilmson, who at the moment when startled by his companion's cry, had noticed a young man pressing somewhat rudely against them, and directly after force a passage through the crowd with his elbows, and disappear. Wilmson disengaged himself and his companion from the throng; and without waiting for an answer, darted down a neighbouring street, in the direction taken by the person who, he doubted not, had effected the robbery. In a few minutes, he again caught sight of the individual, whom he recognised by his light green coat, and the glittering clasp in his hat, standing still, contemplating something he held in his hand. The something was wrapped in a white handkerchief, such as he recollected the young lady to have held in her hand, when he first accosted her. Any further doubts he might have had, were quickly banished by the proceedings of the gentleman in light green, who had no sooner perceived Wilmson than he took to his heels, and made off with all the speed he could muster. The green coat had considerably the advantage; nevertheless, after a time, either his mind changing, or his breath failing, he stood still, till Wilmson came up with him.

"Why do you run after me? what do you want with me?" cried he, panting for breath, as his pursuer approached; and endeavouring to thrust the handkerchief into his pocket.

"On my word, I should scarcely have taken you for a thief, if your flight and the handkerchief you are trying to hide did not betray you," said Wilmson, looking with some surprise at the guilty person, who was a handsome young man, and extremely well dressed; and, without further ceremony, snatched the prize from his hand.

"Scoundrel!" cried the other, bursting with rage; and darting forwards, aimed a blow at Wilmson, which was immediately returned with such good will, that the blood spurted from nose and mouth, over the green coat, and its wearer staggered and fell to the ground. Without troubling himself any further, the conqueror immediately retraced his steps, to relieve the anxiety of the fair one with the golden locks. It was on his return that he had encountered old Crabb. The curious crowd had advanced considerably in the meantime; but the beauty was no longer to be seen. He ran up street and down alley, looking backwards and forwards, and right and left, and inquired of every acquaintance he met. No one had seen, or no one had noticed, a young lady, in mourning. With impatience and uneasiness increasing at every step, he traversed the city from one end to the other, till he reached the Domplatz, where the king and his retinue had just alighted from their horses. If all the kings of the earth had held a congress at Magdeburg that moment, they would have been of no more account in Wilmson's eyes than a swarm of gnats on a summer evening. Like the Will o' the Wisp to the benighted wanderer, every visible black point drew him another way; but, on his approach, the black object became now the cloak of a senator, now the petticoat of a peasant woman, the sable apron of a maid-servant, or the garment that enveloped the reverend person of an ecclesiastic. At last the sight-loving crowd dispersed, having nothing more to stare at: the Domplatz was empty. Once more young Wilmson traversed the broadway from the Sudenburg to the Kroten gate. Not a female figure—not a window passed unobserved; and the better to attract her observation, if she were watching for him from any house, he held the white handkerchief conspicuously fluttering in his hand. In vain; the beautiful mourner was nowhere to be seen.

Wearied and dejected, Wilmson at length returned home, where, for the first time, he unfolded the handkerchief, not out of curiosity, but in the hope of finding some clue to the beautiful owner. But he found nothing but the letters C. von St. embroidered in one corner, and an enormous and

very magnificent Meerschaum pipe-head, with the letters J. P. v. G., engraved on the lid.

His embarassment in the possession of another's property was so much the greater, because he was to leave Magdeburg on the following day, for a considerable time, in order to escort his father's widowed sister back to Switzerland. She had come to Magdeburg to see her brother, to whom she was fondly attached; and had lingered long, with the hope of persuading him to renounce his extensive mercantile speculations, and pass the remainder of his life in her society.

As usual, the elder Mr. Wilmson was passing the evening in a summer-house in his garden, in company with his sister, Frau von Moos, and his son. They were speaking of the approaching journey, and the solemn parting banquet to be given by Mr. Wilmson in honour of his sister, when the old invalided Crabb came halting into the garden, to smoke his evening pipe in the air. The old man was laid up in snug quarters for life, in the house of the wealthy merchant, to whom he had rendered an important service in the war with Sweden, in preserving, at the hazard of his life, some warehouses, filled with costly wines, from a band of marauding soldiers.

On approaching the group, Crabb took off his cap, and taking the well-used pipe from his mouth, cried out, in a triumphant tone—

"My soul and body, madam, but I am sorry for you! In Magdeburg, and not to see the glorious king of Prussia! when he rode by so grand, and everybody bowed before his royal majesty. My soul, but I felt an all-overness, as if St. Nicholas himself had come down from heaven. Hey, Master Fritz, that was a sight!"

The young man coloured and made no answer, not holding it advisable to let the old soldier into the secret, that the fair neck of a maiden had made him quite unconscious of his majesty's presence.

"Don't be unhappy on my account, Crabb," said the lady. "I revere the great only when wisdom and virtue exalt them above their fellows—not for their outward show and glitter."

Crabb looked somewhat confounded. "Yes, yes; that is quite true, no doubt," with as respectful an air as he was master of; "but then you know, St. Nicholas! a king is not a man like one of us."

"What is he then? An angel?"

"No, not exactly; but I would say, madam, with all respect, that you won't deny but a king is God's representative and deputy upon earth."

"That is blasphemy, Crabb. God is ever present himself, and wants no deputy."

But, madam, madam, my soul! he is king by the grace of God."

"As you are an old soldier by the grace of God—without whose grace, by the king's grace, you might have starved to death, after being crippled for life in his service."

"Well, but who knows but our gracious king is sorry for having forgotten me so long. We can't rightly make it out, whether he was pleased to look at me or your honourable brother there. Only hear, madam,"—and old Crabb went on to relate the story of the monarch's significant glance in his neighbourhood, with his own commentary thereon.

"Is the old man's story true, brother?" asked Frau von Moos, hastily, with an anxious look at the elder Wilmson.

"Partly," answered he, smiling; "but Crabb makes too much of it. I am convinced that neither of us arrested his majesty's attention above a second, if at all. The whole affair is a trifle, not worth your notice."

"Heaven grant it may be so! But every action, however slight, is of importance, as from the great and powerful who decide the weal or woe of millions. How many an innocent person has their fiat deprived of property, life, honour, as I myself have experienced! Oh, the very thought makes me shudder!"

"My dearest aunt," cried young Wilmson; "you are a little too severe in your judgment. Kings in our time are not mere barbarians, as of old. They feel as other men; and many find the same satisfaction in the happiness of their subjects, as fathers in the happiness of their children."

Frau von Moos smiled sadly. "They are kings! I have bloody experience of their tender mercies. A word, and my innocent husband was the sacrifice! Fathers, do you call them? Will they—can they act as such? A father has the laws both human and divine before his eyes; and stronger than all, he feels the sacred bands of nature attach him to his children. Fritz, in the very year you were born, a king's command tore my husband from my side, to perish in a dungeon. And my husband was innocent! The king himself judged him—the king himself condemned him,—and yet he was innocent! All this misery was caused by a mistake of names and persons, and the rashness of the king. The error was discovered too late! and the representative of God's eternal justice and omnipotence could not recall murdered innocence to life. And this destroyer of my peace and of my husband, is now a *hero* for men to gape and wonder at! Woe to mankind, when such are heroes!"

"My dear, dear aunt! you speak of Charles of Sweden; but we are happy under the milder sway of Frederick William. He may have his faults; he may——"

"My child, let none possess unbounded power, but the one who has unbounded wisdom, and unbounded goodness, too! Unholy is the alliance, when despotic might is linked to human passions and infirmities."

"Thunder and lightning, madam!" exclaimed old Crabb, unable wholly to restrain his wrath at her unheard-of audacity, even out of respect to his patron's sister; "you make my hair stand on end, as I'm a Christian man, Frau von Moos. Don't think to talk me out of honouring my king. He always means right—he always *does* right—wouldn't hurt a child,—and, what is more, there is not a better soldier in the world! What! have you no master in your country, among the mountains there?"

"None, but He who is master of all, Crabb."

"Ah, ah!" answered Crabb, "we have *him* here, too; but you have no Mount Sinai among

your hills, where the laws were given, as we read in the Bible."

"No, certainly not," said the lady, smiling; "but our citizens meet together to make laws, and choose magistrates to see them put in execution."

"Whew! that must be a queer kind of a Hottentot government."

"Not at all. Everything goes on as regularly as possible."

"Ah, hah, madam! I understand," said the veteran, with a knowing look; "you have good stout garrisons to keep the folks in order."

"Not a single soldier. A constable, with his staff, is sent, if it be necessary,—and all obey."

"Much good may it do them," said Crabb, twirling his iron-gray moustache with a look of great contempt. "A country without soldiers, is like a town without houses, or a forest without trees. Our king knows better—sent his father's hundred gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the right about—keeps a frugal house, and feeds an army of fifty thousand men with the savings—and such an army, that has not its like on the face of God's earth. Pray, if I may be so bold, madam, what would they do in that comical land of yours if a war broke out, and the enemy were close upon your frontiers, with cavalry and infantry, artillery and sharpshooters, cannon-ball, musket-balls, bombs, and the devil knows what besides? Would they send their constable and his stick to tell them to move off?"

"My good Crabb, every one is a soldier with us who can carry a weapon, to defend his honour, his home, his wife and children; and do you think a man will not fight more valiantly for such a cause, than for the pay of a hireling? Let your fifty thousand come, and they will be met by a hundred thousand unbought defenders of their country's freedom."

"Well, well, madam, every one to their taste;—no offence, I hope, but in mind you must live like half-savages. Heaven be praised, I was born a Prussian subject! Zounds, madam, have you ever seen our Sunday parade, in the New Square? My soul and body! there is order and discipline for you. Eyes right—one goes left—whack comes the cane, perhaps from our gracious king himself—that is what I call order and discipline; and to the devil with your old woman of a constable, with his broomstick!—no offence, madam, as I said before."

Before Frau von Moos could reply, if she meant to make any, the garden door was suddenly opened by a servant, and an officer in full uniform entered. All rose respectfully; Crabb drew himself up perpendicularly, with his arms stuck as tightly to his sides as if they and he had been cut out of wood. The elder Wilmson advanced, bareheaded, to meet the new comer, who returned his courtesy with a slight nod and haughty air.

"You are the merchant Wilmson—are you not?" said the officer.

"At your service."

"Have you any children?"

"One son, who has the honour to stand now before you."

"How old are you?"

"Fifty-nine."

"And the young man there?"

"Between twenty and one-and-twenty."

"The commandant wishes to speak to both of you. It is his orders that you should be at his quarters to-morrow morning at nine."

"I shall obey him. Might I presume to inquire what are his commands, and——"

"Don't know—no one has any right to ask—good night. To-morrow at nine precisely, remember."

The officer turned on his heel, and went whistling through the garden. Mr. Wilmson followed, still holding his cap in his hand; the officer did not observe him apparently, and flung the door to almost in his face.

"Hurrah!" cried the veteran, flinging up his cap, and snapping the fingers of both hands, "did not I say so? It was not for nothing that the king looked our way, and spoke to Prince Dessau. Luck will come of it you will see, to say nothing of the honour."

"Evil will come of it, I fear," said Frau von Moos, reseating herself, trembling.

"Bah, madam! if anything were amiss, the officer would not have been so uncommonly polite."

"Polite," said Madam von Moos, in a tone of irritation—"he was insulting! Allowed my brother to stand with his gray hairs uncovered, and never moved his own cap, not even in the presence of a woman."

"Ay, madam; an officer, you see, never forgets his right to command. He must be every inch an officer, but he was as polite as if he had been talking to one of his equals,—and he a nobleman too; think of that, madam. The commandant sends a nobleman to talk to a merchant! Thunder and lightning, that must mean something! The king is at the bottom of it. There's luck in store for the whole family. You must not go to-morrow, madam, when luck is falling on us by pailsfull."

"Ah, brother," said Frau von Moos, turning to the elder Wilmson; "would to heaven that, instead of to-morrow, I could go to-day, and take you with me. Oh, brother, if it be possible, let us go to-day, while it is yet time! It is ill to be defenceless in the neighbourhood of the lion."

Mr. Wilmson laughed, and shook his head. "Fear not, Juliana," said he, soothingly; "neither king nor commandant will harm me. Had I been accused, or even suspected, of any crime, I should not be invited to attend him, but put under arrest. As to the good fortune Crabb prophesies, I have just as little faith in that. I have done the state no particular service that I am aware of, and Frederick still less. Whatever extraordinary Fortune has in store for us, she gives unexpectedly: whatever we anticipate, is never so good, or so bad, as we expect."

"Heaven grant all may go as smoothly as you seem to think!" sighed his sister. "I do not tremble before men, but before those who are less, or would be more than men."

Mr. Wilmson patted his sister, smilingly, on the cheek. "Away with these idle fears. I see you

are still the same Juliana that you were twenty years ago—always shuddering at imaginary spectres! Come, we will go into the house: we have sat too long here—it is cold. We will take a glass of good wine to warm us and raise our spirits.—Fritz, go into the cellar, and get us a bottle of Malvosier."

The following morning, all the house was in motion, preparing for the banquet, given by Mr. Wilmson in honour of his sister. In his ordinary housekeeping, the worthy merchant was moderate and frugal, almost to parsimony; but on extraordinary occasions, his liberality knew neither stint nor measure. The costliest dainties were to be procured at any price;—the richest wine flowed in profusion;—the best rooms in his house, which were generally locked up, were thrown open on these state occasions;—the floors covered with the most expensive Persian carpeting;—the ordinary dinner utensils replaced by a magnificent service of plate. Above fifty persons were invited to partake of this splendour, whose ears were to be regaled with the choicest harmony from unseen musicians, and their noses with the rich perfume of the rarest flowers, in vases of the finest porcelain, placed round the banqueting room. Mr. Wilmson himself walked from room to room, to see that all was arranged in the exactest order, and agreeably to his orders. Nothing was too dear, or too difficult to be procured. Before the dinner was over, his sister and his son were to withdraw in silence, and without bidding farewell, that the necessary attention to his guests might diminish the pain of parting. "I hold with Till Eulenspiegel," said the worthy merchant—

> When Fortune smiles, beware her guiles:
> Her frowns defy with steadfast eye.

When Frau von Moos met her brother at breakfast, she could not forbear reverting, even with tears, to the commandant's invitation. "It forebodes us evil, I am sure of it," said she. Wilmson laughed. "You may laugh, brother, but I am right; and oh, I had such a terrible dream about you and my nephew!"

"A dream, had you? Ah, Juliana, that came of despising good advice! you would eat those unlucky lampreys. I told you they were the most indigestible things in the world."

Frau von Moos drew back somewhat offended; but her reproof of her brother's incredulity was interrupted by the entrance of young Wilmson with a letter in his hand, which had been left for his father by a strange servant. There was no signature, and it contained only the following words:—

"A friend warns Mr. Wilmson, on the receipt of this, to go immediately to bed, and feign extreme illness. The said friend knows, from good authority, that Mr. Wilmson has pleased the king too well: *sapienti sat.*"

At the first reading of these enigmatical lines, Mr. Wilmson felt a little disturbed: the handwriting was unknown to him;—then looking at his sister with a sly smile, he put it in his pocket, and said no more about it. Frau von Moos did not, or would not, notice his suspicion; and his son was too full of his yesterday's adventure with the unknown beauty, to observe his father's proceeding. To Mr. Wilmson's great satisfaction, Frederick drew his aunt's whole attention on himself, by the extraordinary animation he displayed in describing the charms of his fair acquaintance.

"I could not have believed that there existed on earth a mortal form, so like the creature of a dream," said he. "She seemed not to walk, but to float on the air;—every motion had the same enchantment of harmony to the eye, that music has to the ear. Her voice was more like the sweet accords that sometimes bless our ears in sleep, than the tones of a mere mortal organ: her countenance had the rapture and purity of a seraph's."

"In a word, it was a heavenly vision of light and glory, and not an earthly maiden," said Mr. Wilmson, laughing at his son's enthusiasm.

"I could almost have thought so," replied the young man quite seriously. "There was a sort of clearness, a transparency in her countenance, that is not to be expressed in words, or bodied forth in colours. So long as I breathe I shall never forget that face, that form, the magic that hung around her!"

Frau von Moos, who had long had a little plan of her own for uniting her nephew to a young relation and favourite of her own in Switzerland, made a grimace at this last flight.

"Your future wife, Fritz," said she, "will not feel particularly delighted at the strength of your memory."

"If your seraph has not flown back to her native skies," said his father, "she must appear again to you and me. I will have the handkerchief and the Meerschaum head cried in the streets, and advertised in the papers; we will have handbills stuck up at the corners of the streets, and even on the church doors."

While they were yet talking the clock struck nine, and Mr. Wilmson and his son prepared to attend the commandant. They walked silently through the streets, each busied with his own thoughts: the elder Wilmson thought chiefly of his dinner; and the younger of his love. The same officer who had brought the summons on the preceding evening, was standing at the door of the commandant's house. He conducted father and son up a broad staircase into a magnificent saloon. Before the door stood two grenadiers with pointed caps and fierce black moustaches; officers of different regiments were walking up and down, not one of whom condescended to take the slightest notice of the new comers, or to return their respectful bows. After a while a door at the other end of the saloon was opened; an officer of the guard put in his head, and called out "Are the merchant and his son there?" The two Wilmsons approached, and on a sign from the officer followed him into an antechamber. "Wait here till you are called for," said the officer; and left the room for a few seconds by another door, and then returning, ordered Mr. Wilmson to attend. "You, I mean the old one," said the military hero, in the same courteous tone as before: "the young fellow is to wait."

In this moment, Fritz forgot even his beautiful unknown, in the eagerness of his desire to know what the monarch could possibly have to say to his father. A chamberlain, or some such person, whose dress was so thickly covered with gold lace, as almost to hide the cloth, was the only person, besides himself, in the room. This glittering gentleman stood facing the window, on which he was beating a march; in a few minutes he turned round with an audible yawn, when his eyes encountering Fritz Wilmson's, he started back, set his teeth hard together, and murmured in a tone of stifled rage: "What, the devil!—you here again!" Young Wilmson, on his side, was scarcely less astonished when he recognised, in his amusing companion, the handkerchief snatcher of the preceding day, whose swollen nose still showed unequivocal proofs of the vigour of Fritz's fist. The gold jacket, measured him from head to foot with looks meant to be withering, approached a few paces nearer, and murmured between his set teeth, "You are the scoundrel who presumed yesterday——"

Frederick's eyes sparkled; he stepped back. "Let me beg of you, Sir, no blackguardism, or that fine jacket of your's will be no protection."

The other also retreated with a sneering laugh; young Wilmson turned his back upon him, and went to the window. At that moment, a carriage containing several ladies rattled by; one of them looked up,—it was the mourning beauty. Fritz hastily threw up the window, and flung himself half out to look after her. She had certainly observed him, and kept her head out of the carriage window till it had turned the corner. "It is she herself," sighed Fritz, and I am *here*. "The lady has just driven past," said he aloud, turning suddenly round upon the enemy.

"What lady?" asked the chamberlain.

"The lady whom you robbed of her handkerchief yesterday in the crowd."

"Fool," muttered the other, "*I rob!* I was jesting with her, nothing more; she knows me well enough; but as to the Meerschaum head——"

At the sound of the words "she knows me," young Wilmson forgot his anger with the individual who uttered them, and advancing, eagerly caught him by the hand. "How, Sir, do you really mean that you know *her*?"

"Do I know *her*?" repeated the worthy in green and gold, in a scornful tone. "What if I do know *her*?—but hands off if you please, and don't be quite so familiar."

Young Wilmson would now have willingly given all he possessed in the world to purchase forgiveness from his adversary! He was actually on the point of stammering forth an apology when the door once more opened, and his father entered. "I shall not wait for you," whispered he in passing his son. "I must go home directly. Come after me as soon as you are dismissed."

"What does he want with us?" said the young man. "What did the commandant——"

"Hush!" said his father in a low voice. "The king himself is there," pointing to the room he had just left. "I cannot exactly make out why I was sent for; he asked a number of indifferent questions about my age and situation in life; and also about you and your acquirements. I was then dismissed with a gracious promise to do something for you if you pleased him. His majesty seems in a very good humour; but be careful how you accept any offer that may be made you, however advantageous it may appear. Ask time for consideration. Farewell for the present."

With these words Mr. Wilmson hastily withdrew. However important his approaching interview with a monarch might have appeared formerly to young Wilmson, he now felt neither hope, fear, nor ambition awakened within him, nor even curiosity. All his faculties were absorbed by the declaration of the arrogant gentleman in gold lace, that he knew the sable clad beauty, and by the means of acquiring the good will of that person, whom he would have held altogether unworthy his attention only half an hour ago: but a ray of a goddess had fallen on him from the sunny-haired divinity of the preceding day, and transformed, in the eyes of her lover, an insolent domestic into an individual whose esteem he desired above all things to obtain.

His meditations were broken in upon by the summons of the officer on guard, to the presence of majesty. The young man entered, and bowed with due reverence on all sides, though he could not well make out whereabouts the monarch might be. A cloud was before his eyes, not exactly caused by the reflected splendours of royalty, or his own bashfulness, but because the confined apartment was filled with tobacco smoke from the pipes of several general officers, every one of whom was puffing away with equal zeal and gravity. They were standing bareheaded around a small table, by which sat, hat on head, and pipe in mouth, a person whom young Wilmson recognised as the monarch himself, when the bluish vapour, that had hitherto obscured his royal visage, was somewhat dispersed.

The king looked for a while with evident satisfaction at the tall, handsome figure before him, and then nodding to the officers around, said,—

"And he is scarcely twenty-one! He will grow yet, he has a good four years before him! We may make something of that lad; perhaps fugleman to the life-guard." Then turning to the young man, "Now tell me freely, my lad, what should you like to be?"

"Sire, my father intends me for his successor; my own taste is for agriculture, or a learned profession."

"Learned," asked the king sharply; "what do you know then? Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, what——"

"Your majesty, I am tolerably well acquainted with the two first; I have studied history and mathematics, and the literature of France and Italy."

"Pshaw, nonsense, boy; you must not be a mere bookworm! Fie upon it! Reading, writing, and arithmetic are all very well. I will promote you."

"May it please your majesty—" stammered the youth in a fright, as a sudden light burst upon his mind, touching his majesty's notion of promotion. The king went on without heeding his consternation.

"I will admit you among my guards,—you shall go with me to Potsdam; do you hear? You must be a soldier; that is the only trade for a young fellow of spirit.—He will be six feet, or six feet two, perhaps; he bids fair for it," added the monarch, glancing round upon his attendants.

"Your majesty——"

"And, if you behave well, you will not remain six weeks in the ranks. I want sharp fellows in my guard. But, hark ye! one thing more," said the king recollecting himself; "have you got a sweetheart yet?"

At this very unexpected question Wilmson's intended remonstrance died on his lips, and his colour rose to scarlet.

"Look at the smooth-cheeked booby, he blushes like a girl," said the king laughing loudly, and looking again round to the attendant officers. "That will do, my lad, you need say no more; but recollect that, without my special permission, you must not think of marrying. I will look out for a fit wife for you myself. You like a soldier's life, hey?"

"No, your majesty," replied the young man boldly; "I am a freeman: I wish to remain so."

"Ten thousand devils!—young man take care what you are about. What do you mean by that?"

"I have not the honour to be your majesty's subject. I am a citizen of the United Provinces."

"No matter," said the king, waving his hand impatiently.

"I wish to return to my native country."

"Oh, ho! you will forget that before you have been a week in Potsdam."

"I will demand the protection of their High Mightinesses the States General."

"Hold your tongue, fool," cried the king in a rage, "or I will give you earnest of the service over your back, instead of in your hand."

"Your majesty," said the young man firmly, "is too just to compel a free man against his will."

"Silence; you know *my will*, and that is enough; I want no *free* men, but faithful soldiers: conduct yourself accordingly.—Go, you will receive a handsome sum as bounty."

"With your majesty's permission, I want no bounty,—I will not accept of bounty; my father is in more than easy circumstances; he is rich; he will pay any sum for my freedom."

"You shall not have it; you are a soldier—a soldier you will remain. Go."

"Sire, as a free man I enter my solemn protest against this arbitrary proceeding. I will rather die than take the oath."

"H—ll and the D—l," cried the enraged monarch, springing from his seat, and raising his stick, he approached Wilmson, as if to fell him to the earth. The latter did not stir, but looked the king full and firmly in the face. His majesty let the stick sink slowly, threw a furious glance at the unruly recruit, and thundered out. "The guard or the gallows!—remember that."

"With your majesty's leave, I choose the latter," said Wilmson calmly.

The king raised his stick again in renewed fury, dropped it again as suddenly, and said to the commandant, "Drag the scoundrel hence! to the barracks or the guard-house with him!—to-morrow he marches with the other recruits. If he makes the slightest resistance keep him in solitary confinement upon bread and water, till he comes to his senses; or, since he is so tough, let him have a taste of the rack." He pointed towards the door; the commandant seized Wilmson by the arm, and with a rough push over the threshold, dismissed him with more haste than ceremony from the royal presence.

In the saloon, the unwilling candidate for military glory was delivered over to two subaltern officers, to be conducted to the depôt, with a repetition of the king's command to keep him on bread and water, &c., &c., in case of resistance.

"Your excellency will, at least, allow me to see my father, once more to bid him farewell," said the young man.

"What's the use of that? I see no occasion for it."

"I request it as the only favour your excellency or the king can now grant me."

The commandant was silent for a moment, as if hesitating, went back into the room they had just left, and then returning, said, "You must go to the depôt: word will be sent to your father if he wishes to see you."

"Your excellency will permit me to return home, if it be only for half an hour, to provide myself with the necessary linen and clothing for a journey,—I cannot travel in that I have on."

"Be off with you to the depôt—or the devil," cried the commandant angrily. "Settle about your trumpery with your father,—I shall send to him."

The two subalterns took Wilmson between them, and hurried him, without further ceremony, into the street, where a corporal, armed with a stout cane, also favoured him with his attendance.

The young man, who, by the single act of a despot, had thus lost at a blow, home, country, kindred; all joy in the present, all hope in the future, to pass the remainder of his life among the refuse of the people; now, swelling with indignation too great for utterance, accompanied his guides without offering further resistance.

"Come, come, my friend, cheer up! don't look so melancholy about it," said one of the officers, who appeared to feel some compassion for the victim to the royal admiration for tall men.

"I am anything but melancholy!" answered Fritz, grinding his teeth.

"That's right! The guardsmen are well taken care of. Patience, and all will go right enough at Potsdam; only try to keep up your spirits, and don't think of what is passed, and can't be helped."

"To lose *all, all* that I now possess, or ever hoped for!" murmured the youth half to himself.

"Fancy it all swallowed up by an earthquake, and think no more of it."

"*Then*, I should feel melancholy."

"Why then?" asked the officer in a tone of curiosity.

"Who could feel more,—who would complain of calamity inflicted by the hand of Providence? But to be dragged from my home, from my friends, to be made a slave of—Heaven and Hell! that is——"

The officer whistled and looked away; he did not understand him, and, perhaps, it was as well for Fritz that he did not.

At the barracks, the new recruit was given in charge to the officer in command, and led into a long, low, smoke-blackened room, where a number of youths, similarly circumstanced, were sitting by a long table, eating, drinking, swearing, singing, and smoking detestable tobacco. This agreeable circle saluted him with an uproarious shout, and offered him a seat among them. He declined it, and threw himself, with folded arms, upon a bench apart from the table. They drank to him with mock civility; and some gravely begged to know how his mother did. He took no notice of their mockery; he scarcely heard them; he was brooding over all sorts of impossible schemes of vengeance and escape. A hundred times he swore to himself rather to die than submit, and leave the world an example of how little despotic power could bind one resolved to be free, and careless of life without freedom. His companions had just left the room with much stumbling, struggling, and clamour, to finish their pipes in the open air, when the officer on duty returned, accompanied by the elder Wilmson. At the sight of his father, the young man's high-wrought feelings gave way, and as he threw himself upon his parent's neck, tears of mingled rage and sorrow burst from his eyes, in spite of all his efforts to restrain them. The officer made a grimace, expressive of little liking for the task imposed on him, and, on some pretence, quickly left them together. The elder Wilmson did not utter a word. He allowed the anger and despair of his son to exhaust themselves; and it was not till Fritz had supplicated, threatened, wept, stormed, uttered imprecations on the king, himself, and all mankind—the tyrants, and those who endured their tyranny, and had finally thrown himself once more on the bench, worn out by the variety and vehemence of his emotions, that the father broke silence.

"Frederick," said he, gravely, but kindly taking his son's hand, "I expected to see a *man;* one master of his destiny, not mastered by it. I find an angry boy: your person is coerced; your soul cannot be. All is not lost, if you can but control yourself."

"Not lost—how?" cried the young man, springing up; "will you, can you, free me from this infernal slavery?"

"I can, I will; but be tranquil—listen to me. It cannot be so soon, perhaps, as you expect. I cannot purchase your freedom; I have offered an enormous sum, the king will not listen to me. He has set his heart upon having you in his guard, and here his will is law. You must obey; you must go to Potsdam—you must yield to your fate."

"And you speak of it so coldly, father!"

"You must yield to your fate! I will send you clothes, money, everything of which you may be in need. Go to Potsdam—accommodate yourself to circumstances as you best may. It is my wish that you conduct yourself so as to acquire the confidence of all about you. I claim thus much from your obedience as a son. Will you give me your promise?"

"I cannot," said young Wilmson, pacing backwards and forwards in uncontrollable agitation. "Submit quietly to such infernal tyranny! I will make my escape the first opportunity, if I am certain of death in consequence."

"I will not hear of such an attempt; I insist on your listening to me quietly and without interruption. Sit down." Frederick obeyed in sullen silence. His father continued:—"The least indiscretion will ruin us both. We are here beyond the protection of the law; avoid, above all things, awakening anger or suspicion: your imprudence may destroy all hope—but your imprudence alone. Leave me to act; I will yet save you, if your impatience does not frustrate my designs."

He paused for a reply. Frederick was silent for some time; he was evidently engaged in a violent conflict with his own feelings.

"And for how long do you require me to act this detestable farce?" said he at length. "How long do you require me to be a slave, and wear the livery of one?"

"Until I myself am free—until my property is converted into paper, and out of the Prussian territory. Then, and not till then, we can take a decisive step. Trouble yourself no further; but bear your present misfortune like a man."

"But the oath, father, you have forgotten that; how can I take the oath of fidelity to this——"

"How can you help yourself?" interrupted his father. "An oath taken on compulsion is no oath at all. You are not called on to throw away your life in a useless contest with overwhelming might. God and reason absolve us from obligations imposed by force. If such oaths were suffered to weigh against the principles of eternal justice, we might be compelled to swear to deeds that would deprive us of all claims to humanity—that would degrade us below the level of the brutes!"

"I will obey you, father," said the youth with a heavy sigh.

"You will do well. Let none despair but those who have done something to repent of. The king has spoiled my grand dinner party, that is all. My sister——"

"Ah! my dear aunt!—does she know what has happened?"

"She does; I told her myself. I said, 'Sister, your wishes will be fulfilled. I will leave Magdeburg, and retire with you and Fritz to a land of freedom, as soon as I can free myself from all ties to this place.'

"She was almost beside herself with joy. By degrees I told her all that had happened, and disclosed my plans for the future. At first she thought of her dead husband, and uttered the bitterest invectives against the mighty of this earth; but in the end she said—'At last, then, I shall have something to thank a king for. Against his own will, he will gild the evening of my days. I shall end them in the society of all I love on earth. Let me leave this hateful city as quickly as possible: the earth burns under my feet.'"

The calmness with which Mr. Wilmson gave all these details to his son had a better effect upon his mind than an hour's consolation would have done. By degrees his heart grew lighter, and his brow cleared up. His forced entry among the guards of Frederick William had even its ridiculous point of view. He would look upon it as a masquerade somewhat of the longest. He parted from his father with some appearance of cheerfulness, and charged him, above all, not to forget to send him the handkerchief with the head of the Meerschaum.

On the following morning, at sunrise, the recruits were marched out of the city. That he might not attract attention, Fritz had changed the more elegant habiliments he had worn in his interview with the king, for the oldest garments in his wardrobe. He was among the foremost, and walked with downcast eyes, without looking either to the right or the left, when his attention was roused by the sound of his own name from the other end of the bridge he was crossing.

"Thunder and lightning, Fritz!—my heart's blood, who would have guessed yesterday, that a spark would have fallen into the magazine to blow us all up sky-high? But never mind, my boy; the king and old Dessau mean honestly by you; hang me if they don't, for all that's said and done. It is all your own fault; as I'm a sinner, it's all your own doing. Why, in the devil's name, must you grow so handsome, and taller by the head, than anybody else? Why were you not little, or crooked, or lame? Thunder and lightning! you knew our good king's whim well enough!"

It was the veteran Crabb, who had hobbled down to the bridge, as fast as his wooden leg would let him, to say farewell to his patron's son, whose misfortune, in being thus kidnapped by the giant-loving old despot, affected him much more than he chose to acknowledge.

Young Wilmson shook hands with him in silence; and the old man limped by his side, trying hard at some fragments of a camp ditty, in praise of a soldier's life; but his voice broke down completely in the middle of a stanza, and Crabb was fain to prove his fortitude by vollies of hard words, and railing at the road, the weather, his wooden leg, and finally at the melancholy visible in his young companion's face.

"Sapperment—thousand devils!" said the veteran, making a hideous grimace, to hide the tear that fell on his grizzled beard, as the recruits halted at the foot of the bridge; and Fritz signified to him that here they must part. "Hang it, Fritz, show more courage, man! you look as moping as an owl in the sunshine. Look at me! a soldier should care for nothing, and nobody. Talking of that—if I had but time now, I could tell you a story of old Dessau, that would make you split your sides with laughing."

"No, never mind now, Crabb; good-by," said young Wilmson, holding out his hand.

The old man wrung it hard,—tried at a parting joke, which ended in an imprecation on the head of *somebody*, and then at a song; but that failing also, he gave his favourite's hand another squeeze, that brought the tears into his eyes, and then turning his back abruptly, returned, weeping and cursing, over the bridge to Magdeburg.

The recruits reached Potsdam by short marches where they were mustered, and drafted into different regiments. Wilmson went into the foot guards. According to the promise exacted by his father, he digested his wrath as he best could: learned the puppet-like movement, the shouldering, grounding, recovering, and wheeling right and left, and even put on the tawdry disguise of the uniform without any open manifestation of repugnance. Without any effort on his own part, he rapidly acquired favour and distinction with his officers. He was, without dispute, the handsomest man in the regiment, and promised to be the tallest; and his whole manner and demeanour betrayed an evident superiority of education and condition to his comrades. Nor were his various acquirements long unknown or unnoticed; and as he was liberal of his money and freely used his influence with his superiors in their favour, his fellow-soldiers were willing to forgive him his advantages, and even to overlook his disinclination to their society. It was well known that he had been forced, against his will, into the service,—many others were so far similarly circumstanced; but as their talents and station in life were evidently far inferior to Wilmson's, it awakened neither surprise nor ill-will, when he received permission from the colonel to inhabit a separate room out of the barrack;—and this favour, which he had ardently desired, rendered him as happy as in such a situation it was possible for him to be. Having once entered on the task assigned him by his father, he resolved to go through it with spirit and resolution; and so far mastered his feelings as to show on all occasions, a satisfied and even cheerful countenance: listened with every appearance of pleasure to the congratulations of his fellow-soldiers when, within three months, he was advanced to the rank of sergeant, by express desire of the king; and, in short, played his part so well, that it was generally believed that the failure of all the attempts made by the elder Wilmson to procure his son's release, was as much to be attributed to the indifference of the young man himself as to the unwillingness of the king to part with his long-legged recruit. His object was obtained; he had the confidence of all; and many privileges were granted him, of which, however, he seldom made use, and never abused. The colonel called him "My son," when he spoke to him; employed him as his secretary, and, as such, frequently brought him to his house, where, though he could not invite him to his table, Wilmson was treated with more friendliness and consideration than his officers could often boast of.

In the meantime, he maintained a diligent correspondence with his father, and his hopes of release grew daily brighter. By degrees, the elder Wilmson disposed of the greater part of his warehoused goods in Magdeburg; and such as could not be sold without great loss, were deposited in warehouses beyond the Prussian frontier. His out-lying capital was gradually collected, sometimes at a disadvantage, under the pretext that the

bankruptcy of some foreign houses rendered some reduction in the number of his speculations necessary. It was admitted on all sides, that he was an honest man; but his credit as a merchant suffered proportionably—a result he had expected and calculated on, and which rendered his subsequent proceeding of converting his possessions in house and land in Magdeburg into ready money perfectly intelligible. At last he wrote to his son:—

"In a fortnight I shall leave Magdeburg, and await your coming at my sister's house by the lake of Constance. It is thought here that I am returning to the Netherlands. I await you with fear and trembling. You have a weighty task to accomplish. Make your preparations with the utmost care and forethought. If you have not money enough, I will send you more immediately. Agreeably to your wish, Crabb will leave me to-day for Potsdam; the old man is out of his wits with joy. He will be a great assistance to you in your escape. Bring him with you to Switzerland. The veteran wishes to end his days with us. To avoid suspicion, it will be better not to be seen together in public; you will act more freely in consequence. I have taken care he shall not want for money."

The sergeant of Potsdam had already projected the means of flight; all that was wanting to the full accomplishment of his plan was a faithful auxiliary, whom he dared not look for in Potsdam. It was therefore he had required the presence of Crabb. The old man was to travel as a rich merchant from Berlin to Potsdam, where he could easily find means to smuggle Fritz into the carriage; and once over the frontier into Saxony, and they were safe. All succeeded according to his wish; Crabb came in state to Potsdam, and cried for joy, when he found himself in Wilmson's little chamber, where he was received with heartfelt joy, and the whole project explained to him.

"Holla!" cried the veteran, rubbing his hands, and chuckling with delight; "now its all daylight with me. Devil punch me dead, if I could make out why the old gentleman in Magdeburg furbished me out in this way. Fritz, you should see my magazine; a chest full of clothes, fit for a privy-councillor or a burgomaster. Hang me, if I don't look like one when my beard is scraped off. The devil himself wouldn't know old Crabb again."

All the details of the projected flight were now agreed on. Crabb was to fix his head-quarters at one of the best hôtels, and keep himself quiet till the receipt of Mr. Wilmson's last letter from Magdeburg, announcing his departure from that city, when the last step was to be taken without further delay. Punctual to the day, Mr. Wilmson wrote to his son; Crabb received another letter nearly to the same effect. With his credentials in his hand, the old man hastened, as soon as it was dark, to the barracks. To his no small astonishment, he found the young sergeant seated in a melancholy attitude, with his head resting on his hand; and far from sharing in the veteran's joy, it was evident, from his short and cold replies, that he scarcely heard, and paid no attention to what was said.

Crabb knew not what to make of this, and stood with his mouth open, staring at the young gentleman for some time in silence.

"Are you ill, Mr. Frederick?" said he at length.

"No, Crabb."

"Any accident happened, then?"

"None that I am aware of."

"Hang me, young gentleman, if I know what to make of you, then. Here, thinks I, he will be ready to jump over the moon for joy; and there you sit—God forgive me!—like a sinner on the stool of repentance! Sha'n't I go to Berlin to-morrow morning, to buy the travelling chaise?"

"There is no hurry for it, Crabb," answered Frederick coldly.

"No hurry!—whew!—what's in the wind now? What *am I* to do, then, Master Fritz?"

"Leave me—nothing! I don't know," said the young man, resuming his meditative posture.

"Hólla! the fat's in the fire with a vengeance. You don't know—who does then? Don't you recollect that your father is almost at his journey's end by this time? What will he say to your 'don't know,' Master Fritz?"

"I shall remain here some time longer; leave me, Crabb."

With these words young Wilmson rose from his seat, took a few rapid turns up and down the room, and then making a sudden halt, he laid both hands upon Crabb's shoulders, and looked at him with an inexplicable expression of happiness in his whole countenance and manner. Crabb stood as mute as a fish, with mouth wide open, all eyes and ears, in expectation of hearing something extraordinary. Instead of giving the wished-for communication, however, another change came over the young man's spirit; he withdrew his hands, his head dropped on his breast, and he resumed his walk with a slower step, and folded arms.

"The Lord be merciful to us, and forgive us our sins!" muttered Crabb, in a fright; "he is certainly cracked!"

"Be silent," said Frederick, turning sharply round. "The affair stands now on a very different footing. Once for all, I shall remain here at present. I will not, I cannot, leave Potsdam. To-morrow, or the day after, perhaps, I may be able to tell you more; perhaps not for three months, or a year. The aspect of my affairs has changed, I tell you—go."

"So, so, so,—a pretty story this!" grumbled the veteran. "Off I set, ready to break my neck in my hurry at a moment's notice, to help a fellow to desert, cheat the king, and put my own head in the noose; for it would be 'run together, hang together,' if we were caught; and the whole business ends in smoke! and I'm packed off with a flea in my ear, to lie, like a bear in cold weather, sucking my paws, for a year may be! Thunder and lightning! I'd rather be hanged at once."

Young Wilmson paid no attention to his follower's remonstrance; but when Crabb ventured to push them a little farther, he said, with a look and tone that showed him to be in earnest—"No more, friend Crabb—let me hear no more of this. I am unfortunately situated—I cannot go yet—I am fixed to this place for a while—I *must* remain

here. If the king himself were to send me over the frontier, I would return of my own free will. Now, go: it may be that, in a few days, you shall know all; but go now;"—and with these words he led the old man to the door.

Crabb offered no further resistance; but, with a significant pointing to his own head, to indicate his opinion of the condition of Frederick's, he returned, muttering curses, to the hôtel.

The motive of Fritz Wilmson's unexpected change of mind and resolution to hug his chains, was simply this:—The day before Crabb's last visit, he had been on guard at the palace, where he remained till twelve o'clock. He was sauntering among the statues in the square, and enjoying the beauty of the morning, when his notice was attracted by a young girl, in half-mourning, who was walking up and down before the houses, in evident embarrassment, looking right and left, and at length directing her steps towards the spot where he stood. Since his Magdeburg adventure, he never saw a young female in mourning without a certain palpitation of the heart; however, the dress, and the basket on the arm, showed the condition of the person before him, to be that of a maid-servant. When she approached nearer, and, addressing him timidly, asked if he could direct her to the house of Mrs. Major Malzahn—when he heard the soft flute-like voice, that had once touched him to the heart with the words, "I am an orphan, and alone in the wide world"—looked on the child-like purity of expression in her countenance, and met the gaze of the soft, clear, smiling eyes—his breath grew shorter, and a dimness came before his sight.

"Is it possible?" murmured he, at length. "Forgive me; but—have you a relation in Magdeburg, who resembles you strongly—a sister?—or was it yourself I had the happiness of seeing there, in another dress?—or——?"

She looked at him again more earnestly, and with a faint blush. "Good Heaven!" exclaimed she, involuntarily, "if it were not for that uniform; but, no, it is not possible!"

"I am the person you take me for," said he, sadly. "I am the son of the merchant Wilmson, of Magdeburg, forced by the despotic will of a monarch to wear this hateful livery; I have endured the slavery now six months. Ah! the day was at once the happiest of my life, and the most fatal to me."

"That day decided my fate also," said the fair stranger, sighing and casting her eyes on the ground. "I remember you perfectly, Mr. Wilmson, and I never believed the evil that was spoken of you—never."

"Who could have spoken of me to you good or evil?" asked young Wilmson, in some surprise.

"A person of the name of Kiek, in the service of Privy-councillor Von Gundling. He asserted that you were——that you had robbed *him* of that unfortunate handkerchief with the meerschaum head, that I lost in the crowd; but, I assure you, I never thought ill of you for a moment."

"Did he dare? O, that I had found you again at that moment! Your property is safe. I have kept your handkerchief as a sacred relic always by me; but your name I could not discover: the letters C. v. St. were marked in the corner."

"Clementina Stern," said she, in a low tone.

"Clementina Stern?" he repeated; "then it must be Clementina *von* Stern?" As Wilmson hesitatingly put this leading question, his eyes fell unconsciously on the well-filled basket on the round white arm, which, with the apron of coloured linen, black neck handkerchief, and white cap with a black ribbon, was at that time the usual costume of female servants, when they adopted something of the town fashions.

Clementina seemed to understand the inquiry implied by his looks better than he was aware of. She blushed deeply, as she answered, "That *was* my name, but my family has long since abandoned such vain distinctions. Since the death of my dear father, as subrector, and the melancholy journey to Berlin, undertaken by my mother, in the vain hope of assistance from some rich relations, my misfortunes reached their climax: I lost my last dear parent, and I am reduced to servitude as my only resource." As she spoke, a few pearly drops fell on her soft rose-tinted cheek. "Do not mistake the cause of my sorrow, Mr. Wilmson. I have no false shame for the humility of my condition; I did but think what would have been my mother's feelings, if she could have foreseen my future destiny."

"Oh, Fräulein, if I might venture——"

"Do not call me Fräulein," interrupted she, hastily, as if the sound grated on her ear; but when she saw the tears in her own eyes reflected in Frederick's, her voice again softened. "And are you, too, no longer happy?" asked she.

"Happy, when I see you weep?" said Frederick. There was a pause, which was broken at length by an inquiry as to when and where he might restore the handkerchief and its contents.

"Oh, let me never set eyes on it again!" cried Clementina—her colour deepening as she spoke; "it has been the cause of all my late uneasiness, or rather it was the unconscious instrument of the detested Kiek."

Frederick found little difficulty in drawing from her all the circumstances connected with her loss. The owner of this magnificent pipe was Privy-councillor Von Gundling, who, being a lover of finery, valued himself not a little on the possession of such an article. He had given a large sum for it in Magdeburg, whither he had come in the royal suite, and sent it to a goldsmith to have his arms engraved on the lid. Clementina, then a dependant on some part of the councillor's family, had been desired to fetch it back. Kiek, the gentleman in green and gold, who imagined that Clementina's poverty reduced her to his level, had for some time persecuted her with his addresses; and meeting her on Wilmson's arm, in the crowd that followed the king, he took him for a favoured rival, and snatched the handkerchief, partly with the design of provoking her. Wilmson's violence confirmed Kiek's suspicion. On the return of the family to Berlin, he learnt that the admired meer-

schaum had not been restored to its owner, who, in consequence thereof, had been in a towering passion ever since. This gentleman, Kiek, now tried to profit by poor Clementina's embarrassment, and promised to find means to quiet the privy-councillor, if the proud beauty would show him some favour in return; but meeting with a still more decided repulse, he detailed the adventure in Magdeburg, with some additions of his own. He told his master that he had heard Clementina's companion ask her to give him the meerschaum for a keepsake, which she had at last agreed to; that he, Kiek, had snatched it out of the fellow's hand, but was set upon, in return, by the robber and some of his comrades, and so compelled to surrender what he would never have parted with to one. As Clementina's own account agreed in some particulars with Kiek's fictions, it was held as an entire confirmation of them. No one would believe for a moment that the person in question, so far from being her lover, was not even known to her. She was obliged not only to pay the worth of the missing valuable, and leave the house; but was told, in pretty plain terms, that she might think herself fortunate to get off so easily. Reduced to the brink of despair, by such a concurrence of unhappy accidents, Clementina, after many fruitless attempts to procure an employment more suitable to her birth, left Berlin and came to Potsdam, in the humble situation in which young Wilmson found her.

Wilmson listened with the deepest interest to Clementina's recital. "Let the scoundrel but cross my path," muttered he, through his teeth, "and I will run him through, were he in the royal presence! I understand now," said he, aloud, "why the rascal did not accuse me of the theft when he saw me dragged from the king's presence. He feared your innocence, and his own villany would be made manifest. Ah, Clementina! how much have you suffered through my fault! If I had not been your companion on that unfortunate day, one sorrow had at least been spared you. Be it my task to redress your wrongs—I can, I will. How much have you endured since we first met, how much do you still endure?"

"No, Mr. Wilmson, I have now nothing to endure; I have found a good mistress."

"The best mistress is still a mistress," said Wilmson, hastily; "and you, O dearest Clementina! you must—you shall be—your own mistress. You see me now as a soldier; but I am rich, my father is rich. Do not doubt me. I am not like that wretched fellow—that——"

"I do not think—I never did think—you were," interrupted Clementina. "I thank you for your offers, Mr. Wilmson; you are very kind; but I am my own mistress, so long as I am free from all obligation."

"Turn out the guard," called the sentinel, as a general officer rode by. The sergeant could only bow to his fair companion, before he sprang into his place; the general rode on, the soldiers turned into the guard-house again. Frederick turned to look for Clementina, but she was gone. He paced slowly backwards and forwards, plunged in a delicious reverie. The unexpected vision had changed his whole frame of mind. In the agitation caused by her fluctuating feelings, Clementina appeared still lovelier than at their former meeting in Magdeburg. He murmured her words softly to himself; he stood on the spot where she had stood; something of her still seemed to linger around and hallow it. Potsdam, the city he had hitherto beheld as a dungeon, was suddenly transformed to a fairy kingdom in his eyes; and the command of the king, so often execrated as the mandate of a despot, appeared as the right hand of a divinity leading him to the object of all his hopes and wishes. He blessed the monarch; he blessed his fate; Clementina's presence would have changed a hell into a heaven in his eyes. It was in this mood that Crabb found him after the receipt of his father's letter.

It will scarcely be doubted, that every moment Wilmson could spare on the following day, was devoted to the discovery of Clementina's abode. Potsdam, though a royal residence, was but an insignificant city, and even less remarkable for its population than its size. Every one who has read romances, knows that lovers are sure to find one another in the end, even if they must first traverse every quarter of the world; it was, therefore, not to be wondered at that Wilmson had scarcely employed three hours upon his voyage of discovery, before he was again blessed with the sight of her he sought. In the first floor of a large house, Clementina was standing at a window, from which she occasionally looked out, as if she, too, were in search of somebody or something. As soon, however, as he came right opposite, and took off his cap to salute her, Clementina's eyes unaccountably missed him, and she not only drew back and shut the window, but drew the curtain before it.

His smiling heaven was suddenly obscured and saddened, as if a snow-storm had fallen upon the earth, while glowing in the beauty and freshness of Spring. He returned gloomily to his cell, and entered on a long struggle with himself, in which, in his own mind, he came off victorious. He blushed at the violence of his passion for an unknown, who scorned his respectful homage, and resolved to think of his escape in good earnest. He spoke to Crabb, and appointed the day and the hour. Crabb was to go to Berlin, and return with a carriage and post-horses, as a wealthy merchant travelling in haste through Potsdam, late in the evening, when he was to take up Wilmson, disguised as his servant, and make the best of his way over the frontier. The day he was to set off, Crabb had occasion to pay Wilmson a last visit. The old man came chuckling, and rubbing his hands, into the room where the young sergeant was lying before the window, looking into the street, with so much attention, that he did not observe Crabb's entrance. Clementina had just passed, looked up, and returned his salute with a smile and a blush; and when she reached the corner of the street, the beautiful head was once more turned in his direction, and as quickly averted. Frederick's Spring laughed out once more; the snow melted

away, and the bowed but unbroken flowers reared their heads once more. After waiting some time, Crabb's patience failed him, and he pulled Wilmson by the shoulder to make him aware of his presence. The young man turned round with sparkling eyes and cheeks glowing crimson. "I shall remain," said he; "I do not mean to go at all. If I were sure that an earthquake would destroy the town in a few hours, I would stay and be swallowed up in it."

Crabb felt very much as if he were threatened with a similar accident at this unexpected turn. He stormed, entreated, wept and swore, and swore and wept by turns, while Wilmson, without heeding him, lay before the window, and looked at the stones that Clementina's foot had touched and consecrated. After two hours spent in useless endeavour, the old man gave up the point, and withdrew, muttering and grumbling, to the next beer-cellar; and the young man, forgetting him and all the world besides, remained in quiet enjoyment of his prospect from the barrack-room window.

The next time fortune smiled on Wilmson was in the garrison church, where, to the grievous injury of his devotion, he saw Clementina in company with an aged lady. She was too well engaged to notice him; however, in going out, he expected, at least, a look of recognition in answer to his humble inclination; the beauty's colour rose a little, but she passed and gave no sign. The evening of the same day they met again in a public walk, and this time Wilmson mustered up courage, not to bow but to speak! "How happy am I at length!" stammered he. But his happiness was quickly put an end to by the countenance with which the fair one heard him: it seemed to betray astonishment beyond the power of expression at his impertinence. "What is your meaning, Sir, in thus addressing me?" said she coldly; "I do not know you: you have made some mistake—you are speaking to the wrong person." And without deigning to look at him a second time, she turned away with some young persons who were walking with her. The poor sergeant was thunderstruck, and stood for some minutes as stock-still as if he had been on parade before some martinet of an officer; then suddenly starting from his bewilderment, he left the walk with a firm step and indignant air, in double-quick time, execrating the weakness of man and the coquetry of woman, from the time of Helen downwards. "Am I then her dupe only, her laughing-stock, when I thought—heaven and hell! what a tone she assumed—'I do not know you—you are addressing the wrong person:' if ever I put faith in woman again——!" What was likely to happen in the case therein predicated, was lost to the world by his running into the house where old Crabb had taken up his quarters, and ordering him to set out for Berlin forthwith. The veteran did not wait for a second thought, but with an audible thanksgiving, that the young gentleman had at last recovered the use of his wits, he hired horses, and drove out of the town before Wilmson found himself in his own room again. The young sergeant plumed himself not a little in his own mind on the dignity and decision of his proceedings, and repeated a hundred times to himself, that he was miserable, and should always be miserable, so long as he remained in the same city with a being whose charms and caprices made it a question whether she most deserved his love or his hatred. Before night, however, he found reason to doubt of the dignity, and repent grievously of the decision. It happened late in the evening, when he had left his room, and refreshed himself with a solitary walk in the great square, that he stood still to consider whether it would be better to go back and moralise on the coquetry and inconstancy of the other sex, in his solitary chamber, or to forget both in the first coffee-house he came to. He had not quite made up his mind, when a low musical voice bade him good evening, addressing him by his name. It was Clementina. Wilmson bowed with extraordinary politeness, and was walking off, as he flattered himself, with a particularly well-acted air of indifference; but she was evidently prepared to say something more, and common decency required that he should hear what it was.

"Do not be angry with me for my rudeness this morning," said the musical voice timidly; "I was compelled to act as I did, heaven knows. I have had no peace since. How ungrateful and insolent I must have appeared to you!" After such a declaration, parting was of course impossible. Wilmson was too just not to feel it a positive duty to remain, and not condemn a person unheard. Clementina, who had probably forgotten that her old mistress was waiting for her with a lantern to light her home from her card-party, stood still likewise. She had, apparently, no wish to be seen, or, perhaps, she was afraid of wasting the candle, for she extinguished the light: whereupon Wilmson recollecting that the sudden darkness could not but subject her to imminent danger of stumbling, offered his arm as he had done in Magdeburg: it was accepted, and they walked on for some time in silence. By degrees the full heart of the maiden was unladen to her sympathizing companion, and the cause of her apparent incivility explained. Her old enemy, Kiek, had attended his master to Potsdam; had renewed his persecution of Clementina, and revenged himself for her coldness, as he had done before, by a repetition of the calumny, that she was connected with a dissolute fellow in the King's Guard; the girl wanted good looking after, &c. &c. Clementina's mistress,—a lady of the fiercest virtue,—had preached her a sermon two hours long on the one deadly sin that included the other six, of looking at any young man, more especially a young man in uniform, refused to hear a word of the poor girl's justification, and finished by a plain declaration, that, out of pure morality, and a Christian desire to wean her from her evil ways, she would turn Miss Clementina into the streets forthwith, if ever she spoke to, or looked at a soldier again.

The poor orphan wept bitterly as she related her story; but forgot her own sorrow, when Wilmson, in his turn, began to account for his appearance at Potsdam in so different a station from that he had filled in Magdeburg.

"Good Heaven!" cried she, "why do you remain here? In your place, I would not be in Potsdam another day. You have money at command; the Saxon frontier is not far distant; your father is already in safety; what have you to fear? what keeps you here another minute?——"

"You, Clementina!" answered Wilmson, involuntarily.

"I? impossible! How can I be an impediment? We have not the most distant connexion with one another."

"And therefore is it that I remain. I cannot leave Potsdam while it holds you. I will stay here till you have learned to know,—till you have learned to trust me,—till you have learned to look on me as a brother. When you, too, will leave this hateful place, which you have as little cause to love as I, and seek a refuge with my father and my aunt; then Clementina I will fly!"

She was silent, half terrified; and uncertain how to understand him, or what to answer.

"Leave this mistress of yours at once," pursued Wilmson; "you must not—you shall not remain in your present condition. My means are ample——"

"Impossible! quite impossible! Mr. Wilmson," said Clementina quickly; "you cannot be thinking of what you are saying."

"Do you mistrust me so much, Clementina?"

"Have I shown mistrust in the relation of my past or present circumstances? What more can you require?"

"Much more, if I could hope to convince you of the purity of my feelings towards you; but I will not urge you beyond your wishes. I will be silent till you can no longer doubt me. Have you a friend—any female friend in this city?"

"Not one!" said she sadly.

"Let me then be esteemed worthy to bear so precious a name! I dare venture to call myself so, conscious that I have no end in view but your happiness: no hope but in yours to find my own."

"I believe you, and I thank you, Mr. Wilmson; but that I may remain worthy of your esteem, I will accept nothing beyond it from your hands. If you wish to preserve my confidence, you will not renew these offers. I can work; labour, and the consciousness of integrity, will save me from despair."

"Dearest Clementina, you misunderstand me; perhaps you see in me but another persecutor of your helplessness, like that wretched Kiek."

"You cannot think that, Mr. Wilmson," answered Clementina, with some earnestness, leaning slightly on his arm, as if she would give him some assurance of her faith, and half unconscious that she did so.

It was now Wilmson's turn to be silent; the half-pressure of her little hand put all *his* eloquence to flight in a moment; he did not even hear her speak to him, although she spoke more than once. His silence disturbed her. "Are you angry?" asked she softly. Still no answer. She said no more; but her situation grew every moment more embarrassing, and more mortifying. At length, she withdrew her arm, and murmured with a half-stifled sigh, "Good night, Mr. Wilmson." Her hand was hastily seized—pressed passionately to Frederick's lips—she even felt a tear fall on it.

"What ails you, Mr. Wilmson?—dear Mr. Wilmson," asked she, trembling.

"Good night, dearest Clementina," said he; "you have made me very unhappy, though you know it not."

"Unhappy!—and through me! O, no; that must not be," said Clementina, with an involuntary tenderness of tone, that emboldened her lover once more to urge his request in a somewhat different form.

"If my peace is of any value in your eyes, Clementina, promise me at least that in any future embarrassment, you will have recourse to me immediately, and to no other."

"I will; I do promise that much: and if my peace is dear to you, Mr. Wilmson, you will not ask for more. We part here. Good night, dear friend."

Before he had time to answer, Clementina had disappeared in the darkness. He did not venture to follow her, but remained long in the same spot, softly repeating her words to himself, and deducing from them the sweetest hopes, and still more from the tone in which they were uttered. For some hours he rambled about the streets of Potsdam; his eyes sparkling, his cheeks burning, his breast full of the rapturous dream of youthful happiness. He thought no more of freedom or of flight; he thought only of the moment when he should again be blessed in the presence of the loveliest of her sex. He felt himself the happiest of mankind—he swore it—and that nothing could ever make him unhappy again.

As to the latter point, Mr. Frederick Wilmson was mistaken, as young folks are apt to be; and if he had had but a little more experience in life, he would have expected that, precisely because he was the happiest of mankind to-day, he stood a handsome chance of becoming a miserable dog on the morrow.

The very next morning, at the moment when in the solitude of his chamber, he was revelling in the remembrances of the preceding evening, the sword of fate was dangling over his head, suspended by a thread no thicker than one of Clementina's own golden hairs.

It happened that his most gracious Majesty Frederick William the First, was taking a ride in company with some of his officers without the gates of the city. They had not long cleared the gate, when the attention of the whole party was arrested by the extraordinary height of a smartly dressed damsel, who was coming towards them from an opposite direction.

"Where did that young giantess spring from?" asked the king, throwing an admiring glance on the daughter of Anak, as she drew nearer. "Does any one know her?"

"I have seen the gawky Venus somewhere, and in Potsdam, I believe, Sire," answered one of the officers. "I rather think she is in service, in the household of War Councillor—I forget his name. The wench might be fuglewoman to the whole fair sex of Potsdam."

"Upon my honour!" cried the monarch, slack-

ening his horse's bridle, "if she marry one worthy of her—I mean a man that deserves the name, and not one of your dwarfs—she might be the mother of a race of giants."

"Assuredly she *might*, Sire," replied the officer; "but the devil delights in making folks love by the rule of contrary. I would lay any wager, that the two yards and a half of beauty there has a fancy for some Hop-o'-my-thumb who scarcely reaches to her elbow."

"Hum! that may be amended," said the king. "That will never do! The wench deserves something better. That is well thought of! She shall have a handsome young fellow, to whom I owe some sort of reparation into the bargain. The boy shall have no cause to complain of me this time," added the monarch, with a chuckle of self-gratulation, as the bright idea occurred to him. "I'll make a match between her and young Wilmson of Magdeburg: he's the very man!"

While he was still speaking, the young Patagonian had come up with them, and looked frightened out of her wits on finding her path completely obstructed by the officers, who, following the example of the king, had reined up their horses, and occupied the road from side to side.

"Come hither my pretty maid," cried the king; "here, this way, and don't look so scared, foolish wench! I am not going to eat you. Where are you going to?—into the town, hey?"

The long-backed damsel glowed like a pan of charcoal under the operation of the bellows, and stammered out an unintelligible "Yes."

"Good!—then you can do me a little service: you can take a note from me to the commandant, and get a crown or two for your trouble,—do you hear? Can any one give me a slip of paper?" added the king, turning to his suite.

One of the officers gave his pocket-book, out of which his majesty tore a blank leaf, and writing a few lines on it with a pencil, twisted the paper up into a peculiar form, and addressed it to the commandant.

"You will take it directly to the commandant—*directly*, mind. You know where he lives?" The damsel made a frightened curtsey, and was making off as fast as her enormous legs could carry her. "Halt there," cried the king; "here is for your trouble, in case the commandant should forget;" and he put a couple of ducats into her large fist. "Are you married?"

The girl shook her head. "But you have got a sweetheart?" The poor girl made no answer, but her face flamed up again, and her head was once more set in motion, but not so decidedly as before.

"Well, well, I understand; that will do—you may go," said the king, laughing; "but the commandant must have my note directly, remember."

The girl curtsied again, the officers made way for her, and, as she passed, she heard a stifled laugh: they had a shrewd guess at the contents of the note!

About half an hour after this rencontre, an orderly marched into Wilmson's little chamber, and desired the immediate attendance of Sergeant Wilmson at the house of the commandant. The sergeant obeyed as promptly as sergeants do when they can't help themselves, and was shown into a large room, where he found his excellency the commandant with the colonel of his regiment, and a chaplain. Apparently something uncommonly droll had just been said or done; for all three had been laughing immoderately, and the entrance of the young sergeant seemed the signal for a fresh burst. There is a difference of opinion among men on most points, however; and it is possible that the something might not have been so amusing to all parties—so at least might be guessed by the wailing and heavy sobs that proceeded from an inner apartment, and formed a contrast to the exuberant mirth of the two military gentlemen and their clerical coadjutor, more striking than agreeable.

"Sergeant Wilmson," said the colonel, when he had composed his countenance, "you are a lucky fellow! His majesty's favour will make you the envy of all your comrades."

Wilmson started in joyful surprise; he expected nothing less than that the king had granted his discharge; and forgetting the wooden puppet motions proper to the soldier, he only felt as a man, and hastily advanced towards his officer, in speechless eagerness.

"Can you guess what is in store for you?" asked the colonel smiling. "What is your warmest wish at the present moment?"

"My discharge, my freedom!" replied the young man.

"Pshaw, nonsense, trash!" cried the colonel, knitting his brow; "something better than that. What the devil have you to do with freedom? I thought you had got rid of that folly long ago. Come, mend your guess; what! you can't? Well, it is not fair to tantalize you farther. His majesty has been graciously pleased to select a wife for you. What think you of that, comrade?"

Wilmson opened his eyes to double their usual extent, and could scarcely articulate for astonishment: "A wife for me!—and what, in Heaven's name, am I to do with her?"

He was answered by a fresh burst of laughter. "Do with her, you booby!—as other people do—as well as you can."

The blood of the young man mounted to his temples; he drew himself up proudly, but made no reply.

"Upon my honour, she is a fine wench," pursued the commandant, taking a pinch of snuff. "I don't believe all Potsdam, and Berlin put together, could produce a more perfect beauty—hey, Von Escher?" turning to the colonel.

"Certainly not," said Von Escher, applying to the snuff-box in his turn.

"I would not marry her if she were Helen herself," answered Wilmson coolly.

"You are not asked whether you *will* or no," said the commandant drily. "We have the king's special command; the girl is waiting in the next room, and a confounded howling she makes," muttered he between his teeth! "*She* has got a fancy for some other too, I suppose. His reverence is waiting to perform the ceremony; come, Sir, quick, despatch!"

"The king's command," cried the young man,

almost choking with rage; "what has the king to do with my marriage?"

"Hold your tongue; what's that to you? We have his majesty's command, under his own hand. You may see the billet if you will—it runs thus, 'You are to see Sergeant Wilmson married forthwith to the bearer of the note, in the presence of Colonel von Escher.' That's enough, I hope. I won't hear another word, either from you or the wench."

"The king's commands may effect much; but this is beyond his power," said Wilmson calmly. "My hand and heart are at my own disposal, and at that of no other mortal breathing."

"As to your heart, young man, you may do as you like, but the wife you must have; therefore, you had better submit at once, without making any more wry faces," said the commandant.

"It is contrary to every law of God or man," exclaimed Wilmson, restraining himself with difficulty.

"A soldier, and preach of law! the fellow is crazy. What has he to do with either?" said the officer angrily.

"Very little, indeed, your excellency," said Wilmson, with a bitter smile; "but I have not been so long a soldier as to forget that I am a man. Your tyranny may drive me to desperation; it shall never make me the voluntary instrument of my own disgrace and misery. I am free, so soon as I choose to be, and I laugh at your threats, and those of your king, while my life is in my own power."

"Come, come, my lad," said the colonel, stepping up to him, and clapping him, in a friendly manner, on the shoulder, "no rashness, there's a remedy for everything but death. The king must be obeyed; but, depend upon it, you will have no reason to repent. Obey at once with a good grace, since obey you must. If the king gives the wife, he gives the fortune too; and the girl is really a sweet creature, and it is no great misfortune to have a pretty girl flung into your arms! Most men would endure such a one with great philosophy!"

Wilmson withdrew coldly from the colonel's hand, which still rested on his shoulder. "The king can bestow nothing on me—no equivalent for that he has deprived me of. He has torn me from a happy family—from an affectionate father; he has annihilated my personal and social freedom, by the single exercise of his will; he has degraded me from an independent rational being to a puppet, moving and acting at the bidding of others; and now he makes me feel, through you, that there is a still lower point of misery, to which he would fain reduce me. But he is mistaken this time. I declare, once for all, I will not obey; if you have recourse to violent means, my blood be on your heads."

"Nonsense! fanfaronade!" interrupted the commandant angrily. "Have done with this insolence, or, by heaven, you shall repent it! But there must be an end, and a speedy one, to this business. Ho, without there!" cried the officer, turning to the door by which Wilmson had entered. Two non-commissioned officers of the guard entered, to whom the commandant whispered a few words, and they remained within the door, motionless as statues.

Colonel von Escher walked hastily up and down the room, with his hands behind his back, throwing, from time to time, glances of uneasiness and compassion towards the unfortunate Wilmson, for whom he really felt a strong regard. He drew the commandant to a distant window, and talked with him for some minutes, in a low tone of voice. The shrugging of his excellency's shoulders betrayed the nature of the conversation, and his own answers. The stillness in the saloon rendered the sounds of lamentation, in the neighbouring apartment, more painfully audible; and, from time to time, there was an eager contention of female voices.

"The thing must come to an end, upon my honour," said the commandant, breaking off the conference at the window abruptly. "It is his majesty's pleasure; what is the use of further talking? Chaplain, make ready!"

With these words, he went into the other room, leaving the door open. One of the women uttered a piercing scream as he entered; two others seized her, one by each arm, and dragged her into the saloon. The colonel walked hastily away; Wilmson did not move, but remained with his eyes riveted on the ground, revolving a dark purpose in his mind. The chaplain approached, and spoke to him; it was evident that Wilmson neither saw nor heard him!

The colonel came up to him a second time, and shook him gently by the arm. "Come, come, my son, submit, since there is no help for it; have mercy on the poor girl."

Wilmson started as if roused from a heavy sleep; and first became conscious that the chaplain stood before him, ready for his office, and by his side the unhappy bride, in a convulsion of sorrow, her face buried in her handkerchief, and supported on either side by a stout handmaiden of his excellency's household.

"Put away that wet rag, child, and take a look at the husband his majesty has picked out for you; you might have done worse for yourself, I can tell you," said the commandant, in a tone whose roughness was not altogether natural; and, as he spoke, he drew the handkerchief from her trembling fingers, but without rudeness.

The girl again uttered a faint cry: her swollen eyes met Wilmson's. Heaven and earth, it was Clementina!

"Wretches, you have murdered her!" shouted Wilmson, springing forwards and tearing the now insensible form from the arms of the women. He bore her to a sofa, knelt down by her side, and watched for some sign of returning life, with an eagerness that rendered him unconscious of all that was passing round him.

"What's in the wind now? who have we here?" said the commandant, aside, to the colonel. "This is a new scene in the play. No matter, the young spark is out of his heroics; however, let us make an end of this cursed business, before the storm begins again. Come, parson, begin your office—quick, despatch—do you hear me?"

"Had we not better wait a little?" interposed the chaplain; "the young man seems disposed to be reasonable, and——"

"Not a minute—not a second," cried the commandant. "Proceed, I say: there the girl has opened her eyes. *Will* you do your duty, Sir, or not?"

Thus admonished, the chaplain prepared to obey. Wilmson neither heard nor saw;—his soul seemed flown to Clementina, whose life appeared fluttering on her lips. No questions were asked of bride or bridegroom;—the rings* were not exchanged, but forced upon their passive fingers by the by-standers, and the unceremonious ceremony was over.

The commandant wiped the drops from his forehead, and gave orders for a carriage to be brought immediately.

"Let me only get the silly wench out of my house, before she gives up the ghost outright," muttered he to himself. "It is a most infernal business altogether. As I am a Christian man, I would rather ten thousand times be charged at once by the enemy front and rear, than go through it again!"

Colonel von Escher drew Wilmson aside, who seemed scarcely yet awakened to his situation.

"My son, recollect yourself; the thing is done now, and cannot be undone. Cast off those wild notions of vengeance that you uttered a while ago; they are fit for none but fools and cowards to utter or to feel. Look at that poor girl there: by heaven, I am sorry for her and for you;—but she *is* your wife. Treat her kindly; her life hangs on a thread, which one harsh word from you may snap asunder. Be a man, and conquer your disinclination; she at least is innocent of wrong towards you. Promise me to take no further step till you are cooler;—give me your hand upon it;—you shall not repent your compliance. I will act as a father by you—come, my son, your hand and word."

Wilmson gave his hand mechanically to the kind-hearted officer, without having the smallest idea of what he had been talking about. To pass in one half-hour from hell to heaven, might well have set the strongest head in a whirl! The carriage was brought, and, on a sign from the commandant, Clementina was carried down stairs by the women, and placed in it. The colonel followed Wilmson.

"Remember, my son," said he, "you have given me your word of honour to be kind to this poor girl; it were unworthy of a man to act otherwise. Her fate is hard enough in being forced into unwilling arms: let it not become still harder through your fault."

"Is this all really true, or do I dream?" asked Wilmson, as the carriage rolled on, and he found himself alone with his pale trembling bride. "Oh, dearest Clementina! if it be indeed a dream, let me dream on! if it be an illusion of the senses, may their healthful service never more be mine!"

A faint smile stole over Clementina's face; her hand half-returned the pressure of his, but the tears still rolled down her cheeks. The words that trembled on her lips died away, when the carriage suddenly stopped. They were at home—*her* home now. Wilmson lifted her out, and carried her into the house.

"Where are we? Mr. Wilmson, where are you bringing me?" asked Clementina, standing still, as Wilmson attempted to lead her onwards.

"Where should I bring you, but to my home—to yours, beloved? Henceforth we are one, my Clementina—without our own consent, certainly; nor can I yet understand by what means our union was accomplished, or how, or by whom, a secret, I thought locked in my inmost heart, was betrayed to the king. One sweet assurance alone is mine—you are mine—mine for ever, beyond the reach of fate."

Half led, half carried, by her husband, Clementina entered Wilmson's apartment. It was a large and airy room, furnished as a sergeant's room is not often furnished, though somewhat of a bachelor's no-order was observable throughout. Books and writing materials, several small articles of dress, flowers, and sheets of music, lay on chairs and tables—drawings on the floor, and shoes and empty wine bottles in the windows.

Wilmson glanced smilingly around his disorderly apartment. "Ah, dearest Clementina," said he, "when I left this room in such haste, I little thought it was destined to receive such a guest!"

"And did you really know nothing beforehand of what has taken place? Did you never speak to the colonel, or to the king himself? Perhaps——Ah, Mr. Wilmson, confess it—I was not the object so vehemently solicited!"

"You are right, my Clementina; I would never have dared to gain possession of what I most desired on earth, by such means. I am innocent of all previous knowledge of the transaction."

"I knew it," said Clementina, the tears again stealing down her cheeks; "the king has rendered us both miserable. It was Ma'm'selle Ida, the companion of the war councillor's lady, whom you sought; *some* people think she is pretty."

"She may be Venus herself, for all I know or care. I have not the honour of knowing the councillor, his lady, or her companion. It was from the commandant I first heard of this strange fancy of the king's. I threatened to blow out my own brains, if such unheard-of tyranny were persisted in; and I believe, I should have done it. How could I dream the bliss that was in store for me?—you were never once named to me."

Clementina heard him with undisguised astonishment; and in her turn related, that she had met the lengthy damsel, who had made such an impression on the royal amateur of overgrown beauty, by accident, an hour or two before Wilmson's summons. They had some acquaintance with each other as neighbours, and whether Miss Ida were really, as she said, in a particular hurry, or had some private objection to entering the commandant's house, could not well be known; but she had earnestly requested Clementina to deliver the note which she had received from the king—if it were the king, as she guessed. Clementina readily complied—gave the letter to an adjutant

* In German marriages, the bride and bridegroom EXCHANGE rings.

—and had already left the house, when she was recalled, her name and condition inquired, and the astounding intelligence communicated, that it was his majesty's pleasure that she should give her hand forthwith to a handsome young soldier of his first regiment of guards. Clementina was thunderstruck; she declared it to be a mistake altogether, and eagerly explained how she came by the letter. She was only laughed at, and forcibly detained—the colonel and chaplain sent for—and then terror and anguish had so possessed her, that she had no recollection of anything that had passed, till she had swooned at the sight of Wilmson.

Clementina's account, instead of solving the enigma in Wilmson's mind, only increased the puzzle.

"So it was not you, after all, the king meant to bestow upon me?" cried Wilmson, unable to restrain his laughter, in spite of his bride's agitation. "Never was king or subject more thoroughly caught in his own snare—never before had blunder such blessed consequences!"

"But," said Clementina, looking timidly and anxiously round, "what will become of me? Such a marriage cannot stand; I will not be forced upon you thus."

"You are mine for ever, Clementina; the dearest wishes of my heart are fulfilled, most unexpectedly. An act of outrageous despotism has, unwittingly, bestowed upon me all I hoped for, as the reward of long passionate love. Yes, I loved you, Clementina, from the first time I saw you: from our first meeting, in Magdeburg, you have been the object of my constant thought. See there your beloved name in every book; on every window-pane my fingers traced the letters unconsciously. Ah, that you could as easily read my heart!"

Clementina turned her blushing face a moment towards her lover, and then again towards the door, in an agony of maiden shame.

"Will you then leave me, dearest?—will you put asunder those whom heaven has so wonderfully joined together? You are my betrothed—my bride—my wife. Oh, Clementina, what a future paradise lies in that word! And whether would you go! Am I really so indifferent to you? Have you no trust, no faith, in my heart—my plighted word?"

"All faith in your heart, but not in my unexpected happiness. I was alone in the world; you were my only friend. I have always trusted you—always——"

The word died on her lips; her cheek mantled; her eyes sunk beneath the passionate glance of his. Wilmson clasped her to his breast. "Always what?" whispered he softly.

"Always loved you," she faltered, in a voice so low that none but a lover's ear could have caught the sound; and raising her brilliant eyes, full of timid, trusting tenderness, for one moment to his face, and the first kiss of the bridegroom was pressed on her yet unprofaned virgin lips.

The hours passed swiftly away, and seemed but as moments to the happy lovers. How much had they to relate—how much to hear! One cloud alone darkened the horizon,—the same imperious will that had united, might again tear them asunder. It grew late; the fast fading day scarcely afforded light enough to discern each other's faces; Wilmson had just detailed his plan of flight, and calculated that Crabb might be expected on the following day, when a knock was heard. Could it be the veteran so soon returned? Wilmson opened the door, and an adjutant stood before him. He was the bearer of the royal command, for Sergeant Wilmson to repair forthwith to the castle, with his newly-married wife. Clementina's heart died within her at the dreaded sound. Wilmson had scarcely time to whisper a word of encouragement; the officer would not hear of a minute's delay,—not even till Wilmson, who was in plain clothes, could put on his uniform; he only waited for Clementina to wrap herself in a silk mantle,—the last remaining relic of her former rank,—and then hurried off, reiterating the king's command for their immediate appearance.

They were scarcely a hundred yards from the house, when the knock of a wooden leg against the stones, and the wind of a whole volley of curses, announced the scarcely hoped-for presence of Crabb. Wilmson stretched forth his hand in the darkness, and caught that of his faithful follower.

"Hush, not a word," whispered he; "there is some one within hearing. Is all ready?—where is the carriage?—quick, only say where!"

The hoarse voice of the veteran muttered the desired information, and a few oaths into the bargain.

"Enough, go, speak to no one: I shall be with you, quickly, I hope."

Clementina, who heard nothing that passed, stood still trembling in every limb. Wilmson whispered some words of comfort; but the agitation caused by so many unexpected occurrences, crowding one on the other, betrayed itself in the tone of his voice, and his visible uneasiness only augmented hers.

They reached the castle; a deep silence reigned within, broken only at intervals by the explosions of a loud, harsh voice from a distant apartment,—it was the voice of the king.

In the saloon where the king's chamberlains, in former times, were accustomed to wait, Colonel von Escher was walking up and down in evident discomposure. He stopped when he became aware of Wilmson's presence, and beckoned him to approach.

"Here has been a devil of a blunder!" said he, in a low tone. "The king is furious! He meant you to have had a long-legged, bouncing wench, whom he met when he rode out this morning, and took a great fancy to.—I can't guess how the mistake occurred.—The king pities you heartily.—It is a cursed piece of business! But what do you do in plain clothes? you dare not show yourself to his majesty without your uniform."

Wilmson excused himself on account of the haste in which he had obeyed the royal summons.

"It will never do," said the colonel; "it will make matters worse and worse;" and calling for the sergeant on guard, he ordered him to change clothes with Wilmson immediately. His toilet

was scarcely completed when an attendant appeared to conduct him and Clementina into the royal presence.

His majesty was evidently in a tremendous ill-humour, and cast from time to time glances of mingled anger and contempt on the slender figure of Clementina, who looked ready to faint. Wilmson's countenance exhibited mingled grief and indignation; and its paleness grew yet more striking in the strong light of the apartment.

"Why did not you tell the commandant that you were not the right person, it was not to *you* I gave the letter," said the monarch, roughly addressing Clementina.

"Your majesty, I did say so a hundred times," said Clementina, rallying as well as she could; "but his excellency would not listen to me."

"Your majesty's express commands were, that I should listen to no excuses," said the commandant, who was standing by in evident chagrin.

"Silence," thundered the king, "you will speak when you are spoken to. Had you no eyes in your head? How could you dream that I would tack such a poor slip of a thing as that"—and here his majesty bestowed another look of most unmitigated scorn upon poor Clementina,—"to the handsomest fellow in my regiment?—Never!"

The king took two or three hasty strides through the apartment, then turning suddenly towards Wilmson; "Poor devil, I am sorry for you, on my soul," said he, in a tone of compassion. "We will see what can be done for you; I meant to show you some favour, and I have been the means of fastening this paltry wench on you for life. Well, well; you must submit to your fate like a man, and let me hear of no rash folly; I hear you threatened to blow out your brains. Phoo, phoo; no more of that. A fellow of your inches a suicide! Have you no religion, man,—do you want to be damned? If you dare think of such a thing, I'll have you buried under the gallows. I'll—— hark, ye,—I will make you some amends. Ask some favour of me, and I'll grant it,—but I can't free you from the yoke, unluckily that would be against the law of God,—but anything else, and I will grant it willingly; speak, what do you wish for?"

"My freedom, your majesty,—dismission from your majesty's service," answered Wilmson, without hesitation.

It was evident to the bystanders that the monarch was taken somewhat more literally at his word than he had expected. He turned upon his heel, and was silent for a few seconds, and then bursting into a loud laugh, "The rascal has been too quick for me this time," said he, "I am fairly caught, but I will not break my word. Go, now; perhaps after a night's sleep you will think better of it. Go to-morrow morning early to Colonel von Escher, he will have some proposals to make you in my name."

The doors were opened, Wilmson and Clementina obeyed the signal, and left the royal presence. Quick as lightning Wilmson tore off the borrowed uniform,—the badge of his slavery; he was once more his own master, and there was rapture in the thought. As he found himself again without the castle, he clasped his young wife to his breast, and cried aloud in the fulness of his joy—"I am free! I am free! Father, I shall see you again." And then releasing her, he drew her small hand within his arm, and they turned their steps in the direction of the bridge, where they expected to find Crabb, to make him a partaker of their joy instead of their flight.

The heavens were dark above, but the pair wandered on; a heaven of unclouded glory was within their bosom, and the glimmer from every half-closed window was to them as the morning dawn of ever-enduring joy.

"Oh, I am so happy!—too happy!" sighed Clementina; "and yet I have scarcely faith in my own feelings. I fear to be awakened from a dream of felicity, or that some new sorrow will find us even in our paradise."

She spoke, and it seemed as if fate were inclined to make her words prophetic. Footsteps were heard behind, as if in rapid pursuit of them. Wilmson stood still as soon as he perceived that the person, whoever he might be, was approaching as fast as the darkness would permit. The pursuer came up, and, panting for breath, could scarcely find voice enough to exclaim—"Fly, fly, leave the town as fast as you can—you have not a moment to lose, in ten minutes you will be arrested,"—and without giving them time to ask a single question, he was gone as quickly as he came.

"What is the meaning of this, in Heaven's name?" said Wilmson, in utter consternation. "Has the king repented already? Can he have learned, that in giving you to me, he has fulfilled my dearest wish on earth? Yes, Clementina, we will hasten: in a few hours we shall be beyond his reach; the warning must have come from the good colonel."

"I cannot hasten," said Clementina, exhausted with conflicting emotions. "My limbs will bear me no further. Oh, my foreboding heart!"

She would have fallen to the ground if Wilmson had not caught her; she was evidently unable to proceed. In despair, he threw her fainting across his shoulder, and hurried on, scarcely conscious of her weight. He had not gone far before he perceived some large dark object under the shadow of the trees—it was a carriage and horses. The driver was already seated on the box, another man flung open the coach door, and, in a hurried whisper, urged Wilmson to speed: "Quick, quick," repeated he, "we dare not stop another moment." Wilmson made no reply, but lifted his unconscious burden upon the seat, and sprang in after her; the door was closed, and the horses set off at full gallop. Clementina's fainting fit lasted so long, that Wilmson forgot all other danger; he would fain have stopped to get some assistance, and, putting his head out of the window, he called aloud, "Crabb, Crabb, I say."

"Ten legions of devils! are you possessed?" replied a harsh voice through the darkness; and the horses flew on with unabated speed. Fortunately, the night air, that blew refreshingly over her face, brought Clementina to herself.

"Where am I?" sighed she,

The voice and caresses of Wilmson reassured her; and some rich Malaga, a bottle of which Wilmson discovered, in feeling about, in one of the coach pockets, did wonders for both. Wilmson thought himself in heaven. Love and liberty were before him; a fair young wife hanging on his breast, and the noble horses flying as if through the air!

This blessed state did not, however, last long. In the interval of the carriage slackening its speed a few minutes, the sound of horses' hoofs was distinctly heard behind them; they were evidently pursued!

"Halt! halt!" roared a terrible voice from behind.

"Forwards!" shouted Wilmson; and again the horses dashed on, over stock and stone, till the noise of pursuit was heard no longer.

On they tore, through village and wood and field, faster and faster, till the road lay through a heavy sand. It was then absolutely necessary to give the horses a few minutes rest; again the sound of pursuit was heard!

"Halt! halt!" cried the voice, still nearer than before.

"On! on!" cried Wilmson in reply. The whip cracked; the panting horses toiled through the heavy sand; a shot whistled past, another entered the carriage. Clementina screamed aloud, and clung yet faster to Wilmson; the horses were once more in full gallop, and the enemy was left behind in the sand.

In a quarter of an hour, they drew up before a lonely inn,—fresh horses were in waiting. Old Crabb had performed his task admirably,—they were off again at full speed—another hour, and they were in safety,—they were beyond the Prussian frontier. The fugitives breathed again; the driver slackened his speed. Worn out by such long and violent emotion, Clementina's head drooped heavily on Wilmson's shoulder, and she fell into a deep sleep; Wilmson gazed for some time in silent rapture on her calm, sweet face, as the moonlight streamed upon it, and then weariness overpowered him also, and he slumbered by her side.

It was already broad daylight, when both were awakened by the stopping of the carriage, and the noise of a violent dispute without,—in which, the hoarse voice of Crabb was distinguished above all, in a tempest of execrations. Apprehending some new danger, Wilmson hastily let down the window, and there stood Crabb, sabre in hand, with the flat of which he was administering, with great diligence and effect, a regular drubbing to the driver of Wilmson's carriage,—and who, to his utter amazement, proved to be no other than the well-remembered gentleman in green and gold—the respectable Mr. Kiek himself!

"You infernal scoundrel,—you scum of the earth!" cried Crabb, without losing a moment at his work; "what have you to say for yourself, that I sha'n't spit your worthless carcass upon the point of my sword? Did I not order you to stop?"

"Let me go," roared Kiek, howling, and writhing in the veteran's iron grasp. "You have no longer any right to meddle with me. We are off the Prussian territory."

"I wish I had lined that scull of yours with lead first," answered Crabb, continuing his corporal's discipline with unabated vigour.

"Hold, hold, Crabb; are you stark mad?" shouted Wilmson, springing from the carriage. "What, in the name of Heaven, has the man done to you, that you use him thus?"

"Done!—thunder and lightning! hasn't he run away with you, and led me a dance all night, as if Satan himself had been at my heels?" said the veteran, eying his enemy like a dog who has just been deprived of his bone.

Kiek's first impulse, when released by Wilmson's appearance, was to get as far as possible from old Crabb; but when he saw to whom he owed his deliverance, his surprise almost caused him to forget his bruises. "*He here!* and in my master's carriage!" cried he,—more he could not say, for Crabb's ready sabre began to fly about his ears again.

"*He;* who do you mean by *he*, you jackanapes? I'll teach you better manners before I have done with you. Do you think you are speaking to one of your own platter-licking, shoe-brushing fellows?"

Wilmson threw himself between the belligerents, and with some difficulty effected a truce. After many questions, and much talking and cursing, the riddle was solved. It appeared that the worthy Mr. Kiek, who, as deputy go-between, had assisted a young man of rank in some intrigue, which was to have ended in the flight of the parties, had been intrusted with the charge of providing a carriage at an appointed time and place, had packed in the wrong pair. Crabb, who was also in waiting with his chaise and pair at a little distance, had heard Wilmson's voice calling for assistance for Clementina, as he passed at full speed, and never doubting but that his young master had been arrested, and was on his way to prison, set off immediately to his rescue. He it was, with his well-paid postilions, who had kept Wilmson's horses at a gallop, and himself in a fright the whole night through.

This explanation completed the measure of Mr. Kiek's despair. "Oh, my confounded ill luck! O Lord, my master, the young baron! what will become of him? and what will become of *me*?"

"Become of you? why, you'll be hanged, I hope," said Crabb gruffly.

Before Kiek could muster a suitable reply to this compliment, a new shock awaited him, in the apparition of Clementina, who was just then assisted out of the carriage by Wilmson. The unlucky chamberlain stood there doing regular penance for all past sins of omission and commission, when he cast now a fearful glance behind, where the grim veteran stood, eying alternately Kiek's back, and his own sabre, and now a furious look of mingled rage and jealousy at Wilmson and Clementina, who were slowly sauntering towards the inn, before which, the carriages of the pursued and the pursuer had drawn up; and raved and cursed by turns, at the reflection, that to his own act and deed was owing the safety and happiness of the people on earth he most hated. As it was now clear enough to Wilmson, that the warning for immediate flight, and the threat of arrest, had been directed to an-

other individual, he lost no time in despatching an express to Colonel von Escher, in which he gave a circumstantial account of his abduction, by the chamberlain of Privy-councillor Gundling, and offered to return to Potsdam if his flight would not be looked upon as desertion..

In three days, the messenger returned with a formal and honourable discharge from his Prussian majesty's service, and assurance from the colonel that the king had laughed heartily at the blunder that had, so fortunately, saved an honourable family from a disgraceful exposure.

On the receipt of this letter, the young pair, attended by the faithful Crabb, set off, with hearts at peace with all the world, and passing through Germany by easy stages, were welcomed, with open arms and tears of joy, on the shores of the beautiful Lake of Constance.

TRAVELS AND SKETCHES AMONG THE RED INDIANS.

(Concluded from the December No.)

We nearly lost sight of our guide, Mr. Catlin, while led away by those traits of intuitive delicacy, devoted affection, and tenderness of heart, which distinguish the Indian women, degraded as is their social condition ; traits which mark how much more powerful are the genial feelings of nature in the female bosom, than the evil institutions of man. Before returning to Mr. Catlin's personal adventures, we shall pursue this engaging theme a little farther.

The manner in which the Indian women carry their infants, by lashing the baby to a straight board, which is tied to their own backs, while they pursue their customary drudgery, is well known. The mother shows her fondness and her innocent vanity by ornamenting the bandages of this singular sort of cradle with beautiful embroidery of porcupine quills, and by fastening trinkets and little bells to it to amuse the child. Another custom mentioned by Mr. Catlin, and illustrative of the warm and tender affections of the Indian women, is less known than the above. This is that of the *Mourning Cradle.*

If the infant dies during the time that is allotted to it to be carried in this cradle, it is buried, and the disconsolate mother fills the cradle with black quills and feathers, in the parts which the child's body had occupied, and in this way carries it around with her wherever she goes for a year or more, with as much care as if her infant were alive and in it; and she often lays or stands it leaning against the side of the wigwam, where she is all day engaged in her needlework, and chatting and talking to it as familiarly and affectionately as if it were her loved infant, instead of its shell, that she was talking to. So lasting and so strong is the affection of these women for the lost child, that it matters not how heavy or cruel their load, or how rugged the route they have to pass over, they will faithfully carry this, and carefully from day to day, and even more strictly perform their duties to it, than if the child were alive and in it.

In the little toy that I have mentioned, and which is supended before the child's face, is carefully and superstitiously preserved the *umbilicus*, which is always secured at the time of its birth, and being rolled up into a little wad of the size of a pea, and dried, it is enclosed in the centre of this little bag, and placed before the child's face, as its protector and its security for "*good luck*" and long life.

This is almost the *child's caul* of the English peasantry.

The parental affections seem, indeed, as strong and as refined among these people, as in highly civilized life. While Mr. Catlin was among the *Sioux*, he painted the portrait of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a famous chief, named *Black Rock.* The girl was much esteemed by her tribe for her modesty and beauty. When sitting for her portrait,

She was beautifully dressed in skins, ornamented profusely with brass buttons and beads. Her hair was plaited, her ears supported a great profusion of curious beads—and over her other dress she wore a handsomely garnished buffalo robe.

So highly was the Black Rock esteemed, (as I have before mentioned,) and his beautiful daughter admired and respected by the Traders, that Mr. M'Kenzie employed me to make him copies of their two portraits, which he has hung up in Mr. Laidlaw's trading-house, as valued ornaments and keepsakes.

The end of this story, which is related in a footnote, written some years after the date of the occurrence, is exceedingly affecting :—

Several years after I left the Sioux country, I saw Messrs. Chardon and Piquot, two of the traders from that country, who recently had left it, and told me in St. Louis, whilst looking at the portrait of this girl, that while staying in Mr. Laidlaw's Fort, the chief, Black Rock, entered the room suddenly where the portrait of his daughter was hanging on the wall, and pointing to it with a heavy heart, told Mr. Laidlaw, that whilst his band was out on the prairies, where they had been for several months "making meat," his daughter had died, and was there buried. "My heart is glad again," said he, "when I see her here alive ; and I want the one the medicine-man made of her, which is now before me, that I can see her, and talk to her. My band are all in mourning for her ; and at the gate of your Fort, which I have just passed, are ten horses for you, and Ee-ah-sa-pa's wigwam, which you know is the best one in the Sioux nation. I wish you to take down my daughter and give her to me." Mr. Laidlaw, seeing the *unusually* liberal price that this nobleman was willing to pay for a portrait, and the true grief that he expressed for the loss of his child, had not the heart to abuse such noble feeling ; and taking the painting from the wall, placed it into his hands ; telling him that it of right belonged to him, and that his horses and wigwam he must take back and keep them, to mend, as far as possible, his liberal heart, which was broken by the loss of his only daughter.

Mr. Catlin, some years after he had travelled among the Sioux, accompanied, as we shall afterwards see, the detachment of the American army which was sent upon an *amicable* expedition, to the warlike Camanchees and Pawnees. The commander of the armament, Colonel Dodge, carried with him two young Indian girls, who had been made

prisoners by the Osages, and whom he restored to their tribe, in token of friendly feeling [illegible] the condition of a white boy being given up to [illegible], who was known to be in their village. The boy was the son of Judge White, a farmer living on the frontier, who had been killed by the Indians in a hunting excursion some months before. When the boy, after considerable difficulty, was brought in—

He looked around and exclaimed with some surprise, "What! are there white men here?" to which Colonel Dodge replied, and asked his name; and he promptly answered, "my name is Matthew Wright Martin." He was then received into Colonel Dodge's arms; and an order was immediately given for the Pawnee and Kiowa girls to be brought forward; they were in a few minutes brought into the council-house, when they were at once recognised by their friends and relatives, who embraced them with the most extravagant expressions of joy and satisfaction. The heart of the venerable old chief was melted at this evidence of white man's friendship, and he rose upon his feet, and taking Colonel Dodge in his arms, and placing his left cheek against the left cheek of the Colonel, held him for some minutes without saying a word, whilst tears were flowing from his eyes. He then embraced each officer in turn, in the same silent and affectionate manner; which form took half an hour or more, before it was completed.

From this moment the council, which before had been a very grave and uncertain one, took a pleasing and friendly turn. And this excellent old man ordered the women to supply the dragoons with something to eat, as they were hungry.

The little encampment, which heretofore was in a woeful condition, having eaten up their last rations twelve hours before, were now gladdened by the approach of a number of women, who brought their "back loads" of dried buffalo meat and green corn, and threw it down amongst them. This seemed almost like a providential deliverance, for the country between here and the Camanchees, was entirely destitute of game, and our last provisions were consumed.

Among the Pawnees, many of the young women, though very dark, are pretty both in features and shape. The women of all the tribes have soft, sweet voices, a gentle laugh, and delicately formed feet and hands,—the imagined characteristic of the highest born, among the most highly civilized. Many of our readers must remember many instances of the sweet and womanly nature of the degraded squaws, that are related in the travels of Lewis and Clarke on the Missouri, and across to the Pacific.

But to return:—We left Mr. Catlin at his first station, the Fort, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, painting chiefs, sachems, and *braves;* admiring Indian manners and scenery; and, by purchases of weapons and dresses, laying the foundation of his splendid and unique gallery. When this place was exhausted, he launched his canoe on the Missouri, in company with two trappers,—famous fellows both,—whom he had engaged for the voyage, and descended the river two hundred miles to the Mandan village. The voyage, abounding in delightful sylvan adventures and moving incidents, occupied a considerable time. We shall follow it a little way, though it hardly equals in interest the solitary voyages and excursions afterwards made by the artist on other rivers, and in yet frailer craft.

When I had completed my rambles and my sketches in those regions, and Ba'tiste and Bogard had taken their last spree, and fought their last battles, and forgotten them in the final and affectionate embrace and farewell (all of which are habitual with these game-fellows, when settling up their long-standing accounts with their fellow-trappers of the mountain streams;) and after Mr. M'Kenzie had procured for me a snug little craft, that was to waft us down the mighty torrent; we launched off one fine morning, taking our leave of the Fort, and the friends within it; and also, for ever, of the beautiful green fields, and hills, and dales, and prairie bluffs, that encompass the enchanting shores of the Yellow Stone.

Our canoe, which was made of green timber, was heavy and awkward; but our course being with the current, promised us a fair and successful voyage. Ammunition was laid in in abundance—a good stock of dried buffalo tongues—a dozen or two of beavers' tails—and a good supply of pemican. Bogard and Ba'tiste occupied the middle and bow, with their paddles in their hands; and I took my seat in the stern of the boat, at the steering oar. Our larder was as I have said; and added to that, some few pounds of fresh buffalo meat.

Besides which, and ourselves, our little craft carried several packs of Indian dresses and other articles, which I had purchased of the Indians; and also my canvass and easel, and our culinary articles, which were few and simple; consisting of three tin cups, a coffee-pot—one plate—a frying pan—and a tin kettle.

Thus fitted out and embarked, we swept off at a rapid rate under the shouts of the savages, and the cheers of our friends, who lined the banks as we gradually lost sight of them, and turned our eyes towards St. Louis, which was 2000 miles below us, with nought intervening, save the wide-spread and wild regions, inhabited by the roaming savage.

At the end of our first day's journey, we found ourselves handily encamping with several thousand Assinneboins, who had pitched their tents upon the bank of the river, and received us with every mark of esteem and friendship.

Of the village of Assinneboins we took leave on the following morning, and rapidly made our way down the river, the rate of the current being four or five miles per hour; through one continued series of picturesque grass-covered bluffs and knolls, which everywhere had the appearance of an old and highly-cultivated country, with houses and fences removed.

There is, much of the way, on one side or the other, a bold and abrupt precipice of three or four hundred feet in elevation, presenting itself in an exceedingly rough and picturesque form, to the shore of the river; sloping down from the summit level of the prairies above, which sweep off from the brink of the precipice, almost level, to an unknown distance.

It is along the rugged and wild fronts of these cliffs, whose sides are generally formed of hard clay, that the mountain-sheep dwell, and are often discovered in great numbers. Their habits are much like those of the goat; and in every respect they are like that animal, except in the horns, which resemble those of the ram; sometimes making two entire circles in their coil; and at the roots, each horn is, in some instances, from five to six inches in breadth.

On the second day of our voyage we discovered a number of these animals skipping along the sides of the precipice. . . . . Bogard, who was an old hunter, and well acquainted with these creatures, shouldered his rifle, and said to me—"the game is up; and you now see the use of those big horns; when they fall by accident, or find it necessary to quit their foot-hold in the crevice, they fall upon their head at a great distance unharmed, even though it should be on the solid rock."

Being on shore, and our canoe landed secure, we whiled away the greater part of this day amongst the wild and ragged cliffs, into which we had entered; and a part of our labours were vainly spent in the pursuit of a war-eagle. . . . Our day's loitering brought us through many a wild scene; occasionally across the tracks of the grizzly bear, and, in sight merely of a band of buffaloes; "which got the wind of us," and were out of the way,

leaving us to return to our canoe at night, with a mere speck of good luck. Just before we reached the river, I heard the crack of a rifle, and in a few moments Bogard came in sight, and threw down from his shoulders a fine antelope; which added to our larder, and we were ready to proceed. We embarked and travelled until nightfall, when we encamped on a beautiful little prairie at the base of a series of grass-covered bluffs; and the next morning cooked our breakfast and ate it, and rowed on until late in the afternoon; when we stopped at the base of some huge clay bluffs, forming one of the most curious and romantic scenes imaginable. At this spot the river expands itself into the appearance somewhat of a beautiful lake; and in the midst of it, and on and about its sand-bars, floated and stood, hundreds and thousands of white swans and pelicans.

Though the scene in front of our encampment at this place was placid and beautiful; with its flowing water —its wild-fowl—and its almost endless variety of gracefully sloping hills and green prairies in the distance; yet it was not less wild and picturesque in our rear, where the rugged and various coloured bluffs were grouped in all the wildest fancies and rudeness of Nature's accidental varieties.

The whole country behind us seemed to have been dug and thrown up into huge piles, as if some giant mason had been there mixing his mortar and paints, and throwing together his rude models for some sublime structure of a colossal city;—with its walls—its domes—its ramparts—its huge portioos and galleries—its castles—its fosses and ditches;—and in the midst of his progress, he had abandoned his works to the destroying hand of time, which had already done much to tumble them down, and deface their noble structure; by jostling them together, with all their vivid colours, into an unsystematic and unintelligible mass of sublime ruins.

We must say no more of these adventures, lest we should be accessary to boys and lads running away from desk, school, and college, to become hunters and fishers in the Far West. Since first reading Robinson Crusoe, they can have been under no greater temptation to burst their trammels, and realize the free and daring life of the wilds. The scenery may be less dangerous, save to *sketchers;* but as there is no end to its picturesque beauty, choice is bewildered.

On the fifth day of their voyage down the river, Mr. Catlin was once more at the *Grand Detour*—or in Yankee nomenclature, the *Big Bend*. One of the most singular scenes on the river is the bluffs here, which are named the *Grand Dome* and the *Three Domes;* but they can only be understood by looking at the Plates, Numbers 43 and 44, in the original work; the whole work, indeed, is, as we have noticed, but a *catalogue raisonée* to the gallery.

Mr. Catlin seems to have been hospitably entertained by the traders wherever he met with them, or visited their stations, and to have been treated with great liberality by whoever, among public functionaries, had the power to forward his views. When he descended to the Mandan village, Mr. Kipp, whom we formerly mentioned, at once ordered his luggage to be carried to his own quarters, and his canoe to be taken care of.

The *Mandans*, whom we also mentioned in describing the native astonishment and awe at painting, are—or, alas! short as is the intervening time, we must now say *were*—a highly interesting tribe. Mr. Catlin has a theory of their origin, which we shall afterwards notice, and which is somewhat borne out by peculiar circumstances connected with them. The Mandans were then *located* on the west bank of the Missouri, about two hundred miles below the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, and eighteen hundred above St. Louis. The clan then consisted of about two thousand souls, living in two villages, about a mile apart.

In his letter written on the spot, our traveller says—

Their present villages are beautifully located, and judiciously also, for defence against the assaults of their enemies. The site of the lower (or principal) town, in particular, is one of the most beautiful and pleasing that can be seen in the world, and even more beautiful than imagination could ever create. In the very midst of an extensive valley (embraced within a thousand graceful swells and parapets or mounds of interminable green, changing to blue, as they vanish in the distance) is built the city, or principal town of the Mandans. On an extensive plain (which is covered with a geeen turf, as well as the hills and dales, as far as the eye can possibly range, without tree or bush to be seen) are to be seen rising from the ground, and towards the heavens, domes—(not "of gold," but) of dirt—and the thousand spears (not "spires") and scalp-poles, &c. &c., of the semi-subterraneous village of the hospitable and gentlemanly Mandans.

These people formerly (and within the recollection of many of their oldest men) lived fifteen or twenty miles farther down the river, in ten contiguous villages; the marks or ruins of which are yet plainly to be seen. At that period, it is evident, as well from the number of lodges which their villages contained, as from their traditions, that their numbers were much greater than at the present day.

There are other, and very interesting, traditions and historical facts relative to a still prior location and condition of these people.

The Mandans were comparatively a mild people, though probably their weakness from diminished numbers had taught them forbearance. Their women raised a good deal of Indian corn, a rare thing among the wilder tribes. The ground on which their village is situated is admirably adapted for defence. It is on the top of an almost perpendicular and angular rocky bank, forty or fifty feet above the bed of the river, so that only one side requires artificial defences.

The Mandans are undoubtedly secure in their villages from the attacks of any Indian nation, and have nothing to fear, except when they meet their enemy on the prairie. Their village has a most novel appearance to the eye of a stranger; their lodges are closely grouped together, leaving but just room enough for walking and riding between them; and appear from without to be built entirely of dirt; but one is surprised when he enters them, to see the neatness, comfort, and spacious dimensions of these earth-covered dwellings. They all have a circular form, and are from forty to sixty feet in diameter. . . . . .

. The floors of these dwellings are of earth, but so hardened by use, and swept so clean, and tracked by bare and moccassined feet, that they have almost a polish, and would scarcely soil the whitest linen. In the centre, and immediately under the sky-light, is the fire-place—a hole of four or five feet in diameter, of a circular form, sunk a foot or more below the surface, and curbed around with stone. Over the fire-place, and suspended from the apex of diverging props or poles, is generally seen the pot or kettle, filled with buffalo meat; and around it are the family, reclining in all the most picturesque attitudes and groups, resting on their buffalo-robes and beautiful mats of rushes.

A great many individuals lived in each of these lodges—the families being all patriarchal. The

walls of them are decorated with the weapons, armour, and accoutrements of the men, hung on pegs.

This arrangement of beds, of arms, &c., combining the most vivid display and arrangement of colours, of furs, of trinkets—of barbed and glistening points and steel—of mysteries and hocus pocus, together with the sombre and smoked colour of the roof and sides of the lodge; and the wild, and rude and red—the graceful (though uncivil) conversational, garrulous, story-telling and happy, though ignorant and untutored groups, that are smoking their pipes—wooing their sweethearts, and embracing their little ones about their peaceful and endeared fire-sides; together with their pots and kettles, spoons, and other culinary articles of their own manufacture, around them; present altogether, one of the most picturesque scenes to the eye of a stranger, that can be possibly seen; and far more wild and vivid than could ever be imagined.

Reader, I said these people were garrulous, story-telling, and happy; this is true, and literally so; and it belongs to me to establish the fact, and correct the error which seems to have gone forth to the world on this subject.

Mr. Catlin here combats the ordinary notion of the Red Indians being taciturn, sullen, and unsocial. He maintains that they are fond of good cheer; that they enjoy fun; and love to gossip, and laugh, and joke round the wigwam fire, much like *civilized* circles in similar situations. Even the women, before "their lot is on them," are gay and sportive creatures. One day, Mr. Catlin, in the course of his wanderings, meant to pay a visit to the upper village of the *Minatarees*, another tribe on the Missouri; and, for this purpose, had to cross the river, which he did in a skin-canoe, or *coracle*, in which an old chief ordered one of his women to ferry the stranger over, with his attendants, Ba'tiste and Bogard. But he must tell the adventure with the laughing water-nymphs himself:—

A skin-canoe (more familiarly called in this country a bull-boat) made in the form of a large tub, of a buffalo's skin, stretched on a frame of willow boughs, she carried to the water's edge; and placing it in the water, made signs for us three to get into it. When we were in, and seated flat on its bottom, with scarce room in anyway to adjust our legs and our feet, (as we sat necessarily facing each other,) she stepped before the boat, and pulling it along, waded towards the deeper water, with her back towards us, carefully with the other hand attending to her dress, which seemed to be but a light slip, and floating upon the surface until the water was above her waist, when it was instantly turned off, over her head, and thrown ashore; and she boldly plunged forward, swimming and drawing the boat with one hand, which she did with apparent ease. In this manner we were conveyed to the middle of the stream, where we were soon surrounded by a dozen or more beautiful girls, from twelve to fifteen and eighteen years of age, who were at that time bathing on the opposite shore.

They all swam in a bold and graceful manner, and as confidently as so many otters or beavers; and gathering around us, with their long black hair floating about on the water, whilst their faces were glowing with jokes and fun, which they were cracking about us, and which we could not understand.

In the midst of this delightful little aquatic group, we three sat in our little skin-bound tub, (like the "three wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl," &c.,) floating along down the current, losing sight and all thoughts of the shore, which was equidistant from us on either side; whilst we were amusing ourselves with the playfulness of these dear little creatures, who were floating about under the clear blue water, catching their hands on to the sides of our boat; occasionally raising one-half of their bodies out of the water, and sinking again, like so many mermaids.

In the midst of this bewildering and tantalizing entertainment, in which poor Ba'tiste and Bogard, as well as myself, were all taking infinite pleasure, and which we supposed was all intended for our especial amusement, we found ourselves suddenly in the delightful dilemma of floating down the current in the middle of the river; and of being turned round and round to the excessive amusement of the villagers, who were laughing at us from the shore, as well as these little tyros, whose delicate hands were besetting our tub on all sides; and for an escape from whom, or for fending off, we had neither an oar or anything else that we could wield in self-defence, or for self-preservation. In this awkward predicament, our feelings of excessive admiration were immediately changed to those of exceeding vexation, as we now learned that they had peremptorily discharged from her occupation our fair conductress, who had undertaken to ferry us safely across the river; and had also very ingeniously laid their plans, of which we had been ignorant until the present moment, to extort from us in this way some little evidences of our liberality, which, in fact, it was impossible to refuse them, after so liberal and bewitching an exhibition on their part, as well as from the imperative obligation which the awkwardness of our situation had laid us under. I had some awls in my pockets, which I presented to them, and also a few strings of beautiful beads, which I placed over their delicate necks as they raised them out of the water by the side of our boat; after which they all joined in conducting our craft to the shore, by swimming by the sides of, and behind it, pushing it along in the direction where they designed to land it, until the water became so shallow, that their feet were upon the bottom, when they waded along with great coyness, dragging us towards the shore, as long as their bodies, in a crouching position, could possibly be half concealed under the water, when they gave our boat the last push for the shore, and, raising a loud and exulting laugh, plunged back again into the river; leaving us the only alternative of sitting still where we were, or of stepping out into the water at half leg deep, and of wading to the shore, which we at once did, and soon escaped from the view of our little tormentors, and the numerous lookers-on, on our way to the upper village, which I have before mentioned.

The Mandans had many peculiar customs, and some arts which were not known to the other Western tribes, particularly in making a rude kind of pottery. They were termed by the traders, "the polite and friendly Mandans;" and a different origin is assigned to them from that of any other Indian nation. They were, in several points, rather farther advanced in civilisation. Mr. Catlin says:—

There are a great many of these people whose complexions appear as light as half-breeds; and amongst the women particularly, there are many whose skins are almost white, with the most pleasing symmetry and proportion of features; with hazel, with gray, and with blue eyes,—with mildness and sweetness of expression, and excessive modesty of demeanour, which render them exceedingly pleasing and beautiful.

Why this diversity of complexion I cannot tell, nor can they themselves account for it. Their traditions, so far as I have yet learned them, afford us no information of their having had any knowledge of white men before the visit of Lewis and Clarke, made to their village thirty-three years ago. Since that time there have been but very few visits from white men to this place, and surely not enough to have changed the complexions and the customs of a nation. And I recollect perfectly well that Governor Clarke told me, before I started for this place, that I would find the Mandans a strange people and half white.

The diversity in the colour of hair is also equally as great as that in the complexion; for in a numerous group of these people, (and more particularly amongst the females, who never take pains to change its natural colour, as the men often do,) there may be seen every shade and colour of hair that can be seen in our own country, with the exception of red or auburn, which is not to be found.

And there is yet one more strange and unaccountable peculiarity, which can probably be seen nowhere else on earth; nor on any rational grounds accounted for,—other than it is a freak or order of Nature, for which she has not seen fit to assign a reason. There are very many of both sexes, and of every age, from infancy to manhood and old age, with hair of a bright silvery gray; and in some instances almost perfectly white. . . . . .

To repeat what I have said before, the Mandans are a pleasing and friendly race of people, of whom it is proverbial amongst the Traders and all who ever have known them, that their treatment of white men in their country has been friendly and kind ever since their first acquaintance with them—they have ever met and received them, on the prairie or in their villages, with hospitality and honour.

They are handsome, straight, and elegant in their forms—not tall, but quick and graceful; easy and polite in their manners, neat in their persons, and beautifully clad. When I say "neat in person and beautifully clad," however, I do not intend my readers to understand that such is the case with them all; for among them and most other tribes, as with the enlightened world, there are different grades of society—those who care but little for their personal appearance, and those who take great pains to please themselves and their friends. Amongst this class of personages, such as chiefs and braves, or warriors of distinction, and their families, and dandies or exquisites, (a class of beings of whom I shall take due time to speak in a future Letter,) the strictest regard to decency, and cleanliness and elegance of dress is observed; and there are few people, perhaps, who take more pains to keep their persons neat and cleanly than they do.

At the distance of half a mile or so above the village is the customary place where the women and girls resort every morning in the summer months to bathe in the river. To this spot they repair by hundreds, every morning at sunrise, where, on a beautiful beach, they can be seen running and glistening in the sun, whilst they are playing their innocent gambols and leaping, into the stream. They all learn to swim well, and the poorest swimmer amongst them will dash fearlessly into the boiling and eddying current of the Missouri, and cross it with perfect ease. At the distance of a quarter of a mile back from the river, extends a terrace or elevated prairie, running north from the village, and forming a kind of semicircle around this bathing-place; and on this terrace, which is some twenty or thirty feet higher than the meadow between it and the river, are stationed every morning several sentinels, with their bows and arrows in hand, to guard and protect this sacred ground from the approach of boys or men from any direction.

At a little distance below the village, also, is the place where the men and boys go to bathe and learn to swim. After this morning ablution, they return to their village, wipe their limbs dry, and use a profusion of bear's grease through their hair and over their bodies.

The Mandans frequently used the vapour bath; which is by several tribes employed in the cure of disease. We have noticed above their elegant and fanciful costumes; and are enabled to see more of their private life at a tête-à-tête dinner, to which their principal chief, "a high-minded and gallant warrior, as well as a polite and polished gentleman," carried the artist, who had just finished his portrait:—

The simple feast which was spread before us consisted of three dishes only; two of which were served in wooden bowls, and the third in an earthen vessel of their own manufacture, somewhat in shape of a bread-tray in our own country. This last contained a quantity of *pemican* and *marrow-fat;* and one of the former held a fine brace of buffalo ribs, delightfully roasted; and the other was filled with a kind of paste or pudding, made of the flour of the "*pomme blanche,*" as the French call it, a delicious turnip of the prairie, finely flavoured with the buffalo berries, which are collected in great quantities in this country, and used with divers dishes in cooking, as we in civilized countries use dried currants, which they very much resemble.

A handsome pipe and a tobacco-pouch made of the otter skin, filled with k'nick-k'neck, (Indian tobacco,) laid by the side of the feast; and when we were seated, mine host took up his pipe, and deliberately filled it; and instead of lighting it by the fire, which he could easily have done, he drew from his pouch his flint and steel, and raised a spark with which he kindled it. He drew a few strong whiffs through it, and presented the stem of it to my mouth, through which I drew a whiff or two while he held the stem in his hands. This done, he laid down the pipe, and drawing his knife from his belt, cut off a very small piece of the meat from the ribs, and pronouncing the words "Ho-pe-ne-chee wa-pashee," (meaning a *medicine* sacrifice,) threw it into the fire.

He then (by signals) requested me to eat, and I commenced, after drawing out from my belt my knife (which it is supposed that every man in this country carries about him, for at an Indian feast a knife is never offered to a guest.) Reader, be not astonished that I sat and ate my dinner *alone,* for such is the custom of this strange land. . . . . .

The dish of "pemican and marrow-fat," of which I spoke, was thus:—The first, an article of food used throughout this country, as familiarly as we use bread in the civilized world. It is made of buffalo meat dried very hard, and afterwards pounded in a large wooden mortar until it is made nearly as fine as saw-dust, then packed in this dry state in bladders or sacks of skin, and is easily carried to any part of the world in good order. "Marrow-fat" is collected by the Indians from the buffalo bones which they break to pieces, yielding a prodigious quantity of marrow, which is boiled out and put into buffalo bladders which have been distended; and after it cools, becomes quite hard like tallow, and has the appearance, and very nearly the flavour, of the richest yellow butter. . . . . .

I spoke also of the earthen dishes or bowls in which these viands were served out; they are a familiar part of the culinary furniture of every Mandan lodge, and are manufactured by the women of this tribe in great quantities, and modelled into a thousand forms and tastes. They are made by the hands of the women, from a tough black clay, and baked in kilns which are made for the purpose, and are nearly equal in hardness to our own manufacture of pottery; though they have not yet got the art of glazing, which would be to them a most valuable secret. They make them so strong and serviceable, however, that they hang them over the fire as we do our iron pots, and boil their meat in them with perfect success. I have seen some few specimens of such manufacture, which have been dug up in Indian mounds and tombs in the southern and middle states placed in our Eastern museum and looked upon as a great wonder, when here this novelty is at once done away with, and the whole mystery; where women can be seen handling and using them by hundreds, and they can be seen every day in the summer also, moulding them into many fanciful forms, and passing them through the kiln where they are hardened.

Whilst sitting at this feast, the wigwam was as silent as death, although we were not alone in it. This chief, like most others, had a plurality of wives, and all of them (some six or seven) were seated around the sides of the lodge, upon robes or mats placed upon the ground and not allowed to speak, though they were in readiness to obey his orders and commands, which were uniformly given by signs-manual, and executed in the neatest and most silent manner.

When I arose to return, the pipe through which we had smoked was presented to me; and the robe on which I had sat, he gracefully raised by the corners and tendered it to me, explaining by signs that the paintings which were on it were the representations of the battles of his life, where he had fought and killed with his own hand fourteen of his enemies; that he had been two weeks engaged in painting it for me, and that he had invited me here on this occasion to present it to me.

The story delineated by this chief on the robe which he presented to his guest, affords a remarkable illustration of Indian vindictiveness, and thirst of revenge. We commend it to the attention of those who like to study human nature in all its phases.

While residing in the Mandan village, Mr. Catlin had many other good opportunities of improving his knowledge of the customs of the Indians. He witnessed their games, and saw several of their solemn dances performed.

The wild vicissitudes of savage life are strikingly exemplified in an adventure which followed one of these dances—the *Buffalo Dance*—the object of which is, "to *make the buffaloes come.*" It is told thus—

The day before yesterday, which, though it commenced in joy and thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for the signal success which had attended their several days of dancing and supplication, ended in a calamity which threw the village of the Mandans into mourning and repentant tears, and that at a time of scarcity and great distress. The signal was given into the village on that morning from the top of a distant bluff, that a band of buffaloes were in sight, though at a considerable distance off, and every heart beat with joy, and every eye watered and glistened with gladness.

The dance had lasted some three or four days, and now, instead of the doleful tap of the drum and the begging chants of the dancers, the stamping of horses was heard as they were led and galloped through the village—young men were throwing off their robes and their shirts, were seen snatching a handful of arrows from their quivers, and stringing their sinewy bows, glancing their eyes and their smiles at their sweethearts, and mounting their ponies. . . . . .

A few minutes there had been of bustle and boasting, whilst bows were twanging and spears were polishing by rubbing their blades into the ground—every face and every eye was filled with joy and gladness—horses were pawing and snuffing in fury for the outset, when Louison Frénié, an interpreter of the Fur Company, galloped through the village with his rifle in his hand and his powder-horn at his side; his head and waist were bandaged with handkerchiefs, and his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders—the hunter's yell issued from his lips and was repeated through the village; he flew to the bluffs, and behind him and over the graceful swells of the prairie, galloped the emulous youths, whose hearts were beating high and quick for the onset.

In the village, where hunger had reigned, and starvation was almost ready to look them in the face, all was instantly turned to joy and gladness. The chiefs and doctors who had been for some days dealing out minimum rations to the community from the public crib, now spread before their subjects the contents of their own private *caches*, and the last of everything that could be mustered, that they might eat a thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for his goodness in sending them a supply of buffalo meat. A general carouse of banqueting ensued, which occupied the greater part of the day; and their hidden stores which might have fed an emergency for several weeks, were pretty nearly used up on the occasion—bones were half picked, and dishes half emptied and then handed to the dogs. *I* was not forgotten neither, in the general surfeit; several large and generous wooden bowls of pemican and other palatable food were sent to my painting-room, and I received them in this time of scarcity with great pleasure.

After this general indulgence was over, and the dogs had licked the dishes, their usual games and amusements ensued—and hilarity, and mirth, and joy took possession of, and reigned in, every nook and corner of the village. In the midst of this, screams and shrieks were heard! and echoed everywhere. Women and children scrambled to the tops of their wigwams, with their eyes and their hands stretched in agonizing earnestness to the prairie, whilst blackened warriors ran furiously through every winding maze of the village, and issuing their jarring gutturals of vengeance, as they snatched their deadly weapons from their lodges, and struck the reddened post as they furiously passed it by! Two of their hunters were bending their course down the sides of the bluff towards the village, and another broke suddenly out of a deep ravine, and yet another was seen dashing over and down the green hills, and all were goading on their horses at full speed! and then came another, and another, and all entered the village amid shouts and groans of the villagers who crowded around them. The story was told in their looks, for one was bleeding, and the blood that flowed from his naked breast had crimsoned his milk white steed as it had dripped over him; another grasped in his left hand a scalp that was reeking in blood—and in the other his whip—another grasped nothing, save the reins in one hand and the mane of the horse in the other, having thrown his bow and his arrows away, and trusted to the fleetness of his horse for his safety; yet the story was audibly told, and the fatal tragedy recited in irregular and almost suffocating ejaculations—the names of the dead were in turns pronounced, and screams and shrieks burst forth at their recital—murmurs and groans ran through the village, and this happy little community were in a moment smitten with sorrow and distraction.

Their proud band of hunters who had started full of glee and mirth in the morning, had been surrounded by their enemy, the Sioux, and eight of them killed. The Sioux, who had probably reconnoitred their village during the night, and ascertained that they were dancing for buffaloes, laid a stratagem to entrap them in the following manner:—Some six or eight of them appeared the next morning (on a distant bluff, in sight of their sentinel) under the skins of buffaloes, imitating the movements of those animals whilst grazing; and being discovered by the sentinel, the intelligence was telegraphed to the village, which brought out their hunters as I have described. The masked buffaloes were seen grazing on the top of a high bluff, and when the hunters had approached within half a mile or so of them, they suddenly disappeared over the hill. Louison Frénié, who was leading the little band of hunters, became at that moment suspicious of so strange a movement, and came to a halt.

. . . . . .

"Look!" (said a Mandan, pointing to a little ravine to the right, and at the foot of the hill, from which suddenly broke some forty or fifty furious Sioux, on fleet horses and under full whip, who were rushing upon them;) they wheeled, and in front of them came another band more furious from the other side of the hill! they started for home (poor fellows), and strained every nerve; but the Sioux were too fleet for them; and every now and then, the whizzing arrow and the lance were heard to rip the flesh of their naked backs, and a grunt and a groan, as they tumbled from their horses. Several miles were run in this desperate race; and Frénié got home, and several of the Mandans, though eight of them were killed and scalped by the way.

So ended that day and the hunt; but many a day and sad, will last the grief of those whose hearts were broken on that unlucky occasion.

Medicine men abounded among the Mandans, and of these one order was the *Rain-Makers*, and another the *Rain-Stoppers;* drought being in some seasons, as fatal to the corn crops of the squaws and girls, as in other years is too much moisture

rich herbage that was under their feet, but, with deep-drawn sighs, their necks were loftily curved, and their eyes widely stretched over the landscape that was beneath us. From this elevated spot, the horizon was bounded all around us by mountain streaks of blue, softening into azure as they vanished, and the pictured vales that intermediate lay, were deepening into green as the eye was returning from its roamings. Beneath us, and winding through the waving landscape, was seen with peculiar effect, the "bold dragoons," marching in beautiful order, forming a train of a mile in length. Baggage-wagons and Indians (*engagés*) helped to lengthen the procession. From the point where we stood, the line was seen in miniature; and the undulating hills over which it was bending its way, gave it the appearance of a huge black snake, gracefully gliding over a rich carpet of green.

This picturesque country of 200 miles, over which we have passed, belongs to the Creeks and Choctaws, and affords one of the richest and most desirable countries in the world for agricultural pursuits.

Scarcely a day has passed, in which we have not crossed oak ridges, of several miles in breadth, with a sandy soil and scattering timber; where the ground was almost literally covered with vines, producing the greatest profusion of delicious grapes, of five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and hanging in such endless clusters, as justly to entitle this singular and solitary wilderness to the style of a vineyard, (and ready for the vintage,) for many miles together.

An attack from the Indians was daily expected, and the troops were constantly on their guard; but they advanced unopposed to the Camanchee village; though not without sundry false alarms, and suffering a good deal of hardship before they found the hordes of which they had come so far in quest. At last a war party was seen at a distance, which turned out to be Camanchees on the out-look for their red enemies. The encounter was fairly met on both sides.

The regiment was called to a halt, and the requisite preparations made and orders issued, we advanced in a direct line towards them until we had approached to within two or three miles of them, when they suddenly disappeared over the hill, and soon after showed themselves on another mound farther off and in a different direction. The course of the regiment was then changed, and another advance towards them was commenced, and as before, they disappeared and showed themselves in another direction. After several such efforts which proved ineffectual, Col. Dodge ordered the command to halt, while he rode forward with a few of his staff, and an ensign carrying a white flag. I joined this advance, and the Indians stood their ground until we had come within half a mile of them, and could distinctly observe all their numbers and movements. We then came to a halt, and the white flag was sent a little in advance, and waved as a signal for them to approach; at which one of their party galloped out in advance of the war-party, on a milk-white horse, carrying a piece of white buffalo skin on the point of his long lance, in reply to our flag.

This moment was the commencement of one of the most thrilling and beautiful scenes I ever witnessed. All eyes, both from his own party and ours, were fixed upon the manœuvres of this gallant little fellow,* and he well knew it.

The distance between the two parties was perhaps half a mile, and that a beautiful and gently sloping prairie; over which he was for the space of a quarter of an hour, reining and spurring his maddened horse, and gradually approaching us by tacking to the right and the left, like a vessel beating against the wind. He at length came prancing and leaping along till he met the flag of the regiment, when he leaned his spear for a moment against it, looking the bearer full in the face, when he wheeled his horse, and dashed up to Col. Dodge, with his extended hand, which was instantly grasped and shaken. We all had him by the hand in a moment, and the rest of the party seeing him received in this friendly manner, instead of being sacrificed, as they undoubtedly expected, started under "full whip" in a direct line towards us, and in a moment gathered, like a black cloud, around us! The regiment then moved up in regular order, and a general shake of the hand ensued, which was accomplished by each warrior riding along the ranks, and shaking the hand of every one as he passed. This necessary form took up considerable time, and during the whole operation, my eyes were fixed upon the gallant and wonderful appearance of the little fellow who bore us the white flag on the point of his lance. He rode a fine and spirited wild horse, which was as white as the drifted snow, with an exuberant mane, and its long and bushy tail sweeping the ground. In his hand he tightly drew the reins upon a heavy Spanish bit, and at every jump, plunged into the animal's sides, till they were in a gore of blood, a huge pair of spurs, plundered, no doubt, from the Spaniards in their border wars, which are continually waged on the Mexican frontiers. The eyes of this noble little steed seemed to be squeezed out of its head; and its fright and its agitation had brought out upon its skin a perspiration that was fretted into a white foam and lather. The warrior's quiver was slung on the warrior's back, and his bow grasped in his left hand, ready for instant use, if called for. His shield was on his arm; and across his thigh, in a beautiful cover of buckskin, his gun was slung—and in his right hand his lance of fourteen feet in length.

Thus armed and equipped was this dashing cavalier; and nearly in the same manner, all the rest of the party; and very many of them leading an extra horse, which we soon learned was the favourite war-horse; and from which circumstances altogether, we soon understood that they were a war-party in search of their enemy.

After a shake of the hand, we dismounted, and the pipe was lit, and passed around. And then a "talk" was held, in which we were aided by a Spaniard we luckily had with us, who could converse with one of the Camanchees, who spoke some Spanish.

Colonel Dodge explained to them the friendly motives with which we were penetrating their country—that we were sent by the President to reach their villages—to see the chiefs of the Camanchees and Pawnee Picts—to shake hands with them, and to smoke the pipe of peace, and to establish an acquaintance, and consequently a system of trade, that would be beneficial to both.

They listened attentively, and perfectly appreciated; and taking Colonel Dodge at his word, relying with confidence in what he told them, they informed us that their great town was within a few days' march; and pointing in the direction, offered to abandon their war-excursion, and turn about and escort us to it; which they did in perfect good faith. We were on the march in the afternoon of that day, and from day to day they busily led us on, over hill and dale, encamping by the side of us at night, and resuming the march in the morning.

During this march, over one of the most lovely and picturesque countries in the world, we had enough continually to amuse and excite us. The whole country seemed at times to be alive with buffaloes and bands of wild horses.

We had with us about thirty Osage and Cherokee, Seneca and Delaware Indians, employed as guides and hunters for the regiment; and with the war-party of ninety or a hundred Camanchees, we formed a most picturesque appearance while passing over the green field and consequently, sad havoc amongst the herds of buffaloes, which we were almost hourly passing. We were now out of the influence and reach of bread stuffs, subsisted ourselves on buffaloes' meat altogether. the Indians of the different tribes, emulous to shoot

* This Napoleon of the Camanchees was afterwards found to be a half-bred Spaniard, and one of the most distinguished warriors of the nation.—*E. T. M.*

skill in the chase, and prove the mettle of their horses, took infinite pleasure in dashing into every herd that we approached; by which means, the regiment was abundantly supplied from day to day with fresh meat.

In one of those spirited scenes when the regiment were on the march, and the Indians with their bows and arrows were closely plying a band of these affrighted animals, they made a bolt through the line of the dragoons, and a complete breach, through which the whole herd passed, upsetting horses and riders in the most amusing manner, and receiving such shots as came from those guns and pistols that were *aimed*, and not fired off into the empty air. . . . . .

The tract of country over which we passed, between the False Washita and this place, is stocked, not only with buffaloes, but with numerous bands of wild horses, many of which we saw every day. There is no other animal on the prairies so wild and so sagacious as the horse; and none other so difficult to come up with. So remarkably keen is their eye, that they will generally run "at the sight," when they are a mile distant; being, no doubt, able to distinguish the character of the enemy that is approaching when at that distance; and when in motion, will seldom stop short of three or four miles. I made many attempts to approach them by stealth, when they were grazing and playing their gambols, without ever having been more than once able to succeed. In this instance, I left my horse, and with my friend Chadwick, skulked through a ravine for a couple of miles; until we were at length brought within gun-shot of a fine herd of them, when I used my pencil for some time, while we were under cover of a little hedge of bushes which effectually screened us from their view. In this herd we saw all the colours, nearly, that can be seen in a kennel of English hounds. Some were milk white, some jet black—others were sorrel, and bay, and cream colour—many were of an iron gray; and others were pied, containing a variety of colours on the same animal. Their manes were very profuse, and hanging in the wildest confusion over their necks and faces; and their long tails swept the ground.

The hunting for horses by employing the lasso, and the mode of taming these fine animals when caught, are picturesquely described.

One of the hunters who accompanied the expedition, named Beatte, a young man born of French parents, but bred among the Osages, and whose habits and manners were completely those of an Indian, became an expert hunter of the wild horses. Breaking, or *taming* them, as it is termed, is a desperate and cruel process, and one which generally destroys the spirit of the animal. It is minutely described by Mr. Catlin.

The arrival at the metropolis of the Camanchees is as imposing as their first encounter with the troops:—

After many hard and tedious days of travel, we were at last told by our Camanchee guides that we were near their village; and having led us to the top of a gently rising elevation on the prairie, they pointed to their village at several miles distance, in the midst of one of the most enchanting valleys that human eyes ever looked upon. The general course of the valley is from N.W. to S.E., of several miles in width, with a magnificent range of mountains rising in distance beyond; it being, without doubt, a huge "spur" of the Rocky Mountains, composed entirely of a reddish granite or gneiss, corresponding with the other links of this stupendous chain. In the midst of this lovely valley, we could just discern, amongst the scattering shrubbery that lined the banks of the water-courses, the tops of the Camanchee wigwams, and the smoke curling above them. The valley, for a mile distant about the village, seemed speckled with horses and mules that were grazing in it. The chiefs of the war-party requested the regiment to halt, until they could ride in, and inform their people who were coming. We then dismounted for an hour or so; when we could see them busily running and catching their horses; and at length, several hundreds of their braves and warriors came out at full speed to welcome us, and forming in a line in front of us, as we were again mounted, presented a formidable and pleasing appearance. As they wheeled their horses, they very rapidly formed in a line, and "dressed" like well-disciplined cavalry. The regiment was drawn up in three columns, with a line formed in front, by Colonel Dodge and his staff, in which rank my friend Chadwick and I were also paraded; when we had a fine view of the whole manœuvre, which was picturesque and thrilling in the extreme.

In the centre of our advance was stationed a white flag, and the Indians answered to it with one which they sent forward and planted by the side of it.

The two lines were thus drawn up, face to face, within twenty or thirty yards of each other, as inveterate foes that never had met; and, to the everlasting credit of the Camanchees, whom the world had always looked upon as murderous and hostile, they had all come out in this manner, with their heads uncovered, and without a weapon of any kind, to meet a war-party bristling with arms, and trespassing to the middle of their country. They had every reason to look upon us as their natural enemy, as they have been in the habit of estimating all pale faces; and yet, instead of arms or defences, or even of frowns, they galloped out and looked us in our faces, without an expression of fear or dismay, and evidently with expressions of joy and impatient pleasure, to shake us by the hand, on the bare assertion of Colonel Dodge, which had been made to the chiefs, that "we came to see them on a friendly visit."

After we had sat and gazed at each other in this way for some half an hour or so, the head chief of the band came galloping up to Colonel Dodge, and having shaken him by the hand, he passed on to the other officers in turn, and then rode alongside of the different columns, shaking hands with every dragoon in the regiment; he was followed in this by his principal chiefs and braves, which altogether took up nearly an hour longer, when the Indians retreated slowly towards their village, escorting us to the banks of a fine clear stream, and a good spring of fresh water, half a mile from their village, which they designated as a suitable place for our encampment, and we were soon bivouacked at the place from which I am now scribbling.

The village of the Camanchees, by the side of which we are encamped, is composed of six or eight hundred skin-covered lodges, made of poles and buffalo skins, in the manner precisely as those of the Sioux and other Missouri tribes, of which I have heretofore given some account. This village, with its thousands of wild inmates, with horses and dogs, and wild sports and domestic occupations, presents a most curious scene; and the manners and looks of the people, a rich subject for the brush and the pen. . . . . .

We white men, strolling about amongst their wigwams, are looked upon with as much curiosity as if we had come from the moon; and evidently create a sort of chill in the blood of children and dogs, when we make our appearance.

The nation is estimated at from 30 to 40,000, of whom six or seven thousand are warriors. Traffic, by barter, was immediately commenced, the Americans making excellent bargains; such as a horse for a sorry blanket, and a butcher's knife—or for an old cotton umbrella.

Mr. Catlin describes some extraordinary feats of horsemanship, that are commonly performed by the Camanchees, and which would, we apprehend, astonish even the riders at Astley's.

The farther quest of the expedition was the *Pawnee Picts*, a tribe whose mountain villages lay about a hundred miles farther west, on the banks

of the Red River, and in a wildly mountainous region. The village contained between five and six hundred neatly constructed wigwams; and to the great surprise of the *civilized* visiters, the people were found cultivating "extensive" fields of Indian corn, and raising pumpkins, melons, beans, and squashes; and were well supplied with buffalo meat. The friendly views of the expedition were next day explained to the chiefs of the Pawnees at a solemn meeting of the council of the nation.

Colonel Dodge opened a council with the chiefs in the chief's lodge, where he had the most of his officers around him. He first explained to them the friendly views with which he came to see them; and of the wish of our government to establish a lasting peace with them, which they seemed at once to appreciate and highly to estimate.

The head chief of the tribe is a very old man, and he several times replied to Colonel Dodge in a very eloquent manner, assuring him of the friendly feelings of his chief and warriors towards the pale faces, in the direction from whence we came.

The chiefs consented to accompany the commander of the expedition, Colonel Dodge, back to Fort Gibson, to receive suitable *presents*, and thus *confirm* the friendship entered into; which they did. The Pawnees are a powerful and numerous nation, consisting of many clans or families. The portraits of their chiefs and women, given by Mr. Catlin, represent a more intelligent race than the *Mandans* or *Sioux;* and their costumes, though not so fantastic and gorgeous, are more like those of rational beings. On the backward march, which was pursued by a different route, lying by the Canadian river, and partly through the territory of Texas, the troops suffered severely from fever, produced by the extreme heat of the weather, and the bad quality of the little water that was to be procured. Mr. Catlin was seized with fever, and had nearly sunk before the regiment reached Fort Gibson, diminished in numbers, and many still suffering under the disease. But the object of the enterprise had been accomplished, though our traveller rightly doubts if it will be of any ultimate advantage to the Indians. The Camanchees and the Pawnees will, he fears, have the same destiny as the extirpated tribes. He remarks—

Although the achievement has been a handsome one, of bringing these unknown people to an acquaintance, and a general peace; and at first sight would appear to be of great benefit to them—yet I have my strong doubts whether it will better their condition, unless, with the exercised aid of the strong arm of Government, they can be protected in the rights which, by nature, they are entitled to.

There is already in this place a company of eighty men fitted out, who are to start to-morrow, to overtake these Indians a few miles from this place, and accompany them home, with a large stock of goods, with traps for catching beavers, &c., calculating to build a trading-house amongst them, where they will amass, at once, an immense fortune, being the first traders and trappers that have ever been in that part of the country.

I have travelled too much among Indian tribes, and seen too much, not to know the evil consequences of such a system. Goods are sold at such exorbitant prices, that the Indian gets a mere shadow for his peltries, &c. The Indians see no white people but traders and sellers of whisky; and of course, judge us all by them—they consequently hold us, and always will, in contempt, as inferior to themselves, as they have reason to do—and they neither fear nor respect us.

The consequences are not ill to divine. The vessel of clay dashes itself against the vessel of iron, and falls into potsherds.

The sickness increased, and the sufferings of the troops, from the climate and the journey, were aggravated by the exhaustion of all their luxuries, and the want of forage for their horses, as well as of water and provisions for themselves. Almost every man and officer was attacked by the fever, and many became its victims. Though he seems to have held out long, Mr. Catlin was at length laid prostrate; but after a time, and in all probability feeling himself better, and still seeing his friends dying around him, he was seized with the irresistible desire of leaving this doomed spot, and at all hazards trying to make his way northward and homeward. The attempt for a man in his condition must have appeared like madness, though it is probable that to it he owed his life. He set out alone, save for his sagacious and docile little Camanchee horse "Charley," which was to him in the wilderness what the companion-steed is to the Arab in the desert; his sole, affectionate and intelligent friend, in traversing five hundred miles of forest and prairie, in which the debilitated traveller had no means of sustaining life but by his rifle and his fishing-tackle and the small quantity of coffee, and a few pounds of hard biscuits, that were stowed in his portmanteau. We would fain gratify our younger readers with a sketch of this solitary and picturesque journey, but space has failed, and we must be content to tell that Mr. Catlin and his faithful Charley, not however without perilous adventures, happily accomplished their solitary and romantic journey, his health having improved every day after leaving the dismal Western Fort.

We have left ourselves no room for his subsequent excursions among the broken tribes still inhabiting places on the lakes, or on the Upper Mississippi. The name of the *Shawnee Prophet*, or *Kee-an-ne-kuk*, the chief man of the *Kickapoos*, has already been heard of in Europe. His portrait gives the idea of a shrewd and intelligent man. He is, in reality, one of the most extraordinary men now alive among the Red Indians. His tribe, then located at the south end of Lake Michigan, has since been removed by the United States government beyond the Missouri. Of this remarkable chief Mr. Catlin relates—

He sat for his portrait; he took his attitude, which was that of prayer. And I soon learned that he was a very devoted Christian, regularly holding meetings in his tribe on the Sabbath, preaching to them and exhorting them to a belief in the Christian religion, and to an abandonment of the fatal habit of whisky-drinking, which he strenuously represented as the bane that was to destroy them all, if they did not entirely cease to use it. I went on the sabbath to hear this eloquent man preach, when he had his people assembled in the woods; and although I could not understand his language, I was surprised and pleased with the natural ease and emphasis, and gesticulation, which carried their own evidence of the eloquence of his sermon.

I was singularly struck with the noble efforts of this champion of the mere remnant of a poisoned race, so strenuously labouring to rescue the remainder of his people from the deadly bane that has been brought amongst them by enlightened Christians. How far the

efforts of this zealous man have succeeded in christianizing, I cannot tell, but it is quite certain that his exemplary and constant endeavours have completely abolished the practice of drinking whisky in his tribe; which alone is a very praiseworthy achievement, and the first and indispensable step towards all other improvements.

. . . . . .

This man is brother of the famous Tecumseh, and quite equal in his *medicines* or mysteries, to what his brother was in arms; he was blind in his left eye, and in his right hand he was holding his "*medicine fire*," and his "*sacred string of beans*" in the other. With these mysteries he made his way through most of the North Western tribes, enlisting warriors wherever he went, to assist Tecumseh in effecting his great scheme, of forming a confederacy of all the Indians on the frontier, to drive back the whites, and defend the Indians' rights; which he told them could never in any other way be protected. His plan was certainly a correct one, if not a very great one; and his brother, the Prophet, exercised his astonishing influence in raising men for him to fight his battles, and carry out his plans. For this purpose, he started upon an embassy to the various tribes on the Upper Missouri, nearly all of which he visited with astonishing success; exhibiting his mystery fire, and using his sacred string of beans, which every young man who was willing to go to war was to touch; thereby taking the solemn oath to start when called upon, and not to turn back.

Among the broken, small tribes then inhabiting the lake country, but now all removed beyond the Mississippi or the Missouri, Mr. Catlin found several civilised and intelligent Indians, wearing the dress and speaking the language of the English. He has preserved the portraits of the more remarkable of them. Mr. Catlin corroborates his frequent testimony to the good character of the Red Indians in their natural condition, by appeals to the missionaries who have gone among them, as well as to traders, and especially as to their *honesty* and *hospitality*, qualities never denied. Mr. Catlin's gallery and his narrative afford ample proofs of their knowledge and advancement in those arts absolutely required by their condition. Their wigwams, their canoes, their dresses, their weapons and hunting implements, their furniture and culinary utensils, are probably equal in ingenuity to those of any people found in the condition of hunters, men still living by the chase in a region where game abounds, and by fishing. Civilisation the most imperfect, is not the growth of a few short generations of men, nor yet of centuries. The Red Indians have never been permitted the time necessary to pass from the state of hunters to that of agriculturists. The experiment has never been, and in their case, never will be, fairly tried. In the art of *dressing* skins, though they are unacquainted with *tanning*, the Red Indians have given a lesson to Europeans. Their process is slow, but completely effective. They practise an ingenious way of curing buffalo meat, without the use of salt, which, thus preserved, will keep for any length of time. This is a process which may be found very useful, so soon as the working-classes of England are permitted to exchange the products of the loom and the forge for the corn and beef of South and North America. Many of the customs and arts of the Red Indians display a happy and ingenious adaptation to the necessities of their condition;—such as the mode of swimming practised by the Western tribes; for which, with many other things, we again refer to Mr. Catlin's book. A very curious way, (allowing for a touch of the supernatural, or the animal magnetic,) is described, in which buffalo calves are caught, when the Indians want "a bit of veal." When, during the hunting season, the vast herds of buffaloes, consisting of many thousands, are pursued and thrown into confusion, the frightened calves often lose their dams, and try to conceal themselves by dropping on their knees, and burying their noses in the long grass, where they remain as if fascinated. When touched, they butt furiously, but soon yield to a spell described, which reminds one of the manner in which the famous Irish *whisperer* charmed horses and "made them fain to follow him."

In Mr. Catlin's collection, though the greater part of the Indians neither toil nor spin, may be seen, as he tells—

> Specimens of their spinning and weaving, by which they convert dogs' hair and the wool of the mountain-sheep into durable and splendid robes, the production of which, I venture to say, would bid defiance to any of the looms in the American or British factories.

Many other curious traits of character and pictures of manners are exhibited in these large and closely printed volumes, which will remain an interesting record of the Homeric age and race of North America, when, save a few wild traditions and scattered relics, and a few of the musical and sonorous Indian names of lakes, rivers, and hunting-grounds, every other trace of the Red Man will have perished on that vast continent.

LINES TO CIRCASSIA.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT RUSSIAN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE CIRCASSIAN PATRIOTS.

And shall the thrice-crushed robber vanquish now—
And must the cypress shade the patriot's brow?
Hast thou no friends but God, and bravery—
No arm to strike in unison with thee?
Still floats the war-flag from thy mountain towers;
Still the armed ramparts on the Russian lowers;
Thy shepherd-warriors are not conquered yet:
For not a mountain-pass, or rivulet,—
A rock, a vale, a hamlet, but shall form
A rallying spot for thee. O, 'mid the storm
Of battle should thine arm or spirit fail!
Think upon Poland, and her bloody tale!
The ice-bound deserts of Siberia,
A nation's best and bravest withering saw.
Think of the knout, the exile, and the chain,—
No mercy from the wolf—then strike again!

N.

RECENT TRAVELLERS IN RUSSIA.

I.—NOTES OF A HALF-PAY IN SEARCH OF HEALTH. By Captain Jesse.*

II.—EXCURSIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA, AND SCENES IN ST. PETERSBURG, &c. &c. By Robert Bremner, Esq.

III.—A RESIDENCE ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS. By a Lady. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray.

IV.—STEPHEN'S NOTES OF TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, &c.

The last three years have added considerably to the amount of British information on the social and political condition of Russia, without, upon the whole, showing that there is any material difference, save what is either the effect of accident, or merely superficial, since Dr. Clarke went over nearly the same ground that has lately been traversed by three of the Travellers named at the head of this article. The boundaries of the empire have been somewhat extended; and a little progress and improvement are visible in several of the public departments; but in all that constitutes the internal strength and true civilisation of a country, the Russia of 1840 remains, it would appear, in exactly the same state as the Russia of 1800. Her forty-five millions of serfs have undergone no change, worthy of notice, since the days of Peter the Great. They are worshipping the emperor in their sheepskins, exactly as then; without a new want, a new capacity, or the idea of a new enjoyment. The very talk of amelioration, which was so fashionable during the pseudo-liberal reign of Alexander, seems to have died out.

All liberal ideas of government (says Captain Jesse) died with Alexander: it is now, to the letter, absolute and military—two characteristics sufficiently appalling; but the latter is the most blighting in its effects.

Nor is the political or civil condition of the emancipated crown peasants in any important respect different from that of the peasants of the nobility, who, with the character, retain the name, of slaves. The animal activity and energy of Nicholas, who, hemmed in by the Baltic, vexed by the Poles, and baffled by the Circassians, seems as restless as a caged hyena, together, with that lust of conquest and passion for war, which can only be gratified by a vast armed land and maritime force, has made him strain every nerve to create an army and a navy. But the fiat of the Czar is not more potent than the absolute *shall* of Napoleon; when, by a decree he attempted to create "ships, colonies, and commerce." If we may implicitly believe report, the attempts of Nicholas to form, all at once, a great naval force, are as futile as those of the child who would form a garden, by snatching and sticking living flowers and foliage into the earth. And whatever success he may have had in consolidating a military despotism, or whatever Russia may have gained internally, whether in the better organization of its army and navy and administrative system, since the accession of Nicholas, has been lost in moral influence throughout civilized Europe. The *prestige* which the mild and plausible Alexander, and a sympathetic hatred of Napoleon, had created in England, has been completely destroyed by the career of his successor. Russia and Russian policy were never more odious in the eyes of free and civilized men than at the present moment. Even among the most devoted lovers of peace it remains a political problem, whether the cruel and tyrannical extermination of the Polish nation ought to have been tolerated by the civilized States of Europe; while the patriotic struggle of the brave Circassians, though it may not justify the hostile interference of England, as a Power, nevertheless, commands the warmest sympathies of the whole nation, and of all nations in which the idea of patriotism and of national independence is understood.

Of the travellers, whose reports we are about to discuss, so far as they bear on the character of the emperor, and the vaunted symptoms of improvement in his dominions, Captain Jesse, the latest, is, if not anti-Russ, somewhat irascible; Mr Bremner, and the American, are both well-tempered and impartial; and the lady is strongly disposed to be as indulgent and favourable in her judgment, as the conscience and tastes of an intelligent and well-informed Englishwoman will at all permit. Yet, allowing for individual character and difference of disposition, it is surprising to find how well, when examined, their several reports and estimates harmonize. The letters of the lady, we should say, bear the hardest upon the emperor and his court, and the entire body of the Russian nobility; as, with better opportunities of observation, and as keen a glance, she is as hesitating, or as reluctant a witness, as Captain Jesse is a frank and willing one. To place her above all suspicion, we find the *Quarterly Review* contrasting her account of Russia and its higher classes, with that of other recent travellers, and drawing from it a favourable judgment for Russia, on the very points under discussion. She saw more of the emperor personally, than all the other travellers together; and she seems to have been domesticated in a family of the higher nobility, during the whole of the winter gaieties of St. Petersburg, in which she spent two seasons. One of our travellers asserts, that more depends upon the personal character of Nicholas, than on that of any other man now alive. And this is true of that strong-willed and active individual, at least as regards Russia, and those countries which have become inextricably involved in the toils of its policy.

The Emperor is now in his forty-sixth year. As George the IV. was named the "First Gentleman

* Two vols. cloth. Madden & Co.

of Europe," so is Nicholas, and with, at least, equal truth, named "the handsomest man of his time." Indeed, one of the travellers says that the imperial family is the only good-looking family in Russia; which they owe to their German blood. The fair letter-writer alleges, that if the statue of Nicholas had been dug up in classic ground, it would have been taken for that of a Grecian demi-god. As a god he is regarded by nine-tenths of his subjects,—if those semi-barbarous hordes are to be described as *subjects*, who have no civil rights whatever, and no political existence. When a peasant, afraid to give an answer to any simple question which his debased condition makes him dread as dangerous, is asked one, such as "Does it rain?" he replies, "God and the Emperor know." In all the public offices of Russia there is a mysterious affair, in fashion somewhat like a *Metronome*, made of copper or iron-gilt, set up, and crowned with the Imperial Eagle, on the sides of which are engraved the tables of the wisdom of Peter the Great, in pithy exhortations to functionaries to do their duty, and, above all, to eschew bribery and corruption. This Palladium, this Kaba, this visible representative of the Emperor and of his omnipotence, is the object of universal reverence. No Russian, says Captain Jesse,—

Enters the room without taking off his hat to it; the serfs carry this feeling still further, and I have observed many of them who had accidently caught a glimpse of it from the adjoining room, bow as low to it as they would have done to the altar. Foreigners, ignorant of the sanctity of this emblem, not unfrequently met with sharp rebuffs for their unwitting neglect in not saluting it. I was first awakened to the necessity of so doing, by a threat of having my hat knocked off.

A worthy member of the Society of Friends lately got himself into an unpleasnt scrape at Odessa, by refusing to pay homage to this image of power.

The Letter-writer never tires of praising the physical perfections of the Emperor, who is certainly a noble specimen of one order, though that not the highest, of manly beauty. The sovereign of a semi-barbarous people should always be, like Nicholas, six feet two. She saw him with every advantage, in the midst of fêtes and pageants. The splendours of the Court at the New-Year's fête, given at the Winter Palace, which our fair traveller witnessed from a point of vantage, read like a fairy tale:—

A line of military passed; then a body of chamberlains,—when the band broke into the soul-stirring national hymn, "*Boje Zara chrani*"—the troops presented arms, and a noble figure was seen advancing.

This was the Emperor—the plainest dressed, but the most magnificent figure present, wanting no outward token to declare the majesty of his presence. He passed slowly on, accommodating his manly movements to the short feeble steps of the Empress, who, arrayed in a blaze of jewels, dragged a heavy train of orange-coloured velvet after her, and seemed hardly able to support her own weight.

In a subsequent part of the ceremony, she overlooked him in the chapel during the long and tedious service:—

Here stood the whole cortége thickly compressed together—one blaze of diamonds, stars, and epaulettes—while in advance of the rest was the Imperial family; the Empress, on account of her ill health, alone seated; the Emperor on her right, motionless as a statue; the Hasledník on her left, shifting from one long limb to the other—all crossing themselves and bowing at intervals. The service lasted two hours, varied only by the delicious responses of the court choristers. It was performed by the metropolitan and two other dignitaries of high rank, in high wizard caps and gorgeous mystic robes, who looked like the priest of Isis, or any other theatrical representation of sacerdotal dignity.

All our authorities agree on the fact, that no Russian noble, no matter how high his rank, dare, even in his chamber, whisper to those nearest and dearest to him, his opinions on the conduct of the Emperor. While in Estonia, the English lady lived for some time in the enchanted palace of Fall, the castle of Count Benkendorff, the Grand Vizier of Nicholas (over whom he exercises a happy influence) and the second spy in the empire, the Emperor himself being the first. This minister is brother to the Princess Lieven, so well known in the circles of London and Paris, and father to three young beauties, to whom, according to our enthusiastic authoress, the graces are dowdies, and Helen and Cleopatra, hildings and gipsies. It might be imagined that the screw and gag, which pervade the farthest and most minute ramifications of the Russian empire, would not muzzle the privileged circles in which she mingled; but they are as mute on the proscribed topics of public affairs and interests, as those with whom to hear is to obey. There is no confidence even in the bosom of friendship, no relaxation by the domestic hearth or the social board. In speaking of Benkendorff, Nesselrode, and other grandees and high officials, our authoress remarks—

It seems natural that individuals with whom politics necessarily occupy so large a portion of time and thought, who return direct from the senate, or from the private conference, to their domestic circles, should involuntarily continue the train of idea aloud. But such is the necessity or the habit of discretion, that not a word transpires to betray the occupation or the circle they have just quitted; save perhaps to a wife or daughter—"*L'Empereur t'a trouvée bien jolie hier au bal*," or "*t'a mise délicieuse.*"

Once, on occasion of a small dinner where Prince Volkonski, Count Benkendorff, the venerable Prince Lubetski, and other distinguished characters, were united, the conversation fell upon the organization of the senate—the difficulty of expressing themselves in Russian, now the language of the state—the little practice which the nature of the government affords for addressing numbers;—but of the matter there discussed, *Gott behüte!* not one word. . . . . .

Mr Bremner in alluding to the Marquis of Londonderry's eulogistic, and purblind account of the court of St. Petersburg, remarks—

Was his lordship—the fêted of the court, the *friend* of the Emperor—in the best position for hearing the *real* sentiments of those with whom he mingled? The Russian nobility know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue. . . . . every courtier would vie with his neighbour in the struggle, who should best deserve the Emperor's smiles. Not one murmur against the existing order of things—not even one little sigh for a more genial clime, would be heard from the well-disciplined throng that fluttered around him. Plain-speaking has never been proverbial for haunting courts; and of all the courts in Europe, that of St. Petersburg is the last where it will seek to intrude.

In short, the nobility are the first serfs in Russia, with this difference, that being much less affectionate and loyal to an Emperor whom they know too well, and being, individually, often treated with greater

severity and contumely than he shows to the lower orders, they much more frequently plot, conspire, and revolt against him. A few years since, the peasants upon an estate in the Ukraine rebelled against their lord, and roasted him to death in his own oven. Of course they suffered the severest punishment due to an atrocity so unusual. The noble serfs are continually plotting against their master, the autocrat for the time being, whether he be a Paul, an Alexander, or a Nicholas.

Though the sketcher is a woman, and a Tory, we must not pass her *coup d'œil* of the political state of Russia, before noticing her account of the private habits and amusements of the powerful individual upon whom its destinies may be said to depend.

From careful observation, and the judgment of those longer experienced, it would appear that the guarantees for the continued stability of Russia lie exclusively in the person of the monarch and in the body of the people. In the nobility, whose elements of national character fall far beneath those of his serf, the monarch finds no efficient help. Foreign education and contact has, with a few brilliant exceptions, rendered them adepts in the luxury and frivolity rather than in the humanity of civilisation, or grafted them with democratic Utopian ideas that in no state, and least of all in Russia, can bring forth good fruit. The Emperor, therefore, has full ground for the double mistrust with which he views money taken out of the empire and pernicious ideas brought in.

Again, in the so-called middle class—here the mere excrescence of a partial civilisation, who have renounced all of their nationality save its barbarity—all real support to the Crown seems still further removed. These occupy the lower departments of the state, clogging all straightforward dealing, perverting the real intention of the laws, and intercepting every humane Imperial act, by the most cunning and unprincipled dishonesty. What will be said of other and more important intentions of the Emperor, when it is known that the snuff-box destined to reward some act of benevolence, which leaves the Imperial hands embossed with diamonds, reaches those of its destined owner deprived of every stone! And no redress is to be had under laws where an equal accumulation of formalities and liability to abuse meet the innocent at every turn.

Despised by the nobles, this class retaliate by a species of persecution which it is impossible to guard against. No lion's mouth or familiars of the Inquisition are needed in a state of things where, ere a false denunciation can be sifted and dismissed, the denounced is equally ruined in purse and worn out with constant care; and nowhere, sad to say, are denunciations of this kind so frequent as at this time in Russia—nowhere so tedious and ruinous in their exposure. Rank, consideration, long service, and high reputation are of no avail. Once an accusation is laid, however it may bear the stamp of malice, it must distil through all the corkscrew windings of the Russian law, ere the property of the accused be released from sequestration, or his mind from the most corroding anxiety,—and this done, there is neither compensation for the injured nor punishment for the injurer, who has thus cloaked his cupidity or revenge under the semblance of what the people honour most, viz., his loyalty.

This class it is who have made the Russian courts of justice a byword and a proverb—who have called down upon Russia the unmerited sarcasm of being "*pourrie avant d' être mure*"—while, by a natural retribution, the name of *Chinovnik*, or the betitled, (for these men are generally distinguished by an order,) is fast becoming the synonym for low dishonesty and intrigue. The national proverb which says, No Russian without "*Chai, Tschi*, and *Chin*"—tea, sour-krout, and a title—is perfectly true; but the sarcasm on the latter is derived from the abuse of a noble principle. Peter the Great, the well-intentioned founder of this rage for orders in Russia, was right when he foresaw the veneration with which the mass of the people would regard every individual invested with an insignia emanating direct from the sovereign, and calculated thereby on putting a wholesome power into the hands of the middle ranks: but he reckoned too soon on the formation of this class, which, to be safe or to be useful, must be gradual and spontaneous in growth; and the careless and lavish hand with which orders have been distributed since his reign, has only debased the distinction without elevating the possessor.

It is predicted that, should any political convulsion occur in Russia, this miserable class, who suffer the double ill fate of ideas below their station, and a station above their maintenance, would meet with the nobility in jarring collision, and with equal danger to both, while the crown, firmly seated in the instinctive loyalty of the people, would have nought to fear. By a providential adaptation which surpasses all speculation of legislative philosophy, the people of Russia venerate their sovereign simply because he is absolute. With them respect for the anointed sovereign is a religion; and to restrict him by human ordinances would be to strip him of his divine credentials. What Zar has yet been dethroned or murdered by an act of the people?

What a magnificent engine, thus weighted, is the power of a Russian sovereign! With the mind filled by the absoluteness of his sway, and the eye possessed by the magnificence of his person, Nicholas I. seems too grand a combination for mortal ken.

As citizens of a free state, we do not pretend to understand the "providential adaptation" of an instinct of slavery in any order of rational beings;—but let that pass. The nation seems, indeed, drunk with the idolatrous passion of slaves, misnamed loyalty. While this lady was in Petersburg, Madame Allan and Taglioni were attracting crowded audiences, among a spectacle-loving public. In one ballet, the latter performed for sixty nights; but it was alternated with a very different piece:

Namely, the performance of a Russian opera, the first ever written, called "*Jisha za Zara*," or "Your Life for your Zar:" the music by Glinki, the words by Baron Rosen. This opera, equally from the popularity of the subject and the beauty and nationality of the music, has met with the utmost success. The plot of the piece, as far as we could fathom it, was the concealment and subsequent discovery of the true Zar, and his final coronation at Moscow, with a splendid representation of the Kremlin. This is woven up with a love-tale, and rendered interesting by the fidelity of a fine old Russian with a long beard and a bass voice, who eventually pays for his adherence with his life.

The music was strikingly national, and one trio in particular appeared to combine every peculiar beauty of Russian melody and pathos, and will doubtless acquire a European celebrity. It was very strange to see true Russians personating true Russians—gallery, pit, and stage being equally filled with the same bearded and caftaned figures. The national feeling seemed in every heart and on every lip; any allusion to the Zar—and the subject was thickly strewn with them—was pronounced by the actors with the utmost animation, and responded to by electric shouts from the audience. Nor was there any casual inducement for this display of loyalty, for neither his Majesty nor any of the Imperial family were present.

It is the policy of the Emperor to cherish this idiotic feeling, (so far as his tyrannical and violent temper admits of any steady course of policy,) by every clap-trap possible. He is the first courier, and the first fireman, in his own dominions. In the desire of keeping alive the vulgar sensation of wonder, as in higher respects, he takes Napoleon

for his model. His grand secret is, Keep moving; his main wish to "elevate and surprise;" and in the eyes of the people he seems to possess the attribute of omnipresence, or some magical locomotive power denied to ordinary men; and to bear a charmed life.

Mr. Bremner and Captain Jesse relate numerous instances of his remarkable vigilance and activity. He has no efficient smoothly-working system of any kind; but, from Cronstadt to Odessa, he is, in some measure, his own executive; detecting acts of that corruption which is universal, and sometimes redressing abuses. Partial must be the detection, capricious the redress. It is remarked by the lady traveller, whom we cannot help thinking rather an acute politician, as well as a fine painter of manners and scenery, that—

It seems a prevailing principle with the Crown to interpose its presence, or an earnest of its presence, in every circumstance of life, whether usual or accidental, —to prove to its subjects the indispensability of its help—to maintain literally the relation of parent and child—and by retaining its hold over every department, and making that a favour which we should consider a right, to facilitate the immediate exertion of its power. With the army this is conspicuously the case. The officer whose strict pay is so paltry that it is far from defraying the expenses of his wife's wardrobe, receives in addition what is called *Tafel-geld*, or table-money; for, like the soldiers, he is supposed to be boarded at the Emperor's expense, and besides this may expect an annual present, either from his Majesty or the Grand Duke Michael, equal about in amount to his pay. Lodging and furniture are also provided him.

No officer, no functionary, is to have life or being save through the immediate favour of the emperor; and he takes the same pains and means to gain the affections of the soldiers, seamen, the cadets and pupils in the military schools, that Napoleon did to engage the enthusiastic affection and fidelity of the troops to his own person. Nicholas is, however, a man of different nature; but the Russians also differ materially from the French; and the results of the policy may be more alike than could be anticipated. The emperor does seem popular with the soldiers.

In his anxiety to form a navy which shall rival or eclipse that of England, Nicholas sometimes indulges in rude horse-play with the cadets who are to form his future Hoods and Nelsons. Mr. Bremner, who is not at all times consistent in his opinions, though for this he is only the more trust-worthy as a reporter of what, in passing, fell under his notice, remarks of the playful propensities of Nicholas—

The Emperor errs even with his young naval cadets. He is extremely fond of them, making them often come to the palace of Peterhof, and there playing all kinds of follies with them. Sometimes he amuses himself with making them run into the lake to charge old Neptune, or Samson and his lion; promising a reward to those who shall first get on the giant's shoulders—in which position they are forced to remain till they shiver with cold and wet. Sometimes he runs, wrestles, and leaps with them; and then, with a flock of them around him, allows the urchins to pull him about, leap on his back, and use every familiarity with him, exclaiming to some newly-caught simpleton from France (or England!) beatified at such amiable condescension in one whom he had always heard spoken of as a gloomy tyrant, "See how my children love me!" All of which goes on delightfully, till a luckless little man, in the excess of his mirth, forgetting how dangerous it is to be familiar with autocrats, does something or other that rouses the true lion, and in a moment the complacent speech is changed to "Go to the black-hole, sir!"—or perhaps some more degrading punishment is inflicted.

Madame Junot, in speaking of the Russians, makes a remark which is especially applicable to Nicholas, and his brother, the Grand Duke Michael: —"One cannot know a Russian long without some day perceiving the *bear's* skin." We hear from Mr. Bremner of an officer to whom Michael took one of his capricious fancies, and whom he visited at his private lodgings, as often as the humour struck him. One day the Grand Duke arrived unexpectedly, and surprised the unfortunate young man without his *sash;* a high crime and misdemeanour, which no degree of privacy could extenuate in a Russian officer, nor royal friendship overlook or palliate. His fate was sealed; he was sent off to the Caucasus. This fact is confirmed by anecdotes told of both brothers by the lady. The Grand Duke, using the privilege of his rank, invited himself to certain balls, given by the lady of a rich merchant in Petersburg, which were said to be exceedingly pleasant, and which were very fashionable. But

Wherever the Grand Duke appears, he takes the strict disciplinarian with him. Before his Imperial Highness had been in the ball-room half an hour he knit his brows with an ominous expression, and, striding up to a young officer who had just halted from the waltz, and was dreaming at that moment of no other eyes in the world but his lady's, the Grand Duke startled him with the uncomfortable words, "*Vasche Sporne schlischkom glinie*"—your spurs are too long—"*Aux arrêts*:" and sent him without further parley from his partner's arms to the guardhouse. The Imperial frown and action, and the young man's discomfited retreat, were seen by many, and the incident was soon buzzed in whispers round the room, greatly to the anxiety and annoyance of host and hostess.

This simple anecdote speaks volumes. Even, without such incidents occurring, these balls, we are told, "though dazzling and brilliant in description, are in reality dull." The truth is, almost every one is dancing in chains, and with Siberia in the vista.

While admitting that Nicholas may have been somewhat violent and capricious at one time of his life, Mr. Bremner contends, that he is much more amiable and gentle now; and indeed with foreign diplomatists, and those whom it is an object to dazzle and win, he is quite captivating; altogether irresistible. The proof which Mr. Bremner adduces of the Emperor not being the violent man, the hateful tyrant, that English people generally imagine him, is about as conclusive as Sir Anthony Absolute's proofs of his own calm, mild, cool temper, while in a furious passion:—

Those who have seen the imperial family in their private moments, when free from the constraint of pomp and ceremony, to which princes are slaves before the world, speak of them in terms of rapture. An English gentleman, who was honoured with many opportunities of entering the august circle, says, that more happiness, more affection, more simplicity, it would be impossible to conceive. The unconstrained and innocent amusements of their evenings, contrasted delightfully with the notions usually formed of imperial family scenes. In short, from all that he beheld, it appeared that a kinder

husband or a better father than Nicholas does not exist. The emperor, too quick not to perceive what was passing in the mind of his guest as he mused on the scene before him, said one evening, stamping his foot and grinding his teeth, as the unpleasant thought rose to his mind, "I know that I am unpopular in England. They *hate* me—because they think me a tyrant; but if they knew me, they would not call me so. They should see me in the bosom of my family!"

To say nothing of the *stamping* of the feet, and *grinding* of the teeth, rather singular proofs of mildness and affectionateness of nature; to say nothing indeed of the whole scene, which seems to have been got up for effect—Nicholas, from his domestic feelings, has about the same right to be exempted from the charge of love of war, rage for conquest, and a tyrannical disposition, that George III. had to pass unblamed in his attempt to coerce the American colonies, and deny justice to his Irish Catholic subjects, because he was an exemplary family-man, killed his own mutton, and dined with his children at two o'clock. But the Emperor dare not be civil to his own nobles, we are told, lest he should excite jealousy among them! His graciousness is, therefore, all reserved for foreign ambassadors and journalists; and those having the power to aid his policy, or spread his fame throughout Europe.

There is great discrepancy between Captain Jesse's and the lady's account of the state of morals among the nobility, and that of Mr. Bremner; and, with at least equal powers of observation, she had, out of sight, the fairest means of judging. Bremner says, "From having been the most profligate of all the courts of Europe, the Imperial circle of St. Petersburg is now become the purest and most exemplary." "The Emperor himself deserves a great share of the merit of having accomplished this much-needed reform in Russian manners;" and the Empress receives the most exaggerated praise, for what she has accomplished; for which praise the reasons are far to seek. The Empress seems, however, as strict a disciplinarian in court costume as is the Grand Duke Michael in spurs and sashes. She hates a gown that has been too often seen, with the hate of an abigail whom it defrauds of her lawful perquisites. But we shall see what our intelligent *Tory* lady says of the Imperial pair, and especially of the Emperor.

In a country where everything depends on the one man whose will is law, whose fiat is destiny; whose only restraint is his own pleasure, and who, as is here said, can, with his consort, according to their inclination, render moderation habitual or extravagance meritorious—morality fashionable or frivolity praiseworthy—who can qualify vices to foibles, or ennoble vanities to virtues; personal character becomes all in all, the example of the crown being as imperative in private life as in public life.

Disapprobation of the empress, a frivolous, sickly, and meddling woman, is hinted; and as for the emperor, we shall see him in action. However he may be adored and worshipped by the people, those of the nobility who are forced to bear his honoured presence, must secretly detest him. One would imagine that, as has been surmised of other sovereigns in barbarous ages, he and the empress encouraged extravagance among the nobility, and plunged them into ruinous expense in order to reduce their power, by impoverishing their fortunes.

The Emperor, who, as Grand Duke Nicholas, was noted for the simplicity of his tastes, and could hardly be induced to enter a place of amusement, now resorts to them with an increasing pleasure, from which some augur no auspicious result;—frequents the houses of his nobility and generals, who would spend to their last kopeck, and often go beyond it, to entertain him suitably—while the Empress's love of amusement and dress, besides inoculating her august spouse, has fixed a standard for merit, and exacted a rate of expenditure, which, to say the least, was not required to stimulate the already too expensively disposed Russian.

For instance: a splendid *déjeûner*, which is to turn winter into summer, and Russia into Arcadia, is arranged to be given by one of the first families in St. Petersburg. One of the generals in closest attendance upon the Emperor's person is commissioned to intercede for the honour of his Majesty's presence, and obtains a gracious assent. When the day comes, however, and money is wanted, Baron Stieglitz, the great banker, shows how far the wrong page of the account-book has been encroached upon, and refuses the necessary advances. What is to be done? Money must be had.—You can't put off a monarch till a more convenient season (though we, thoughtless mortals, will put off a weightier monarch than he)—you can't "tie up your knocker, say you are sick, you are dead,"—when the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias are expected. The necessary sum—and in a country where Nature gives nothing, the expense of such an entertainment is enormous—is therefore borrowed in haste, and at a usurious interest—for fifty per cent. is demanded and accepted on such exigencies—while all thoughts of future inconvenience are drowned in the flattering honours of the day: "*L'Empereur était très content*," or, "*L'Impératrice a beaucoup dansé*," is sufficient atonement.

But if you examine a little closer, and ask a few troublesome questions, it will be found that even this dearly-purchased honour is not productive of the pleasure that might be supposed. Wherever the Imperial family appear, however great their affability, however sincere and obvious their desire to please and be pleased, the mere fact of their presence throws a restraint, a *gêne* over the whole assembly, who are depressed rather than exhilarated by the cold gaze of the Imperial eye, and who feel that the whole attention of their hosts is concentred on one object.

The young military are in apprehension lest their uniform should not be found in strict accordance, to the shape of a button or the length of a spur, with the latest regulation;—the young ladies, and equally their chaperons, are in anxiety lest any awkwardness of dress or manner should incur the censure, however pleasantly expressed, of her to whom all adjudge the purest taste in *toilette* and *tournure*;—while the host and hostess suffer real fear lest any unbecoming speech or incident should transpire to render the recollection of their hospitalities obnoxious to their illustrious guests.

The anxiety attendant on the reception of any monarch by his subject must at all times be proportioned to the honour, but here the total absence of all etiquette multiplies the difficulty an hundredfold. For it must be remembered that the more limited the monarch, the more absolute the etiquette—and *vice versâ*. In Russia therefore, where the Zar is "*la loi vivante*,"—the constitution in person—no etiquette can exist, or rather only such as he pleases for the time being. Whatever he does is right—he cannot demean himself. His actions are restrained by no law of ceremony,—by no obligation of dignity,—by no fear of public opinion. His rank takes care of itself—it wants no propping—it is in one piece, like his own Alexander's column. . . . .

But to return to etiquette. However tedious and troublesome its formalities, they are not half so onerous to a host as his perpetual anxiety and real responsibility

in a court where there is no rule for manners except the caprice of the monarch or the tact of the subject.

The truth of these remarks was exemplified at a ball at Prince Y.'s, which his Imperial Majesty honoured with his presence, and where, though he was obviously as condescending as his hosts were zealous, yet that stately figure in the portal, presiding in unbending beauty like a being from another world, weighed down the hilarity of all present.

This is the emperor in his social exhibitions. We shall now see him in his moments of relaxation, doing the *popular*. We have mentioned those equivocal entertainments, the masked balls, where the domino gives license and impunity to the one sex; and where the other requires or seeks none.

At one of these balls, he approached the noble party which our authoress accompanied; and who seem to have enjoyed the amusements from a box, without mingling in the promiscuous crowd. The English fair stranger became the object of curiosity, and we are told,—

After a few minutes his curiosity, the unfailing attribute of a crowned head, dictated the words "*Kto eto?*"—"Who is that?"—and being satisfied—for he remarks every strange face that enters his capital—he continued alternately in Russian and French commenting upon the scene.

"*Personne ne m'intrigue ce soir,*" he said: "*je ne sais pas ce que j'ai fait pour perdre ma réputation, mais on ne veut pas de moi.*" As he stood, various masks approached, but, either from excess of embarrassment or from lack of wit, after rousing the lion, found nothing to say. At length a couple approached and stood irresolute, each motioning the other to speak. "*Donnez-moi la main,*" said a low trembling voice. He stretched out his noble hand: "*et voilà l'autre pour vous,*" extending the other to her companion; and on they passed, probably never to forget the mighty hand that had clasped theirs. Meanwhile the Emperor carefully scanned the crowd, and owned himself in search of a mask who had attacked him on his first entrance. "*Quand je l'aurai trouvé, je vous l'amènerai;*" and so saying he left us.

I watched his figure, which, as if surrounded with an invisible barrier, bore a vacant space about it through the thickest of the press. In a short time a little mask stepped boldly up to him, and, reaching upwards to her utmost stretch, hung herself fearlessly upon that arm which wields the destinies of the seventh part of the known world. He threw a look to our box, as if to say, "I have found her;" and off they went together. In five minutes they passed again, and his Majesty made some effort to draw her to our box, but the little black sylph resisted, pulling in a contrary direction at his lefty shoulder with all her strength; on which he called out, "*Elle ne veut pas que je m'approche de vous; elle dit que je suis trop mauvaise société.*" Upon the second round, however, he succeeded in bringing his rebellious subject nearer; when, recognising his manœuvre, she plucked her arm away, gave him a smart slap on the wrist, and, saying, "*Va t'en, je ne veux plus de toi,*" ran into the crowd. The Emperor, they assured me, was in an unusual good temper this evening.—I think there can be no doubt of it.

The Heritier now also took his station at our pillar. He inherits his father's majestic person, and somewhat of the regularity of his face, but with the utter absence of the Emperor's unsympathizing grandeur. On the contrary, the son has a face of much sentiment and feeling; the lips full,—the eyelids pensive,—more of kindness than of character in his expression.

To him succeeded the Grand Duke Michael, wiping the heat from his forehead. A fine, bravo style of face, with somewhat ferocious moustaches,—a terrestrial likeness of the Emperor,—earthly passions written on his high brow, but none of Jove's thunderbolts.

After this the Emperor's arm no longer remained vacant, being occupied by a succession of masks, who, by turns amused, flattered, or enlightened the Imperial ear. In like manner were his Highness the Prince Volkonski, Ministre de la Cour—Count Benkendorff, Chef de la Gendarmerie, de la Haute Police, et de la Police Secrète—Count Tchernitcheff, Ministre de la Guerre—and other high state and military officers, engaged; their attendance at masked balls being a part of their service.

A very pleasant part of their service it must be to them, and also to their wives and daughters. It is said—

The Emperor, when a mask has pleased his fancy, never rests till he has discovered her real name, and sets his secret police upon the scent with as much zest as after a political offender. The mask whom we had observed at the theatre on such familiar terms with him was recognised a few days after to be a little *modiste* from the most fashionable milliner's in Petersburg, whose frequent errands to the Empress had furnished her with a few graphic touches of the Imperial character.

Our traveller was present at another entertainment of the same kind, held in a splendid room lately erected for public entertainments, and reckoned the finest of the kind in Europe. The Salle de Noblesse, as its name imports, is limited to the amusements of the nobility; but it is probable that the intention of a masked ball would be lost were this restriction observed.

At the Salle de Noblesse none who are not noble may find access; but in the latitudinarian nobility of Russia, and the transferability of a mask, this law is frequently evaded—and at the theatre the *grisettes* always play a conspicuous part.

The *grisettes*, the ladies' maids and milliner girls, appear to be the liveliest actors in the motley scene, where the wit is pertness, and where no particular respect is paid to those restraints of delicacy and propriety which it is the main object of such miscellaneous meetings to throw off. The women of rank use their privilege, it is alleged, only to mystify and banter their acquaintances. This is making the best of it. "Two-thirds of the masked ladies," it is added, "in this Liberty Hall, were married women, whose husbands knew not, or cared not whether they were there." One advantage those masquerades possess, though it is trival, indeed, when compared with the amount of evil which they must originate and spread—the imperial ear may sometimes be reached by an unfortunate petitioner, and the imperial sense of justice moved. This has actually been the case. Perhaps the emperor, who likes to do everything himself, may have a fancy for being his own *Lion's mouth*.

More than once the Emperor was observed engaged with a mask in conversation which had evidently digressed from levity into a more serious strain, and was overheard to thank the mask for her information, and promise the subject his attention. In consequence of the taste which his Majesty has of late years evinced for this species of amusement, the masked balls have greatly increased in number and resort. Previous to being incapacitated by bad health, the Empress also equally partook of them; and it is said greatly enjoyed being addressed with the same familiarity as any of her subjects. Her Majesty has even been the cause of severe terrors to many an unfortunate individual, who, new to the scene, or not recognising by filial instinct the maternal arm which pressed his, has either himself indulged in too much license of speech, or given the Imperial mask to understand that he found liers devoid of interest.

The empress does not seem a favourite among

her subjects, nor, by this report, to merit being so; but as for the emperor—

His high moral character has been the pride of the Russian world; and though much is now whispered to invalidate this opinion, yet, by one of the lightest and prettiest women in the high circles, it was said of him, with an accent of entire sincerity, "*Il ne peut pas être léger; il vous dit tout crument qu'il vous trouve jolie, mais rien de plus.*" Nevertheless, in her Majesty's place, I should rather mistrust this passion for masked balls!

The English lady, as we have mentioned, makes a much lower estimate of the morals, manners, and education of the upper classes of Russia than Mr. Bremner, who merely lived a month in Petersburg, in the dull season, while she lived for the greater part of two winters in intimacy with the nobility, or domesticated among them. Her strictures, if less verbally severe, are as decided on the point at issue as those of Captain Jesse. The dissolute manners which, hardly veiled, pervade the entire class, can have received but a feeble check from the example of the Empress, of which Mr. Bremner speaks so warmly. Formerly, he says, the education of a Russian lady of high rank "was not unjustly said to be limited to the study of French, and handling her fan. The young beauty was most thoroughly instructed in the science of turning her personal charms to the greatest account; but while the mode of captivating a lover was so carefully instilled, the more important one of retaining his affections as a husband was left entirely out of view. Such a state of things could not be expected, under an empress belonging to the most highly-educated of all the royal families of Europe, and who had herself received the most complete education that ever a princess enjoyed." The intelligent observer who came after him, drew very different conclusions from sounder and wider premises. She considers the education of the young ladies as superficial and vicious. It is indeed, like many other things which may be seen in Russia, a bad imitation of bad French customs. In speaking of the languid balls, which the rigid discipline of the court renders so constrained and tiresome, she thus adverts to female manners:—

"A "*jeune personne*,"—in other words, an unmarried woman—is considered a mere cipher in society, danced with seldom, conversed with seldomer, and under these circumstances looks forward to her marriage de convenance as the period which, as I said before, is to commence that which it ought to close. From the day of her marriage she is free—responsible to no one, so that she overstep not the rules of convention for the liberty of her conduct; while her husband is rather piqued than otherwise if her personal charms fail to procure her the particular attentions of his own sex. "*Personne ne lui fait la cour*" is the most disparaging thing that can be said of a young wife.

If the wife is but moderately handsome she is seldom neglected. What shall be said of a state of society which, among the leading class, justifies the following melancholy observations:—

This social evil is seen in the more glaring colours from the total absence of all rational tastes or literary topics. In other countries it is lamented, and with justice, that literature and education should be made the things of fashion—how infinitely worse is it when they are condemned by the same law! In other countries all fashion, as such, is condemned as bad—how infinitely worse is it where the bad is the fashion! Here it is absolute *mauvais genre* to discuss a rational subject—mere *pédanterie* to be caught upon any topics beyond dressing, dancing, and a "*jolie tournure.*" The superficial accomplishments are so superficialised as scarcely to be considered to exist—Russia has no literature, or rather none to attract a frivolous woman:—and political subjects, with all the incidental chit-chat which the observances, anniversaries, &c., of a constitutional government bring more or less into every private family, it is needless to observe, exist not. What then remains? Sad to say, nothing, absolutely nothing, for old and young, man and woman, save the description, discussion, appreciation, or depreciation of *toilette*—varied by a little *cuisine* and the witless wit called *l'esprit du salon*. To own an indifference or an ignorance on the subject of dress, further than a conventional and feminine compliance, would be wilfully to ruin your character equally with the gentlemen as with the ladies of the society; for the former, from some inconceivable motive, will discuss a new bracelet or a new dress with as much relish as if they had hopes of wearing it, and with as great a precision of technical terms as if they had served as a *marchand de modes*. It may seem almost incredible, but here these externals so entirely occupy every thought, that the highest personage in the land, with the highest in authority under him, will meet and discuss a lady's *coiffure*, or even a lady's *corset*, with a gusto and science as incomprehensible in them, to say the least, as the emulation of coachman slang in some of our own eccentric nobility.

But this is not the worst: Than the depths of frivolity there is a lower depth.

Added to this wearying theme, it is the bad taste of the day to indulge in an indelicacy of language which some aver to proceed from the example of the court of Prussia, and which renders at times even the trumperies of toilet or jewellery rather a grateful change of subject.

There are, however, some gracious exceptions; though this is the report of an intelligent Englishwoman, desirous to be as favourable to her Russian friends as truth will permit.

When the peculiar tastes of the "highly-educated" Empress are considered, it is not wonderful that in her court the *toilette* should be an absorbing interest. She prescribes a very pretty court costume, and, according to Captain Jesse—

Her Imperial Majesty notices the toilette of those of her court to such an extent, that she frequently makes very pointed, and sometimes not very courteous allusions. If a lady presents herself at the palace a second time in the same gown, it seldom escapes her observation, and she is said to have remarked more than once, "Ah, Madame la Comtesse, c'est une ancienne connaissance." Or if the jewels have been reset, "Ah, Madame la Princesse, votre parure a été remontée. Such remarks do not fail to have their effect, not only upon those to whom they are addressed, but upon the rest of the company, who are equally open to them; and this, added to their natural inclination for show and extravagance, makes them lavish to excess. It is not an unusual thing to see ladies of a morning, when they are not expecting company, dressed as if for a wedding breakfast.

But very strange things may, nevertheless, be seen, where so great attention is paid to the toilette. Even the houses of the nobility swarm with vermin of all kinds; the use of finger-glasses is the occasion of worse than American abominations; smoking is allowed in drawing-rooms; and even the ladies sometimes indulge in *cigaritos;* and spitting-boxes, as an article of refinement, form part of the furniture of the Imperial villa at Moscow. Of Russian manners in high life, Captain Jesse, among many anecdotes of a grosser kind, tells the following:—

I recollect seeing a Russian at St. Petersburg who had gone the round of all the European courts, had been introduced at Almacks, was intimate with the Duke of ——, Lady C., and many other persons of high rank and fashion amongst the English nobility, come into a drawing-room, and bowing most gracefully to the lady of the house, an Englishwoman, walk up to a pier-glass in the room, coolly take out a pocket-comb and arrange his hair. Having performed the operation to his satisfaction, he did not forget, as he replaced his carved tortoise-shell in his pocket, to take out the loose hairs and throw them on the floor. Strange and capricious as such violations of good manners may be, they are trifles compared with the profligacy which, with honourable exceptions, generally pervades society.

But filthy and gross customs are not the worst of a country where a free use of the cane, the whip, and the fist, is the general practice; where the superior officer strikes the inferior at his pleasure; and where both cuff and kick the soldiers like dogs; where the husband, whether in high or in humble life, beats his wife at pleasure; and where the presence of ladies is no security against brutality like this, which is recorded by Captain Jesse:

In Russia, polished manners, nay, even the decencies of life, are often forgotten in the violence of temper fostered by the possession of irresponsible power; and scenes sometimes occur which would not be met with at the tables or in the society of any other European country. At a large dinner-party at which a friend of mine was present, one of the servants in handing a wine-glass had the misfortune to let it fall. The master of the house, a General, totally oblivious of the presence of ladies, rose from his chair, and with one blow laid the luckless offender, his serf, bleeding on the ground; a few excuses followed, as readily accepted as they were made, and the dinner proceeded as if nothing had taken place.

Mr. Bremner tells a similar story:—

The Russians try to conceal from strangers that they chastise their domestic servants in this way: we ourselves saw an instance of it, but we have been told by an Italian, in whom we have every confidence, who had lived among the nobles in the country, that he knew it to be a regular practice. At dinner one day, in the house of a man of high rank, one of the principal servants, equivalent to our butler, omitted something at table—a mere trifle; but the master's blood was chafed at the mistake—his face grew black. He was too polite, however, to say a word before a stranger; but this self-command did not save the offender. The *private signal* had been given to the man of the scourge, who understands too well to need that his master should betray his barbarity in the presence of foreigners; and that night a respectable domestic *bled* for an offence which everywhere else would have been sufficiently rebuked with a word!

None are more strict, he said, than *ladies*, in punishing their servants. The executioner's office is never a sinecure in families where there is no master. . . . . Generally speaking, nothing can be more brutal than the conduct of every man wearing a uniform, whenever he has it in his power; it is in this way that the underling revenges himself for the contumelious treatment he is doomed to endure from those above him. To the poor in particular, they behave in a way which it makes the cheek burn to think of. Fortunately, however, this official brutality is not imitated by people of the lower ranks in their intercourse with each other. Their taskmasters may be cruel and arbitrary, but the peasants among themselves are affectionate and sympathizing to a remarkable degree.

Captain Jesse tells:—

Discipline is kept up by extreme measures, and the cane is used at pleasure; but a man who has received the ribbon of St. George, is, by the regulations of the service, exempt from this species of punishment. The officers not unfrequently give way to violence of temper. I once saw a captain, inspecting his guard near the quarantine at Odessa, strike one of his men a blow on the face with his fist, and, seizing him by both his ears, shake him until he pulled him out of the ranks; the man's cap then fell off, and the officer, ordering a corporal to pick it up, jammed it down on his head with another blow. The whole system is carried on in the same tyrannical and overbearing manner.

Though we gather darker facts regarding the treatment of female serfs by their masters than the following, it may serve as another specimen of Russian civilisation:—

The manner in which the serfs are sometimes treated is perfectly unmanly: they are looked upon as beings made not only for the use, but to submit to all the caprices of their owners. A nobleman, whose house joined mine, accosted me one morning with "Bon jour, mon capitaine: I hope you were not disturbed last night." I replied, that I had been so, by some persons screaming and crying. "Ah, were you!" said my acquaintance; "the fact was, my three washerwomen came home last night dead drunk. 'Conçevez, mon cher, *trois femmes* ivres mortes!' Had they been men it would have been bad enough—but women! I could not stand it, so I ordered them into the stable to be flogged." And flogged they were by the men their fellow-serfs; and the mystery of the midnight disturbance was fully explained, though not to my satisfaction. This man had received a Parisian education, was rich, and a general officer; he had fought at Leipsic, and was covered with orders.

Mr. Bremner tells of a Russian lord who banished one of his serfs to Siberia, upon the same principle that made David send Uriah to the army of Israel. The wife of the peasant claimed the right to accompany her husband, but this would have entirely defeated the object of his punishment; nor, though the villany of the amorous lord was well understood, could the law protect the innocent, or at all interfere between the tyrant and his victims. This shameful case, however, occasioned a change of the law; and a wife is now at liberty to go to Siberia with her banished husband, if she chooses.

The letter-writer mentions, "we have seen, that, at the masked balls, there were many married women, whose husbands neither knew nor cared where or how they were engaged;" and Captain Jesse thus illustrates the remark:—

So prevalent is light, nay, even licentious conduct, that few women possessing these [the domestic] virtues present themselves to observation; and the finest and most generous natures are soon corrupted by contact with, and the pernicious influence of the many. The men are so much from home on military duty, that their family attachments are naturally weakened, and their admiration of women is merely that of the moment; they do not appreciate, nor become refined by their society. In the short intervals which the government will allow either a husband or son to be at home, he finds, even if he were disposed to enjoy it, very little there to induce him to forego the everlasting balls, theatricals, and the excitement of the gaming-table, so eagerly sought after in this country; that have been, when off duty, his only resource, and to which, from habit, he has become entirely devoted. Smoking, and occasionally a book, vary the routine of his mechanical, servile, and trifling existence; his literary taste is of the same exalted character; for he seldom soars above a novel of De Balzac's, or Paul de Kock. Few years of married life are passed over, before a Russian couple are nothing to each other, and mutual delinquency is overlooked on both sides by tacit consent; appearances are scarcely studied, and it is by no means an uncommon thing to see a man's natural children brought up by his wife. Both manage their "affaires de cœur"

with the most perfect coolness imaginable, of which the following anecdote is an example. A nobleman's wife, and the mother of his children, was the object of the attentions of a person of higher rank, and greater riches than himself. This induced her to accept them; but far from its interrupting the intercourse of the husband and wife, she frequently passed a part of her time with him and her grown-up daughters, and when her paramour's carriage arrived for her in the evening, her husband would say, in the presence of his children, "Bon soir, ma chere, la voiture t' attend." This state of things works lamentably well for its own continuance; for how should parents thus circumstanced, command the love and esteem of their children?—nature speaks in vain. They grow up, without a sense of filial duty or respect towards either father or mother, and, consequently, without the latter to themselves.

An anecdote is related by the same gentleman, which, we verily hope and believe, could not be paralleled in any other country in the world:—

I almost witnessed, on my way to the Crimea, the death of the Princess G., who was at that time in the last stage of consumption. Her beauty was peculiar, and, if anything, heightened by this fatal and insidious malady. Though suffering dreadfully from a cough which might be heard in every part of the vessel, she gave no sign of irritability and made no complaint, and her smile betrayed a kind and affectionate heart. Her stay in the Crimea was but short, for, feeling that her end was fast approaching, she requested to be taken back to Odessa. On seeing her children she rallied; but after an ineffectual and painful struggle, sunk under her disease. Two months had not elapsed when I met her husband walking down the most public street in the town, in open day, with one of the lowest prostitutes of the place. But this was not all; soon after he hired a house which had been forfeited to the government by Prince V., for the part he took in the conspiracy of 1825, and set up a kind of guinguette in the garden. Here Russian swings, retired summer-houses, and a temporary ball-room were erected. A restaurateur was also engaged, and the prince's own band, composed of his serfs, attended in the evening. The price of admission was five rubles. At this garden, the prostitutes of the town, headed by another nobleman's mistress and his own, held their saturnalia; the prince acted as master of the ceremonies, and busied himself in visiting the different tables and seeing that the counter was properly attended to.

This *gentleman* was the brother of the military governor of the town. And was he cut by any of his own class? Not at all. Did they even endeavour to keep aloof from him? No such thing; the question was, whether it was a good speculation and likely to answer.

As a set-off against such debasing profligacy, and the low and vicious state of moral feeling which these anecdotes argue, we must, from the lady's letters from Petersburg, though not quite in place, give this sentimental anecdote of Taglioni.

Taglioni is now the great star of attraction; and, *caressée* by the Imperial family, worshipped by the young nobles, applauded by overflowing audiences, and most munificently paid, this poetess of the ballet has every reason to be satisfied with her northern visit. But poor Taglioni has suffered deeply here; and, while she dances at night under the least possible encumbrance of gauze drapery, appears by day, her little girl in her hand, shrouded in the deepest widow's mourning—not for her husband, but for a lover, who it seems had proved the more constant friend of the two. At all events, there are not many in Petersburg who may throw stones; —nor, to do them justice, do they seem disposed.

This does look like charity and fellow feeling.

Next to being a slovenly and filthy, and a kicking and cuffing people, the Russians are distinguished as a kissing nation. At Easter, the mistress kisses all her maids; the noblest lady saluting the meanest vassal maiden of her household. Our brilliant letter-writer, on New-Year's eve, was present at a great family reunion. When the house-clock sounded midnight, a great deal of loud and hearty kissing took place among friends and relatives; much like what many of our ancient Scotch readers may remember to have seen in their younger years; though the custom, where it lingers at all, has gradually sunk into the more decorous grasping of friendly hands, and pledging of healths. But the Russians, we have said, are an eminently kissing nation; and the kiss—

The national salute is in universal vogue from remote antiquity—rather a greeting than a caress—derived equally from religious feeling and from oriental custom. Fathers and sons kiss—old generals with rusty moustaches kiss—whole regiments kiss. The Emperor kisses his officers. On a reviewing day there are almost as many kisses as shots exchanged. If a Lilliputian corps de cadets have earned the Imperial approval, the Imperial salute is bestowed upon the head boy, who passes it on with a hearty report to his neighbour, he in his turn to the next, and so on, till it has been diluted through the whole juvenile body. . . . . .

On a holiday or *jour de fête* the young and delicate mistress of a house will not only kiss all her maid-servants but all her men-servants too, and, as I have mentioned before, if the gentleman venture not above her hand she will stoop and kiss his cheek. As for the Russian father of a family, his affection knows no bounds; if he leaves his *cabinet d'affaires* ten times in the course of the morning and enter his lady's saloon above, he kisses all his family when he enters, and again when he leaves the room: sometimes indeed so mechanically, that, forgetting whether he has done it or not, he goes a second round to make all sure. To judge also from the number of salutes, the matrimonal bond in these high circles must be one of uninterrupted felicity—a gentleman scarcely enters or leaves the room without kissing his wife, either on forehead, cheek, or hand.

This is almost too much of a good thing; yet we wish the Russians had no worse novel customs than this primitive and rude one.

Mr. Bremner sums up a view of Russian civilisation, which, though not quite consistent with what this hasty observer has said in many other places of his work, coincides entirely with the impressions hinted at by the lady, and the opinions openly expressed by Captain Jesse. Having described a magnificent dinner, which is much the same as a similar entertainment in Paris, or Vienna, or in houses in London, where foreign manners are affected, he proceeds:—

With all his wealth, however—with all his passion for travelling, all his taste for languages, and all the elegance of his table—the Russian noble is still but half civilized.* Such, at least, is the opinion of those who know him best. He puts on the dress, and learns the manners of other European nations, but is infinitely behind them in all the qualities that constitute real refinement. This sentence may appear a harsh one, but

* "We have seen this term applied by an able writer in *Blackwood*, to the Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes; but surely with little justice. These nations are as much entitled to be called "civilized" as ourselves. Of *wealth* indeed, they have less than the English; but of *free institutions*, though differently modified, they can boast as well as England; while of *education*, taking the whole population, they display even a higher average than ourselves; and these certainly are good titles to all the honours of civilisation, even when wealth is deficient."—*Bremner.*

was still more harsh, as expressed to us by a gentleman who had studied them for years. "The Russian," said he, "has but the *exterior* of a civilised man: in *heart* he is both brutal and cruel—devoid of delicacy and feeling. Before strangers, he is smooth and plausible; in the bosom of his family he is rough and tyrannical. For instance—the kindness and affection which a wife expects, and is entitled to, are seldom rendered by a Russian spouse. He treats her well before the world, because, otherwise, he would be reminding people that he is a Russian; but in private, harsh words—ay, and harsher *blows*—are often inflicted on his helpless mate.

Of the real truth of this charge, no stranger can know much; but we heard from a Russian himself, that he knew the practice of beating their wives to be extremely common among people of rank; while a foreign lady, who has been in the country, says, "that she *suspected* it in many cases, and *knew* that it was done, and cruelly, in several; one victim, of high rank, having often bared her arm and shoulder to show the too obvious marks of her husband's ferocity.

Perhaps in what follows, Mr. Bremner intends a handsome reprehension to the vulgarities of the same sort, which are admired at home, when pine-apples, green peas, cherries, and strawberries are purchased at their weight in gold, to grace a dinner, given within perhaps a half-mile of a street full of starving Spitalfields' weavers. If Christian feeling be the true test of civilisation, we are, in many respects, not greatly in advance of our northern neighbours.

That their civilisation is but half completed, is also proved by the tasteless splendour of the entertainments in which many indulge. They are not contented with what nature can furnish, but they must oppose nature. The finest fruits at the proper seasons are not enough for them: some display the rarest delicacies of the stove and the garden, in the months when art must help the season. Great sums are expended on hothouses, in order to produce grapes and other unseasonable rarities in winter. Cherries are to be seen at table in the month of February at a guinea a-piece. Prince P——, who used to spend £1300 on a single entertainment, was in the habit of surpassing this cherry-fête, by displaying plums, peaches, and apricots, at the expense of a couple of guineas for each piece. Little wonder, then, that he has now got rid of his troublesome wealth!

All travellers denounce the system of *Espionage;* the *Secret Police* of the Russian government. Its ramifications are minute and endless; it is present—either felt or understood—in every corner of the empire, throwing its net-work over all, and, if we may believe these accounts, comprehending Europe, and Asia, and America, in its meshes. The domestic hearth is not too sacred, the privy-council not too close for its approach. The lady, the guest of the man at its head, only indicates its presence by hints about husbands and fathers on their return from court or council, not venturing to open their lips in their private domestic circle, save in mysterious whispers, of the emperor being in good or in tolerable humour on that lucky day. Captain Jesse speaks out with perfect freedom:—

However defective the administration of the law, customs, and *public* police, that of the *secret* is far from being so; it is one of the most powerful engines of Russian despotism, and immense sums are expended upon the maintenance of its emissaries in foreign countries. There is scarcely an embassy that has not one of these *gentlemen* attached to it; for, strange as it may appear, they sometimes, nay, not unfrequently, present themselves in that character; more humble individuals, however, are to be found in this capacity. During the war between Russia and Persia, Sir J. Macdonald's butler acted as one, and gave all the information that he could to a person at Teheran, by whom it was regularly forwarded to Paskewitch, through Rosen, who commanded a division.

No one who has read the correspondence between Sir J. M'Neil and the English government, can doubt that a number of these spies were employed by Count Simonich and the Russian government throughout Central Asia: they are so at the present moment. One of them, a Baron Dieskau, alluded to by Capt. Wilbraham, was received into the military service of Russia for his doings in Afghanistan; and Capt. W. adds, "that any one who has been in India, whatever may have been the cause of his quitting the country, is received with open arms." The employés of this fearful inquisition are scattered amongst all classes of the community. They are to be found in the Imperial residence, and the drawing-rooms of the nobility; in the General's tent, and on the quarter-deck; in the barrack-room and below decks; behind the counter, in the cabin of the mujik, and among servants of all degrees: the fair sex in the very highest circles are sometimes the paid agents of this most loathsome and disgusting organ of the government.

Captain Jesse tells an anecdote of Benkendorf, which might have challenged the admiration of Fouché, and thus proceeds:—

Individual liberty may be said to depend on the caprices of the police; it is by no means necessary for them to assign a reason for any arrest that is made; any one, guilty or not, or merely suspected, can be, and often is, taken up and imprisoned, punished or banished without ever knowing why, unless his memory can rake up some thoughtless expression against the government, which might be magnified or exaggerated into a political crime; but very possibly he may not succeed in recollecting even that.

During my stay at Odessa, two French booksellers, the only good ones in the place, were visited one evening by the hirelings of this department, and in a winter's night, with the thermometer at eighteen degrees below zero of Reaumur, were ordered into a sledge which was ready for them at the door, and, in perfect ignorance of their crime, were posted off, night and day, to Kief, a distance of six hundred versts. On reaching their destination, the Governor, notorious for his dastardly conduct to the Poles, ordered them into the fortress, where they were confined in a damp casemate near the ditch. During the whole of this time they were kept in a wretched state of filth, had nothing but straw to lie upon, and the little money that they had with them when they left Odessa having been taken away on their arrival, they had only the prison fare, black bread and water, to live upon. All communication was cut off, even from their families. Having been in the habit of dealing with one of them, a quiet, inoffensive man, I went several times to his nephew, who carried on the business, to see whether he had heard from him, but no tidings had been received. The first intelligence he had of his uncle was from the Austrian territory, for after an imprisonment of five months, the affair ended by their being galloped over the frontier by some Cossacks, and turned loose like wild beasts, with rather an unnecessary recommendation never to recross it. Their supposed crime was having sold some Polish national songs.

We leave to the imagination of the reader the reflections which this condition of society draws from an Englishman, who otherwise is not at all remarkable for political liberalism.

Booksellers are a description of traders neither liked nor wanted in Russia. European publications and journals, bearing in any respect upon public affairs, or breathing free opinions, are, without exception, proscribed. The only English newspaper allowed to enter the Russian dominions is the *Morning Post*, which probably is at all times

a safe and proper journal, and that for reasons and considerations well understood. Even the harmless *Galignani's Messenger* is now excluded, the current gossip, or the mere every-day facts of the rest of Europe, not being acceptable in the emperor's dominions. In explaining the prevailing system of espionage, Mr. Bremner, though the most lenient and courtly of impartial travellers, makes, on we know not what authority, this extraordinary relation :—

The tact of Nicholas in selecting the men fittest for his purpose, is equalled only by the wonderful quality which he has of inspiring them with *devotion to himself*. Those who serve him at home may not be so warmly attached to him; on them falls all the trouble arising from his activity and vigilance. But his foreign agents are too far off to feel the lash. They hear the shouts, and catch something of the reflected splendour of his triumphs, without being soiled by the dust that is raised. In short, they only see the bright side of their master's character, and are not in the way to be fretted by his discipline. Instead of the sharp rebukes which he deals unsparingly out to those near him, *they* are receiving only compliments and encouragement. Hence it is that we never yet saw a Russian agent in any part of the world who did not live, as it were, exclusively for the Emperor. He may be fond of gaiety, of this or that pursuit, but it is ever secondary to a higher passion—a desire to please his imperial protector, by the most unwearied attention in promoting Russian interests. He lives but for this, and often is not over scrupulous about the means he employs in the cause. There are Russian ambassadors at some courts—perhaps all of them do the same—who employ spies in the house of the English minister—who can neither receive a friend, nor give a dinner, without the certainty that some of his servants will report every word that has passed on the occasion. *Per fas aut nefas* should be the motto of Russian diplomatists. With them the end justifies the means. If they can serve the Emperor by it, they see no harm in breaking through the decencies of life.

Nor is it always to needy lackeys that these gentlemen trust for information. Persons who, from their profession and standing in society, ought to be above such treachery, are often dragged into this base traffic. No Englishman would stoop so low; but there are *foreigners in English pay*, who carry tales from the table they dine at.

In addition to such auxiliaries, the emperor has his regular bands of well-salaried scouts, men and women, Russian and native, in every capital of Europe, whose duty it is to ascertain the sentiments of the leading men towards Russia, and keep the ambassador on the spot, or the political police at St. Petersburg, acquainted with all that may concern the views or wishes of the emperor. It was said the other day by one residing in Paris, and from his position well qualified to know what is passing, "We have five hundred well-dressed men and women here, moving in the best society, who, if it were allowable to give things their plain names, would be described as nothing else than Russian spies."

As might be expected from its vicinity to Poland, no country is more carefully watched than Germany. The emperor's vigilance is not satisfied with placing sentinels at the principal cities merely, such as Dresden and Munich; for it is well known that he also maintains a spy at each of the German universities. The state of opinion among the students, from Königsberg to Freiburg in the Brisgau, and from Kiel to Vienna, is as well known to the secret police of St. Petersburg as to the criminal judges of the universities themselves. But Russia may now dispense with this branch of her espionage: for the students of Germany, once such hot-headed revolutionists, are, now, happily, most completely cured of all their political enthusiasm.

If Russia be thus vigilant in the west and in the centre of Europe, we need not be surprised to find her even more so in those quarters where, as we have seen, she has still a greater interest at stake. It is chiefly in the East that she puts forth all her means of seduction and *espionage*. The whole of the regions included under that general term, are now struggling in the net which she has silently spread over them. Disdaining no aid, however low, provided it can be useful, she descends so far as to employ hôtel-keepers, and those most in the way of seeing strangers, for the sake of watching all that go or come. Hence it is no uncommon thing in Greece and Turkey to be told, "Take care what you say before your landlord—he is a Russian." Besides this stationary troop, she has a moveable corps of agents, who are constantly traversing all parts of Turkey and the adjacent regions. No traveller can move any distance without meeting some of these.

. . . . . .

Should any think that we are pushing the emperor's vigilance too far, and giving him by his agents an almost ubiquitous influence, we would remind the reader, that many carry his interference still further. Who is it that incites the Arabs in the neighbourhood of Constantina against the French? The Parisian journalists answer, "The Emperor Nicholas." What has stirred up the disturbances in Canada? "Russian gold," say the American newspapers—which further state, that there are agents of the emperor busily at work, even in the United States, rallying the malcontents against England! After these specimens of what is believed by some, about the extent of Russian interference, who shall accuse us of exaggeration in saying that it is so actively exerted in countries where the emperor makes no secret of his intrigues?

Mr. Bremner went to Russia with the common opinion that Nicholas was, in few words, what his atrocious conduct to the Poles, and in the Caucasus, and often in his own dominions, points him out to be; but he saw reason, he says, to change or modify his unfavourable opinions; and he makes those apologies for Nicholas, which might, with far more justice, be urged to extenuate the monstrosities of Ivan the Cruel, or the brutality of Peter the Great. He says :—

He is the slave of a vicious system—tied to a course from which, as yet, he has not been able to break loose. The worst excesses he has been guilty of arise from an ungovernable temper, which, by nature sufficiently strong, has been further strengthened to such a degree by the long exercise of unchecked, uncontrolled authority, that now it often bursts out in the most fatal ebullitions. His defenders assert, however, that when the passing madness has subsided, he is the first to regret, and, if possible, to atone for what has been done. They will not allow that the stern, we might say the cruel system of discipline which prevails in the fleet and the army, and extends to officers as well as privates, can with justice be attributed to him; for it is not of his creating, but has been handed down from the times when Russian officers were really as barbarous as Russian privates; and he continues it because, from his military education, he believes it to be the best. In fine, those who know him most intimately assert, that however violent he may be under the fits of passion alluded to, he is not tyrannical *on system*, or from innate fierceness of disposition.

If neither from *system* nor disposition, from what proceeds the tyranny of the Autocrat? But the question is not of the vicious system which Nicholas found in existence, but whether instead of checking it, and endeavouring to cultivate the arts of peace, and secure the happiness of his people, he has not exceeded his most tyrannical predecessors, in their worst failings,—their military and despotic propensities. So far as depends on his tastes, the empire is one huge camp or barrack, of which he is the first drill-sergeant, making free use of the cane. Of his passion for soldiership

its most ignoble form, Mr. Bremner, in the midst of his laboured vindication, remarks—

This propensity degenerates almost to a weakness: it is his great aim to give the whole empire the appearance of an encampment. This passion is so well known, that the very children in the streets are made to affect the air military, strutting about in a white cap with red band *à l'Empereur*. On entering a school, the boys and girls rise in files to salute you after the military fashion, and march out, as if wheeling to the sound of fife and drum. In the very prisons, a dash of the corporal's discipline is visible; and even in the hospitals you would say the old nurses ape the imperial guard.

Even the royal nurseries are arranged on the military principle. It was the criticism of an able old soldier—"He treats his army as a little girl does her doll; and teaches his children to do the same." But he, moreover, treats it like a passionate little fury of a girl, who takes all manner of caprices, and who as readily slaps her doll's face, as she caresses, and dresses, and undresses it. Of this affectionate father, who has outlived the age of violent passions, Mr. Bremner, after alluding to the celebrated oration made in Warsaw, which specimen of Imperial and Russian eloquence, threats made good by speedy acts, Europe will never forget,—gives the following trait:—

He is so apt to be carried away by passion in debate, that words often entirely fail him. He has a way, however, of filling up the pause: in an interview with the French ambassador, the discussion became so warm that his majesty, chafed by opposition, at last, in the agony of unwilling words, summed up his arguments very intelligibly, by striking his hand with great violence on the table—a most impressive figure of speech. On another occasion, when hard pressed for a good argument, he rushed to the window, threw it open, and, pointing significantly to some regiments exercising below, clenched his remonstrance with the words, "*Voilà ma garde; ce n'est que la vingtième partie de mon armée!*" The Emperor knew well that, after all, force is the best *ultima ratio* of kings.

The Emperor is very religious by all accounts, if such mummings as are described by the lady and by Mr. Bremner be religion—a question which we leave to divines:—

His devoutness while in church is extreme. Some say its part is here overacted; for there is no end to the bowings and salutations between him and the officiating clergy when the service is over. No saint's-day, or formality of the church, is ever neglected by him; and in travelling, he never passes a steeple without crossing himself as devoutly as the yemtchik who drives him. The fervour of his superstition, if not of his devotion, is well shown by a recent act, which is spoken of with great applause by the priests. He has added a new saint to the calendar.

The *toleration* allowed by the Emperor is of a piece with his religion, and with the abolition of torture, long boasted of in Russia, where prisoners are now only *knouted* to make them confess, not *tortured*.

If such be the best that an English traveller can say, who confesses that he went to Russia with prejudices against the Emperor and his government, which a closer inspection overcame, what shall we expect from one, who, the longer he remained in that country, saw the more reason to condemn the man and the system. Captain Jesse sees in Nicholas the legitimate successor of Peter the Great, in his worst character as a sovereign.

All liberal ideas of government died with Alexander. Military despotism, which Peter the Great first systematized in this country, has been more or less the prevailing feature of its government under succeeding monarchs; and peculiarly falls in with the taste of Nicholas. At a late inspection of one of the military colonies he exercised a regiment consisting of six hundred boys—the colonel being only eleven years of age; and they are said to have gone through their manœuvres with all the precision of old soldiers. The lavish expenditure in reviews, from which no benefit is derived, and which take place merely to gratify his extraordinary passion for playing at soldiers, is perfectly absurd.

The garrison of the capital amounts to one-fifth of the population. Such is the military tone and organization given to and spread over the social system of the country, and every branch of the government, that the rank and privileges of the nobility; foundling hospitals and education; literature, civil law, physic, and the navy are all modelled, and the aspirants to, or students in either, are drilled after the most approved system of military discipline. Even the little Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses are surrounded by the insignia of modern warfare; and their nursery has all the appearance of an arsenal in miniature.

The letters of the lady allude to the general corruption prevailing among the public functionaries of Russia, from the highest to the lowest, and whether in the Army, Navy, or Civil Service; if Russia may be said to have any civil service. The Emperor is certainly most sincere and earnest in his endeavours to stop peculation and bribery; but he unfortunately begins at the wrong end. Like many other legislators, he has no idea of the virtue of prevention. All Russian officials are wretchedly ill paid. The pay of a general-officer is scarcely equal to that of major in the British service; that of a surgeon is about £80 a-year; and of a lieutenant £28. Pilfering and peculation consequently prevail in every department. Captain Jesse relates several instances of this degrading and demoralizing system; and gives a curious picture of the beggarly and wretched appointments of an army which yet wears a fair and a gay exterior. Of bribery in the administrative departments, Mr. Bremner is constrained to say, that—

It grinds the poor, and impoverishes the rich; it is practised in every branch of the administration, from the lowest clerk to the highest minister; it paralyzes industry, enterprise, merit, in every corner of the empire. If you commence a lawsuit, however just your cause, it remains undecided for years, unless you bribe the judges again and again. If you want a government contract, the heads of the department must be propitiated with half of your calculated profits. If a situation is procured, it must be paid for. If you wish to have your passport, especially in any of the remote provinces, a thousand difficulties can be thrown in the way, till money removes them.

The sums drawn in the shape of bribes by some people in office are quite enormous, not only in the capital, but in the provinces also. There is a town in the south of Russia where the director of police has an income of 80,000 rubles a-year (£3,200), though his regular salary is only 6000 rubles, or £240.

When Captain Jesse, after living for nearly a year at Odessa, was about to set out for Moscow and Petersburg, he was compelled to go through the usual tedious and irritating forms of obtaining a passport, which prove so irksome to all travellers, and which are often both expensive and inconvenient. After all appeared to be concluded, and when he had danced attendance for several

days, and been spunged by different subordinate jacks-in-office, he came to this conclusion :—

The following day I was once more at my post; but this time it was evident that the legal (though not the illegal) forms and demands had been complied with. My papers lay duly arranged upon the table, but the man in green paid no attention to me; and though many applicants were successful, the crowd around him appeared to increase, rather than diminish. I soon saw how matters stood; and feeling certain that, unless I followed the example of those who had retired, I should again be desired to "call again to-morrow," I put my hand into my pocket, a sign-manual which this purveyor of signatures perfectly understood, and we effected an amicable exchange. Handing me the papers, he pocketed the silver, with the most perfect "sang froid," telling me, as he dropped the 52-copeck pieces into his pocket, that "the Imperial salary would not keep him in boots."

At Belgorod, on his journey, he relates :—

The Ispravnik at this station threw every difficulty in the way of our having horses. The bribe which I administered, as usual, was not large enough, for he rejected it with contempt, saying, though with an evidently painful effort, "Sir, I am the representative of the emperor, and scorn to take a bribe." Seeing, however, that I was about to leave the yard, to get horses in the town, he speedily altered his determination, and begged for a few copecks more.

On this journey, some dismal sights were witnessed, which, unhappily, are not unfrequent in those parts of Russia. The scene is the track between Orel and Tula; and on to *Vashani*.

This day we found whole families lying by the side of the track craving for food. On making inquiries, through my interpreter, I found that many of them had slept in the open steppe for several days, living upon the precarious assistance they received from the few travellers who passed. Their husbands, indeed all the men, had left them for the south, where there was less distress: more than once during our journey we had met them in parties of twenty and thirty at a time. This district, and the town of Tula, were only kept quiet by the presence of a division of infantry, encamped near the suburb by which we entered. The artisans employed at the Imperial manufactory of arms were well enough off, as they had their meal and flour served out to them at a fixed price all the year round; fluctuation, therefore, was of no consequence to them—the rest were in a wretched state. Formerly provision was made against such a calamity by housing large quantities of grain, which was supplied by each proprietor, according to the number of serfs he possessed; but these stores sometimes perished, from want of care and bad granaries, and were also materially reduced by peculation. Besides this, the nobility, always in difficulties, thought it would be more to their advantage to get interest upon the value of the corn thus lying idle. The subscriptions were therefore taken in money instead of in kind, and the sums collected were placed in the Lombard bank, or other government securities. The absurdity of this system was proved in the present instance; the money was useless, there was neither rye nor wheat to be bought either in these provinces or at St. Petersburg. The owners of the serfs were interested in keeping them alive, if not from motives of humanity, at least as property; but where were they? on their estates, exerting themselves to soften or relieve the miseries of their dependants? No, at Rome, Vienna, or the German watering-places, gambling away the money received for the corn their toil had raised, and for want of a portion of which they were now starving. One of these absentees, with whom I was one day in conversation, told me that he had just returned from his estates in White Russia, adding, "It is the first time I ever saw my peasants."

Unhappily Captain Jesse needed not have gone beyond the British seas to find a peasantry, under absentee lords, not indeed nominally serfs, possessing some civil if no political rights, but in physical condition not much better off than those starving Russians. The prices of grain in those provinces had that season risen seven-fold. In discussing the social condition of the Russian serf, whose moral qualities he rates rather highly, and who is, in truth, the most praiseworthy character in the country he inhabits—his virtues being all his own, his vices those of his debased state—Mr. Bremner makes this painful admission, thus confirming the nearly universal report of British travellers, in every clime, for the last ten years.

That the food of the Russian peasant should be so poor will not surprise any who consider that his earnings are exceedingly small. Nine rubles a week—or seven shillings and sixpence, English—are frequently all that a labourer can gain; and, even in the manufactories, the best hands earn only eleven rubles, or nine shillings and sixpence of our money.

On the whole, however, so far at least as mere food and lodging are concerned, the Russian peasant is not so badly off as the poor man amongst ourselves. He may be rude and uneducated:—liable to be ill-treated by his superiors—intemperate in his habits, and filthy in his person; but he never knows the misery to which the Irish peasant is exposed. His food may be coarse; but he has abundance of it. His hut may be homely; but it is dry and warm. We are apt to fancy, that if our peasantry be badly off, we can at least flatter ourselves with the assurance that they are much more comfortable than those of foreign countries. But this is a gross delusion. Not in Ireland only, but in parts of Great Britain usually considered to be exempt from the miseries of Ireland, we have witnessed wretchedness compared with which the condition of the Russian boor is luxury, whether he live amid the crowded population of large towns, or in the meanest hamlets of the interior. There are parts of Scotland, for instance, where the people are lodged in houses which the Russian peasant would not think fit for his cattle. During the present autumn, (1838,) in the rich and populous county of Inverness, we have beheld scenes of wretchedness, exceeding all that we ever witnessed, either in Russia or any other part of the world.

And after describing the miserable condition of the people in a valley in Inverness-shire, that is named, and which is the property of a new *millionnaire*, he justly exclaims, "Compare the comforts of the Russian peasant with misery such as this!" Yet a handsome rent is drawn by the wealthy landlord for that pastoral valley, and one which has probably been quadrupled within fifty years.

On the subject of the Russian peasantry Captain Jesse is most eloquent: and much of what he has said, would be quite as much apt nearer home than Russia.

Even the generality of those who have had all the advantages of birth and education, whose nobility is of long standing, make but few attempts to elevate the character and condition of their dependants. The principal idea they have in connexion with their improvement, is to increase their value as *property*. A tailor is worth more than a labourer, but only a few get the benefit of this spurious benevolence. I know a nobleman who, from similar motives, had his serf taught music; this man always played the pianoforte at his quadrille parties in the country; at Petersburg he did duty as a footman. Why do not those, who have both the means and power, patiently and earnestly persist in improving the habits of the serfs? why do they suffer them to feed like swine, and not give them any idea of a decent deportment? The task would be difficult indeed to teach them to *appreciate* these things, but if only made to *do* them it would be one step gained in a generation. . . . Nothing is done to ameliorate the habits of the serfs

which are dirty in the extreme, more particularly in the towns; and though they sometimes use the vapour bath, they seldom or never wash themselves, or change their clothes or linen.

The pink shirt, or cotton caftan, that is put on new on Easter-day, is never removed from the wearer's back, excepting when he bathes. He works or idles, eats, drinks, and sleeps in it, and the clothes, as well as the hair and beard, are generally disgustingly filthy. The sheob, or sheepskin, is put on at the commencement of winter; and as it is worn many years consecutively, it becomes at last black with grease: a bed is almost unknown amongst them. . . . . Though in an indirect manner, I have known them sold in the streets and market-place of Kief. The men only are reckoned as souls,—if young and healthy they usually fetch a thousand rubles a-head: a woman that is *no soul* costs only five hundred. Serfs are often staked at the gaming-table; and I knew of one who was bartered for a pointer.

As we have mentioned, there is a remarkable harmony among these travellers on all vital points, greatly as they differ in temper and in the circumstances under which they saw Russian society and institutions. On the condition of the peasantry, and the character of the Emperor, they are at one, and they take nearly the same view of the prospects of the country. It is one to fill the philanthropist with deep pity for the subjects of the Czar, but to quiet undue apprehensions for the preservation of the peace of Europe. And for the subjugation of Europe, although an important frontier post was carried when Poland fell, that surely enters into no one's dreams. Nicholas has his hands full enough for the term of any one middle-aged Autocrat's life. Those who are very sensitive to alarm, will do well to study Captain Jesse's sketch of the progress of the war in the Caucasus, and his account of the organization and internal economy of the Russian army. The only fault to be found with him is having fairly lost his temper while performing a very tantalizing quarantine at Odessa, when he entered the dominions of the Czar, and never having fully recovered his equanimity, until he exultingly bade adieu to Petersburg;—"Glad to escape" as he says, "from—

"A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,

to the capital of her less powerful but infinitely more civilized neighbours," the Swedes.

From what he has seen at Odessa, and on his subsequent journey, Captain Jesse conceives himself qualified to give an opinion on the absorbing topic of the day—the Corn Laws. He is decidedly opposed to their abolition. After raising many hypothetical cases and objections, and stating what the perfidious conduct of the Autocrat might be, were Old England depending on Russia for bread, he ends by triumphantly inquiring of these supposed cases, "*Where is the cheap loaf?*" The question may be aptly answered by another: "*Where is it now?*"—when has it been seen by the labourers of England; when will it be seen by them under the existing corn laws? It is not probable that England will ever depend for any great proportion of her bread upon Russia, though those laws were abolished to-morrow; but on whom has she long depended for articles only less important to her existence than corn; namely, for hemp, tallow, and other commodities, which Russia has been as eager to supply, as England was to obtain.

Of these four travellers, the lady is the most sanguine in belief of the stability of the Emperor's power, or, in other words, of the principle of military absolutism being fixed in Russia. But her incidental revelations of the state of national feeling does not corroborate her ideas of the firmness of the Emperor's hold; or of the consolidation of his unwieldy power. The idiotic or fantastical loyalty of the masses in the capital, and of many, in all parts of Russia Proper, does not pervade the Baltic provinces any more than those of the Black Sea, and the East. The jealousy and hatred existing between the Russians and Estonians, after having been a hundred and twenty years under the same sovereign, and treated with comparative indulgence, is as lively as ever. The Russians despise the rude Estonians, and consider them as a conquered people; while the bitterest reproach that an Estonian can make to his compatriot, is "You have the heart of a Russian."

LITERARY REGISTER.

Hand-book for Emigrants and Others. Being a History of New Zealand, its State and Prospects. By John Bright, M.R.C.S. London: Hooper.

This, if not very well written, appears to us a conscientious and intelligent little book. The title, *Hand-book*, is, however, rather too much. The author seems to have named it, *Information for Emigrants to the Southern Hemisphere*; and it certainly furnishes a considerable portion of really useful, and, above all, of honest information. The author, a medical man, went originally out to South Australia, with emigrants, and with the apparent intention of settling in that colony; but the climate did not agree with him; and, in 1839, he sailed to New Zealand, attracted by the favourable accounts of that settlement, and there recovered his health. He has just returned to England, whether to remain or not does not appear; and his work comes forth from the usual reasons, but under no suspicion of either personal or one-sided motives. He gives an outline of all the Australian colonies, and prefers New Zealand to any of them, for the same substantial reasons that have led all impartial judges (ourselves included) to arrive at the same decision. What, indeed, can be placed in the balance against a richer soil, and a better climate, and those advantages of good harbours, and, to some extent, navigable rivers, which New Zealand possesses. Yet he does not represent New Zealand as altogether a terrestrial paradise; and his cautions to emigrants are at least as frequent as his encouragements. It is this fair dealing which gives us a favourable opinion of his book. We shall permit him to speak for himself, selecting what we consider some of the most important passages in his guide-book. These are not the

history of the colonies, nor the account of their productions; nor yet dissertations on their presumed capabilities. Of these things the public has heard to satiety. Mr. Bright does not think that the New Zealand Company has had any right to complain so vehemently of those government functionaries in the colony, who had higher public interests to attend to, than in every particular to accommodate them. He seems also to have some doubts as to the validity of the titles which the Company have the power of obtaining, or granting, to purchasers in England; and he remarks—

The Hon. W. Petre, in a work he has just published on the Company's settlements, from which he has lately returned to England, states, that "*Shortly after I left, the Bally arrived, bearing the terms of the final arrangement between the New Zealand Company and the Government.*" Not, however, explaining what that arrangement may be.

The Company are chartered to purchase lands in New Zealand; the local government, having or not having a restraining power, interferes, until the titles to the lands purchased shall have been adjudged to be valid. *The charter does not give the Company a power to purchase as they please, or the local government could not stay their proceedings.* As affecting present purchasers, no one can say whether the title will be recognised or not; and if decisive information be not afforded on that head, I should deem it a risk to purchase any land-order in England. The specifications of land claims were lodged with the Colonial Secretary in Sydney, as late as January of the present year; what length of forms, or investigation, they had to undergo, did not appear; from there, they were to be referred back to New Zealand, for the inquest of the three commissioners, (one has been sent from London;) this preparatory step would occupy, perhaps, three months; so that no investigation would occur before May, and the adjudications might not be published before the latter end of this year, 1841.

The settler, on the eve of embarking, would do well to await further intelligence, to know the government decision on titles to land already purchased; and what regulations they will issue affecting its future sale. The arrangements between the local government and the directors of the Company, ought to be rendered very clear, before any purchases are made from them, however they may be guaranteed here. I consider it a bad plan taking land-orders; when you arrive you may be determined to settle in districts where the company have no land, and it is not so easy to part with your order there, as it might seem from the accounts you hear at home. In the colonies an excitement is created about land before it is offered in the market; not the pen of Robins could depict greater advantages than do the colonial land-sellers, when they are dressing a district for the hammer. All this requires time and local experience; reference to courts of law are more expensive abroad than at home; and if new settlers are to be hampered with such proceedings on settling, they need not expect any other result than pauperism.

Mr. Petre, at the conclusion of his narrative, adds to our uncertainties about the settlement. He says, "*I now foresee no check to the prosperity of the colony, except, indeed, in the possibility of Governor Hobson's perseverance in a policy with respect to the seat of government, which admits of no justification.*"

Mr. Bright thinks the Governor justifiable in retaining the seat of government at Auckland, where considerable expense has already been incurred for public buildings, &c.; and therefore, if the ruin of the colony is, as Mr. Petre predicts, to follow this choice of the seat of government, it is already incurred. We do not feel competent to speak on this head. It is probable that the seat of government will remain for a considerable time at least where it has been planted, whether wisely or not; and it is not likely that this, or any other cause, can now bring the colonization of New Zealand, as Mr. Petre foretells, "to a speedy and disastrous end." The Governor may persist in remaining at Auckland, instead of adopting the Company's head-quarters, Wellington, and yet the colony, we should hope, prosper; though the Company's prospects may be temporarily damped. To proceed with Mr. Bright's corrections of Mr. Petre:—

In the next place, as I am writing for the public, I must notice the prices of provisions at Wellington. Mr. Petre states—mutton and beef are from 8d. to 1s. per pound; pork, from 4d. to 6d. I think, if Mr. Petre will refer to market prices, he will find this below the actual cost; it certainly is below the cost in the district where, to judge from his statement, (although singular it should be so,) there is a smaller population; and, as the resident agents of the company must be aware, more extensive and older trade—I mean, the northern districts. Poultry and eggs, he says, are scarce and dear at the south; and neither butter nor milk are stated by him, more than that milch cows were there to produce enough for constant sale.

In a letter, dated May, 1841, published in the *New Zealand Journal*, the prices are given as follows:—mutton, 1s.; beef, 1s. to 1s. 4d.; pork, 7d.; bacon, 1s. 7d.; salt butter, 2s. 6d.; fresh butter, 4s. to 5s.; bread, 8d. (2 lbs.); tea, 5s.; sugar, 4d. to 7d.; cheese, 2s. 6d.; beer, 6d. a pint; liquor, 3s. to 3s. 4d.; rice, 3d.; stout shoes, 13s. to 25s.; women's shoes, (worth at home 2s. 6d.,) 7s. to 8s.; natives build a hut (small!) for a blanket and 10s.

The Company's wages are, 20s. a-week, with 10 lbs. salt pork, and 10 lbs. flour, as rations; carpenters' wages, from 10s. to 12s.; sawyers', from 12s. to 15s.

Extracts from letters published in the *New Zealand Journal*:—

"*Kawia, New Zealand, 14th February*, 1840.—*One great convenience in the new colony is, that provisions are comparatively abundant and cheap. I have no doubt that, before this time, fresh pork will be sold there at 6d. a pound, and potatoes at £4 per ton. There is plenty of work, but the labourers do not obtain exorbitant wages. Ladies, however, did not seem quite at home.*"

"*Port Nicholson, 11th February*, 1841.—*Port Nicholson is a very good place; there is not much fine land about it, but there is some fine trade, and a fine port for shipping. I have got a full quarter an acre of ground, for which I pay £7. It is rather out of the heart of the town for business for a time: but there is scarcely a lot of ground to be got in the heart of the town. I know some of it let for £160 per acre a-year, and some of it sold as high as £1000 to £1200 per acre. There must be some prospect before people will go that length.*—(Fudge! the footman will play for, nominally, as high stakes as his master, for the look of the thing, but pays in a much lower coin.)—*There was no house to let, or if there had, it would cost a very high rent, so we put up a tent! on our ground, of some sheets, blankets, and canvass; wherein we have lived five or six weeks.*—(This, in a rainy rheumatic country, crutches had need to be handy, where people care not about making cripples of themselves.)—*John's a fool for himself, to stop at home in misery, when he can earn 10s. here with only working nine hours a day. A shoemaker or tailor does well here. A pair of good stout shoes will cost from 20s. to 25s.*—(Dear enough.)—*I think Lorimer was a fool not to come out. An ordinary servant gets £20 a-year: she might make 50s. or 60s. per week, by washing and dressing.*—(Dress-making!)—*I believe there will be some very contradictory accounts of this place sent home, because people come out here that are not fit for the place. Because there is nothing in their way to do, they give the place an ill name. We had a great deal of our clothes spoiled on the passage.*"

"*February 25*, 1841.—*I may say, without the slightest exaggeration, that its prospects,* (i. e. *the colony,*) *at this time are brighter than ever.*"

There is much more of this. But it is enough to contrast what is above stated with Mr. Bright's estimate of

what is the actual income and expenditure of a labourer in the colony at the present time; premising that he either seems to have doubts of the Company having raised the wages of all their labourers to 35s. 5d. a-week, or insinuates that there is some juggle about this statement which is made by Mr. Wakefield.

Let us consider the wages of a labourer, having a wife on landing, together with their weekly expenses in New Zealand, stating the wages at 31s. 5d., the Company's rate :—

WAGES.	£ s. d.	HIGH LIVING.	s. d.	LOW LIVING.	s. d.
For man (Woman's work uncertain, varying as to the ability; 50s. for washing, &c. lowest, probably 2s. a-day; supposing her to be fully employed by her family.)	1 11 5	10 lbs. fresh meat - -	10 0	14 lbs. salt meat - -	8 2
		1 lb. butter	2 6	20 lbs. flour	6 8
		20 lbs. flour	6 8	14 lbs. potatoes	2 4
		18 lbs. potatoes	3 6	21 pints beer	5 3
		21 pints beer	5 3	4 oz. tea - -	1 0
		4 oz. tea - -	1 0	1 lb. sugar -	0 4
		1 lb. sugar -	0 4	½ lb. candles	0 6
		1½ lb. soap -	1 0	Pepper, mustard, vinegar, salt -	0 7
		½ lb. candles	0 6	1½ lb. soap -	1 0
		Pepper, mustard, vinegar, salt -	0 7		
	£1 11 5		£1 11 4		£1 5 10

To which, add rent, (always high,) clothes, tobacco, tools, &c.

This is not an inviting table. His estimate of expense for a small capitalist, a single unencumbered man, going out, in 1838, and purchasing an hundred acres at £30, fencing fifteen acres, providing seed, tools, implements, &c., with a stock consisting of two goats, two horses, or four oxen, poultry, a boat and oars, tools and implements, the wages and maintenance of two labourers for a twelvemonth, and of himself, with incidental charges, is £395. But this was before the Company was in existence. Now the price of the land of itself is £100 for one hundred acres, and nothing else is cheaper, unless the emigrant accepts the offered free passage. The emigrant, whether he be a labourer or a small capitalist, is cautioned, before he decides on emigrating, to calculate well all possible expenses. Mr. Bright says—

This work may furnish him with data, but he must not omit to gain the most recent. First of all, there is *the passage;* next, having decided on the extent, *the land;* next, *stock, implements, seed;* then, *buildings, as house, and such offices as he may desire;* next, *one year's labour, keep of self, family, and labourers for twelve months;* next, *expenses on landing,* as board and lodging for his family and himself, while seeking his future residence; *outfit for self and family for six months.*

I will add to the above accounts, taken from the Honourable Mr. Petre's work and the Journal, some items of charges known to myself in New Zealand.

Ko-ro-ra-ri-ka, October 23, 1839.

PROVISIONS.

Biscuit, 8d. per pound.	Lard, 9d. per pound.
Potatoes, 6s. per cwt.	North American Flour, 32s. to 40s. per 100 pounds.
Live Pigs, 3d. per pound, 25 per cent. off.	Salt, per ton, £10.
Coarse Sugar, 4½d. per pound.	Mustard, per bottle, 3s. 6d.
Tea, 3s. per pound.	Wines, (poor,) from 30s. per dozen.
Coffee, 1s. to 1s. 6d. per pound.	
Rice, 3½d. per pound.	

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ironware, 7d. per pound.	Cups and Saucers, 7s. 6d. per dozen.
Spades, 3s. 6d.	Plates, 10s. per dozen.
Cross-cut Saw, to 40s.	Nails, retail, 10s. per 1000.
Pit Saw, to 45s.	Letter-paper, 2s. per quire.
Saw Files, each, 1s.	Pens, 10s. per 100.
Twine, per hank, 6d.	Pipes, 9s. per gross.
Blue, 4s. per pound.	Tobacco, from 3s. per pound.

October 1840, Bay of Islands.

Daily expenses of two persons with two children, at an inn—breakfast, dinner, tea, and beds £1 1 0

The breakfast—consisting of tea, bread, and salt butter, and cold salt meat.

The dinner—Pork, (often salt,) potatoes, and greens; wine and beer—extras.

The tea—Tea, bread, and butter.

1841—Beef and mutton, 1s.; pork, 8d. to 10d.; salt pork, 6d. to 7d.; per ton, ranging from £28 to £33; salt butter, 1s. 6d.; fresh butter, a fair supply, from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; live pigs, 4d. to 5d., 25 per cent. off; eggs, 2s. to 3s. 6d. per dozen; fowls and ducks, from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. each; English cheese, 2s. to 2s. 6d.; hams, 1s. 5d.; potatoes, from £6 to £8 per ton; flour, (Van Diemen's Land,) per bag of 200 pounds, 40s. per 100 pounds; rice, 3d.; meals at inns, 2s. 6d. each, without beer or wine; brandy, 14s.; rum, 5s.; rack, 3s. 6d.; sawn timber, 20s. to 25s. per 100 feet; washing, from 3s. per dozen. Labour was to be had at from 4s. per diem, and those who knew how to manage the Mow-rees, [the natives,] might glean it at a much lower rate.

There seems to be a great facility of procuring necessaries not so readily met with at recent settlements.

Children's boots *were made* at 8s. per pair, durable; men's shoes from 14s.; ready-made clothes, hats, shoes, boots; haberdashery; hoisery; linen drapery; ironmongery; crockery—in constant supply, and extensive assortments; together with occasional importations from North America, of tobacco, at 1s. per pound, by the ton; of furniture, and various edibles—among which, most excellent biscuit and flour, at £28 per ton, at a time when dear in Sydney. From South America, horses and wheat; and occasional French ships, with goods and light wines; I have bought a fair claret, as a common drink, for 4s. the gallon. Taxes by this time are, I have no doubt, levied on all foreign importations; indeed, wine and spirits I know to be taxed, but forget the rate. Sir George Gipps, on the lieutenant-governor's representation, omitted tobacco, because so universally consumed by the natives; I presume it to be yet untaxed.

Mr. Bright disclaims sinister motives in the warning he gives. He indeed gives New Zealand a decided preference to any one of the southern colonies; and even to New South Wales, the decay of which he predicts. When he makes the following disclaimer, he is entitled to be believed :—

I have no wish to be thought to look upon any matters on which I have written, with a party-directed eye. The Company and Colonel Wakefield, &c. &c., the governor and officials, &c. &c., are, in my eyes, all reputable persons, *sans peur, et sans reproche.* Mr. Petre's name would not have honoured my pen, but for his publication, and connexion with a Company who, in London and the country, are bagging all the game they can for the colony of New Zealand, driving the people into the nets of their settlements.

For that public to which I belong, I am writing to direct to good, to warn from evil. What matters who the writer, who would "do unto others as he would they should do unto him." Attached to a motto of his earlier days, "*In patriam populumque,*" he is anxious that he may not be suspected of other and lesser motives than that, nor let any ascribe to him a purposed attack.

It is due to the Hon. Mr. Petre and the New Zealand Company to state, that it is not easy to see how Governor Hobson is to be justified for inducing those labourers who had so recently been carried out at their expense, to leave their settlement, while there were work and wages for them there, and go to other quarters, where they very probably were much wanted, yet hardly in common honesty entitled to go. Mr. Bright is, like Mr. Jameson, and most other writers on New Zealand, save Dr. Lang, disposed to rate highly the labours of the missionaries; though he admits that, like other reputable married mere mortals, they may have looked pretty

sharply to the interests of their children. All their exertions will be required to counteract the efforts to proselytize the natives, made by the Vicar Apostolic to the South Seas, and his devoted auxiliaries; who, having no tie of wife or child, can act from more single, if not from better motives, than the Protestant missionaries.

Tales of the Great and Brave. By Miss M. Fraser Tytler, author of "Tales of Many Lands," "My Boy's First Book," &c. &c. Second edition, with frontispiece. Pp. 304. Edinburgh: W. Tait.

This instructive little volume, and seasonable gift-book for the young, possesses one advantage, which we failed to point out, when, some time since, noticing the first edition. All young children like to hear about other children, in preference to any other class of persons. For the very same causes that interest grown-up people in the heroes and heroines of Scott, young children are deeply interested in such characters as Miss Edgeworth's Frank, or Rosamond; and her Harry and Lucy. Now, the TALES OF THE GREAT AND BRAVE, besides giving animated and truthful biographical sketches of Bruce and the Black Prince, of Nelson and Napoleon Buonaparte, and other great men, for the delight and instruction of growing boys and girls, contain the personal history and adventures of a real child, which Miss Tytler has ingeniously interwoven with the graver and more heroic narrative. This gives the work a great additional charm, and an extended range of attraction. The book is very neatly printed; and is, in all higher respects, worthy of the name which it bears.

The History of Poland and Russia from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time, adapted to Youth, Schools, and Families. By Miss Julia Corner. Dean and Munday.

This volume forms one of a series of compendious histories for the use of young persons, by the same authoress. The present volume is, however, more descriptive than historical, which we consider an advantage; the living manners of the Poles and Russians being much more instructive and entertaining to young English readers than the rude or warlike annals of those countries.

Monaldi: A Tale. By Washington Alston. Moxon.

Public taste has undergone a considerable revolution since 1822, when this story was written. It is a tale of the passions, as they possess the burning bosoms of the children of Italy; ambitiously written, not very natural, and so painful in its progress, that even the high-toned close does scarce redeem it.

Memorials of Clutha; or Pencillings on the Clyde. Illustrated with Lithographic Views, &c. &c. By Elvira Anna Phipps. Smith, Elder & Co.

In the autumn of 1840, the fair author of this volume appears to have visited the "Laird of Gourock," Lieutenant-general Darroch, and from his beautiful residence to have made many delightful excursions up and down the Clyde; and to Loch-Lomond, and the other Lochs, or arms of the sea, on the Dumbarton and Argyleshire coasts. Enchanting scenes they all are; and quite as well fitted for descriptive narrative, and as well entitled to the honours of the press, as anything to be seen "up the Rhine," or in Switzerland or Italy. To the fair tourist, and also to the great bulk of her readers, the scenes depicted must be equally novel and, we should hope, attractive as those far-famed resorts. With the exception of a little too much of the free-and-easy, slip-shod, or flippant sort of piety so fashionable in all manner of lady-works at present, the book, though without any literary pretensions, or much expense of thought, is a very pleasing one with which to while away a half-hour.

Congregationalism; or, The Polity of the Independent Churches, viewed in relation to the State and Tendencies of Modern Society. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Pp. 196. Jackson & Walford.

An admirable essay, but one demanding far more space than we can, in the passing month, afford to it. We heartily commend the work to those who wish to understand some of the causes which leaves the professing christian world almost as far behind pure and vital Christianity in the nineteenth as in the ninth century.

A Review of Berkley's Theory of Vision, designed to show the unsoundness of that speculation. By Samuel Bailey, Author of Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions. Octavo, Pp. 239. Ridgway.

The name and reputation of Mr. Bailey must draw attention to the Essay, in which he investigates a subject which has long exercised the ingenuity of philosophical inquirers, and on which we may safely pronounce, after reading his treatise, "that much may still be said on both sides."

Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home. By Miss Sedgwick.

This is one of Mr. Moxon's cheap and neat reprints of popular copyright works; a modern class of publications, which are at once a great benefit to society, and a proof of the spirit and sagacity of those publishers who have adopted the plan.

A Familiar Explanation of the Nature, Advantages, and Importance of Life Assurance. By Lewis Pocock, F.S.A. Smith, Elder, & Co.

This work gives an account of the different London offices, and of the advantages which each offers to insurers; with their tables of rates, &c. A curious section of the volume is a biographical catalogue of the several writers on this most important subject. They are three times the number one could have previously imagined. Of the main value of the latest work, namely Mr. Pocock's own, we do not pretend to give any opinion; but we can vouch for the author's industry in collecting and detailing the necessary information.

Manual of Veterinary Surgery. By William Dick, Professor of Veterinary Surgery, Edinburgh, Pp. 118.

This is one of the valuable reprints from the last edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. To farmers, shepherds, dairymen, nay, to every one having but a pony, an ass, a dog, or a pig, we recommend the perusal of this treatise on the diseases, and proper care and management of the domestic animals. It is the result of observation, guided by science and unfolded by common sense.

Philosophy in Sport, made Science in Earnest.

A new edition, with additions, of a clever attempt to illustrate the principles of Natural Philosophy, by the toys and sports of young people; and a very nice book, indeed, for all juvenile circles.

Telegraphic Railways; or, the Single Way Recommended, by Safety, Economy, and Efficiency; under the Safeguard and Control of the Electric Telegraph. By William Fothergill Cooke, Esq. Simpkin & Marshall.

The object of this essay is admirable. It is to render railway-travelling cheaper, and more safe; all that remains to be desired in this absorbing new mode of conveyance and communication. It contains many ingenious hints and suggestions, and it is illustrated by numerous lithographs of telegraphs, without which, indeed, it could not be understood.

Every Family's Book of Amusement. Strange.

A little book, giving condensed rules for playing the ordinary games with cards; and also for playing billiards, chess, draughts, &c. For farther amusement, a collection of conundrums, and descriptions of tricks with cards, and legerdemain tricks, are given.

The Book for all Seasons—a Holiday offering.

This is an humble volume of extracts and abridgments, from the popular writers of the day, intended for the amusement of young people. It makes desperate inroads on the pages of Mr. Dickens and others; but this can only do them good, because it gives pleasure to thousands with no injury whatever to them.

A Guide to Philological Investigation. By the Rev. Thomas M'Kenzie, Paisley.

A New English Grammar, with numerous Exercises. By Alexander Allen and James Cornwell.—This is a schoolbook which we can conscientiously recommend; and we make a point of never speaking of any schoolbook without careful examination.

Outlines of a Method of Model Mapping. By J. Bailey Denton, Surveyor.

NEW POEMS.

The Martyrs of Provence. By William Herries Madden, M.D.

The subject of this poem is historical, though the author has given the rein to fancy in many of the characters and scenes which he has depicted, and in all the details of the cruel persecution of those Reformers, whom he has placed in Provence. The general character of the production is exceedingly pleasing, and the poet has more than fulfilled the modest hope expressed in his preface. He has conveyed not *one*, but *many* "pleasant thoughts, and grateful and good emotions" to the breasts of his readers.

Körner's Lyre and Sword.

Yet another translation of the fervid, young soldier-poet of Germany. The attempt is more to be regarded as the essay of an elegant German scholar, than a literary achievement demanding minute examination in the pages of a popular miscellany, in which ample justice has already been done to Körner. The translation is very handsomely printed and *got up*.

Select English Poetry, for the use of Schools. 3d Edition.

A selection in which there are many beauties and no blemishes.

Fugitive Verses. By Joanna Baillie. Moxon.

This is another cheap reprint. The whole poetical works of Miss Baillie, including the lyrics scattered through her dramas, are given for a couple of shillings. In the former edition, we greatly missed an editor or corrector of the press who understood the Scottish language. In the present one this defect seems remedied.

The Book of Sonnets. Edited by A. Montagu Woodford. Saunders & Otley.

This is an elegant and well-chosen selection, comprising the finest specimens of the English Sonnet, from Wyatt to Wordsworth. There are also good specimens of the Sonnets of Petrarch, Camoens, &c., from the best English translations that have been made of those poets.

The Christian Offering. By George B. Scott, Author of the Beauty of Holiness, and other Poems.

This is a volume of lyrical poems, prose sketches, and tales, in character and form like one of the annuals, with pretty engravings, and trim binding. The sentiment is pure and tender, and not without that elegance which will make the Christian Offering acceptable to many.

The Romance of the Dreamer, and other Poems. By Joseph Edwards Carpenter.—We have here a collection of occasional poems, and a great number of songs, written at intervals, on every imaginable subject that falls within the ordinary range of the lyrist. Some of the *Sea Songs* and the *Patriotic Songs*, possess spirit; and none of the pieces are deficient in fluency.

Hours with the Muses. By John Critchley Prince.—We are glad so soon to meet with a "second and enlarged edition" of a volume, of which we formed a favourable opinion on its first appearance; and doubly so, to find that the humble poet has found honour in his own country. The book is very neatly printed—but by far its finest feature—independently of the poetry and prose—is a long list of respectable subscribers. Our readers cannot already have forgotten the personal history of this humble bard, so we need not recur to it.

A Selection of Psalms and Hymns. By Seacome Ellison.

Edwy; A Historical Poem. By J. Bell Worrell, Author of Edgina.

Rhymes and Roundelays. By T. Noel.—A very neat small volume, of smooth, *fluent*, and graceful verse.

Satan; A Poem. By Robert Montgomery. Tenth Edition.

Attempts at Verse. By T. P. Gibbins.

Wanderings. By Robert Gun Cuninghame, Esq. author of "Mora." Saunders & Otley.—The scene of the *Wanderings* is Switzerland: the poem a close imitation of Childe Harold's wanderings; and not a bad one.

Poems. Written chiefly abroad, by M. Saunders & Otley.

PERIODICALS.

Tyas's Illustrated Shakspeare. Parts XXXI., XXXII., XXXIII. *Othello, Coriolanus*, and *Lear*.

Floricultural Magazine for January.

The Anti-bread Tax Almanac for 1842, or the Twenty-Seventh year of the Bread-tax.—With a Calendar, and some of the common information found in all cheap Almanacs, this little work combines many facts that ought to be known, and kept steadily in view at the present crisis. It should, therefore, be accessible to every working-man; and it is fortunately published at a price which makes it so.

SERIAL WORKS.

TYTLER'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND, Vol. VI.—Whoever may write the History of Scotland, that part of the national annals which is comprehended in the epoch to which this volume is devoted, must ever remain of paramount interest. It is the period between 1545 and 1565. The volume opens with a general view of the state of Scotland after the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, and, proceeding with the history of those struggles which ended in the triumph of the Protestant Reformation, it closes with the ill-starred marriage of Mary with Darnley. In our account of this volume of the history when it originally appeared,* we pointed out, at some length, those new facts and emendations which the diligent and well-conducted researches of Mr. Tytler had enabled him to bring to light, for the first time, on this most important portion of Scottish history, and which give his work so decided a superiority over all that have gone before it.

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—SOUTHERN DIVISION. PART I.—NORTHERN DIVISION. PART I.—This is a new work of some importance. It is an illustrated itinerary, combining descriptions of scenery and antiquities, with living manners and characteristics; and all sorts of useful information, with the delightful gossip called *County History*. The embellishments which are very good of their kind, are quite in harmony with the character of the work. Thus in the picturesque county of *Cornwall*, we find views of such objects as St. Michael's Mount; St. Ives' Bay; Browwilly; and many a headland and ruin; mouldering castle and ancient church; while in Lancashire we have accurate views of machinery, and of manufacturing operations illustrative of the present condition of the locality; and also elevations of modern buildings. This Part contains a comprehensive history of the cotton manufacture, and of the town of Manchester. The work is conducted by Mr. Redding, with such literary assistance in several departments, as must render it more perfect in many of the details. The work is elegantly printed; and promises to be, in every respect, a permanently valuable addition to an English library.

THE PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE: POEMS. PART III.

CUMMING'S FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. PART X.

THE SONGS OF DIBDIN. PART V.

LE KEUX'S MEMORIALS OF CAMBRIDGE. Nos. XX. and XXI.

CANADIAN SCENERY. PART XXII.

SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND. PART XI.

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1842. Adorned "with a dozen right merrie cuts pertaining to the months," and numerous humorous illustrations.—We can remember both *Rigdum Funnidos*, and his witty coadjutor and illustrator, brighter than in this dismal year of "general distress;" yet the dulness may be in ourselves—a modest doubt that, with which reviewers are seldom troubled. The work, in its minor details, possesses a wealth of *fun* and humour, which fairly puzzles the selector. Our short specimen (would we could give the illustrations) shall be confined to "November 2d, MICHAELMAS TERM, begins"

CHAMBER PRACTICE.

Fiction all day to use, whate'er the fact is—
To find that everything against some act is;
Champagne to drink all night till the head racked is,
That's Chamber Practice.

A BRIEF.

For pay to prove the honest man a thief,
For pay to break the widow's heart with grief;
To stifle truth, for lies to gain belief—
That's a *Brief.*

DEEDS ABSTRACTED.

Ten thousand words, where ten would serve the need,
Ten thousand meanings, discord meant to breed;
Where none can understand, and few can read—
That's a DEED.

The auspicious 9th of November, "Royal BARRY born," is thus commemorated:

THE NURSE'S SOLILOQUY.

How do I dote upon my royal charge,
Born to be great, and growing to be large;
Sprung, in his beauty, from the parent tree
An *heir*, and eke *a-parent* too, is he.

Dear bellowing babby, apple of my eye,
A young trump-card turned in the royal rubber,
As Duke of Cornwall how he won't to cry;
And now he's Prince of *Whales*—Oh, won't he be a *blubber!*

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET. No. I.—An agreeable *melange* of prose, verse, and picture, which, were its literary merits very inferior to what they are, would be welcome to the lovers of the Scottish language, and of the *auld-warld* customs and characters of Scotland. As a token of a reviving taste for Scottish Song or Story, of both which it affords some racy specimens, we give the work a cordial welcome.

PAMPHLETS.

THE ORIGIN of SUNDAY SCHOOLS; to which is prefixed a LETTER on the NEW POSTAGE PLAN, showing its TENDENCY to AID the GREAT CAUSE of EDUCATION. By Thomas Clarke, junior. Simpkin & Marshall.—We can see little utility in the controversy, as to whether Mr. Raikes of Gloucester, who has hitherto enjoyed the honour of being the originator of Sunday schools in England, or the Rev. Mr. Stocks, master of the grammar school, his undeniable coadjutor in the scheme, be the real Simon Pure, unless to those zealous to claim every possible distinction for clergymen of the Church of England. The Jesuits, the authors of much good and much evil in education, are the true originators of Sunday Schools, as of Infant Schools, which had flourished under their care for generations. We also find them in Oberlin's poor and secluded valley, long before either were borrowed or adopted by benevolent Englishmen. At all events, they were in our country no precocious growth.—Again, of the new postage scheme we ourselves, in common with many others, pointed out, while pleading for it, the incalculable advantages which it must have on the cause of education, and of good morals; advantages which will not be fully developed for generations, though they are already perceptible. The author of the tract has collected many facts from different parts of the kingdom, illustrative of the moral and educational uses of a thrice-blessed social improvement which is undeniably of English growth, and of which the entire honour belongs to Mr. Rowland Hill. The country has, in our day, had no greater benefactor.

ON the PRODUCTION of ISINGLAS along the COASTS of INDIA; with a NOTICE of its FISHERIES. By J. F. Royle, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Allen & Co.—A valuable pamphlet, as every one must be which elucidates the productive powers and undeveloped sources of natural wealth in our colonies.

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* *Tait's Magazine* for December 1837.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

After some years of apathy and disgust at the do-nothing policy of the late Ministry, the country is again roused. The great and immediate object of the movement is free trade, commencing with the repeal of the Corn and Provision Laws; for, after the evidence of the desperate state of the country, which has lately been brought forward, the greatest Conservative must see that something must be done for the relief of our manufactures without delay. There seems every reason to believe, that some change in the Corn Laws is contemplated; but no one supposes that it will be to such an extent as the country will accept. It is in vain now to speculate on the measures to be proposed by Ministers, as a few weeks will withdraw the veil from their mysterious schemes. That new taxes will be imposed, is quite certain. There appears no chance of making up even the deficiency of the revenue by indirect taxes; and the wars in the east, of which there is no prospect of a termination, as well as the probability of a war with the United States, will render farther expenditure necessary. In the present humour of the country, we do not think either an income or a property tax, however small the rate, would be submitted to. If any class is at all in a flourishing state, it is the agriculturists, and especially the landed proprietors, whose rentals are yearly increasing. Notwithstanding the clamour which has been raised against Mr. Cobden's scheme of increasing the land tax, it is well worthy of consideration. Any attempt to raise additional revenue, by increasing the rate of postage, will prove a failure, though it is far from improbable that it will be attempted. The means of evading a high rate of postage, and indeed any rate above a penny, were too clearly pointed out in the evidence collected by the committee on postage, and too widely published to the country, to render it possible to collect much additional revenue from an increase of the present rates. Were the whole system of our Taxation remodelled, a much larger revenue might be raised with less burden to the people.

ANTI-CORN-LAW CONFERENCES

Continue to be held almost daily in all parts of the kingdom. The conference of Dissenting clergymen and elders was held in Edinburgh on the 11th, 12th, and 13th January. Upwards of 700 members were present. Considering that the ticket of admission for strangers, not members, was 5s., and that no person, even to the last hour, was admitted without payment to some extent, it is remarkable how well filled, and even crowded, the place of meeting —a large church—was during the whole three days, and especially in the evenings. It is now certain that the Presbyterian Dissenters, at least in Scotland, are in favour of repeal of the Corn Laws; and although some few of them, before the meeting, had some hesitation regarding the propriety of an immediate and total repeal, we can hardly doubt, that after hearing or reading the arguments adduced at this conference, their scruples must have given way. Not *one* minister out of 494 who returned answers, expresses himself in favour of the Corn Laws. What a contrast this forms with the Establishment! for we will venture to say, that there are not 11 out of 1100 who are not in favour of them. One of the remarkable features of the meeting was, the bringing forward of practical farmers to advocate repeal. Mr. George Hope, an extensive East-Lothian farmer, of much experience, ridiculed the notion that a repeal would throw great tracts out of cultivation. "Of all the arguments I ever heard urged against the repeal of the bread-tax, it has always appeared to me the most futile. I ask, is there any danger of any of the land running away? Surely not. And if at present the produce is sufficient to give food for the labourer, and leave a surplus to the landlord, what is to prevent it doing so even if the nominal money value of the produce should be lowered?" The actual outlay in money per acre in cultivating land does not exceed 10s. 6d., all other charges and expenses being regulated entirely and immediately by the price of grain. The landlord is generally paid his rent in wheat. The labourers receive the bulk of their wages in the produce of the farm, and it can make no difference to the farmer what is the nominal price of the oats and other produce raised by himself, and given in wages to his ploughmen, or consumed by the horses on the farm. Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, made his appearance on the last day of the meeting. He was enthusiastically received. He urged, with great earnestness on the meeting, the necessity of unanimity, and of agreeing to nothing less than unconditional and absolute repeal; and expressed his conviction, if this was insisted for, the laws restricting the import of provisions would soon cease to deform the statute book. The only Members of Parliament present were Mr. Wallace and Mr. Ewart. A great mass of valuable statistical information was brought forward by the different speakers. The continual sinking of the wages of the operative, the increase of crime, and the almost inconceivable state of destitution, not only in the large manufacturing towns, but even in the small villages in the agricultural districts, were proved by the most unquestionable evidence.

Glasgow Meeting.—The meeting at Edinburgh was followed by another at Glasgow on the 14th and 15th January, at which many of the most influential manufacturers and merchants attended. The business commenced with a meeting of delegates in the forenoon. Reports of a very interesting description on the State of Trade and the Operation of the Corn and Provision Laws were given in from nearly 30 places. They all represented the distress as most severe. A banquet took place in the City Hall in the evening, at which 2000 persons were present, and, among others, the following Members of Parliament:—Oswald, Fox Maule, Wallace, P. M. Stewart, Rutherfurd, Ewart, and Duncan. Mr. Fox Maule said he did not see why the landed proprietors should dread the abolition of the Corn Laws; and he found on inquiry at practical agriculturists, that they had no fear of getting on although the Repeal took place. Mr. Buchanan gave in a paper, showing that the depositors in Savings' Banks were not persons connected with manufactures, and that the amount of deposits had decreased as the price of bread rose. On the evening of the 15th, another Soirée was held, at which 1600 persons were present.

Dundee Meeting.—A meeting has also been held at Dundee, of the Anti-Corn-Law Association of that town, and deputies from the other associations in Fife and Forfar shires. About fifty deputies, magistrates, merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen attended. Mr. Baxter, the chairman, estimated the annual tax imposed by the Corn Laws alone at from thirty-six to fifty millions. He

showed that the shipments of linen from Dundee had greatly declined since 1836. Since 1837, there had been 210 bankruptcies in Dundee,—an extraordinary number, considering the size of the town. Two-thirds of the looms in the town are unemployed. Since 1836, wages have gradually declined; and they are now 25 per cent. lower than in that year. More than half the mechanics are unemployed, and five-sixths of the masons. Mr. Saunders stated that, up to 1791, the price of wheat had not for a century averaged above 40s.; but since, not less than 65s.. Taking the consumption at forty millions of quarters, the increase on the price, 25s., had obliged the people to pay *fifteen hundred millions*,—twice the amount of the national debt,—for the advantage of the landlords. Mr. Landale, of Kirkcaldy, feared that the additional duty lately imposed by America on our linen manufactures would reduce the export to that country one-half. He moved a resolution, "That high priced food and depression of trade uniformly accompany each other." Mr. Kinloch, of Kinloch, moved a resolution, disclaiming any intention to injure the agriculturists, and expressing the conviction, that the removal of all restrictions on commerce would be favourable to the true and permanent interests of all classes of the community. Mr. F. L. Carnegie, of Boysack, another landed proprietor, said, "For himself he had not only no objection, but a strong desire to see the abolition made immediate." From an examination of the numerous reports which had been received, it appeared that one-third of the operatives of the district were idle.

General Distress.—But the distress is not confined to any peculiar trade. The shawl manufacture of Edinburgh, once a considerable manufacture, has all but disappeared. The receipts of the clothiers, drapers, &c., in this city, have fallen off a fifth, comparing 1841 with 1840. In the iron manufacture, one-fourth of the blast furnaces has been blown out. At Carlisle it has been found, from a minute personal inspection by advocates of the present Corn Laws, that one-fourth of the population is bordering on absolute starvation. Of 300 paper mills, only 120 are in operation. The broad cloth manufactures of the west of England are as much depressed as those of cotton and linen in other places. At a meeting held at Bath, it was stated that, in the town of Bradford, in 1820, there were nineteen manufacturers, who produced 620 pieces of broadcloth. Nine have since that time failed, six have left the trade, and only two remain, who produce 100 pieces. A factory and premises which, twenty years ago, brought £4200 per annum, are now let for £300. In 1820, with a smaller population, four times as much bread and meat were consumed as at present. The same account was given of a great number of other places; and it appears that the broadcloth trade, once our staple manufacture, is threatened with speedy destruction. From a pamphlet lately published by Alderman Bateson of Leeds, we have learned some important facts regarding the transference of the woollen trade from England to the Continent:—567,317 pieces were exported in 1824; 258,962, or only about two-fifths, in 1840. Verviers, in Belgium, has advanced her woollen productions, from a small amount in 1824, to 105,245 pieces; Aix-la-Chapelle, from a small amount, to 230,000. It is to this place that the East India Company have given an order for 15,000 pieces of cloth, which they have hitherto purchased in this country. Upwards of four millions of pounds of British wool are exported to Belgium alone. Why ought wool to be allowed to be *exported, to benefit the agriculturist, and food be prohibited to be imported, to the prejudice of the manufacturer?*

Bolton Meeting.—On the 5th January, a meeting of 800 friends of Free Trade was held at Bolton. Dr. Bowring, Colonel Thompson, Mr. George Thompson, and several Members of Parliament were present. The toast of total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, was received with loud, repeated, and unanimous cheering. Colonel Thompson said, that could we get compensation for the evils sustained by the Corn Laws, it would be nothing but justice. "They must bring up their minds to the proper height, and demand a bounty on the importation of Corn. Try them with that." This proposal was loudly cheered, and ought to be acted on. The landed interest had a bounty on the *export* of Corn for the first half of the last century, and drew many millions from the people in name of Bounty—a bounty to be paid for starving the people! We are glad to observe at all these meetings that the scheme of Emigration has been treated with merited contempt.

Manchester Conference.—At Manchester, a meeting of delegates from the principal towns in England and Scotland met. The details of the distress in their various localities were similar to those we have already given. A public meeting of the inhabitants was held after the conference. The chairman stated, that as government required 200,000 muskets, to replace those burnt at the Tower, a deputation had been sent from Birmingham to endeavour to get the order; but in submitting a list of prices, they were told they must come down, as the Government could get them cheaper in Prussia and other countries. They did bring down their prices, but still the deputation was informed that they could be got cheaper abroad. A resolution to petition for the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws was passed, "recommending, in such petitions, the immediate appointment of a Committee, *to consider the best mode of making* due compensation, which the suffering people of Great Britain and Ireland have a right to demand from the aristocracy." This alludes to Mr. Cobden's proposal to compensate the people by levying the land tax fairly, at the legal rate of four shillings per pound of the rental. This is the proper way of going to work. The best way of defending ourselves is to carry the war into the enemies' country. It is gratifying to observe, that at all the meetings which have been held for some time back, unlimited freedom of trade has been contended for; not merely the removal of the protection to the farmer, but of all protections and restrictions whatever. Let petitions from all parts of the kingdom, from every town, every parish, every village, be got up, to be presented to parliament at its meeting. The number of petitions, as well as the number of signatures, is important.

SCOTLAND.

East Coast Railway.—A meeting was held in Edinburgh on the 14th January, for the purpose of promoting a line of Railway to Dunbar, being the first portion of a railway along the coast to Newcastle: the Lord Provost in the Chair. The large room was nearly full. Mr. Learmonth addressed the meeting. He stated that the line was of very easy construction, and might be made for £500,000, or about £20,000 a-mile. At the lowest estimate, he calculated that above £72,000 per annum would be received for passengers, and £23,000 from goods, or £96,000 in all: from which, deducting one-third for expenses, a clear revenue of £64,000 would be left, yielding 11½ per cent. on the outlay. He adverted to the west coast line of railway to England from Glasgow; and stated the distance to Lancaster, including the branch from Thankerton to Edinburgh, was 202 miles; the engineering difficulties were of the most serious description; and the great proportion of the intermediate country so thinly peopled, that the line could not be made in portions, as no revenue could be expected till the whole line was completed. Taking the expense at £20,000 a mile only, the cost would be upwards of four millions. After several resolutions had been passed, a large committee was appointed. Considering that, with the exception of the first eight or ten miles, the route from Edinburgh to Thankerton runs through Carnwath and other muirs almost totally destitute of population, and that it would cost probably £800,000, there is no chance of the line ever being made. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway has cost £30,000 a mile, and we do not think that there is any chance of the western line being made at a smaller cost, or six millions sterling. Truly a magnificent project! Were the line to Dunbar fairly commenced, we have no doubt a company would soon be formed to make a Railway from Newcastle to Berwick, and the intermediate

space would then only be thirty miles. Measures are already in progress to connect Newcastle and Darlington by railway: and hence the formation of a railway from Edinburgh to Dunbar will secure the intercourse between Scotland and England by the east coast; for not only will London and the eastern part of England be reached with great ease and expedition by this route, but the middle and west of England, by means of the Carlisle and Newcastle, and other railways. It is, therefore, a matter of the utmost importance to Edinburgh that the railway to Dunbar should be formed; for upon this project it depends whether Edinburgh is to continue to retrograde, as it has done for the last quarter of a century, or again to spring into new life and vigour. The sum set down for passengers may at first sight seem exaggerated; but when it is considered that the number of passengers on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith railway has been as high as 300,000, and that the whole district from Edinburgh to Dunbar, and for many miles beyond, is thickly peopled, a slight consideration will show that there is no improbability of the revenue estimated being derived from passengers.

THE BAR.—Great indignation has been expressed in the London newspapers, at Lord Denman being obliged recently to leave the Court of Queen's Bench, without hearing the cases set down, on account of the non-attendance of counsel; who, in order to increase their chance of employment, choose to practise in two or three courts which sit at the same time. It was the last day of the sittings, and the Court rose at eleven o'clock forenoon, instead of nine at night, as usual, on that day. The evil is equally, at least very strongly, felt in the Scottish Court of Session. In that Court, the two Inner-Houses, and four of the Lords Ordinary, sit at once,—that is to say, six distinct tribunals —and the Jury Clerks hold also a sort of seventh court. It thus daily happens, that when a case is called in one Court, the counsel, who has been instructed and *fee'd*, is pleading in another; so that the cause must either be delayed, or be proceeded with in absence probably of the leading counsel; or, if not speaking, the counsel may be obliged to leave the one case or let it go on as it may, in order to attend another. The Court have laid it down as a rule, that, however insignificant the cause, there must be two counsel fee'd for Inner-House business, so that one may be ready to plead the case if the other is elsewhere engaged when it is called; a rule which causes not only great expense to litigants, but occasionally exposes a party to much disadvantage:——for example—where the junior counsel on the one side, owing to the absence of his leader, is opposed to both the counsel on the other. Nearly all the delay, confusion, and expense necessarily arising from the sitting of so many courts at once would be avoided by the counsel dividing themselves, each choosing his own court. For example—the senior counsel should be confined to the Inner-House, the junior to the Outer; and farther, they ought again to be divided into First Division Counsel and Second Division Counsel. Thus, in regard to the most important part of the business—that of the Inner-House, a case would never be delayed for want of counsel; the disadvantage at present arising from the junior on one side having to oppose both counsel on the other, would be avoided, and one half of the expense attending an advising in the Inner-House would be saved. The time of the Court would also be saved: for at present it often happens—once or twice a-week certainly—that one of the Divisions of the Inner-House has to rise sooner than it would otherwise do, leaving the business unfinished, because counsel are engaged in the other Division. With regard to the Outer-House, again, although the remedy would not be so perfect as in the Inner, still great and obvious benefit would arise, inasmuch as each counsel, instead of practising before six courts, as at present, would only practise before two. The plan proposed would not prevent the counsel of the Outer and Inner-House consulting with each other in much the same way as at present: for, as matters are now conducted, the senior counsel generally is consulted whether a case should be brought into Court; but the writing of the papers, which are prepared in the Outer-House, and the general management of the case while there, is left to the junior. When the case is carried into the Inner-House, the pleading is in many cases left entirely to the senior, the duty of the junior being only to prompt him if necessary, a matter which can be as well done by the agent. We believe a division of counsel would not only be advantageous to the public, but to the Bar itself. Throwing the matter of delay and expense out of the question, the monopolising of the chief business of a Court by half-a-dozen leading lawyers, must be as pernicious to the Bar itself as the litigants. However industrious and able, there is only a certain quantity of business which any one can do properly. If overwhelmed with business, the lawyer must do some part of it in a slovenly manner; while the monopoly the present system creates keeps back unduly, and discourages the junior portion of the Bar. But as any division of counsel would be opposed by the influential part of the Bar, there is no chance of the change we have proposed being effected unless the public take up the matter.

IRELAND.—Meetings are held weekly in Dublin for the Repeal of the Union, at which the Lord Mayor is a regular attendant, but they do not seem to excite much interest. The weekly receipts are from £50 to £60. Sums are occasionally received from America, and one or two Repeal Associations have been formed in that country. Meetings have also been held for the purpose of furthering the consumption of Irish manufactures, now vending in marts established by working-men in different parts of the city. Marts for the sale of hosiery, silks, shoes, and various other articles, have been established in Dublin, and the sale seems to be considerable—£1000 having been expended in a short time in the purchase of leather.—Mr. West, the Tory Member for Dublin, died some time ago. Lord Morpeth, who is in the United States, has been nominated as a candidate, and has every chance of success. Owing to the great expense of a contest for Dublin, £10,000 or £12,000, the Tories have had much difficulty in getting a candidate to come forward. A Mr. Gregory has been found, who is willing to advance £4000, if other £4000 be forthcoming on the part of the Dublin Tories; but they do not seem very ready with the money.

THE CONTINENT.—France appears to be in a very disturbed state, and it is not likely that any great length of time will pass over without a serious outbreak. Paris is full of soldiers, who, for want of other employment, have been fighting with each other. There has also been an *emeute* of the students, but not attended with any serious consequences.—In Spain, Espartero is exerting himself to tranquillize the country, and restore her long-lost energies. Freedom of trade is said to be one of the objects he has in view.—A treaty has been signed by the representatives of France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, with Great Britain, whereby the four foreign powers adopt the English laws against the slave trade. The actual engagement in the trade is piracy, and the embarking of capital in it is felony. All the powers grant to each other the right of search into vessels bearing their flag. This is a most important step towards the abolition of the traffic in slaves.

ASIA.—Amoy, one of the strongest fortresses in China, situated opposite the island of Formosa, has been taken by the British, without loss. The expedition immediately sailed for the northward, leaving a small garrison on an island in the neighbourhood. Pekin, it is said, is the next object of attack; and until it is taken, there seems no probability of the war being brought to a termination.—Hostilities still continue in the north-west of India. The Emperor of Burmah has taken alarm at the force sent against him, and no longer occupies any part of the British force.

UNITED STATES.—The accounts from the United States are by no means satisfactory, and the difficulty of maintaining peace between Great Britain and the States is daily increasing. The affairs of M'Leod and the Caroline have not yet been adjusted; and the States are increasing their navy, which at present consists of only 66 vessels. Inroads have again been made on the Canadian frontier by the American sympathisers: barns have been burned, and houses plundered, and the Canadians seem

preparing to retaliate. It is now certain that the American Government will not submit to our searching their vessels for slaves; and war seems inevitable, if we insist upon exercising this pretended right. In this question we conceive the Americans to be in the right, and our Government in the wrong. We have no more right to search an American or other foreign ship for slaves, without the consent of the Government to which it belongs, than we have to make a search for that purpose within the territories of the United States. The thing that aggravates the quarrel is, the recollection of the right we assumed of searching American vessels for British sailors, previous to the war of 1812. It is evident, from what is stated in the French papers, that if we engage in a war on this account, we shall not be supported by the parties to the late treaty; on the contrary, we shall have some of them—France, for instance—against us. There is no doubt, unless some device be fallen on—such as sending a sufficient number of American cruisers to the Slave Coast, to search their own vessels—the trade in slaves will be greatly increased; for every vessel engaged in that nefarious traffic will hoist the American flag. It is somewhat unfortunate that, at this present moment, an American vessel, proceeding from Richmond, Virginia, to New Orleans, with 135 slaves, was seized by them; the master, owner, and some others, murdered; and the crew compelled to run the vessel into Nassau—a port in the Bahama Islands, belonging to England. The British authorities seized those accused of the murder, but refused to send them to America, or to detain the other slaves. The southern states of the Union are, of course, indignant at this proceeding. By the law of England, a slave becomes free whenever he touches the soil of the British dominions; and the authorities at Nassau could do nothing else than liberate the slaves. It seems very doubtful even how far they were justified in detaining those accused of murder. In the eye of British law they did nothing wrong in regaining their liberty at the peril of those who were invading it by carrying them off as slaves. The Americans, on the other hand, maintain that our authorities have no right to judge what is and what is not American property. The question is certainly of the most perplexing nature; for if the American doctrine be right, they ought to be entitled to reclaim the slaves who have escaped from them, and taken refuge in Canada or other British dominions—a right which has never yet, we believe, been asserted.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

We have little to report, in addition to what has already been stated, in regard to the state of manufactures. There appears, as yet, no prospect of revival; on the contrary, a still further reduction of wages in some manufactures, particularly the cotton, is in contemplation. In the iron trade, although one-fourth of the furnaces—each requiring 300 men—have been blown ont, it has been resolved not to lower the wages of those employed. Owing to the fall in the price of sugar a larger quantity has been consumed last year than in the preceding. In this trade a singular mode of evading the duty has been discovered. Foreign sugar is liable to a prohibitory duty of £3, 3s. per cwt.; but it can be imported into Guernsey free of duty. It is there made into lozenges, and other sweetmeats, on which a duty of only 7s. 6d. a cwt. is paid, when imported into Britain, while sugar imported from our own Colonies is liable to a duty of 24s. In this way the revenue is said to be defrauded to the extent of from £200,000 to £300,000 a-year. In general, some acid is put in the drops to cover appearances, but many tons have been imported without any acid at all, being fine loaf sugar, which only requires to be remelted to put it into the ordinary shape. Our restrictive system of commerce is leading every year to counter restrictions on the part of foreign nations. The Americans have raised the duty on the import of linens, and the members for the Northern States are clamouring for higher duties on the import of manufactured goods of all sorts. The Russian Government has it in contemplation also, to raise the duty on woollen goods imported. Manufactures are rapidly extending all over the continent, and the manufacturing interest will soon become so strong, and so well combined in Germany, at least, by the Prussian Commercial League, that, in a few years, we will be entirely excluded from the continental markets, unless we relax our restrictive system without further delay.

AGRICULTURE.

Notwithstanding the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, farms throughout Scotland are letting as high, and in many instances higher than they did when the former leases were taken twenty years ago. At the Glasgow Anti-Corn Law Meeting, Mr. Thomson the delegate for Dunse, produced a "Statement showing the farms and land let in the neighbourhood of Dunse, county of Berwick, during the last three years, giving the old and new rents, and rise per cent. in each." This document showed a rise in rents, varying from 25 to 128 per cent., the average being 38; and proved, in a strong manner, the rapid increase in the value of land. Sir James Graham of Netherby, expects to increase his rental some £5000 or £6000 a-year, as a provision for his eldest son now coming of age. Grain markets, owing in a great measure to the rawness and bad quality of the crop, and partly from speculators being more willing to invest their money in foreign grain than British, have been very dull, and the duty on wheat has risen to 24s. 8d. There is great probability that, in a month or two, the holders of foreign grain will begin to work the averages, and that the duty will be greatly reduced. We do not see why, in the meantime, the foreign grain in bond should not be liberated from duty at the nominal rate, for the purpose of feeding the starving operatives. We do not think there would be any difficulty in arranging with the Committees which have almost in every town been organized for the relief of the Poor, the means of having the grain ground and baked for their exclusive use. Surely if a measure of this sort were introduced into parliament, no one could oppose it; at least it would be highly important to ascertain, who, in times of distress like the present, would attempt to aggravate the evil, for his own emolument, and on what grounds his opposition would be placed. It is remarkable, that although the consumption of butcher meat has fallen off in the manufacturing towns from one-half to two-thirds, the price still continues without abatement. In 1836, the number of cattle killed in the town of Forfar was 800; in 1841, 400: in Dundee, 7800 cattle were killed in the former year, and only 5096 in the latter, although the population has greatly increased during the five years. This appears to show that the disease among the cattle and sheep, which has prevailed more or less for some years, has been much greater than has generally been supposed; for had trade been as brisk as in 1836, butcher meat would probably have reached 1s. in the pound. American salted beef can be purchased in Liverpool for 1½d. per pound; but a duty of 12s. per cwt. is exacted on it; and fresh meat, which might be brought in any quantity from the continent at 3d. a pound, is altogether excluded. All accounts concur in the statement, that the quantity of wheat sown is much less than for many years, and much of it has been put into the ground in bad condition. As it is only in particular districts that spring wheat can be sown with any advantage, there can be no doubt that the breadth of land under that crop will be comparatively small this year. The turnip crop has generally turned out defective, and more of it than usual has been consumed at this season. Potatoes have proved an average crop, though they have mostly suffered more or less by the frost.

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TAIT'S

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THE PEEL MYSTERY.

THE development of that mysterious and marvellous scheme over which Sir Robert Peel has sat hatching for seven months, has not surprised, nor, to own the truth, deeply afflicted us. It has given a vastly increased *momentum* to that social movement in which Reformers place their last hope. The only real danger was in some quack remedy—some deceptive measure of concession and compromise, which might have skinned over a canker that requires to be probed and cauterized. That danger is past. Now it must be either total repeal of the taxes on food; or something better still, which shall include this among other gains. A storm of wrath is meanwhile bursting around the head of the unfortunate Minister, whose condition really moves compassion. How could he avoid failure? *Finesse* was of no use here. He had on all sides quick-witted persons to deal with; whose wits were further quickened by the strongest motives of self-interest. Self-interest spoke to his friends and allies from their rent-books; to the manufacturers from their closed warehouses and rusting machinery; while the masses of the people had their deepest feelings roused and sharpened by the daily view of the ragged backs and empty trenchers of their children.

Yes, Sir Robert had a difficult part to perform; nor is it wonderful that the poor baited gentleman has signally failed. Yet, viewing Sir Robert Peel as an individual, his conduct has taken many persons by surprise. As a statesman, he had obtained the credit of having the interest of manufactures sincerely at heart; and also for possessing some comprehension of mind—some enlargement of views. Those who doubted of his statesmanlike capacity in an era like the present, yet had faith in his sagacity and tact as a party leader. And there he stands, confessing himself in the predicament of the old man and the ass in the fable, who, trying to please everybody, pleased nobody,—and lost his ass into the bargain.

From the heroic tone of independence he assumed, it was imagined that the Government he had formed was to submit to him. He has succumbed to it! He has proposed nothing that a Stanley might not approve, and a Knatchbull sanction. In comparison with his paltering policy, the insolent frankness of Sir E. Knatchbull and Lord Stanley is political wisdom as well as manliness. When they avow that the sole object of the Corn Laws is to keep rents artificially high, and that "the protection of agriculture" means neither more nor less than enabling the aristocracy to maintain their luxurious state at the expense of the manufacturer's profits, and the poor man's industry, they can at least be understood. Had the Anti-Corn-Law League, in short, bribed Sir Robert Peel, he could not more effectually have done the business of keeping alive agitation than by the line of conduct he has pursued. The Duke of Buckingham merits respect for having washed his hands of the paltry, evasive scheme,* which satisfies no one, and which will speedily be the law of the land, as surely as it seals Sir Robert's fate as a statesman. Had he at once assumed the High-Tory principle of "No surrender," with his formidable majority of "the Representatives of the People" at his back, he would have stood on clear, if unsafe ground. Now the Tories are well entitled to scout "the bungling plebeian," who has tampered with the best defences of their order; and instead of conciliating the growling beasts of burthen by his concession, has excited them to fiercer discontent than ever.

There is, however, great satisfaction in seeing all delusion at an end, and, we should imagine, all hope from Parliament, as at present constituted. Every minute is now lost in which aught, save total repeal, is so much as talked about; though the Opposition Members must, no doubt, be allowed to go through their usual parliamentary paces—manœuvres in which the people see less and less utility. Lord Palmerston, for example, in the debate on his noble friend's motion, made a speech, which reads like

* For its nature we refer to our Political Register.

one of Ebenezer Elliott's energetic Free-trade Odes, done into powerful English prose; and then voted for the principle of a fixed duty on corn. The time is surely past for mere Parliamentary tactics, or for farther argument on the Corn Laws. Who can hope to convince men, blinded by self-interest and pride, or by ignorant and obdurate prejudice? The suffering people need no conviction.

The total abolition of the taxes on food, on the necessaries and comforts of humble life, has been advocated in this publication ever since it came into existence, and will be so until the injustice is redressed; and yet just and good as is this cause, and earnestly as we desire to see all ranks and classes combining to promote it, we cannot conceal from ourselves, that the abolition of the Corn Laws is but a partial and inadequate remedy for the many ills under which the People suffer, admitting that it could be carried, of which, in the present state of the franchise, there is no hope whatever. And were these unrighteous and unholy laws abrogated to-day, what shall ensure us against fresh aggressions equally iniquitous, or even a new corn law? Parliament is omnipotent, and the aristocracy still make the Parliament, and are, therefore, more omnipotent than it. A few favourable harvests, a gleam of manufacturing prosperity, the old outcry of "Agricultural Distress," the supineness of the people, the indifference of a comfortable middle-class, and a Parliament of land-owners,—and the whole machinery is restored under some new name. This surely is not an impossible case. Now, then, is the time to attempt the redress, not alone of the Corn-Law injustice, but of the master-grievance under which the country suffers; that which lurks in the vitiated constitution of the House of Representatives. Short of farther improvement of that corrupt system and its clumsy and clogged machinery, there is little hope of effecting even temporary and partial economical or administrative reforms. Sir Robert Peel, who might have been imagined the very man for small, nibbling bits of very useful legislation, stands neutralized and feeble, the reluctant slave of the party whom he can neither lead nor drive in the path which he may see to be the right one. No one can longer have either faith or hope in him. Of the Whigs, the country has had a very fair trial. What solid ground of hope then remains? Surely not in the "mere Whigs" driving Peel from office? Of that, acting on their principles and in their own strength, there is very little chance. They must have a lever to work with, which we fear they have not yet made up their minds to try for. It is an instrument not named Finality.

In the meanwhile, we rejoice in the increasing symptoms of revival among parliamentary Reformers. Sir Robert has done great good. And now we would warn those who go no farther than Corn-Law reform, to eschew the fate of the Whigs, to whose lagging in the slough of Finality we owe a new Tory reign, and among other good things, a continued Corn Law. Let not the Middle-Class Corn Law Reformers fall into a similar error, and perform the same kind office for the Tories which the Whigs performed; talking away, imagining themselves all-powerful in their own strength, until their abortive agitation shall expire of itself, and the Tories, having stood this new burst, are once again more firmly seated than ever. If the free-trade party do not welcome and court, as potent auxiliaries, the working millions,—if they do not chalk out a broad and fair field for the amalgamation of interests, and for the vigorous pursuit of common objects, their isolated movement must and will fail.

The lapse of a few weeks will show whether the Anti-corn Law agitation is to end in vapour, or to pave the way for the whole people obtaining their rights, and the only effectual instrument of social and political improvement,—namely, self-government through their freely chosen representatives.

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. III.—THE SONG OF MARCH.

Coem hearkaune toe mee, loteby toe ye,
Chaunte ye songes of moine pleasaunte famyle:
Moun bee youre fennes whil garnishe oure gle,
Mirthlesse meat benizon fyttefullie.
Johannes: Prior of Broomwicham.

1.

Hark! Hark!—A crash is in the woods;
The gnarled oak bends like mountain-larch:
Who shakes the forest—whips the floods,
Like March, mad March?
I slid down the storm from the drifting cloud,
To frolic awhile in your mansions proud.
While the usurer dreameth of thieves, in affright,
I will rattle his casements, and blow out his light.
I will hurl on the head of the learned owl,
While he studies the stars, the huge chimney cowl;
It shall cut his nose, and black his eye,
To test his sublime philosophy.
Thence, where hard Asthma hacks and houghs,
With purple face and vital sloughs,
Against the windows I'll batter the rain,
And thrust the thick smoke down the flue again.
And just ere your dinner 'neath the covers is put,
I will dredge it deftly with ashes and soot;
I will rend the furled sails as I ride on the blast,
Singing hurricane tones
Through the navy;
And I'll fling the bold mariner down from the mast,
To Davy,
For gravy
To his marrow bones!
I will bleach for the laundress, and blacken her starch,
Such a whimsical fellow is roaring mad March.

X.

Look! Look!—Amidst yon Ocean's strife,
Fear's fever brave men's lips doth parch;
Shall mourning mother—widow'd wife,
Curse March, mad March!
I am not to be bounded, nor curbed in my glee,
By the phantom of human sympathy.
I will search round your jaws for the carious teeth,
And fiddle away on the fibres beneath.
I will blast the old miller, and ruffle his dam,
And strip off his mill-top like the bladder from jam.
The dishclout dank from a beggar's mail,
I will o'er Patrician 'scutcheon trail;
While crieth priest, "Lord! I have drouth,"
I'll whiff a cobweb in his mouth,
Wherever I find that a nervous heart beats,
I will fashion the curtains like winding-sheets.
While the grey sexton dreameth he hears his death knell,
I will sweep out his mattock, and toll the church-bell;
I will shake down the mansion, the trees will uproot,
Decree'd, and confest
Yours eternal.
Then, Sir, how will you pay for the Chancery suit?
Infernal
Hard kernal
For man to digest!
I will droll with the gloomy, and growl at the arch,
Such a whimsical fellow is roaring mad March.

J. A. O.

THE HUNGER-FIEND.

[The subjoined Poem is written by one of those nameless, humble bards, whom it has been our delight to honour; and whose effusions wont to be in a gayer strain. In publishing the Poem without the few private lines addressed to us, we feel that its object would be less distinctly brought out: we, therefore, take the liberty to prefix them. The locality of the author is not any of those places in which distress has been made prominent by inquiry; but it is one in which, as in the whole country, "distress," in the words of the Tory Member for Leeds, "is fearfully on the increase."]

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

Sir,—The chant of the Hunger-fiend is somewhat wild, but too true—a *Webster* cannot speak with patience a the subject: I would fain raise one cry amid the general voice, through your Magazine. I have been working this winter *for less than a shilling a-day*—many thousands are worse; but still *I* should know something of the Hunger-fiend.—I am, Sir, with all respect, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS * * * * * * *alias* TAM WABSTER.

I am the Hunger-fiend,
Who hath not heard of me?
My home, my native hell,
Is the Island of the free;
For I am not of heaven,
Nor do I owe my birth
To devils, but to men:—
The honoured of the earth
Begat the Hunger-fiend.

And they have nursed me well,
Those noble sires of mine,
With flesh of living men:
Ho! Death, the bones are thine,
When in their sunken cheeks
I've writ my horrid name,
Go give them to the earth,
We play a deadly game—
Thou follow'st the Hunger-fiend.

The land of trade is mine,
Where thousands feel my pangs,
Where many an honest heart
Is poisoned with my fangs,
And many a noble soul
Defiled in ravenous clay:—
Though the church hath lordly priests
For the hunger-doomed to pray,
They pray for the Hunger-fiend.

The famished City cries
To the hunger-breathing air,
The while her idle hands
Are clasped in despair:
Saith Hope—"She yet may ply
Her countless iron wheels;
The earth hath store of grain,
And she, a thousand keels:"
"Ha, ha!" quoth the Hunger-fiend.

"'Tis there the mother weeps
For the babe that's yet unborn;
While the weary father sleeps,
But I wake him at the morn.
Ah, he can sleep no more,
The hunger-wail he hears,
And his swelling heart is full
Of desperate thoughts and fears:—
Am I not the Hunger-fiend?"

"Britannia rejoice
In thy loyal sons of toil,
Who eat no alien bread
For love of thy poor soil;
Thou shalt have soldiers yet,
And men to man thy fleets,
And felons for thy jails,
And maidens for thy streets,—
While I am thy Hunger-fiend.

"All hail, thou Island Queen,
In thy people's love rejoice,
In thy army's proud array,
In thy navy's thunder voice:—
Why shock the royal ear
With the curses of my prey,
Why mar the festival,
Pour out the wine!—hurrah!
For the terrible Hunger-fiend."

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAPTER I.

"Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth!"—*Shakspeare.*

EVERY social epoch has its distinctive vices, just as epidemics prevail at different seasons and in sundry localities. As surely as the canals of Batavia, the jungles of Sierra-Leone, or the Campagna of Rome, generate malaria and disease, is the infancy of a nation, "ere human statutes purge the general weal," distorted by the convulsions of

bloodshed and rapine; while, in the national corruption succeeding the over-ripeness of civilisation, are engendered the colder-blooded crimes of treachery and fraud. According to a genealogical tree, not recorded in the Herald's Office, the prodigal and the wanton are parents of the swindler, the forger, the usurer. Though the knife of the guillotine and bolt of the gallows be of iron, the main-spring influencing their action is formed of a more precious metal.

The first fifteen years of the present century constituted a stirring epoch. The swell of the waters of strife, after the recent revolutionary storm, had not yet subsided; and the gallant vessels of the various States of Europe were still in peril of a shock. On all sides resounded the ha, ha! of the trumpet, and the neighing of the war-horse. A sword was in every hand, and angry passions contended in every breast.

At such periods, the minds of men wax fierce and reckless. The coveter of other men's goods hardens into the highway robber; the coveter of other men's lives attacks by open violence rather than by poison or stealth; "I dare not," no longer "waits upon I would." The social body is in a state of terrible excitement. Its very virtues are ferocious;—what can be expected of its vices?

Yet the unnatural calm that *succeeds* to this enthusiasm of atrocity, the inglorious sloth of national soul and body arising from prolonged peace and prosperity, has results almost equally pernicious. As the glaring summer heats bring forth the noisome insect or fatal reptile race, a brood of despicable vices and grovelling crimes is hatched into existence by the sunshine of aimless prosperity. As in the becalming of the ocean so powerfully described by Coleridge,

> Slimy things do crawl with legs,
> Upon the slimy sea.

Even "creeping things" acquire force, when "innumerable;" and by the time the swords of legions of disbanded mercenaries have been converted into the implements of the housebreaker and pickpocket, and the gold-shed of luxury has exercised as hardening an influence over the human heart as the blood-shed of a more turbulent period, we begin almost to regret the times when perpetual terror of body begat a more immediate terror of peril to the soul.

While the ascendancy of Napoleon diffused throughout Europe a panic rivalling the Reign of Terror created by Robespierre in France, the generous affections remained in play, to controvert the frenzy of national virulence and party hatred. Most people had some near and dear connexion involved in the dangers of the war; and even the frivolous classes blushed to surrender themselves to the mere vanities of life, when the next courier might bring tidings of the sacrifice of thousands of human beings, or of the one individual dearer than all. The service of plate, the gaudy equipage, the diamond coronet, forfeited a portion of their value. A death's-head was at every banquet,—a *memento mori* at every ball,—a premonitory knell in every ear!

But the moment these anxieties abated, and Grim-visag'd war did smooth his wrinkled front, what tenfold requital did the worldlings yield themselves for previous self-denial!—What an uproar of rejoicing, what prodigality of pleasure, what cost, what splendour, what riot, what intemperance, celebrated the ratification of peace! England thought no further of her legions of dead, her millions wasted; and not content with hanging up her conquered banners in triumph, or chanting her *Te Deums* with grateful solemnity, suffered her anthems to be overpowered by a Bacchanalian roar, and the senseless giggle of fashionable levity.

Intoxicated by the brilliancy of a congress of kings in their capital, the English hurried to the Continent to keep up their fever of excitement. From that moment, the manners of the day acquired a looser tone, a more Epicurean luxury. London grew ashamed of its homeliness, and began to affect airs of *virtù* and graces of *savoir vivre*. New customs were introduced, and splendid enervation prevailed. To that epoch, may be retraced the ruin of many a princely fortune. Not only were millions left behind by our migrant aristocracy in foreign capitals, or the gaming-tables of Paris, Spa, or Baden; but, on their return to England, their residences, whether in London or the provinces, afforded disgraceful evidence of the new dis-order of things. Foreign servants abounded in every noble household; foreign tradesmen were established in every street. Everything worn, eaten, said, or done, was *à la* this, or *à la* that; and money rose proportionately in value, and timber fell. Unlike the ancient retainers or hereditary purveyors of graver times, these strangers came like locusts into the land, to plunder, devour, and take flight again; and thenceforward multiplied advertisements of family estates to be sold, family mansions to be let, and "MONEY TO BE ADVANCED TO NOBLEMEN OR GENTLEMEN" on the most disinterested terms, attested the progress we were making in national refinement.

Among the latter, and singularly familiar to the young spendthrifts of the universities and the Guards, were the manifestoes of a certain A. O., to whom reference was to be made by letter, addressed to the Hungerford Coffee-house. There was a tone of respectability in the phrasing of these advertisements. They had the air of proceeding from some gentleman with a large floating capital, and a great faith in government securities, anxious to obtain good interest and a safe investment for his money,—perhaps for the benefit of a deserving wife and numerous family. People reduced for the first time to the shame of borrowing, said to themselves "A. O. is my man!" There was far less humiliation in addressing a letter to the Hungerford Coffee-house, than in being seen entering the doors of notorious money-brokers in Cork Street or Pall Mall.

But it was observed that no man *after* a similar application, was ever known to refer his friend to the same source of relief. No one talked about A. O.,—no one admitted that he had any cognizance of this mysterious personage. Or if, in an orgie of thoughtless boys about to repair to the gambling-table, or confessing the ill-luck of the previous night and its results, some novice suggested

well advertised name of A. O., every one present appeared anxious to change the conversation. Each had instantly some pet usurer to recommend. Still, not a soul was positively heard to say, "*Beware* of A. O.!" A charm seemed attached to the name, so averse were even the most hardened thirsters after the pocket's blood to pronounce those direful initials. However prompt to revile the originators of all other advertisements of a similar description, as legitimate descendants of Barabbas, no one whispered a syllable against A. O. Discriminating persons may, perhaps, infer from this, that most of these cautious friends were in his power!

At a dinner at the Guard's Club in St. James's Street, early in the autumn of 1822, it was observed that, discussions having arisen concerning recent losses at play, at Graham's renowned Temple of Chance, where, at that moment, fortunes were winning and losing with fearful rapidity, the countenance of a young officer, who had hitherto listened to such allusions with perfect unconcern, became singularly agitated. It was noticed with the more surprise, because Basil Annesley never entered the doors of Graham's, and bore no relationship to any one of the parties whose affairs were thus freely canvassed.

"Four thousand on Thursday night, and three thousand last week!" observed Colonel Loftus.—"Poor Sir Grinsel! I'm afraid 'tis all up with him! He told me himself he had raised twelve thousand last month; and that he had not a resource left,—mortgaged to the last guinea,—every stick on his Irish estates gone!—Poor Sir Grinsel!"—

"He has latterly had recourse to A. O.," added Captain Blencowe, in a grave under tone; "so one can understand the sort of straits to which he must be reduced."

"A. O.?—Why surely that is the person to whom my uncle, the Duke of Rochester, is said to owe thirty thousand pounds?"—cried a youngster who had lately joined, and was fond of citing his "uncle the duke," (a weakness of course hoaxed out of him before he had been six months in the regiment.)

"Ay, and out of whose clutches half the fellows you meet every day in St. James's Street would be right glad to extricate themselves," retorted Captain Blencowe. "A. O. is the last resource of ruined men;—the executioner who gives the *coup de grâce*."

"What the deuce do you mean by the *coup de grâce*?"—demanded the lad so proud of being nephew to a duke.

"The *coup de grâce*, is the stroke given to a victim on the wheel, to put him out of his pain," replied a grey matter-of-fact old colonel, who officiated as dry-nurse to the subalterns.

"I meant that A. O. was the blackguard who aims the first blow at ruined men; the sort of fellow to fling a stone at a drowning dog, scarcely able to keep his head above water."

"It was he, I fancy, who arrested Eggerstone," observed Colonel Loftus.

"And it was a writ obtained by A. O. that drove Frederick Lumley to Brussels," rejoined Captain Blencowe. "A man must in short have exhausted all other resources, to have recourse to him. However, it must be added that he is unfailing at a pinch. The brute is always flush of cash; and, if one chooses to rush into the jaws of a shark with one's eyes open, one is more to blame than the creature that follows its instincts by closing them upon one. I once borrowed money of A. O. I had tried every other quarter.—A minor with only personal security to offer, the case seemed hopeless.—However, the cormorant was tempted by thirty per cent., and the attestation of my honest countenance and promissory note; and to my dying day, never shall I forget the joy with which I found myself redeemed from the thraldom of the debt, within the year, by the generosity of an old aunt, who was good enough to die for the purpose."

"Within a year, what had you to fear from him?"

"Nothing to *fear*,—much to *endure!* I had made the interest of that accursed five hundred pounds, payable monthly, out of the allowance which my skin-flint of a Scotch guardian doled out to me in the same manner. Every third of the month was I visited by a hateful night-mare, in the shape of A. O.—I think I see the door of my room opening to admit him!—"

"But why not make it payable at your banker's or agent's?"

"He conditioned that it should be paid from hand to hand. I suspect, he chose to have an eye upon the morals and health of his debtor; for one day, when he made his appearance as usual, and the effects of a gin-punch party at Limmer's the previous night, were only too visible in my face, I remember his fixing his keen eyes *into* me, like the talons of a bird of prey, and inquiring the nature of the disorder that made me so ghastly:—just as a ghoul might be supposed to investigate the state of the corpse upon which it was about to make its loathsome repast."

"Fine him,—fine him!—Upon my soul, Blencowe, you are too bad!"—cried several voices.

"You positively make me sick, with your ghoul and your A. O.!" added the Duke of Rochester's nephew.

"He did *me!*" retorted the captain earnestly; "the very recollection sickens me now.—Loftus! the claret,—something too much of this!"—and the wine was passed round, and the table soon resumed its tone of wonted hilarity.

All this time, Basil Annesley had been peeling his walnuts as assiduously as though they were destined for some fair neighbour at a dinner party, instead of for his listless self. In point of fact, he knew not that he had so much as a walnut on his plate. Throughout the discussion, he had been all ear; and chose an occupation enabling him to listen with his face depressed, so as to conceal his deep interest in the matter.

But the very means he took to disguise his emotion, caused it to be noticed.—Basil Annesley was one of those open-spirited fellows, who confront the observation of society, with an ever frank and fearless countenance; and to find his forehead, usually held so high, thus pertinaciously incumbent, and his voice usually so free in discussion, thus perseveringly silent, excited surmises in the mind of

Loftus, who sat opposite to him, as well as in the grey-headed colonel.

"What is the meaning of all this? Has poor Annesley been playing?" was the secret conjecture of both. "Another victim to *écarte* or hazard!—Another victim for the remorseless claws of A. O!"

Yet Annesley had never been noticed to enter a gambling house. The play of fashionable London was not then concentrated into so decided a focus, as it has since become. But in a community so small as that to which Basil was attached, a man addicted to any grosser vice, is soon convicted; and he had hitherto passed for a lady's man,—an Almacks' pet,—rather than for a fellow likely to be carried away by the dissipations of *roué* life.

It was only a year, since Basil Annesley had joined the Guards. On quitting Harrow, he had completed his education at a foreign university; and soon afterwards, as the son of the late Sir Bernard Annesley, one of the bravest victims of the Peninsular war, had obtained a commission from the generous patronage of the royal Commander-in-chief. Of the state of his fortunes, little was authentically known. From the period of the General's death, his mother had resided in retirement. No one knew whether she were rich or poor. Basil never mentioned her name. It was concluded that he spent the periods of his leave of absence from his regiment, with Lady Annesley; but on his return, he made no allusion to the visit. His habits of life, induced the inference that his allowance was less than liberal; but though lively and open on indifferent subjects, Basil was too reserved concerning his family affairs, and too self-possessed in his good-breeding, for his brother officers to hazard offending him by betraying impertinent curiosity.

Still, the grey-headed colonel, known in the regiment by the name of old Carrington and the character of an officious bore, meditated on the present occasion some investigation of the origin of the young ensign's embarrassment; when, just as he was turning towards him for a reintroduction of the subject of A. O., Basil Annesley throwing his napkin on the back of his chair, rose and hurried out of the room,

Now old Carrington was gouty; and the active movements of a lad of twenty, soon distanced those of a man, who to twenty added five and twenty years more, many of them years of active service; so that before the Waterloo colonel was able to crook his finger round the button of his ensign, Basil had cast his eyes over the advertisements of the *Morning Post*, and ascertained to a letter the address of the money-lender to whom Wilberton's uncle, the Duke of Rochester, was said to owe thirty thousand pounds.

In another half hour, he had not only reached his lodgings, but finished and sealed his letter to A. O.—Instead of placing it upon the chimney-piece, however, to attract the notice of his servant, as was his custom with those destined for the twopenny post, Basil Annesley not only left it upon the table, but placed the blotting-book in which he had been writing, over it, like a tombstone, as if—"look on't again, he dare not!"

A letter entreating a personal interview with a money-lender!—an abject letter from *him*, the proud-spirited son of a proud-hearted mother! What would that mother think of him, could she suppose that, disregarding her solemn charges, her affectionate adjurations, he had within so short a time of entering the army, involved himself in debt to a degree requiring the intervention of an usurer! Poor Basil threw himself at full length on the sofa of his chamber, with his hands clasped over his head, and his eyes fixed vacantly upon a staring print of the Hetman's daughter, which in a gaudy frame graced the opposite wall, as likenesses of Cerito or Duvernay embellish the bachelor lodgings of the present day; revolving within himself, with desperate self-recrimination, all that had passed between him and Lady Annesley on the chapter of finance, at their last interview.

It was impossible to conceive a greater contrast, than between the noisy and public life he was leading in town, and the monotonous seclusion of Barlingham Grange. Situated within a mile of the New Forest, the ancient mansion inhabited by the widow of Sir Bernard Annesley resembled rather a moated farm-house than the cottages of gentility to which widows of moderate means are apt to retire to meet the exigencies of a small establishment. Concealed within the intricacies of a wooded country, attainable only by a detestable cross-road or rather cross-lane cutting across the Forest from Lyndhurst, Barlingham Grange, or as it was abbreviated by the cottagers in the neighbourhood, the Grange, was cut off from all communication with the active world; and Lady Annesley was so cold in her deportment, and so wedded to the solitude in which she had resolutely ensconced herself, that, but for the affectionate fervour of Basil's nature, it must have appeared a penance to him rather than a schoolboy's holiday, to journey twice a year from Harrow into Hampshire, and return thither for a couple of months, between the period of his quitting Heidelberg, and entering the army.

Accustomed, however, to ascribe the melancholy reserve of his surviving parent to affliction for the loss of his father, Basil respected her austere melancholy; and though in his boyhood there had been moments when, weary of flinging stones into the old moat to startle the dab-chicks from the reeds, and of contemplating the dilapidated pointed gables of the old red-brick mansion, he had almost wished he might not again set eyes on Barlingham,—he never returned thither to be folded with momentary warmth to the heart of his grave mother and submit anew to the cross-questioning of her venerable maid Dorcas, and the maundering of the old gardener, the only male domestic of that primitive establishment, without feeling that, after all, home was home,—a mother, a mother; although the former exhibited the uttermost stagnation of earthly dulness, and the latter a reserve according better with the measured affections of more distant relationship.

But Lady Annesley was no longer young. Though still exhibiting traces of beauty of the highest order, she had long passed her fiftieth year, and those eager demonstrations of maternal affection, which burst from the hearts of younger mo

these, were not to be expected of a widowed matron, in whom a life of utter solitude confirmed the tendencies which had led to its adoption. Nor was Basil an only son. She had a daughter, twelve years elder than himself; a daughter who, having married young and settled in the North, was now the mother of a numerous family of her own; and as, from the period of her marriage Lady Annesley and Mrs. Vernon had been never known to meet, it might be inferred that the maternal sensibilities of Sir Bernard's widow were of no very vivid nature. She had evidently never recovered the shock of his untimely death.

Still, in spite of appearances, Basil thought otherwise. Undemonstrative as she was, there were moments when he had detected his mother's eyes suffused with tears when fixed, as if furtively, upon his face. On one occasion, when she had taken leave of him with her usual serenity on his departure for Harrow, having been compelled to return a quarter of an hour afterwards in search of a letter addressed to Dr. Butler which he had left behind, he found her, on reëntering her cheerless sitting-room, with her face buried in the cushions of her sofa, sobbing as if her heart would break. Yet when aware of his presence, as if irritated that he should have been a witness of her grief, she only chided his carelessness, and did not renew her parting caress.

He could scarcely remember his sister. She had been brought up by her father's family. Basil was only seven years old at the period of her marriage; and whenever, in earlier life, he expressed to his mother a wish to see Helena again, Lady Annesley replied, that they were not likely to meet, Mr. Vernon being an odd man; an equivocal phrase, implying little or much, according to the acceptation of the hearer. Basil had taken it for granted that his brother-in-law was a brute, who, on account of his sister's want of fortune, tyrannised over her, and kept her apart from her family. But as Mrs. Vernon, during their two or three interviews, had not deigned to bestow on him a single sisterly caress, he felt little indignation in her behalf; and had in fact almost ceased to recall to mind the existence of this estranged relative.

"It is really disgraceful that Helena should exhibit such unnatural indifference!" he once observed to his mother. "The result of bringing up a child under another's roof! Barlingham was never her home, and she has forgotten that it is that of her mother and brother."

A hectic flush tinged Lady Annesley's pale cheek at the observation, and Basil instantly repented his words; for he had now begun to surmise that the strict seclusion in which they lived, and the adoption of his elder sister by his uncle, had a common origin—in the straitened means of his mother. It was strange indeed, that Admiral Annesley should not have selected, as the object of his favour, the son rather than the daughter of his deceased brother. But this might be easily accounted for. At the period of Sir Bernard's death, Basil was of an age to require the affectionate services of a mother; while Helena was nearly sixteen, her education completed. Moreover he flattered himself that Lady Annesley's partiality for her boy was not without its influence in the selection.

A portion of Basil's uncertainties concerning his mother, however, were now at an end. During his sojourn at Heidelberg, his own developed intelligence enabled him to detect, even in her grave and earnest letters, a tone of strong maternal affection, subdued as if by an effort of resolution; and on meeting her again, upon his return from Germany, his strengthened character and greater self-possession, gave him courage to indulge in such demonstrations of grateful filial tenderness as served in some measure to thaw the icy self-restraint of the widow. If she had not treated him more fondly during the two months he had spent at Barlingham, she had treated him more openly. She had avowed to him that she was not on friendly terms with his father's family,—not even on friendly terms with her daughter.—

"It matters not with whom the fault," said she, in answer to Basil's eager interrogatories. "Suffice it that the Annesley family include the son so dear to me in their displeasure against myself, and are consequently little likely to make overtures of kindness towards you. Oblige me, therefore, dearest Basil, by abstaining from all further reference to the subject."

On another point, she had been equally candid. She informed him that she was poor,—very poor; that her income of eight hundred a-year, derived in a great measure from her pension as the widow of a general officer, would only enable her to make him an allowance of three; that the little she could lay aside, was forming a fund for his future promotion; and that necessity, as well as choice, had induced her to make a hermitage of her retreat.

"All my desire, all my ambition, dearest Basil," said she, "is your advancement in life. My fate has been a sad one. I was wedded against my inclinations. Your father's family caballed against me while he lived, and cast me off at his death; yet circumstances forbad me to refuse their offer of adopting Helen, for whom, indeed,—but no matter!—— My happiness has been in *you*, Basil; my consolation in *you*. For *you* have I lived; for *you* I hope, and am happy. Deficient as you may have sometimes fancied me in tenderness, so dear have you ever been to me, that, had I lost you, I would not, I *could* not have survived! In your wellbeing, my very existence is bound up. Become what I expect of you,—a man,—a man of honour,—a prudent man, endowed with the esteem of society,—and my old age may perhaps still enjoy the peace and honour denied to my youth. But falter in the path,—disgrace yourself,—and I shall become a widow indeed!"

A warm embrace sealed the compact between them, which Basil long promised himself to hold sacred; and again and again, previous to his embarkation in London life, had poor Lady Annesley dwelt solemnly upon the fact that, possessing only a life income, should he involve himself in debt, she would be unable to afford him relief.

"Think," she had said to him at parting, "think, dearest Basil, what would be the distress, the despair, of this tranquil little household, over which

the quiet years have been rolling away unfelt, should any mischance befall you! Govern your conduct, my dear son, by the conviction, that disgrace to you would convey death to your mother!"

And after all this, with the impression still strong on his mind of the noble dignity of that mild woman, and the strong motherly love mysteriously concealed under her solemn deportment, he had done evil,—he was in debt,—he had already referred himself for relief to the interposition of A. O., THE MONEY-LENDER!—

CHAPTER II.

"Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?"—*Shakspeare.*

LONG and tedious did the hours appear to Basil Annesley, which served on the morrow to convey his post-paid letter to the Hungerford Coffee-house, and bring back a reply from the individual so bitterly contemned by his Club.

Three times in the course of the day, did he return home to his lodgings, in hopes the post might have brought an answer which, he trusted, would afford a first step of extrication from the difficulties in which he had wantonly involved himself. Still he was disappointed. On his table were divers notes and letters;—some of invitation;—some endited with the clerkly precision announcing, only too painfully to the conscious debtor, strong hints that his earliest convenience must convey a settlement to some expectant creditor:—but not a syllable from A. O.!—

In the evening, he had an engagement. One of his brother officers had exacted a promise that he would accompany him to a private box at Covent Garden, as the escort of his mother and sisters; and, just as, full-dressed, but with his spirits in complete dishabille, he was quitting his lodgings to repair to Lady Maitland's box, the double rap of the last evening post, caused the door of his small dwelling to vibrate, and Basil to recoil a step or two in the passage, while his servant offered the ignominious twopence in exchange for a shabby-looking missive, which was to convey tidings of life or death to the delinquent.

The interview was accorded. "The following day, at noon;"—the place, obscure and strange enough, a Street in St. Agnes le Clare, Old Street Road. Basil, however, was as much enchanted as though the rendezvous were assigned, by some fair handwriting, in the heart of May Fair; and he proceeded in towering spirits to keep his appointment with the Maitlands.

As he walked towards Arlington Street, where he was to join the party, there rose before his mind's eye a vision which, for some days past, he had sedulously banished; a vision of the low-browed sitting room at the Grange, with its deeply embayed Elizabethan windows and spacious projecting chimney; its antique furniture and grave aspect; with the figure of his stern mother in her customary weeds of solemn black, seated in her high-backed ebony chair, with her hands folded upon her knee, again disappointed of the letter from her son, which Dorcas had entered the room to inform her was not brought back by the little messenger despatched for the twentieth time to Lyndhurst for the purpose of daily inquiry.

"If I can arrange matters to-morrow, with this fellow," thought Basil, as he hastened lightsomely along, "I will write to-morrow to my poor mother. For the last three weeks, I have not dared take up my pen for any ordinary purpose of communication; lest all should end in my being forced to reveal to her the desperate situation in which I have placed myself!—My poor mother!—Even now I dare not think of it!—What treachery!—what infatuation! So self-denying as her life,—so watchful as her maternal vigilance has been, to be thus rewarded! Oh! if I can only prevail upon this damnable A. O. to accept the interest and personal security he took from Blencowe, I might, in the course of the next eighteen months, pay off both debt and interest, and dare once more to look her in the face!"

That night, on their return from the play, Lucy Maitland noticed to her sister and brother that she had never seen Mr. Annesley in such spirits.

"You have often told me your friend could be pleasant enough if he liked," said she, addressing John Maitland; "to-night he was really most agreeable."

"Admit also that his gaiety was well-timed!" observed her elder sister. "Because Miss O'Neill had reduced the whole house to silence and tears, Mr. Annesley scarcely left us a minute's respite from his pleasant anecdotes."——

"Annesley had too much respect for the fashionability of *my* sisters, to fancy they went to the theatre for the sake of anything to be seen there," replied John Maitland, coolly. "He concluded, as I did, that your object was to enjoy our society, in a closer and more incommodious place than your own drawing-room; and rewarded you for submitting to such very hard seats and so stifling an atmosphere, by talking all the nonsense in his power."

So little impression, meanwhile, had the amusements of the evening made upon Basil, that his first impulse, on returning home, was to take from his pocket the unsightly letter of A. O., in order to ascertain, with greater accuracy, the name of the street to which he was to repair on the morrow. He searched first in one waistcoat-pocket, then in the other, and finally in those of his coat and great-coat, and all with the same infructuous result! In his impatience, he flung down on the table his handkerchief and gloves, his opera-glass, and a small gold pencil-case he carried in his waistcoat-pocket. But this eagerness did not enable him to recover the lost treasure: not a vestige of his letter!

Though certain of having received it in the hall, and thrust it into his pocket preparatory to leaving the house, he now, in the perplexity of vexation, began to open his desk and dressing-box, in the hope of finding it there; though aware that he had not returned into his sitting-room after the arrival of the post. Still, the result was the same; and he was forced to end with the conclusion which had first presented itself, that his pocket had been picked in coming out of the theatre; and this document, valueless to any but himself, been mistaken for higher game.

How irritating!—This trivial occurrence might be the means of deferring the promised interview for four-and-twenty hours! Nay, A. O. might, perhaps, fancy himself hoaxed by a second application; or, at all events, resent having his time thrown away by waiting at home for one who had no scruple in disappointing him, and refuse a second rendezvous!—He had been told, only too often, that A. O. was not a person to be trifled with!—

He began, accordingly, to ransack his brain for reminiscences of the address contained in the letter. St. Agnes le Clare, Old Street Road, he perfectly remembered, for there was a novelish sound in the first name, a something of Miss Owenson or Mrs. Opie, singularly discordant with the second: and, by a memoria-technical process, the impression remained with him. But what was the name of the street. It was that of some noble family. It was not Howard, or Percy, or Paget. It was something connected with Wiltshire; he remembered it had brought Wiltshire into his mind; he would examine the Court Guide, and see whether any streets in the neighbourhood of Old Street Road, appeared to bear reference to Wiltshire.

But alas! the Court Guide disdained all mention of St. Agnes le Clare!—The Court Guide rejected A. O. and all his parish; and poor Basil was launched once more upon his sea of troubles.

Of one thing he was certain. The interview was appointed at noon the following day; and the latest effort of his determination before he committed his head to a restless pillow, was to repair to Old Street Road, at an early hour next morning, and try whether, by exploring the neighbourhood, he might not accidentally touch the silent chord of memory.

It is not, however, a pleasant thing for a denizen of the West End, to arise from a warm bed at nine o'clock on a misty November morning, and after seeing the opposite shops opened by yawning shop-boys or damsels in curl-papers, and swallowing a hasty comfortless breakfast, for which the baker has not brought the rolls, or the newspaper boy the *Morning Post*, jumble off in a hackney coach towards the far East, to be deposited, in a degree of bewilderment worthy of Robinson Crusoe, upon the pavement of Finsbury. It was the first time Basil Annesley had visited that *terra incognita*. He had been quartered in the Tower, but knew nothing of the wilds of Moorgate; and, being far from a dressy man, and on the present occasion attired with especial plainness, could not conceive it possible that the stare bestowed upon him by the aborigines, proceeded from the striking difference between the cut of his great-coat and that of the tailors of the Barbican. He fancied that the curiosity he excited must be of the same mysterious nature as that which fixed *his* eager gaze upon the corner of every street, in succession, in the hope of stumbling upon the auspicious dwelling-place of A. O.

It was now only ten o'clock; but in that commercial neighbourhood, the world was in full activity. People were going their ways and executing their business, as if it were a matter of no possible moment that the sun entertained no intention of looking out upon their proceedings. The shop windows were dim with fog. The passers by trudged along with their chilly hands thrust into their pockets, their eyes riveted on the cheerless pavement, their noses red with cold, and their faces screwed into a grimace, symbolical of the uncheeriness of the weather. The streets were defiled by a thick coating of black greasy mud; and the skies and atmosphere seemed composed of a dilution of the same uninviting material. Poor Basil's spirits were becoming depressed to the temperature of the day, and the complexion of the objects around him.

"I fancy I may as well give it up!" muttered he, shrugging his shoulders, after peeping into a variety of streets, whose names brought back no token to his mind. "How I could be such an ass as to trifle with a document of so much importance, is inconceivable. Had it been one of Esther's letters I should have hurried back to my room, and locked it in my desk before I went out!"

At that moment, as he was raising his eyes to Heaven in token of wonderment at his own inadvertency, they lighted upon a name at the turn of the next crossing, which brought an instantaneous flush of colour to his cheeks: "PAULET STREET!" Wiltshire for ever!—He had found it!

But no! on examination, the thing was impossible. The street into which he now eagerly hastened his steps, could not be the abode of such a man as the renowned and redoubted A. O.! It was one of those wretched outlets abounding in the various suburbs of London, yet scarcely worthy to occupy the valuable territory of metropolitan earth; a street, of which the first house or two aspires to three stories, the following ones to two, while the others are of the anomalous kind, whereof the roofs maintain a condescending level with the hats of passengers.

This long looked-for Paulet Street, consisted of houses, of regular one-windowed frontage, and miserable aspect; the street door nearly as large as the house, and the parlour window closely adjoining it, and partially screened by a ragged and discoloured muslin blind, containing square patches of paper; in some instances announcing "Lodgings for single men," in others, "manglin done here;" or, "wanted a child to dry-nurse," or, "lighorn bonets cleaned inquire wethin." In more than one window stood a dead geranium, with its earthen pot standing in a cracked plate, which the hard-working inmate of the house had found no leisure to notice or remove; in one, a bird-cage, not remorselessly exposed, however, to the inclemency of the day; for it contained no bird. The canary, its former inmate, had long been starved to death; and the cage was placed on the window ledge to be out of the way.

In such neighbourhoods, woman appears to be a more than usually fruitful vine.—Children abound in the street, perhaps because, like the bird-cage, put out of doors to make more room within; and on many a door-step, sat the dirty ragged sister of twelve years old, officiating as nurse to the dirty ragged infant of twelve months, whom she fondled, rather with the hope of deriving warmth for herself, than of conferring it on the squalling child.

Basil Annesley turned discomfited away. But

that he still felt convinced Paulet Street was the place, he would not have abided a moment in a spot so uninviting. In such a street, the cheer of a passing equipage is unknown: even carts appear to shun its broken pavement. The barrow of the cat's-meat man or the knife-grinder, supplies the only rumble of wheels familiar to those miserable flags! A butcher's boy with a tray, or a milk-woman with her pails, would be a pleasing incident in such a place; as inferring that the inhabitants had their turn of food and comfort. But alas! as if their time were not more valuable than the time of the rich and idle, *they* are compelled to go in search of those common articles of sustenance, duly brought to the area-gates of wealthy men. Even the more considerable streets adjoining Paulet Street, not wider indeed, but darker and dingier from the greater altitude of the houses, exhibited samples of trade indicative of the outscourings of civilisation: the old clothes' shop of Nathan the Jew; the shop of the dealer in marine stores, with its rusty iron and "broken flint glass," its wax-ends and other incongruous perquisites, pickings, and stealings,—the piece-shop with its harlequinade of shreds and patches,—the rag-shop with its black-doll suspended from a string before the door, bobbing grotesque curtseys in the wind,—the chandler's, with its wicker-basket of stale-eggs, its snuff, tobacco, brown sugar and rush-lights, commingled in unsavoury contact;—or the huckster's with its frost-bitten turnip tops, and sacks of potatoes,—that manna of modern starvation, exemplifying to the pauper-population of our times the virtue of the text, that "man shall not live by bread alone."

"I might have spared myself this fool's errand," murmured Basil to himself as, within a door or two of the junction of Paulet street with one displaying these grander adjuncts, he passed before the cracked door-step of a house, dirtier and more disconsolate looking, though larger than its neighbours; and so deficient either of ragged muslin curtain or notice of "manglin," or "cleanin,"—broken flower-pot or empty bird-cage,—that it had the air of being uninhabited; the mists upon its filthy windows superseding all necessity for curtains, if, indeed, aught within were calculated to attract the curious eye.

Just, however, as Basil threw a hasty glance upon the streaky pea-green door of No. 11, Paulet Street, it revolved slowly upon its hinges, and there issued forth an old man, spare and stooping, who, but for his decrepit gait, had probably been above the middle size. His hat was napless, his brown great-coat thread-bare, and the worsted gloves drawn over his bony hands so coarse and cumbrous, that, after fumbling for some time with his key in locking the house-door after him, he dropped it on the step instead of conveying it into his pocket. His fingers were probably benumbed with cold.

The key fell almost at the feet of Basil; who, perceiving that the poor old man was making sundry efforts to recover it, good-naturedly stooped and placed it in his hand. Unused probably to acts of courtesy, the old fellow made almost as hard an effort to look up into Basil's face with thanks, as he had previously done to reach forth his hand towards his key; and when the eyes of young Annesley and the squalid stranger *did* meet, the impression appeared to be mutually startling. For a moment they stood, their looks steadily fixed upon each other, as though

> They shared between themselves some separate fate,
> Whose darkness none beside might penetrate.

Even when a few mumbled words of thankfulness on one part, and civility on the other had passed between them, and they went their several ways, Basil, on turning back for a last view of the strange proprietor of that den of desolation, found that he too had paused by the way, and was gazing back wistfully upon himself.

It was a relief to return once more to the haunts of a gayer world. Never before had Bond Street appeared so brilliant to Annesley as when, having alighted in Oxford street from his hackney coach, he hurried back on foot to his lodgings. The prosperous, thriving, well-dressed population of the West End seemed to comfort his eyes. At Basil's age, it is natural to turn with joy from the spectacle of Lazarus with his sores, to the auspicious prosperity of the man clothed in purple and fine linen.

"No use to avow my carelessness. I will write as though for the first time, or as though his letter had not reached me," said he, as he prepared to commence a fresh negotiation with A. O.; and more anxious than ever were the moments that intervened before a second answer was vouchsafed to his application.

It seemed as though the disingenuousness of the Money-lender was to keep pace with his own! Again an appointment was made; but no mention of St. Agnes le Clare, not a syllable about Old Street Road! A. O. consented to see B. A. on the morrow,—but it was at No. — Greek Street, Soho; and this time, Basil kept a check on his infirmities of memory, by carefully depositing the memorandum in his desk.

The mercury of his elastic nature rose once more in the tube, under the influence of this slight encouragement.—It is amazing in what unsubstantial indications, the sanguine find grounds for hope!—As the powers of the microscope convert the green mould of some decaying object into verdant forests and bowers of bliss, the eye of youth discerns promise in the veering of a cloud, and its buoyant heart dances for joy at the broken strain of distant and unattainable music.

To contend, however, with the dreariness of a London November, requires, on the part of a mere lover of pleasure, the utmost efforts of a sanguine temperament. The Western world seems laid under an interdict; the social frame broke up:—no brilliant equipage, no laughing faces, no merry balls, no gaudy crowds, no gleaming windows lighted up for festivity, as he dashes along the streets at night. May Fair looks gloomy as if on the eve of a universal interment. The great mansions of the Squares are as closely shuttered as if legions of dead lay coffined within; and the winter aspect of our metropolis is as depopulated, as the summer ones of every other city in Europe. *We* prefer our woods when leafless, our gardens when

bereft of fruits and flowers; and repair from the country to town, just as the former is putting on her robe of beauty, and the latter becoming insupportable from heat and dust.

"How cursedly boring is all this!" said Captain Blencowe, shrugging his shoulders to Basil, whom, later in the day, he persuaded to take a turn with him in his cab in Hyde Park; where they found only a few venerable dowager-carriages, taking their daily airing, and looking like so many mourning coaches, washed with yellow.

"The air is mild this afternoon," replied Annesley, whose bosom's lord was sitting lightly on his throne, as if refreshed by the change of scene.

"*Air?*" reiterated Blencowe, with contempt,—"thank Heaven, I get my long leave next week, and shall make off to Melton. What is a man to do with himself in town at this time of year?"

"I seldom find my day hang heavy," replied Basil.

"Ay, ay,—*you* are new to it all; you will tell a different story when you have had as much of it as I have. I vow to God, I don't know a soul in London at this moment."

"There are the Maitlands, who—"

"The Maitlands!—two marrying girls and a double-marrying mother! By the way, Basil, *you* certainly *do* find occupation for your time! But you keep your own secret.—I suppose it is useless asking what takes you so often to the neighbourhood of South Audley Street? Well, well! I will say no more about it! I forgot that, at your age, such an inquiry is a leading question, to which your complexion has a prompt reply. Heigho! I wish South Audley or any other street, contained anything, or any lady, to palliate the accursed dulness of a London winter. The advertisements of the *Times* assure us every other evil is remediable; that there exist cures for the toothache and smoking chimneys; and patent rat traps, and bug-destroyers to His Majesty, are daily announced. If they would only tell one in what part of the metropolis antidotes are sold against *ennui!*"

"They *do!*" observed Basil, pointing laughingly to the vast playbills displayed in red and black variegation at the door of an oilman's shop they were at that moment passing in Piccadilly, on their way back to St. James's Street. But at that moment, the attention of his companion was attracted towards another object, a plain dark chariot, with the wheel of which their own was nearly locked by a concussion of coal-carts and stage-coaches opposite Hatchett's. Dexterous coachmanship alone emancipated them from the collision.

"A lucky escape!" cried Blencowe, as his noble horse, roused by the incident, started off towards St. James's Street. "It would have been no joke had I smashed *his* pannel."

"Whose pannel?"—

"Did you not see *who* was in that carriage?

"A grave old fellow, who looked like a physician. *Who* was it?"

"Neither more nor less than the renowned A. O.,—of whom we were talking the other day at the Club!—"

Basil Annesley started. He almost fancied this might be another of Blencowe's leading questions, addressed to his complexion.

"I feel when I see that man," said Blencowe, with an air of disgust too earnest to be assumed, "as if looking at a rattlesnake in a cage!—I always wonder *who* is to be the next victim! Even if asleep, one knows that the reptile's fangs are brewing their fatal venom, and that some human being may fall a sacrifice to their next mission."

Luckily for Basil, this terrible prognostication escaped him. He was reflecting upon the absurdity of having gone to seek for the proprietor of that plain but handsome equipage, in the squalid recesses of Paulet Street, St. Agnes le Clare!

The post of the following day brought him a letter from his mother. Lady Annesley appeared unusually depressed. There had been sickness in her household. The old gardener was on his deathbed. "You may have sometimes found Barlingham desolate enough," wrote the recluse; "but at this moment it is so thoroughly saddened, that I shall exonerate you, my dearest son, from your promised Christmas visit. I would not willingly expose your young heart to the sight of our sorrow, or the hazard of our sickness."

After perusing such a letter, Annesley thanked Heaven he had not followed up his momentary project of avowing his embarrassments to his mother; and set off, with redoubled eagerness, in pursuit of the Money-lender.

During his sojourn in London, he had probably traversed Greek Street, Soho, fifty times, without noting more than that it contained the usual double lines of tedious unmeaning brick-houses peculiar to English streets;—diversified only by varieties of Insurance plates,—the Phœnix, or the Sun-fire,—or exhibiting the interesting F. P., prating of the whereabout of their fire-plugs. But now, every house appeared instinct with meaning. Its glaziers' or grocers' shops, were not as the shops of other glaziers and grocers; and on arriving within a few doors of the number specified by A. O.'s communication, he began to count the houses, the earlier to familiarize himself with the "complement extern" of the Money-lender's habitation.

It was one of those square roomy mansions, which still announce that Soho was a fashionable quarter of the town, when the higher classes, taking sudden fright at the insalubrity of the banks of the river,—till the reign of the Second James their favourite residence,—migrated as far as possible from the influence of its miasma. But though spacious, the house in question was nearly as cheerless to look at as the den in Paulet Street. The windows of its vast frontage were closed by shutters, the paint of which was probably coeval with the edifice, if indeed its complexion could be conjectured through panes of glass so encrusted with the unmolested dust of years, that some winged seed might have taken root in the soil, had the well-trimmed parterres of the adjoining sooty Eden of Soho Square, produced specimens of vegetation so genuine as the thistle. The door, ill-fitted to its shrunken disjointed case, was of that dingy ochrous complexion, peculiar to the loungers of the Cheltenham promenades; and even the worn-out and broken cane-

blinds of the parlour were so closely surmounted by closed shutters, as to preclude all idea that the house was inhabited. It sounded hollow as the grave, when, in spite of appearances, Basil hazarded a modest knock and gentler ring!—

Promptly, however, as at some well-lacqueyed lordly mansion, the summons was answered. An old woman of crippled shape, and having a complexion many degrees darker than her tawny front and the dirty fly-cap that surmounted it, opened and held wide open the door, not as if awaiting his inquiries, but as though he were expected and had only to enter.—A glance at his feet, as hinting a hope that the door-scraper had not been overlooked, was all she vouchsafed him.

"In the back parlour," croaked her discordant voice, before he had recovered self-possession enough to ask a question; and he saw that he was to make his own way in this desolate temple of echoes. With his heart beating more irregularly than he would have cared to own to his friend Blencowe, Basil accordingly advanced along the wide but bare and dirty passage, and knocked at the second door, which was slightly ajar. No one replied;—and he accordingly pushed it open, and went in.

CHAPTER III.

"Let him who wants to know the value of money, try to borrow some."—*Popular Proverb.*

The chamber into which Basil had thus unceremoniously introduced himself, though empty, had all the appearance of having been recently occupied. Volumes of sulphurous yellow smoke ascended from a black mass of coals in the rusty grate, interspersed with damp shavings, in token that some effort at least had been made to ignite them; and an old-fashioned bureau standing open against the wall, exhibited files of papers, and one or two open letters, besides a compact phalanx of diminutive rouleaux, apparently of sterling value.

To these objects, however, after a cursory glance round the room, Basil paid not the slightest attention. Throwing himself into a roomy arm-chair, of which the horse-hair stuffing protruded at intervals through the well-worn black leather covering, and the channelled mahogany arms promised any thing but a pleasant lounge, he contemplated with listless gaze the old fashioned parlour, with its bare boards, whereof the knots stood prominent from the softer level of the wood worn down by much friction, even as the more obstinate defects of a human character become more remarkable when the weaker qualities have subsided under the pressure of years. The walls were of wainscot, diversified by heavy festoons of flowers and fruit, dividing the compartments, and indicating oaken pannelling. But the wood being concealed by an ignominious coating of paint which appeared to have been contending for nearly a century with that yellow London smoke, of which the adjoining fireplace furnished so satisfactory a specimen, the original richness of effect was lost.

The only object serving by way of decoration to that dingy wainscot, was a paper almanack, nailed up by tacks at the corners, beside the bureau. The only object adorning the floor, was a square of dis-coloured drugget, constituting a sort of dais that extended from the fireplace beyond the bureau;—a straw chair pushed back from which, had evidently been in recent use.—Such was the official residence of the redoubtable A. O.!—

For some minutes, young Annesley sat motionless, with eyes apparently intent upon the cheerless objects around him, but in reality labouring to resume his self-possession. At length he grew impatient, and started up; but instead of approaching the bureau, containing the only desultory objects of interest in the room, he took his stand mechanically on the drugget before the fireplace, as though the latter had emitted warmth, or the former, comfort. To approach a depository of written papers belonging to another, would have appeared criminal to a mind so honourable. Far better to bear the impatience or listlessness of *ennui*, than relieve the tediousness of the moment by a breach of confidence. At last, after exhibiting the ordinary symptoms of youthful petulance, venting a few ejaculations against the smoky fireplace, and tapping first with one foot, then with another, on the sonorous floor, ill covered with that thin and scanty drugget, he was about to fall with indignation upon the thin green cord serving as bell-rope, in order to summon the old woman in the dirty fly-cap, and ascertain why his dignity was thus trifled with; when, lo, just as he had placed his hand upon the string, a slight sound proceeding from the furthest corner induced him suddenly to turn round, and, standing there, as if emitted by the wainscot, he discerned the unknown proprietor of that dreary apartment! One of the carved panels probably concealed a door, through which he had, unobserved, effected his entrance.

Involuntarily, Basil advanced towards the newcomer, as though it were *his* business to do the honours of the place. But when within a few paces of his host, who stirred not a step to meet him, the young man stopped short,—startled out of all self-possession by a single glance at the figure that presented itself to his observation.

There was nothing, however, very remarkable in the person of A. O.—Though above the middle height, a certain ignoble character of form and gesture deprived him of the advantages usually inseparable from a commanding stature. His dress, if neither coarse nor rusty, was of an inferior cut; and though his dark eyes might have passed for intelligent in the head of any other man, there was a discrepancy between the blackness of their tint, enhanced by the profuse black eyelashes and eyebrows by which they were overhung, and the scanty grey curls almost approaching to white, that figured on either side a head, the crown of which was bare and lustrous. It was, in short, a face and figure, which, in squalid attire, with a beard and a slouched hat, would have passed muster among the itinerant dealers in old clothes, whose cries disturb the inhabitants of the West End, at an hour when none but Jews, fish-women, chickweed boys, scavengers' carts, and twopenny postmen, are astir in the slumberous streets of the more civilized quarters of the town.

It was not, however, the Israelitish type of the individual before him, which arrested the courtesies

of Basil Annesley. From the first, he had heard A. O. classed among "the Jews;" and expected nothing better than to find the outward man of the Money-lender accordant with that inward specification. His amazement arose solely from the discovery, that the decently attired and robust man before him, was no other than the threadbare and decrepit individual, whose key he had restored to him in Paulet Street, St. Agnes le Clare; though as different in form and seeming, as both the one and the other from the well-dressed gentleman in the brown chariot, pointed out to him by Captain Blencowe, in Piccadilly, as the great and influential A. O!

Startled and shocked by a transmutation so little short of magical, young Annesley became perplexed and incoherent in the exordium to which he now attempted to give utterance. He scarcely knew whether it would be better to announce or pass over his discovery. It was essential to him to propitiate the Money-lender. Was this desirable object likely to be accomplished by the detection and development of one of those strange mysteries, in which it seemed his pleasure to envelop his proceedings?

While Basil was still debating within himself this urgent point, the singular master of that singular house, keeping his eye fixed upon the intruder with the same scrutinizing interest which had marked their first encounter, relaxed the spasm of catalepsy into which his sudden apparition appeared to have startled his visiter, by advancing towards the bureau, abruptly turning round the straw-chair placed before it, and, while appropriating it to his own use, motioning to Basil to resume the great elbow-chair in which he had already ensconced himself. His first words decided the question which still agitated the mind of young Annesley.

"Unless I am mistaken, young man," said he, coolly, "we have met before!"

"And so recently, that I can scarcely account for my own uncertainty on the subject," was Annesley's frank rejoinder. "Yet there is so little analogy between—"

"Fine feathers make fine birds,—foul feathers foul ones," interrupted A. O. in the same hard but measured voice, looking down as he spoke upon the sleeve of a coat which, unless in a smoky back parlour in Soho, could scarcely have pretended to the designation of fine. "I had, however, little suspicion," he resumed, "that in the gay young gentleman who took compassion on the predicament of a bungling old man, the other morning, I beheld the identical B. A., an appointment with whom had enticed me, in inclement weather and to no purpose, to that remote quarter of the town."

"The distance was as inconvenient to me as to yourself," replied Annesley, recovering his self-possession under the influence of his discovery that the man before him was either an impostor or a mountebank. "It was *you*, Sir, who wrote to me, assigning another house than your own for our interview."

"I have houses in various quarters of the town," replied the Money-lender, unabashed by his retort; "in St. James's, to transact my business with spend-thrift lords, and lend my aid towards patching the ragged vesture of fools of quality; in Finsbury, for such as honour me by an appeal to my strong-box, but not with the disclosure of their names. It is my rule to place confidence only in those who show confidence in *me*."

"In addressing myself to one known to me only by the initials of A. O., I did not feel bound to disclose more than my own of B. A.," replied the young soldier, gravely.

"Mine are pretty universally known to express my real name, replied the Money-lender. "I am called Abednego Osalez. And now permit me to inquire your motive for repairing to so obscure and troublesome a quarter of the town for the despatch of business which your letter described as pressing, yet, after all, leaving it undone?"

"May I first inquire in my turn," replied Basil, encouraged rather than daunted by his *sang froid*, "why, after sending me on that occasion to the extremity of the city, you condescend, on my second application, conceived in precisely the same terms, to receive me here?"

"Perhaps," replied the Money-lender, evidently in good conceit with the client who had unwittingly obliged him under his garb of misery, "perhaps, because your carelessness on *that* occasion induced me to suppose your exigencies less urgent than I had implied from the terms of your original letter. The man who could afford to wait, had claims to higher consideration. And now, I am surely entitled to as frank an answer!"

The double mystery was now succinctly and readily explained. From Basil's avowal of having had his pocket picked, the Money-lender probably deduced an inference that it was because, unused to be the depositary of valuable effects, he was thus careless; for his momentary good humour seemed overcast. Perhaps, however, he was merely vexed at finding himself detected in a garb so unseemly by a new customer.

"This is the first time, I fancy, we have done business together?" said he, starting from his reverie and abruptly addressing young Annesley, who replied by an affirmative bow.

"And do you bring me no letter of recommendation from some other of my clients?"

"From no one," he replied, spontaneously recalling to mind the unsatisfactory terms in which the very clients on whom he pinned his reliance, treated him in his absence.

"It is merely my newspaper advertisements, then, which have attracted your notice?"—

"Not altogether," replied Annesley. "More than one of my brother officers have been extricated from pecuniary difficulty by your assistance.—From them, I became aware of your modes of business; and—"

"Did they not also add," interrupted the Money-lender, "their exhortations that you should not apply to *me*, unless your case were desperate? Did they not tell you, if any other earthly resource be open to you, beware of A. O.? Did they not call me shark, cormorant, vulture, usurer, Jew? You know they did! Not a mess of any regiment in the service in which I am not thus opprobriated."

Basil, who already repented his indiscretion, in having allowed the words "brother officers" to escape him, as too clearly indicative of his social position, would not, by an affirmative reply, hazard the exposure of his friends to the vindictive reprisals of such an enemy as A. O.

"You are cautious, young gentleman!" observed the Money-lender, whose large dark eyes seemed to penetrate the most hidden thoughts of his companion. "Caution, however, is not the parent of confidence. You come to *me* in the hope of opening my strong-box; and will scarcely accomplish the exploit with close lips and a closer heart. A calling such as mine necessitates some degree of mystery; but when once a *bona-fide* negotiation commences, all must be above-board,—all truth and daylight. I have told you my name is Abednego Osales. I now ask the favour of your own?"—

Still, Basil hesitated. He could not bear to disgrace the honourable patronymic borne by the object of his filial veneration, by inscription in the registers of a Jew!

"You will be pleased to remember," resumed the Money-lender, "that no act can be authentic between us, unless the business be negotiated under our real names. If, therefore, you scruple to intrust me with yours, this interview has lasted too long already."

Apprehending, from his decided mode of uttering these words, that the peremptory Jew was about to rise and dismiss him, the agitated applicant murmured, in a low voice, "My name, Sir, is Annesley."

"*Annesley*?"—reiterated the Money-lender, as if requiring him to be more articulate.

"Basil Annesley."

The Jew rose with some precipitation from his seat; and, for a moment or two, occupied himself in turning over the papers lying open on his bureau, as if in search of writing materials, to enable him to take notes of the business of his new client.

"You have lately, I believe, entered the Grenadier Guards?"—said he, still addressing Annesley, but without turning round.

"I have been rather more than a year in the army."

"And during that short space of time, you have contrived to embarrass yourself?"

"Many contrive to do so in less than a twentieth part of it!" replied Basil, as if resolved not to be brow-beaten by a stranger.

"Not the well-conditioned son of a mother in straitened circumstances," replied the insolent Jew, who seemed endowed with an intuitive insight into the position of his new client.

"I applied to you, Sir, as a Money-lender, not as a counsellor," said Basil, haughtily, now rising in his turn. "My business may be briefly explained,—I am, as you seem to be aware, the only son of the late Sir Bernard Annesley. I have immediate necessity for a sum of £350.—My allowance of three hundred a year—"

"She allows you three hundred a-year, then?—too much—too much for *her* to give, or you to receive!" muttered the Jew, in indistinct tones, of which, however, not a syllable escaped the ear of Annesley.

"I observed, Sir, that my allowance of three hundred a-year, and my pay," persisted Basil, not noticing his interruption, "would enable me to pay you off, by monthly instalments, both interest and principal, in the course of the next two years and a half."

"And should you die in the interim, young gentleman, what security have I, pray, for my money?"—demanded the usurer with a sneer.

"Surely I could effect an insurance on my life, assigning you the policy?" inquired Basil, in a less assured voice.

"You have very soon become familiar with the expedients of an embarrassed man," murmured the Jew,—still, without turning towards him, but apparently engrossed by the money and arrangement of the papers on his bureau.

"I was informed by a brother officer that such was the mode in which you had arranged a similar matter for himself," replied Basil, with increasing hesitation.

"Captain Blencowe, eh?—ay! I remember. Six years ago, however! Your friend has a good memory,—so have I: and I admit that he redeemed the debt like a gentleman, some time within the term of his acceptance."

"I should be glad to convince you that you would obtain in myself a client equally honourable," rejoined Basil, somewhat reassured.

"The will may not be wanting, but I doubt the means. Young Blencowe belonged to a moneyed family.—I knew with whom I had to deal.—Were *you* to fail me, I might put the whole Annesley family into thumbscrews, without eliciting so much as a ten-pound note in your behoof. Persons of my occupation, Sir, are forced to keep a pretty accurate tariff of the fortunes and consciences of those likely to come within their line of business. I had a relative of yours, one of the Yorkshire Annesleys, two years in the King's Bench at my expense."

"But I conclude he paid you at last?" demanded Basil, too ignorant of the connexionship of his father's family, to refute any such accusation.

"With his life.—He died in prison, leaving me the creditor of heirs who were penniless."

Strange to tell, there was a tone of triumph rather than of vexation, in the Money-lender's mode of alluding to this frustration of his interests.

"But I, who am both young and solvent," persisted Basil, "do not intend to defraud you, either by living or dying. I give you my word of honour as a gentleman, that——"

"The word of honour of a gentleman, has no value, and should have no mention in a money-dealing transaction," interrupted the Jew.—"The affair between us is simply one of speculation. You want money; I have to sell it to you, as much as possible to my own advantage. I must therefore either have good security and fair interest; or without security, such interest as may induce me to incur the risk."

"I have already offered you the latter alternative," said Basil, bluntly.

"I have been offered two hundred per cent. by needy men before now," replied the Money-lender, with a curl of the lip, "and without swallowing

the bait. The mere promise of a stranger is not exactly worth its weight in gold. In the first place, Mr. Annesley, have you even so much as reflected upon the amount of the interest of your debt, and keeping up the policy of insurance, besides the expense of the execution of the deed, added to the sinking fund for the gradual defrayment of the three hundred and fifty pounds?"—demanded the pragmatical Jew.

"I am in the receipt of four hundred and thirty pounds a-year," replied Basil, evasively.

"And for what purpose is it assigned to you?" retorted the Money-lender. "To afford you a becoming position in the world!—What right, therefore, have you to alienate this provision, so as to deprive yourself of the necessaries of your sphere of society, and become exposed to the shame of petty embarrassments?"

"None!" replied Basil, astounded at the inexplicable liberties taken by his new acquaintance, yet not daring to resent remonstrances apparently indicative of favourable dispositions towards him. "But the shame to which I may expose myself by the limitation of my income, is surely nothing compared with that which would befall me a month hence, when my acceptances fall due, and I am unable to do them honour."

"But you are still a minor?" remonstrated the Jew.

"Those who were satisfied with my endorsements, asked no questions, contenting themselves with the engagement of a gentleman, the son of a man of honour," replied Basil with firmness. At that moment, the Money-lender accidentally let fall a paper he held in his hand; and the mechanical courtesy with which Basil started forward to assist him in recovering it, probably tended to recall to the recollection of A. O. the kindness displayed by the young Guardsman towards the old pauper of Paulet Street; for on turning to receive it from his extended hand, the countenance of the Jew had relaxed into a more Christian-like expression.

"At least," said he, after receiving the paper and fixing his dark eyes approvingly upon the ingenuous countenance of young Annesley, "at least there was value received for these bills of exchange? You are not applying to me for the means of covering another usurious transaction? Do not deceive me, young Sir; for through my extensive connexions with the moneyed world, I have the means of ascertaining the truth to a guinea."

"I have no disposition to deceive you, Mr. Abednego Osalez," replied young Annesley, with some hauteur; "but if I came not hither to seek a counsellor, still less am I disposed to find a confessor in my man of business. The purpose for which I require these funds, regards you as little as the mode by which you have acquired them, so as to enable you to supply me, regards myself. I ask no questions: let me advise you to be equally discreet."

"There is no occasion for *you* to ask questions!"—said his singular companion, continuing to examine his papers, and file them carefully, all the time he was speaking. "They are answered for *you* without inquiry. The world has explanations stereotyped to your hand. Everybody knows the Money-lender to be a Jew—the Jew a usurer—the usurer a criminal in the eye of the law. Christ drove the money-changers from his Temple: man expels them from his tribunals. The money-lending Jew is one who *must* have acquired his funds by extortion and fraud; one who probably began life as a Corsair—pickpocket—resurrection man—assassin—no matter what amount of obloquy you heap upon his head!—He cannot have too narrowly escaped the hands of the hangman! He cannot be too grossly stigmatized, he has caused the ruin of thousands—

> And if a man have need of poison now,
> Here lives the caitiff wretch would sell it him!

Admit that I portray myself as you have heard me portrayed? Why therefore *should* you institute *further* inquiries into my conduct or its motives?"

Basil Annesley was startled out of all self-possession by this strange appeal. From the first few words uttered by his new acquaintance, he had been impressed by the superiority of his tone and phraseology not only to his garb and mode of life, but to a calling affording inducements for such base disguisal as that which had first brought them into collision. But now, the unexpected eloquence of his words and sudden energy of his gestures, were characteristic of the scholar and the gentleman, rather than of the vulgar Jew,—the jobbing money-broker!—Poor Basil almost quailed under the vivid glances of the excited man who gave utterance to this petulant apostrophe.

"I have, I admit, heard you ungraciously spoken of," said he, with a degree of frankness rivalling that of his interlocutor. "That what was told me exercised no very important influence over my opinions, may be inferred from my presence here."

"You are here simply because your position is desperate!"—coolly rejoined A. O. "You are here because there is no hope elsewhere. You may also perhaps, have heard from Captain Blencowe, and other victims who have escaped without serious injury from my clutches, that even the crocodile of the shores of Pactolus is sometimes moved to a caprice of pity; and are willing to try whether anything in your youth and inexperience may reach his milder mood."

"My youth and inexperience at least encourage you to trifle with me!"—cried Basil, with a rising colour, more enraged by the ironical smile pervading the countenance of A. O., than by his mere words. And, having snatched his hat from the window-seat, he was preparing without ceremony to quit the room.

"In all money-dealings, Mr. Annesley," said his companion, undismayed by this tacit threat of breaking up the conference, "you will find the command of your own temper five per cent. in your favour. You cannot afford to quarrel with me. At this moment, I am the necessary evil which must redeem you from the still greater of immediate dishonour. Do me the favour, Sir, to sign this paper," said he, placing in the hands of Basil, one which, during their conference, he had been quietly preparing. "It is, as even *your* slight knowledge

of business must assure you, of no legal value. It is the obligation of a gentleman, and must derive its sole importance from a gentleman's signature. It will neither enable me to imprison my debtor nor molest him; but it will remind Sir Bernard Annesley's son, that, within three years after attaining his majority, he has engaged to pay me back a sum of four hundred pounds; whereof the interest, at five per cent. shall be quarterly forthcoming."

Basil took the promissory note into his hands, and seeing that it was phrased strictly according to the announcement of A. O., conceived himself well off at having so small a bonus as £50 demanded of him as the penalty of the transaction. But what was his amazement when, on taking his place at the bureau, to sign the paper, he found lying before him, a printed cheque of one of the first banking houses of the West End, bearing the signature of Abednego Osalez, and directing the firm in question to "Pay to Mr Annesley or bearer the sum of four hundred pounds!"

Scarcely able to believe the evidence of his eyes,—his cheeks flushed by the excitement of the moment,—his heart throbbing almost to agony with the consciousness of release from the first great embarrassment of his life, Basil, ere he accepted one document or executed the other, was eager to express his astonishment and gratitude to one whom he could scarcely regard in any other light than that of a benefactor; but on turning round for the purpose, he found that A. O., instead of remaining behind his chair to watch his proceedings, was engaged at the door in earnest colloquy with the unsightly crone, who officiated as his clerk of the presence.

"Tell him I am engaged,—say it is impossible for me to see him this morning," said the Money-lender, in the imperative tone he had assumed in the earlier part of his colloquy with Basil.

"I have told him so already, Sir," croaked the old woman, "but he will not be denied. He has got out of his cabriolet, and is standing on the door-steps awaiting."

"*Let* him wait!" said the Money-lender. "If he persist in coming in, show him into the front parlour, and open one of the shutters, till I am ready to receive him.—You perceive, Mr. Annesley, that I am waited for. Spare me therefore the effusions of thankfulness I see expanding upon your lips," resumed A. O., turning towards Basil, who stood transfixed beside the bureau, the cheque in one hand, and the promissory note in the other. "Have you signed it?"—continued he, pointing to the latter document. "Be quick, if indeed you have carefully perused the terms. Never, while you live, put your name to a paper, of which you have not, to a syllable, mastered the contents. Nay,—spare me your declarations of confidence: you may have less grounds for gratitude than you suppose. Remember the fable of the little fish thrown back into the river to become a bigger, by the wary angler. Be not too sure that the Money-lender is not facilitating your first ingress into his net, in order to secure your return."

Basil Annesley, who had now both read and signed the promissory note, and placed the printed cheque in his pocket-book, smiled at this sinister prognostication.

"I do not choose you to be ruined by anybody but myself," observed the Money-lender with a smile: "in proof of which, let me advise you to place that pocket-book in a securer place than the one from which you own my letter of appointment to have been subtracted. Above all, deposit, this very morning, the money you are about to receive, with your own banker, so as to be ready for the exigencies which——well, well! I will spare you my lecture!"—said he, interrupting himself when he saw the colour rising into the cheeks of Basil. "You receive sterling advice, I perceive, less thankfully than sterling coin."

"The gentleman is in the parlour, Sir," said the old woman, again thrusting in her dingy face and still dingier cap.

"So much the better," replied the Money-lender, with a bitter sneer. "It may serve to bring so fine a gentleman to his senses, to make acquaintance with the mice and spiders of my desolate habitation."

In another moment Basil Annesley, still misdoubting whether he were awake or asleep, had shaken hands with the new acquaintance who had acted by him the part of an old friend, and was once more in the street. A few paces before him was leisurely proceeding a plain but handsome cabriolet, of which the tiger who held the reins wore a plain undress livery. But the horse of which the little fellow was in charge was not to be mistaken. It was one renowned in the glories of Hyde Park, a celebrated cab, announcing that the fine gentleman just then cooling his heels in the dismantled dining-room of A. O. was no less a person than his grace the Duke of Rochester.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT day was a day of overflowing joy to Basil Annesley! Had the pavement, intervening between Soho Square, and St. James's Street, been tesselated with gems, after the fashion of the sanctuaries of the Alhambra or Aladdin's palace, instead of displaying the half-frosty, half-filthy flagstones of one of the least inviting quarters of the West End, he could not have felt more elated or have made his way more lightsomely of foot than on his road to Herries'; where, after receiving his four hundred pounds, he paid the first half-year's interest thereon in advance to the account of Abednego Osalez, Esq., in order that, for twelve months to come, he might be conscience-clear on the subject.

Let him who, after labouring under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments has ever found himself suddenly and unexpectedly released from thraldom, declare whether any earthly triumph can exceed that soul-stirring emancipation!

> The king may make a belted knight,
> A marquis, duke, and a' that;

but, far surpassing any creation recorded in the peerage, is that of a free man, out of a wretch on whose shoulder the gripe of the bailiff has been felt by agonizing anticipation.

As regarded Annesley's feelings, he was now out of debt; for he was in debt only within limit of

his means. Four and twenty hours before, he had looked forward to the dreadful 28th of December, which was to find him in possession of three hundred pounds, or steep him in shame to the very lips, as a criminal to the day of execution. He would not have felt half so overjoyed at being declared heir-apparent to the Duke of Rochester, as to know that four hundred pounds were that day placed to his credit at Coutts's.

How little,—how very little,—do those real potentates of modern times, who sway the destinies of nations and individuals with a rod of gold, and issue their decrees in bank notes and Exchequer bills, the bankers of money-spinning Europe, conjecture the fearful nature of the passions imprisoned in that Pandora's box, their iron safe; the world of magic spells, compassed within the simple parchment covers of the books of their constituents; the fiat of life and death occasionally inscribed on one of the printed cheques which their clerk mechanically cashes, enregistering the number of the notes he gives in exchange with as cool deliberation as though the heart of the expectant "bearer" throbbed not with ecstasy at the sight of those bringers of glad tidings to his necessitous household!—The whole romance of civilisation is in fact comprised within the magic initials of L. S. D. MONEY is indeed POWER,—the "Open sesame" to the seemingly impervious rock of human destiny!—Of all the masquerading guises in which false Philosophy loves to parade herself, contempt of MONEY, the ladder by which almost every earthly advantage is attainable, is surely the most absurd!—

Poor Basil among the rest, had often blazoned forth his contempt of riches; labouring to reconcile his mother to her straitened means by assurances of his indifference to the dross of this world; nay, had even deceived *himself* by frequent protestations of indifference to the gorgeous gew-gaws of opulence.—He fancied himself content, nay proud and happy to be poor. And now, the possession of a paltry four hundred pounds, was driving him half out of his wits for joy!—

For though the origin of his embarrassments was of a nature far from dishonouring to his head or heart, it was one he dared not have disclosed to his austere mother. Almost, indeed, would he have preferred to pass in her eyes for the dupe of the gaming-table, or for a frivolous spendthrift, ruined by idle extravagance, than to expose the truth.

Not one guinea of the money had been applied to his own use. The necessities of another had caused him to pledge his honourable name beyond his power of redemption. And yet, he had not even enjoyed the happiness of claiming sympathy from that other in his embarrassment. He had been forced to pretend opulence at the moment of signing the bills of exchange, and indifference on the subject ever since, lest the obligation should afflict the delicate and high-minded individual whom his interference had been the means of rescuing from the utmost extremity of distress.

There was only one drawback on his exulting happiness: his mother's illness! Even this, however, was less acutely felt than when sinking under the apprehension that his difficulties might shortly aggravate the evil; and now, disregarding her prohibition, and forestalling his purposed Christmas visit, he readily obtained a few days' leave of absence; and, armed with a thousand little tokens of kindness for the invalids, hurried to Barlingham. Instead of affording Lady Annesley time to renew her prohibition, he chose to take her by surprise.

Few are the contingencies in this world which justify taking people by surprise. Husbands and wives have often had to rue the officious affection which impelled them prematurely into each other's presence; and the best household, the best school, the most united family, the most attached circle of friends, cannot be too accurately apprized of the exact moment at which the absent one is likely to rush once more into their arms.

Poor Basil reached the Grange, his whole heart overflowing not simply with the milk of human kindness but with its cream. Late in the evening, he reached Lyndhurst by the coach; and preferring to restore circulation to his chilly limbs by a walk of a mile and a half across the fields, to a three miles jumble in a postchaise, through one of the most unsatisfactory lanes that ever besloughed the wagon of the despairing farmer, he accepted the offer of a countryman to accompany him with his valise, and cheerfully cut across to Barlingham, by a way familiar to him from boyhood.

To beguile the dreariness of his lonely walk, he almost unconsciously burst forth into a song, the produce of one of the olden poets.

Truce to thy fond misgivings,
These fruitless tears give o'er,—
No absence can divide us, love,
No parting part us more!
Mountains and seas may rise between,
To mock our baffled will;
But heart in heart, and soul in soul,
We bide together still.

Where'er I go, or far or near,
I cannot be alone;
Thy voice is ever in mine ear,
Thy hand press'd in mine own;
Thy head upon my pillow rests,
Thy words my bosom thrill,
And heart in heart, and soul in soul,
We bide together still.

And when stern death shall work his worst,
And all our joys are done,
E'en by the mystery that unites
The dial and the sun;
Though one exist in heavenly bliss,
One in this world of ill,
Yet heart in heart, and soul in soul,
We'll bide together still.

But as his voice died away, the loneliness seemed drearier than before. The weather was frosty. Not a breath was stirring; the moon had risen; and under its influence and that of the bitterness of the weather, the landscape exhibited a ghastly and death-like appearance. The fields were free from all transit of living thing: not so much as a plough left upturned in the furrows, for the readier recommencement of the morrow's labours, as at more propitious seasons of the year. Not so much as a stoat, or urchin, stealing in quest of midnight prey from hedge to hedge. And when at last Basil came in view of the Grange, standing black and desolate in the moonlight, in the centre of its open

square of dark and leafless trees, it was like approaching the uninhabited castle of some fairy tale; not a dog to give tongue at sound of their intruding steps, as they crossed the little bridge leading from the moat to the chief entrance. And, lest Lady Annesley should be alarmed by the unwonted sound of the door-bell at so late an hour, her son made his way round to the postern leading to the offices, and entered the kitchen with a degree of humility most vexatious to his temporary esquire of the body, who had anticipated that, in escorting to the Grange the heir-apparent of the family, he should force a triumphal entry, drums beating and colours flying. Basil's hurried injunction to the two astonished women-servants, who screamed aloud on beholding him, to take care of his valise and its bearer, while *he* made his way into the house, scarcely reconciled poor Hodge to the indignity of stealing into the house, like a thief in the dark.

Leaving the Hampshire bumpkin to the consolations of a blazing fire and substantial supper, young Annesley seized the candle presented by the blushing, curtseying, handmaiden of old Dorcas; from whom he had already extracted that his mother and her waiting-woman were in attendance upon old Nicholas, who had been removed to a bed-room on the first floor, having, it was feared, not many days to live.

"My lady has ordered tea in half an hour in her sitting-room," added the damsel. "Shall I acquaint her, Sir, that you are here?—or would you rather I should go and make a fire, Mr. Basil, in your own room?—

Young Annesley accepted the latter alternative. Unwilling to startle the dying man by too sudden an appearance in his chamber, he determined to await the coming of his mother in her own apartment.

The sitting-room usually occupied by Lady Annesley during the winter months, was a small chamber on the first floor, adjoining her bed-room. The ceiling, as in all the rooms in the Grange, was not only low, but traversed and deformed by heavy beams; and the floor, of stucco or composition. Such a chamber, however, its embayed windows being thickly curtained, and its floor concealed by a carpet, is more easily rendered warm and comfortable for the long cheerless winter evenings, than one of nobler proportions; and the rich saloons of many a lordly castle might have found scope for envy during that bitter weather, in the little snuggery to which, when Basil made his way into the sanctuary, a blazing wood fire was affording the cheerful glow so welcome to the eye of the benighted traveller.

This room was, of all the house, the one least familiar to Basil. It was four years since he had spent a winter at the Grange. His return from Germany had chanced in the summer season; and the preceding Christmas, having recently joined his regiment, he had been forced to pass in town. During his holidays, Lady Annesley usually inhabited her drawing-room on the ground floor, as containing her musical instruments, and the bookcases calculated to afford amusement or instruction to her son; and it was only on occasion of some brief interview between them, that she received him in what she called her dressing-room, though the ceremonies of her simple toilet were performed in the sleeping-room adjoining. It possessed, accordingly, all the charm of prohibition in the eyes of young Annesley. It was the blue chamber of the Grange,—the only one into which he was not permitted to penetrate uninvited.

On the present occasion, he felt privileged. His visit was as the return of the prodigal son; and he chose to anticipate the favours reserved for such an incident. Moreover, Hannah had informed him that the only fire then burning, was in my lady's room; and the temperature of that December night was so little to be trifled with, that he entertained no scruple about invading the forbidden precincts,

"I don't wonder my mother is so fond of it!" was Basil's ejaculation, as, stationed upon the Persian rug before the fire, he cast his eyes round the cheerful chamber, in which Lady Annesley had judiciously assembled such remnants of antique furniture as she had found at the Grange;—the old carved chairs and tables, and a twisted legged cabinet or two, imparting the Elizabethan character he had recently observed as the height of the fashion. From the carved ebony desk on which Lady Annesley's handkerchief was still lying, to the *prie-dieu* in a recess near the fire-place, which was fitted up as an oratory, everything was so strictly in keeping as the bower-chamber of a ladye-fair of the sixteenth century, that it might have served as a study for Cattermole, or as the boudoir of sweet Anne Page.

"And yet what utter solitude,—what isolation from her caste and kind!" was his second reflection, on recalling to mind that this snuggery, so charming as a retreat from the severity of a winter's night, was Lady Annesley's abode from year's-end to year's-end, season after season! "A woman must have either a very good, or a very bad conscience, to find her happiness in such complete alienation from society."

That the former alternative was the origin of his beloved mother's retreat, was so naturally his conviction, as to excuse the second conjecture, though breathed only to himself; and regarding that elegantly antiquated room rather as the oriel of a Lady Abbess than as the boudoir of a woman of the world, Basil did new homage to the excellent taste which had converted the desolate walls of an old farm-house into a retreat so enviable.

It was not with him *there*, however, as in the den of the Money-changer. He felt it no treachery to examine, more leisurely than his mother's presence on the spot had ever yet enabled him, the objects around him. They were part and parcel of his mother, even as he, her only son, was a portion of herself; and the time must come, though he had never hazarded the anticipation, when they would become his own.

In the tediousness, therefore, of waiting for Lady Annesley's appearance, he cast his eyes from the heavy Persian carpets muffling the floor, to the bronze lamp, brightening every nook of the antiquated chamber. On the chimney ledge of carved Port

land stone, against which he was leaning, stood two old agate chalices of great beauty; and between them, on a slab of green jasper, an antique bronze of considerable value, though exhibiting only an unsightly reptile, formed of that matchless metal of Corinth, of which all modern imitations fail to acquire the glowing tinge arising from the admixture of the more precious metals in the outpourings of the rich old city from whose burning ruins fused forth the metal unwittingly created by the spoliating hands of man.

On the wall opposite the fire-place, hung a fine portrait, well known to artists as one of the *chef d'œuvres* of Sir Joshua: a likeness of Lord L., the father of Lady Annesley, wearing the numerous foreign orders commemorative of the distinctions of his diplomatic career. A marble statuette of a child, on an isolated pedestal of giallo antico, filled one corner of the room; the others being completed with hanging shelves of carved ebony, filled with books; a female child, of exquisite grace and beauty, evidently the work of a first-rate hand, which Basil fancied he had heard whispered by Dorcas in his boyhood, as an early portrait of his sister, Mrs. Vernon.

All these objects he had noticed before. But upon Lady Annesley's desk lay a square book, covered with dark velvet, and having golden clasps of great beauty and value, like the mass-books of wealthy Catholics, inducing the renewal of a suspicion he had sometimes entertained, that his mother was secretly attached to a faith which was that neither of her husband nor her ancestors. Curious to determine whether it were, indeed, a *livre d'heures*, he opened the clasps; when, to his utter surprise, he found that the seeming book was a picture case, containing on one side the enamelled portrait of a man,—on the other, also under a glass, a lock of glossy hair, of raven blackness.

Basil stood utterly confounded. His late father, as he knew from portraits and from tradition, was fair as a German. His grandfather, Lord L., seemed to be now looking him in the face, in attestation that *he* had no affinity with the individual depicted in that mysterious miniature. Lady Annesley was one of three daughters—his coheiresses; nor, as well as Basil could recall to mind, had she a single male relation near enough to account for his picture being in her possession. What was the meaning of all this? He fixed his eyes searchingly upon the portrait, as if to interrogate its right and title to be found in his mother's safe keeping.

The face was one of more interest than regular beauty: dark, high browed, having a profusion of black hair, and eyes that derived a deeper shade from the reflection. The mouth was of rare beauty, yet unpleasing expression: being tempered by an infusion of scorn little in accordance with the mournful character of the eyes; and, on the whole, it was one of those countenances which fascinate the attention even while impressing the beholder with an unfavourable opinion of the original. The age of the person represented could not exceed five-and-twenty, and the dress was that worn by English gentlemen at the commencement of the reign of George III.

The more the attention of Basil became riveted upon the picture, the stronger was his impression that some mysterious interest must be connected with an object which he had attained the age of twenty years without perceiving in his mother's possession. In his boyish days, in those holidays of affection when the secret treasures of a mother are brought forth to amuse a sick child or console an aflicted one, he had often been allowed to admire the contents of his mother's cabinets; curious shells,—rare minerals, antique rings, the old fashioned repeater, with its massive chain and enamelled gew-gaws; nay, there was a valuable miniature of Lady Annesley's mother, the Lady L., in her black-lace hood and point stomacher, set in diamonds and enamel, with an L. and coronet flourished in seed-pearls upon the braid of hair forming the reverse, which had actually been allowed him as a plaything, in the convalescence succeeding a dangerous illness;—Yet of the miniature in the velvet cover he had never been suffered to obtain a glimpse!—

He had just replaced it on the desk and himself upon the hearth rug, when the door was deliberately opened, and Lady Annesley made her appearance.

Prepared to find her as gratified by his visit as he was pleased with his own alacrity in paying it, Basil was moved almost to awe, by the rigid coldness of her mode of receiving him. After rebuking his disobedience in being there, she coolly informed him that, with dangerous illness in her household, his presence would be an inconvenience.

"In that case, I will be off to-morrow," replied Basil, trying to recover or conceal his chagrin. "But, at least, dearest mother, forgive me so far as to bear with me this one night. I could not endure the anxiety of supposing you ill, without bringing my own eyes to verify the state of your health."

"Another time, honour me with your confidence so far as to believe that I tell you the exact truth," said Lady Annesley, sternly. "I have been ill.—I am well again,—unless, indeed, the vexation of being thus broken in upon, should produce a recurrence of my indisposition."

While expressing his hopes that he might not have so great an evil on his conscience, Basil saw the eyes of his mother wander from his face to the desk, and from the desk back again to his varying countenance; as if trying to decipher whether he had found time to examine the scattered contents of her chamber, or open the portrait.—The confusion painted in Basil's face, was, however, just as likely to arise from her ungracious mode of reception, as from consciousness of having indulged a prying curiosity; and she remained lost in perplexity.

The entrance of Hannah with the rich old fashioned tea-service, which having placed on the table, she was hurrying away again, now encouraged young Annesley to ask permission to visit the bedside of the poor old invalid, before the night became too far advanced to admit of disturbing him.

"Dorcas is with him night and day. He has all the attendance his state requires," was Lady Annesley's frigid reply.

"But as a satisfaction to myself, and, if I may

be permitted to say so, to *him*. Poor Nicholas was always so fond of me!"—pleaded Basil.

"He is past deriving pleasure from the presence even of those who are dearest to him," persisted Lady Annesley. "Let me beg you rather to ascertain that your things have been safely deposited in your room, by the person who accompanied you,—yonder poor girl, being scarcely strong enough to supply the place of him we are about to lose."

Basil accepted the hint. Nothing more likely to injure the candour of an ingenuous heart, than the undue possession of a secret. For the first time in his life, he attributed a stratagem to his mother; convinced she was desirous to get rid of him, only that she might replace the mysterious portrait upon her desk in its accustomed concealment.

He was so far justified in his suspicions, that on his return to the tea-table, refreshed after his day's journey by purification from London soot and the dust of the road, a single glance towards the ebony desk convinced him the picture had disappeared. He fancied however, that his mother had detected even that momentary scrutiny; for her deportment was, if possible, more ungracious than before.

At any other moment, he would have attempted to dissipate her ill humour by allusions to the news of the day, and the tittle-tattle of London life. But though excluded from the chamber of death, he could not forget that, at the distance of a few chambers from the one they occupied, lay an aged man, endeared to both by long association, and about to appear in the presence of his Maker. This indeed was a sufficient excuse for the singular mood of Lady Annesley. In many persons, grief takes the form of anger. A proud spirit, unwilling to display itself covered with dust and ashes, uplifts its head with unbecoming pride, in order to conceal that temporary humiliation.

As every stroke tells against a gamester in his vein of illfortune, whatever topic was selected by Basil to dispel the embarrassment of that painful *tête-à-tête*, seemed to aggravate her still further against him.

Lady Annesley, as if desirous of promoting desultory conversation, adverted to the young nephew of the Duke of Rochester, who had recently entered his regiment.

"I was formerly acquainted with his father, and uncle," said she carelessly.

"His father is dead," observed Basil; "and his uncle were perhaps better in his grave. He is in the jaws of perdition,—ruined soul, body, and estate; a victim to play, with his fine fortune melting away in the grasp of the Jews."—

At that moment, an impulse of compunction, peculiar to generous hearts, brought before him the beneficient conduct of A. O., and the consciousness of his own obligations; and without reflecting on the singular effects such an outburst must produce on Lady Annesley, who had not the slightest clue to the origin of his opinions, he suddenly veered round, and began expressing his contempt of the existing prejudices against that contemned class of the community, citing every advantageous opinion or example ever adduced in favour of the people after God's own heart, from Cumberland and Miss Edgeworth, back to the choicest authorities of the Judaic world.

A sudden flush overspread the habitually pallid face of Lady Annesley. Her spirit seemed chafing within her. At the last she spake with her tongue.

"I can readily understand," said she, with undisguised bitterness, "that the follies and vices of London, and the companionship into which they may have forced you, may have done something towards relaxing the principles in which you have been reared, and the proud instincts of honourable descent. But I had *not* expected you would so soon have stooped to *this*! I had not supposed that a few thousands conceded by these wretched unbelievers, these heirs of perdition, gilded over like the molten calf till even Christian kings fall down and worship,—would so soon have obliterated in your honest heart the prejudice common to all ages,—all nations,—and consequently respectable even as a prejudice.—For my part, I loathe a Jew;—I am proud to declare, that I *loathe* a Jew!—Apart from the crime which stamped them with eternal condemnation, I detest their principles, I detest their practices. Wherever there are Jews, *there* is narrowness of mind,—foulness of body,—baseness of heart. They are a filthy people. Even as of old they bought with thirty pieces of silver the blood of their Redeemer, would they still chaffer for the heart's blood of the innocent! I tell you Basil, I loathe them! and those who induced you to entertain a contrary opinion, deceived *you* as much as they injured *me!*"

The eyes of young Annesley were now fixed upon his mother with unqualified amazement. She, usually so mild, so serene, so low-voiced, so indifferent to the things of this world, to be excited by so slight a cause into this violent diatribe!—And in the house of death!—With her aged servitor expiring almost within hearing of her uncalled-for vociferation!

Basil was awestruck! He could not help surmising for a moment, that his beloved mother's reason might be affected by her attendance on the deathbed of her faithful old domestic, while weakened by the effects of recent indisposition.

"Believe me, dearest mother," said he, "I never heard you accused of any partiality for these maligned people. My inclination in their favour is a weakness arising from peculiar circumstances of a nature wholly personal."

"You *have* heard it!" cried Lady Annesley, unsubdued by his deprecation. "Do not add deceit to the audacity of attempting to invade the sacredness of my thoughts and feelings. You *have* heard it!"—

Again, terrified and grieved, young Annesley was about to enter upon his own disculpation. But as he advanced nearer towards his mother, he perceived that, overcome by the violence of her emotions, she had thrown herself back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands to conceal a frantic burst of tears.

Basil Annesley stood transfixed. It was the first time in his life he had ever seen his mother shed a tear.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BETTINE BRENTANO AND CAROLINE VON GÜNDERODE.

It is now six years since the publication of "*Goëthe's Correspondence with a Child*" astonished our friends in Germany. The disclosure of a real passion conceived by a maid of fourteen for a poet of sixty, and the publication of her love-letters, became more piquant by their appearance under the editorship of the lady herself; who, twenty-five years later, and after she had long been the wife of a distinguished Prussian nobleman, seemed nowise desirous to unsay one word of these enthusiastic effusions. Her own position in society, too, as a member of the Brentano family, connected with the best circles of refinement and literature, enhanced the general interest. But, after all, the main charm was found to lie beyond any of these reasons,—in the letters themselves; full of variety and incident, and anecdotes of men and things, from the great poet at Weimar, down to the Marburg *Bürschen*. They afforded glimpses of the writer's character, more singular, if possible, than her romantic attachment;—a strange assemblage of the queer, the beautiful, the genial, and the capricious; such as one might well be amazed to find in the head and heart of a girl in her teens. Some notice of these was given to the English at the time; and it was then understood that a lady of some literary pretensions was engaged to translate them for publication here: but this never came to pass. It has been stated, that the translator (very judiciously) had resolved to make considerable omissions, and that the enthusiastic authoress insisted on the work being rendered entire, or not at all. Some years later, finding no approval of this condition here, Madame von Arnim actually learned English enough to encounter the task herself, and got her version printed in Berlin. It is now before us; a marvellous Babel of language, it is true, but interesting as an evidence of the energy and devotion of purpose which could attempt such a labour in furtherance of a pious object;—the sale of the book having been dedicated to the erection of a monument to her idolized poet. This translation of course has had no circulation in England.

It may be remembered, that one of the passages in these letters which deservedly attracted the most interest, was an account of the death of Fraülein von Günderode, a young lady of noble family, lay-canoness of the *Damenstift*, at Frankfort, who was Bettine's first and dearest friend. A disappointment in love, and over-wrought sensibilities, drove this accomplished creature to suicide, under circumstances which the survivor relates with a bitterness of grief that found its way to all hearts. To this friend Bettine had already told us that she owed the first awakening of her mental sense; and that in her companionship she first became allured to reflection, and urged to self-improvement. She related, moreover, how in the desolation of heart caused by her death, she betook herself, by a kind of unaccountable impulse, to solicit the friendship of Goëthe's aged mother, as a compensation for the loss; and in what an original manner this was done; and how it succeeded, and thus led to that wonderful love-fit which gave birth to the letters exchanged with Goëthe.

This history of the unfortunate canoness, and the influence she was said to have exercised on her younger friend's development, made us hear with pleasure the promise of a correspondence with Bettine, bearing the name of *Günderode*. It has lately been published; and a little time may be well spent in looking over its contents. That it is equal in variety and substance to the former series, will hardly be affirmed; but it completes much that was there wanting, contains much that is pleasant and new, and would have been hailed as a remarkable gift, had it been offered, as it ought to have been, before the other, which was commenced more than a year later than the last letter in these volumes.

The present collection is composed of letters exchanged by the two friends; and terminates at the winter preceding Fraülein von Günderode's death; when, having already resolved to destroy herself, she had the affectionate courage to pretend a coldness to Bettine, and bore the estrangement and the blame in silence, in order that the friend might thus be weaned from a love that would be wounded by her fate; at this time Bettine Brentano was some fifteen years of age. Those whom the title may induce to expect any addition to the pathetic history told in the first published letters, will be disappointed. In this correspondence the Fraülein has the least share; and appears before us with all the modesty which we are told belonged to her. We only see a thoughtful, sensitive, pure-souled young creature, treating her friend with the protecting love of an elder sister; her letters are not only fewer, but much more sedate than Bettine's, and throw no light on the story of her broken heart. Nor is there a single trait that could have prepared us for the long-cherished purpose, executed with cruel fortitude, by a being so gentle and feminine, and shrinking, as she herself tells us in one of the earlier letters, from the very sight of blood. There are a few of her poems scattered throughout the two volumes,—graceful and pensive, but of no other merit;—and we feel that, beyond an increased conviction of her goodness, we have gained from the book no further knowledge of the person whose name it bears.

Such being the case, and as we have been warned that to revert to what appeared in the earlier book will be regarded as superfluous, we shall say little of the gentle Fraülein, and view the present collection as a work by itself, the chief interest of which, under this aspect, must be found i the scattered glimpses which it affords of anoth haracter exceedingly curious and original. C hese, indeed, there is no lack, but they are so v ous as to defy

classification. At every step contradictions spring up: the most childish delight in common trifles, the most daring attempts to reach at the mysteries of the Unseen;—thoughts at times capriciously absurd, at others almost as bright as inspirations; qualities masculine, feminine, and neuter; mischief and tenderness, simplicity and penetration: all turned out before us with the utmost *naveté*, like the contents of a pedler's wallet,—making a whole that it is impossible to behold without surprise, when we think of the writer's age, or without pleasure, as we read her lively effusions.

The best course will, therefore, be to let them be seen and heard for themselves, although a correspondence inevitably loses much of its best grace by being thrown into fragments. We thus forfeit the connexion of question and answer, the progress of small incidents which bring the scene before our eyes, and those little hopes, projects, and suspenses of the writers, by sharing in which we become attached to them, and feel, for the time, inmates of their family. Of Bettine Brentano's it was no small privilege to be a member. The grand-child of the beautiful and accomplished authoress, Sophia de la Roche, (the first-love of Wieland, and throughout life his attached friend;) the daughter of Maximilian Brentano, an Italian settled in Frankfort, where he rose to a position as high as a commoner in Germany can attain; and of a mother of whom it was said, that "if Venus Urania had born a sister to Eros, it could have been no other than her;" sister to Clemens,* a poet of eminence in the old German romantic vein; connected by the marriages of her beautiful sisters, and of her brothers, (all remarkable men,) with whatever was most distinguished in literature and social position; she had opportunities of looking at the world in a variety of aspects, to which young persons under ordinary circumstances must be strangers. She was left an orphan of both parents at an early age, and educated in a convent, until the marriages of her brothers gave her a home: from that period she seems to have passed her time now with one, now with another of these; returning frequently to Madame La Roche, at Offenbach, and travelling on various occasions through many parts of Germany; looking with quick merry eyes at everything she saw. But this was mostly at a later season: the letters now before us are richer in traits of character than in incident. With these we shall at all events begin, but pause for a moment to satisfy the curiosity of bachelor readers, on a point of cardinal importance when a lady is in question. In a family remarkable for the beauty of all its branches, Bettine seems to have been rather an exceptional shoot; she was little, and had irregular features, but her figure was well-formed and agile; she had abundant and beautiful dark hair, and a pair of deep brown eyes which seem to have pierced through every one that looked upon them. At the present day, when the fair owner has reached an age we are too gallant to conjecture, we are assured that their fire and vivacity are amazing. Old Madam Goëthe, whose remarks, wherever we meet them, have a stamp of picturesque quaintness that takes our attention, said, that she was reminded of her young favourite's eyes by the rich and thrilling tones of Romberg's violoncello.

We will first look with her friend Caroline into the young lady's room, after she has taken her departure for Marburg. The canoness seems to have been a girl of elegant orderly tastes; and this was the scene she had to encounter:—

Your room looked like a strand, on which a fleet had lately been cast away. Homer lay open on the floor: and your canary had not spared him. The famous imaginary map which you made of Ulysses' voyages, lay beside him; and your paint-box, with the cup of sepia upset, and all the shells of colour in confusion. This has left a brown spot on your pretty straw floor-mat. I have taken infinite pains to put all to rights again. The flageolet which you wanted to take with you, and sought for in vain—guess where I found it! In the orange-tree's tub, on the balcony, buried in the earth up to its mouthpiece: I suppose, you hoped on your return to find a flageolet-plant in full growth there. Lisbet has been watering the tree unmercifully, so that the instrument is all swollen; and I have laid it in a cool place, to dry gradually, for fear of its bursting. What I shall do with the music that was lying near it, I know not. I laid it in the sun for a while, but you can never let it again be seen by mortal eyes; its decency of appearance is gone for ever. Then, ever since you went, the blue ribbon on your guitar has been waving at full length, to the extreme satisfaction of the school children opposite, out of the window, exposed to rain and sunshine; and has faded, as you may imagine. The instrument itself has not escaped wholly; and I reproved Lisbet not a little for her carelessness in leaving the window open. Her excuse was, that she could not see it was open, because of the green blinds, although it rattled with the draught every time the door opened! . . . . . .

"Siegwart, a Romance of the Past," I found on the pianoforte, with the inkstand overlying it. Happily there was little ink in it, for your papers, over which all has been shed, will hardly ever be legible again. Then there was a little box on the window seat, in which something twittered, and made me curious to open it, when out flew two butterflies, which you must have placed there as chrysalids. Lisbet and I drove them to the balcony, where the climbing bean-flowers appeased their first hunger. From under your bed, Lisbet swept out Charles XII. and the Bible, and also—a kid glove, not a lady's, with a French poem in it. This glove seems to have lain under the pillow. I did not know that you had ever betaken yourself to compose French verses in the ancient style! The scent of the glove is very pleasant, and reminds me and makes my memory clearer every moment, so that I shall very soon bethink me where the companion glove is likely to be found. In the meanwhile, be at ease respecting the safety of this: I have stuffed it behind Kranach's Lucretia, where you will find it, when you return home.

This picture of admired disorder is no bad preparation for the appearance of the heroine, whose character, as it peeps out in these pages, exhibits a similar confusion of queer and precious things, thrown together by chance, and lying in the most unexpected places. A more wilful, perplexing, untameable maid, indeed, never came from the grave embraces of a cloister. Her eccentricity was a natural element: she was no *enfant gaté*, but seems to have grown up in a positive, will-o'-the-wisp kind of way of her own, which does not prevent her from being, after all, very loveable in our eyes,—tormenting as her occasional levity must have been to serious remonstrating friends, like

* Clemens Brentano was, conjointly with Von Arnim, the editor of the "*Wunderhorn*," one of the earliest successful attempts at a German "*Percy's Reliques*."

Herr von Bostel, who was much distressed that he could not make the wild, dark-eyed, curly-headed child, become as soft and loveable as her beautiful sisters, the pride of all Frankfort. The remonstrances of this monitor, and the lively way in which they were parried, are thus recorded by the culprit herself :—

You know that Bostel is here : he is always running after me, and saying—"Bettine, why are you so unamiable?" I ask him how shall I manage to become amiable? "Be like your sister Loulou : talk soberly now and then, and make some little show of taking interest in what is said to you ;—but whenever one feels inclined, were it but from compassion, to treat you like a girl old enough to count for something, it is impossible. You are as restless as a kitten playing with a mouse ; while any one is paying you the compliment of speaking to you, you clamber over chests and tables to get at the old family portraits, and appear to have more sympathy with their faces than with us living folk." Why, Master von Bostel, that is simply because the poor old creatures yonder are so utterly overlooked and forgotten, and no one else will converse with them ; so I feel for them, just as you feel for me. You see that I am neglected, and out of compassion, take notice of the poor unfledged thing. The disease is catching; I cannot help treating those old painted periwigs in the same manner. "But do listen—are you in your senses? How can you talk of a feeling for a canvass picture?" Why, have not you something of the kind for me? "That may be,—but the portraits cannot return it." No more can I yours. "Good Lord! indeed I pity you! you are in the way to become crazy."

The sedate and commonplace of her acquaintance, indeed, appear to have decided the point as settled past redemption ; while more sympathising friends insisted upon her youth, and asked for time. Caroline conceals nothing from her correspondent :—

When your brother is absent, every one falls upon you ; they dare not when he is by. It used often to give me pain to hear them pass judgment upon you, but now I have overcome this little susceptibility. Yesterday, Ebel, St. Clair, Link, Charlotte, and I, were in your sister Tonie's little cabinet ; but as I know how far the arrows which they shoot against you glance from their mark, I had no fear for you. Ebel is against you, not from personal dislike, but from an opposition in your natures ; and being a great sufferer when your brother Clement is here, as he is then too timid to give way to his zeal, it is not to be wondered at if he now allows it, as a compensation, the fullest exercise. St. Clair shook his head and looked at me, while Lotte wound up a long tirade with the declaration, that your absolute destitution of historical capacity, and utter want of logic, proved that you must be a mere fool. He replied—"Put a banner in her hand, and let her march before us, and in spite of her want of the historical sense, I will be bound she leads us to some real crisis in history; and were you, with your logic, in any danger, she would teach you how to escape from it,—however illogically, according to your notions, she might set about so doing."

So that, even amongst the Philistines, a friendly voice was not always wanting. But far oftener she seems to have been delivered over to unmerciful tongues, to which her vagaries were an abomination; and even her gentle friend, the canoness, was not spared at such times, as we find by her own report to Bettine. She writes :—

This evening I went out by the *Gallenthor*, as the Sun-god was setting, because you say that is my peculiar hour with him, and indeed I was thoroughly penetrated by his majestic presence ; but, returning homewards, two Frankfort Philistines marred all my devotion. They were plodding behind me, and talking. Says the wife to her husband—"In that canonry *(the Damenstift, of which Caroline was a member)* the girl's *(Bettine's)* brains will be ruined outright, and she's sure at last to become utterly mad. Already she is up to all kinds of crazy tricks. They say, that in the convent garden she always clambers up to the roof of the garden house, or into a tree, and preaches away from that station ; and that the tall goose, Günderode, stands below and listens." At this moment they passed me, and I recognised Frau Euler, with her daughter Salomé, and Doctor Lehr, who knew me in the twilight, and told her who it was. She suddenly stood still, and remained staring at me until I had again passed her,—a proceeding which surely was even a stupider one than my standing under the tree (if I did so) when you preach from it.

And yet it is no wonder that she puzzled the Frankfort Philistines, for her ways and inconsistencies were a riddle at times to her playmate and friend. As for instance :—

I often feel as if I were dreaming, when I see you amidst others. All regard you as a mere child, that has no kind of self-control : no one believes or even dreams that anything is in you. And you do nothing then but spring upon tables and chairs, hide yourself, cower down in narrow corners, ramble about the long passages of your house in the moonlight, climb up to the old garret floor in the dark; and, after this, come back, in an absent kind of reverie, yet alive to everything that is said. If anything is wanted, you are already down the stairs to bring it ; and when your name is called, there you stand, although you had been in the farthest nook of the house. They call you the house-goblin, as I learned from Marie yesterday.

A strange compound of sentiment, romance, and adventurous speculation, with such a mischief-loving, romping, volatile, unmanageable activity of body!—a perfect Mercury in petticoats, which indeed must, in many excursions, have been an encumbrance she would gladly have exchanged for a more commodious garment. Yet even in these escapades, there seems to have been something between an impulse and a motive not absolutely childish. On one of her break-neck expeditions to the summit of a ruin, we find her commenting thus :—

Every weed, with its pair of brown leaves, that the winter has not yet blown away, seems to nod a friendly welcome to me when I return thither, and take my seat near it on the crest of the wall, without being dizzy. What a delightful thing climbing is! How rapturous is the boldness of youth! Often as I come home with scratched knees and arms torn, as I did to-day, I do not feel it : nay, when I have suffered smartly, it rather gives me pleasure. "Be hard!" said the smith in the forest, as he struck the glowing iron on his anvil ; and the Thuringian Landgrave heard it, and he became as hard as iron. "Be hard!" said I to myself, when upon that dangerous battlement, and all pain was forgotten.

Such traits as this bespeak something far beyond the mere romping nature of a "mannish girl." It is, indeed, the evidence of an energy of character and idea, quite startling by their contrast with hoydenish wildness, that makes the correspondence most remarkable. The effect is such that many have asserted that the letters must have been retouched, if not rewritten, at a later period. But this we see no reason to believe. There is abundant contemporary proof that they were objects of surprise and interest, at the time, to numbers of distinguished persons, with whom her family connexions made her acquainted. There is, we think,

internal evidence of their age in the letters themselves. Those now before us, for instance, earlier in date than the "*Correspondence with Goëthe*," have throughout a more infantine tone of expression and thought, although abounding in matter that many adult writers would find it difficult to produce. A most remarkable portion of this we must wholly refrain from translating. The speculations concerning art, nature, religion, love, and destiny, which fill three-fourths of the letters to Günderode, would meet with no toleration from English readers at large, however ingenious and fanciful they may be. The Germans, and the British of the present day, stand at the very opposite poles in reference to subjects of this nature; and to a public whose favourite literature is *Jack Sheppard* and the *Pickwick Papers*, it would be absurd to look for sympathy with those excursions into the *arcana* of thought and feeling which are pursued with respect by the German reader. Where the right in this difference may be, it were a bold thing to decide; one might conjecture that it lies somewhere between the extremes of the material and the imaginary: but, however this may be, the attempt to reconcile them just now would be a very hopeless one. Such being the difficulty as to German authors in general, in the case of our "fair maid of Frankfort" it is tenfold greater;—and her enthusiastic flights amidst the clouds of speculation, were they exhibited to our respected readers as evidences of her mental progress, would most probably be received as symptoms of utter insanity. We must, therefore, restrict the choice to specimens of a more popular kind, in which amiable feeling, quick observation, and lively descriptive powers, bespeak the presence of other endowments. Even thus incomplete, the portrait will appear one of the most extraordinary that early genius has ever brightened. As an interesting study in this point of view it will be acceptable to some; but we do not ask the general reader to accept it on this account;—the passages we quote do not appear to us to require any indulgence, but may be judged, on their own merits, like any similar production of more practised pens.

Here, for instance, is a thought and an illustration worth a second perusal:—

When the emperor was crowned, (in * Frankfort,) his way from the cathedral to the *Römer*, was over a path of scarlet cloth; and as he walked on, the crowd closed up behind him, cutting it away, step by step, and, tearing it into small fragments, divided it amongst themselves; so that, by the time that he entered the great hall of audience, not a trace of it remained. Just so all our paths in life to me seem, like that Emperor's red pathway, to be continually cut away from behind our feet, and become a nothing when we look back to them.

An incident giving rise to a feeling, neither of an uncommon kind, but graced in the telling, will come in here by way of contrast. She is with her brother-in-law,† Von Savigny, at a watering-place:—

In the afternoons we often go into the wood, where Savigny reads aloud to us: this listening is a very misery to me; for on the grassy floor of the wood there is so much to distract one's attention! At every instant there is some herblet, or spiderling, or small caterpillar, or little pebble to look at; or I make a hole in the ground, and find in it all manner of things. Savigny says I am too conceited to listen to him, and seems vexed; so that now I plant myself at his back, where he cannot see me. We go out a-shooting too—even I take a small gun in my hand, but shoot nothing, save what you know I love to hunt, brain-cobwebs that float in the air. But yesterday Bostel would teach me to aim at the birds—I fired, and a little bird fell;—I had never fancied I could hit it, and was terribly shocked at what I had done; but Bostel made such a fuss about the quickness of my eye, and the others so bepraised me for aiming well, that I concealed my remorse for this first murder of mine. I held the bird in my hand till it grew quite cold: in the silence of the night I buried it under the window of your sleeping room, not without some heavy night thoughts; indeed, I did not willingly kill it, but thoughtlessly I did. What is a bird? all sportsmen kill them—yes, but not I;—never would I have shot down the poor bird from amidst its leaves, in its life's merry season; a thing that God has gifted with the freedom of the air. God grants him wings,—and I must take his life? oh no! there is no harmony in this!"

She seems to have turned everything, in her own eager way, into matter for thought, and after a fit of graceful and sprightly description, which makes ordinary things look pleasing, we find her ever falling into questions and conjectures; as in the following pretty passage, which is interrupted by a close not quite so imposing as Neptune's, *Quos Ego*:

Just now the nightingales are wailing so sweetly around me! There are four of them here, and last year there were just the same number. How they breathe out their souls into that art of rapture—music—and as if all was thrown into a single tone—so pure—so innocent—so true and deep—such as no human creature can ever hope to produce, either with voice or instrument. Why must men *learn* to sing, while the nightingale, untaught, knows how to warble into our very hearts, so faultlessly in tune, so free from all failure! I have never heard any singing from human voices that moves me like the nightingales'. A minute since I asked myself, since I listen to them so intently, what if they would like to listen to me, as well! for just then they were silent: but hardly did I raise my voice, when all four burst out into such a warble of trilling—just as if they would say—leave us our own empire! Airs, and opera songs, are like the mere false tendencies in the moral world—the rhetoric of a false enthusiasm. And yet man is carried away by sublime music;—why should this be, when he himself is not sublime!—after all, it shows a secret wish in the soul to become great. It is refreshing like dew, to hear this better genius whisper in its natural language. Is it not so! O yes! and we then long to be ourselves like these tones, that dart onwards to their aim without wavering to either side. There they reach the absolutely complete, and in every rhythmical movement give out a profound mystery of spiritual form—this the human being cannot do! Surely melodies are beings created by the Divinity, that have a progressive existence of their own; every such idea comes forth at once in full life, from the human soul: it is not the man that creates the thought, but the thought creates the man. O! O! O! there falls a lime-blossom on my nose! and now it begins to rain a little. It is glooming, so that I cannot see what I write.

At all moments, indeed, we see her gazing earnestly at nature, and poring over her smallest works, as if to obtain from thence some reply to the inquiries of her own heart, and some guidance for the tenor of her daily existence: It is with no merely childish delight that she gazes upon—

* Under the old constitution, of course: the "Roman Empire" being now extinct, with all its pageants.

† The celebrated professor of Roman Law. He married Lulu Brentano.

A pupa, from which I myself saw the butterfly crawl out; it uncloses, and lets the insect escape, and then shuts again. In the inside there are fibres, like small springs, which the butterfly touches when it is grown to maturity, and on this the covering gives way: externally the pupa is quite hard, to protect its tenants from any injury. I have kept it purposely for you,—I will show it to you, *and we will exchange some thoughts at the same time on the subject of immortality.* Ever when in nature I see a thing like this, showing the presence of so much care, so cautiously protected, that nothing may disturb it before it is fully ripe,—I feel a kind of awe: and surely nothing can be sadder than to handle it rudely, for, delicate and sensitive as it is, this must pierce through its very being. I too would fain not sin against nature, and force myself forward, and wish to become something before the due time; it is against her will that I should be a profound thinker; she says I must run, and leap, and, as for reflection, have nothing to do with it at all; and now the same order, too, stands written in your letter, which delights me greatly!

This picture will not be the worse for a short reminiscence of years still earlier:—

As a child, indeed, I was always easily frightened; but this was rather in the day time, when I was left alone, and in the day-room, where everything looked so prosaic and hard;—but in night there was something familiar, which allured me—and even before I had heard anything of spirits, there was within me a sensation that around me hovered some invisible existence, in whose protection I trusted. I had this feeling when alone on that terrace, as a child of three or four years old; in those days, when, at sunset, all the bells used to toll for the death of the emperor. And then, as if every instant became darker and colder, and not a soul was near me, and it seemed as if the very air had become a mere knell, that thrilled around me—there would steal a sadness over my little heart, and instantly afterwards a reaction so instantaneous—I have the feeling still—as if the guardian angel at the moment took me in his arms!

Nevertheless, this speculative tendency by no means left her in a mere world of dreams. On the contrary, she appears to have been positively afflicted by a desire for action, and this is often exhibited in concert with a warmth of hearty unselfish feeling that is very delightful. It is enough for her to hear of the insanity and wreck of an author whose works she had barely known, and to feel at once the liveliest desire to set forth and comfort him—a purpose which we find her devising every stratagem to accomplish, and only renouncing it with a reluctant indignation, that, if bespeaking her ignorance of society, is at least very amiable.

St. Clair says, the visit would do him* (Hölderlin) good, and fain would I pay it, but may not. Franz said—"You are not half in your senses. What would you do in the company of a lunatic—become insane yourself too?" But if I knew how to set about it, I would go in spite of all; if you would come with me, Günderode, and we would let nobody know; but say we were going to Hanau. Yes, we might tell grandmamma—she would not object to it; to-day, indeed, I spoke to her of him, and told her how he lives there in a peasant's cabin, near a small river; sleeps with the doors open; and, for hours together, will recite, to the murmurs of the stream, Greek odes. The Princess of Homburg presented him with a pianoforte, the strings of which he has cut asunder, but not all of them, so that several of the keys still sound: and upon this instrument he extemporizes at will. How gentle and sublime this madness seems to me! I know not how the world is made, if it be such an unheard-of thing to go and attend upon him. . . . . I have lain awake for many nights with anxiety to go to Homburg. Why, if I resolved on taking the veil, no one could prevent it; and so would I take a vow to attend upon this lunatic, to guide him. This would be no sacrifice: I would converse with him, learning from thence many things that my soul is craving to know; and I am sure that the broken unstrung keys of his soul might then be made to vibrate again. But I know that this will not be allowed me. Thus it is—the natural feeling, which speaks from the soul of every one of us, would we but listen, (for in every heart, however hard, is a voice that cries, "Help thy brother!") is not only suppressed, but even chastised, as if it were the uttermost madness, in those who allow it to appear.

At the time of writing this, she was not quite fifteen.

Still less does the indulgence close her eyes to the scenes of daily life, which she enters into with a gleeful relish, and describes with great quickness of tact for character, and more sense of the humorous, than is common in her country. Few things can be merrier than her recital of the disasters of a diplomatic *beau garçon*, at a ball, the lion of which was the Elector of Hesse:—

There also was L. H. with his sisters; he grows every day bluer and blacker, by taking the chalybeate baths. His snow-white vest and neckcloth made this change all the more striking; he was altogether, indeed, dressed with the most fastidious elegance—for as he has a diplomatic ambition, he never neglects an opportunity of displaying himself in the appropriate costume. As long as we remained seated near the entrance, where the crowd was great, no one remarked anything peculiar about him; but when he stepped forward to pay his respects to somebody, Franz, who sat beside me, was the first to discover that, instead of a frock, he had put on a *spencer* without tails—a thing as round as a fisherman's jacket—which made a most absurd effect with his black satin breeches, white silk hose, and buckled shoes; in short, all the rest of a full court dress, even to the cocked-hat and feather held under the arm. It seems that, while the rest of the family were dressing for the ball, he had sat in his greatcoat; and when he ran up stairs to put on his frock, the wind had blown out the light in his dressing-room, and in the dark he seized in its stead this English demi-coat—a kind of thing which it has lately become fashionable to wear over all, when the weather is cold. Until now, he had not yet exhibited his rear to the assembled public; but as he stood with his back to our party, a hasty council was held, and it was resolved that two of our ladies, Lotte and B——, should, under cover of conversing, gently make him fall back without apprizing him of his woeful dilemma, until he was out of danger; while Antonie, Franz, and Voigt, were to form a small kind of rear-guard to cover his retreat. I was excluded from this body, because the droll remarks of Franz had made me laugh until I was unfit for service. The troop broke ground, and advanced steadily through a volley of astonished looks, which were cast on the tailless coat, marching with increased caution the nearer they drew, just as you creep gently behind a bird when you intend to catch him by sprinkling salt upon his tail; but before you come near enough, away he flies! So it happened in this case, too; for, just as they reached, and expected to have caught him, he suddenly wheeled round, and fully displayed his abbreviation. Oh! I ran behind the curtain, and hid myself in its folds, and absolutely bit it in a frenzy of laughter. When it subsided, I went away, for I was in a mood far too extravagantly mirthful for a ball-room. Voigt accompanied me, and related how the rear-guard had let him break through their columns, and had then closed upon him, and carried him fairly off, like a prisoner of state, as far as the door; where he was set down, and informed of his fatal sin against the sublime and beautiful; on learning which he fled, surrounded by his faithful allies. Not an eye will he close to-night; for as his ambition was to gain employment in the Hessian court, he is doubtless in horror at the idea that he has undermined this prospect by this public want of tails.

* The eminent lyrical poet. He died insane.

She is not less happy in describing the adventures of a life, *in villegiatura*; as in the following sketch of an expedition, that seems to have proved a notable failure. The trait of our dear countryman is to the life; the eccentric prophet, whom no one would believe, (Voigt,) was both an artist and a poet of no common powers, but whimsical and self-willed. To originals of this kind we find Bettine attaching herself at all times, in preference to the most specious professors of common-place; and truly we like her all the better for it.

I have not yet told you anything of our sun-rise, which we did (not) see after all; and how the sun got up behind our backs; while all the party were looking diligently over the mountains at a distance, in the belief that he was to appear on that side; and how, at the same moment, he rose quietly behind the rock in our rear; and how Mr. Haise, (*the Englishman*,) was armed with a telescope; and that, all the while, Voigt was whispering in my ear—"Now observe what is about to happen; they will all be greatly amazed presently." But no one paid the least attention to him. It grew brighter and brighter, and still no sun came; when all at once we turned round and saw him in full shine behind us, quite in a rational moderate way, and without having troubled any one; just as we might, had we chosen, have seen him as we sate at breakfast on the terrace. But then the mighty strife that arose! No one would allow himself to be one that had not thought so all along. Every one insisted that the other had misled him—it was, indeed, a strange contest; and that poor Mr. Haise, with his telescope, with which he meant to have discovered the sun the first of us all! Voigt was the worst scolded, and all agreed at last in laying the sole blame on him—saying, that he had intentionally turned us all round the wrong way, and had been the first to assert that the east lay in that direction. But this he denied; and said that he had not deceived them; but that he had been well aware they were going wrong, and given me a hint of it beforehand; but he knew that so little was thought of his assertions, that he did not choose to tell them, for, if he had, none would have thought he was right.

To which must be appended another little bit of gipseying, not less pleasantly set down, where the redoubtable Mr. Haise again appears, but in a new character:—

As for the ass-party yesterday to the Rauhenthal, it turned out to be a party by water, although this was at the close of the day only: a terrible deluge of rain overtook us when about half an hour's distance from home, on our return. The rivulets of water from the hill-sides, running together to the valley, made absolute lakes, which the wind crisped up into considerable waves. And as the asses that carried us were plashing through the midst of the flood, there came a tremendous thunder-clap: the most of us shrieked; the asses did no such thing, but, with common consent, threw us off, one and all, into the wash, and not one of them could be controlled: the Englishman, indeed, with his long legs, tried to master his, but the ass reared and threw itself down; whereupon they every one galloped off, so that in a glance they were out of sight, and, after them, the donkey-men, to whom we called out to send us lanterns from the town. The whole assemblage took counsel together in the slough, and having somewhat recovered our senses, we set ourselves in motion; silence soon succeeded to the confused gabble of tongues all talking at once; the road was too difficult to let any one think another thought but how to recover the foot, with the shoe belonging to it, from the swamp in which it was set down: this, however, was an impossibility, most of the shoes stuck fast. After a short time, we were met by the lanterns, the pacified donkeys were again brought up, and thus we arrived at home, riding, indeed, but in what a condition! All our straw-bonnets had been soaked in the puddle; shoes were mostly wanting; the ladies' clothes so wet, that they might have stood as models for statues; and the gentlemen were in the same plight. We all repaired to the baths, from whence we reappeared quite regenerated, and shining with new beams. A general tea-party, all the members of which were in slippers and dressing-gowns, closed the evening, every one crying out upon the wretched mischance, and laughing till they were half dead, at its disasters. Mr. Haise, the natural colour of whose hair now came to light, was not to be known again; but his beauty in this new condition was universally applauded: his reddish-brown hair became him so much better than the powder with which he had wished to hide it, that we all cried, that now for the first time he might be deemed interesting, which until now had been declared an impossibility. Nothing could exceed his contentment: he solemnly renounced powder from henceforward; and in a state of rapturous self-complacency, paraded himself amongst the ladies to receive their admiration. . . . . This morning came the ass-drivers, marching in procession, with the lost shoes elevated on the end of their sticks, in expectation of drink-money, which had to be paid, although it would have been better to leave them where they lay. We were vexed at having the disfigured shoes borne about as a kind of spectacle.

Her talents and volatile disposition, which started from all control, must have made her an object of anxiety to her brothers, by whom she was greatly beloved. Clement, especially, however romantic in his own ways and works, is perpetually attempting to coax her into something like sedateness, and looking askance at her friend, whom he suspected of fostering her impatience of study or constraint. The letters prove that Caroline was far from deserving this suspicion, but rather endeavoured to win her friend to self-discipline, in a manner that, but for the inconsistency of human nature, might surprise us in one who so sadly wanted it in her own hour of trial. She invariably appears as the kind and anxious adviser; more romantic, indeed, than Dr. Gregory or Mrs. Chapone might approve, but ever seeking to train her younger friend's mind towards the light, and to win her to studies which might calm the restless eagerness of her disposition. Amongst other sedatives, she at one time earnestly prescribed a course of history, and so far succeeded, that Bettine consented to begin a set of lessons on this subject with one Herr Arenswald; a most unfortunate choice, as it would appear, from the manner in which he addressed himself to the work of tuition. The man was a kind of Dominie Sampson; and if the account of his lectures afford a characteristic specimen of the intractable vivacity of his pupil, his last appearance will at once give us a comic description, and an evidence of her real goodness of feeling:—

The history-master comes thrice a-week, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, stuck in between two *lazy terms*, Friday and Saturday at the end, Sunday and Monday at the beginning. He teaches me in such sort that most probably I shall turn my back on the future for ever, and should be within an ace of losing my beloved present as well, if my thievish propensities were not stimulated by the unripe apricots in grandmamma's garden, which, for my poor capacity, I do think are a more tangible gain than "The history of Egypt, in early times, is dark and uncertain." That is fortunate, else we should have to afflict ourselves with this too. "Menes is the first king we know of." With all my heart, if we had but learned anything worth hearing of him. "He built Memphis, and led the Nile into a safe channel.

Moeris excavated Lake Moeris, to arrest the injurious inundations of the Nile. Then follows Sesostris the Conqueror, who terminated his life by his own hand." Why did he so?—was he handsome?—was he ever in love?—young—melancholy? To all this no answer vouchsafed by my teacher, who ventures, however, to remark, that we are rather led to imagine him old! I, on the other hand, delivered reasons in support of his youth, for the sole purpose of setting the wheels of antiquity a little in motion, as they seemed to stick fast in the slough of weariness. Then came tumbling out upon me Busiris, who built Thebes; Psammeticus, who gathered the separate states under his wings; then the wars with Babylonians; Nebuchadnezzar, whom Cambyses, Cyrus's son, dispossesses. The Egyptians are united with Lybia; again cast themselves free; war with the Persians, until Alexander makes an end of the contest, and, to my great delight, of this long story. This is the summary of my first lesson, to which you see I have listened well. But what if I had not had a spur to chase my ennui, and to show you how fruitless it is to attempt to rekindle the ashes, the very dead salts of which it is now past the power of nature to use again. As for heat, there is not a spark left. Had we not, once for all, better leave the old monarchs to moulder away in their pyramids? The earth is teeming with spring, on every hand it is forcing up its germs, and growing green with opening leaves.

The contrast was too glaring, indeed; and her impatience soon afterwards breaks out in a rather original way. The teacher must have been a mere drudge, that doled out his dry handsful of historical dust with the steadiest composure, without observing, until the latest moment, that his poor pupil was choking.

My head is like a field that lies fallow; I ramble amidst the hedge-rows, and every clod of earth I see is turned to some purpose; the salad bed here, there overhead the climbing bean-stalks; and I grieve to think that I have nothing as yet planted here; and the trouble you take with me, I fear, is to no good. At night I think, now when the sun rises I will learn something; and when the day comes, I long for the night to come, when I may at least be alone, and try to study myself, a poor little owl that I am! . . . . . —And founded the great Medo-Persian kingdom. That was where we left off; and there, in my history-book, I have drawn a great Medusa's head, with gaping jaws. O that they would swallow up all ancient history, and with it this Arenswald too! I was so happy in the Easter holidays, he stayed away an entire week, the habit of missing him came so kindly! [*Here follows another series of extracts from the lecture.*] . . . Two hundred and twenty-five years these princely shambles of the Persians lasted; in 3654, Alexander came and took possession of them. The teacher at this stage, seeing my disgust of this leathern story of his, takes an abrupt departure. God knows how it fell out, that the door caught hold of his breeches, a patch of which remained hanging thereon; and now I shall have to give him an extra fee for his catalogue of murders, to buy himself a new pair withal.

To which the Fraülein very sensibly replies:—

I sympathise with your lament for the history-affliction: it makes me sulky, too, to read it; in God's name, buy a pair of breeches as an expiatory offering, and let your Arenswald depart in peace.

Of the pedant thus seasonably provided with a new pair of *dittos*, we receive, some months later, an account which is strong evidence of a "decline and fall" in *his* history; but before proceeding to this, we cannot refrain from turning to the account of the apricot robbery, which was committed in the very midst of these studious hours, and seems to have relieved the fair pupil greatly. It could not have fallen in a fitter place for an observation of the various threads that made up this singular creature's being. She is writing to her friend, who was then an invalid:—

I hear the cock crow; it is already past midnight, and I mean to write on until daybreak, so that you may have plenty to read while you are lying sick, poor thing! . . . When the Jew (*this was a letter-carrier between Offenbach and Frankfort*) came with your letter about four, I was thinking what to get for you that should be very good; and then at once it struck me that the apricots in grandmamma's garden would be sure to agree with you; so I went round and round the tree, and spied out the best, and learned by heart the places where they hung, and kept walking and repeating this lesson till sunset; for I must not steal them by day, but wait till they were all seated fast at cards in the parlour. It was the most delightful thing in the world to steal these apricots for you; in the first place, the fright is such sport! my heart beat so fast, I could not help laughing aloud with delight, palpitation of the heart is such a delicious sensation! (poor girl, she may have learned to think otherwise when she grew older!) and then it seemed just as if they were pleased to be thus stolen, they fell so tenderly into my hand. I had tied a napkin about my neck, and caught them in this—twenty of them! I was delighted when I had them all safe in my room, where they are packed in young vine leaves, all second yearlings, with such a soft velvet on the left cheek. They lie in the basket, and peep at me as if they were longing for me to bite them just once; but they must not be humoured—they are all for you—and cannot have the happiness of being devoured by me.

This is, to our fancy, very engaging, and bespeaks the true spirit of enterprise all the more fully; as there can be little doubt that Frau de la Roche would have willingly given all the peaches on the tree to Bettine's sick friend, if asked. But this would have been tame; we like the *reconnoissance* and the midnight expedition far better, and so did our student of history. We will now return to the teacher, who discovers himself, as we return from a walk in the country near Offenbach, in rather motley company:—

By the time we got into the town, it was quite Sunday weather, everything streaming with sunshine, and in the *Domstrasse*, upon every door step, there lay a *joli* (*lap-dog,*) with a necklace of blue ribbon. All the joli's knew me, so they came barking to greet me. Next came the terriers and the spaniels; and lastly, Anton André's great English hound, with seventeen little ones, that are already able to bark with tolerable confidence. The milk-wife more than once came to a stand still, to see the dogs so riotous and gambolsome, and also in fear of having her tower of vegetable wares shaken off its balance. "Ay," she said; "the Turkish Emperor himself could not be better welcomed—they keep calling out long life to you, without ceasing!" Grandmamma was still asleep, so I stayed at the door amidst the dogs, when, lo! there came past my good Herr Arenswald. He took off his hat, and I did not beg him to put it on again, for I had observed that there was a hole in it, and was anxious to conceal from him my knowledge of the fact. He related how he had this summer made a tour into Switzerland, being unable to resist his longing to contemplate Nature there; nor did he repent it at all, costly as it had been to him. Indeed, *he believed* that he had not a doit left on his return. I was rather abashed, and, as he made this confidential communication, not liking to look him in the face, my eyes fell upon his boots—and there, sure enough, that mischievous personage, his great toe, presented itself uninvited: a rudeness which Arenswald would by no means permit during his audience, and so pushed it under the heel of the other boot, which, alas! flapped like an ill closed shutter in the wind. Which way was I to direct my looks? I

turned to his body, there, all his buttons were gone, and his waistcoat was hooked together with hair pins. It is unknown whence he can have got these, as he wears only a *Caligula*, which is notoriously the uttermost originality of confusion in the system of locks, to establish which, neither pomade nor comb, nor hair-pins are necessary, but only dust and straws, so that the swallows and sparrows may always be able to find a supply of materials for their nests. In the meanwhile, he was telling me of a singular occurrence that happened to him in Switzerland. He was informed, namely, that in the wooded parts of the mountains, there abounded a species of snails of remarkable flavour; and that on his way from Lucerne, up some mountain or other, he had found a quantity of the said snails in the woods, and acquired so strong an appetite for them, that he ate of them till he was thoroughly sated—so much so, that on returning to the inn, he countermanded his dinner—saying, that he had found a quantity of these high-flavoured snails, and had eaten of them till he could not find room for anything else. "What!" said the host, "have you really been eating those snails?"—"Surely, why not? Did not you tell me yourself, of their remarkable flavour, and that people are mighty busy in hunting for them?" "Yes, a remarkable flavour, truly, but I did not say a good one. In this part of the world *flavour* means *stench*, and the people collect them only to make oil of them for the tanners who smear leather with it." So it seems that I had feasted on this tanners' stuff, "and very well was I contented with it," said Herr Arenswald; while I, blushing sadly, was fain to look up into the air, for in no other direction could I turn my eyes without falling upon some of the deadly sins of utter destitution. I imagine that this snail anecdote was meant to convey to me the extremity of hunger which had forced him to fall upon such food. My cousin now called to me from within, and Arenswald took leave, as it is usual to do with great personages, retiring backwards, from which I conjectured that the reverse of his apparel was in no better condition than his front. . . . . a most submissive exhibition of human misery!

It is almost needless to mention that this calamitous lover of history and nature, was promptly relieved by his former pupil. From the picture, ludicrous as it is, any observant eye will discover that a heartfelt pity lurked beneath the seeming ridicule of the *caricatura*.

We will now turn to a sketch of a soberer interest, the picture of a Jew, with whom Bettine studied mathematics when at Marburg, for the sake of his aspect and conversation; a perfect antithesis to such a figure as Arenswald, and no bad study for a Lessing's Nathan. This may be a fit place to observe, that in her girlish years, Bettine always appears to have preferred the society of grown up and even old people, to that of her own contemporaries: the young Fraülein seems to have been her only intimate of this class; and when she died, the place was filled by an old lady of nearly eighty!—nor can we find any trace of another close intimacy with girls, still less with youths of her own age. This is a trait of no commonplace nature, and one of the rarest in female character.

Can you guess who is the first acquaintance I have made here?—A Jew! but what a rare one! The handsomest man, with a white beard half a yard long, large brown eyes, features so noble and simple, a calm brow, a splendid majestic nose, the lips of an orator, but fit to give sweet utterance to wisdom. Our host, Professor Weiss, called me, saying: "If you would like to see a handsome Jew, come into my wife's room, where she is selling him an old wed ling gown." It was a subject for a painter; he sate at the table in the dress of a rabbi or sage, his hand peeped out from the wide black sleeve, and the red light of the sunset was streaming through the window. The Professor's wife stood before him, holding the old dress,—it might have been her mother's, so antique the material seemed to be—spread out at full. On each side of her stood the children displaying the train. It was an orange-coloured stuff, embroidered with silver sprigs and crimson flowers, and made a delightful contrast with the glow of the evening. It was a beautiful picture, and I would fain have called Meliné to enjoy it with me, had not a certain timidity, I will not say veneration, kept me fixed to the spot. I could not bring myself to treat such a man as a mere object of curiosity. It was quite singular to see the rest standing before him with so much respect, quietly waiting for his decision in the bargain.

It appears, that although thus humbly employed, he is an object of general notice and respect. Bettine stays conversing with him, until she is quite enamoured of his venerable looks and grave pathetic sayings, and is determined to see him again, which chance soon afterwards brought about.

I was in the garden which lies on the hill-side, and looking over the wall, saw Ephraim coming along the road. I leaned over it, and waved my handkerchief; and when he came up, we conversed for a long while. I told him that I was glad to see him again; that he reminded me of a season with which my nature seems more nearly to sympathize than any other—the twilight of evening. That his looks and whole manner seemed to me like a twilight drawn over a noble nature, and that at such an hour I felt my sight keener, and my heart more disposed to confidence in others. You may imagine that he is one worth speaking to, or I should never have talked to him in this manner. He replied, "The visible world is obscure, but with a clear eye, one need not long look at it in vain. A few glances discover to us the objects with which we may claim kindred." "But how to gain this clearness of vision?" I asked. "Look steadily at nature only, and admit no prejudice—this gives clearness to the sight."—"And do you believe of me," said I, "that I behold nature with this clear and unprejudiced eye?"—"Yes," he answered; "and I know that I am not mistaken, and that you are keen-sighted."—"Then I am not mistaken when I discover in you a man of warm enthusiasm."—"At least in this—you are nearer to the truth than others who hold the Jew for a broken-spirited being,—a source of freedom springs within us, and a drop of this suffices to raise us above all contempt." . . . . . I said, "Farewell! and when you return from your journey, come again to me."

We next learn his real profession, of which Bettine avails herself, for the double purpose of improving his means, and having frequent opportunities for conversing with him:—

He was formerly solely a teacher of mathematics, in Giessen and Marburg, to the university students; and, during the vacations, went home to his family. His daughter died, leaving five children; and old Ephraim could not fall upon any other means of supporting them, than by pursuing as a profession the mathematics, which, from his youth upwards, he says, were his delight; but on his way homewards in the holidays, he began to purchase old garments for his children at home, as he could not afford to buy them new; and thence he fell into a trade with such as had valuable old finery to dispose of, like the lady of Professor Weiss.

This is prosaic enough; but it is otherwise when we listen to his discourse. With every deduction made for Bettine's colouring, we are aware of something in this old Hebrew that is very original and impressive; and in his answers to her eager inquiries, we find a tone of thought and feeling above

the vulgar standard, displayed with a certain oriental dignity of language.

I told him how unprosperous my study of thorough-bass had been. He said, "That was because you did not obtain a sufficiently extended view of the subject as a whole—this made your ideas halt"; and that many things at which some men are gnawing all their days, must by others be apprehended at one glance, or their time and pains are thrown away. I said, I feared that so it would be in my case. "And yet," he replied, "in all my life I never yet saw a young acorn that was afraid it would never grow to be an oak tree." And saying this, he laid his hand upon my head, and continued in so kind a manner:—"We have now laid the acorn in the ground, and covered it carefully over, and now we will let it rest there for a time quietly, and see what suns and rains will do for it."

Here is something which makes our young friend's enthusiasm seem not altogether unaccountable. This intercourse was only interrupted by the failing health of the old man, then seventy-one years of age, and Bettine's departure soon afterwards from Marburg. The last interview is not only touching, but thoroughly picturesque in its details:—

Do you know what I have done?—I sent word to Ephraim that I would come to him yesterday, and was driven thither at the hour in which he used to attend me. I entered, and found him sitting handsomely dressed by a table, on which was a lamp and four candles. He tried to rise, but he is grown very feeble. And what does this mean?—is he about to be called to his fathers? I brought him two gold pieces in payment for my lessons. He opened a small casket, in which there were a pair of wedding-rings, and various ornaments, which, he said, once belonged to his deceased wife and daughters. He deposited the gold with these:—all this is so refined and gentlemanly! I had brought him back his rose-tree, (*a gift he had sent her not long before,*) which he must keep—the roses are now in fuller bloom, and how beautifully they looked by the lamp-light beside his snow-white beard! I said, "the roses and your beard should not be separated: and I was glad that I did not pluck any of them—for the tree is your betrothed one. Once or twice I was tempted to break off a rose to fling to the students when they looked so wistfully up to them." He said—"Oh! if you will allow me, I will distribute them amongst the students yet: there are some of them call upon me now and then, and more will come when they know that I have roses to give." This I consented to; and I am heartily glad that my students will get my roses after all.

When I was about to go, he gave me his blessing, and I kissed his hand:—how beautiful a thing the spirit of man is, when it grows to maturity unstained by evil! His grandson was ordered to wait on me as far as home: for I had only a maid with me. But I soon sent him back, and told him to say to his grandfather that he must think of me daily until I come back. When I left Ephraim, he laid his hand on my head, and said, "all Being lives for a future!" As soon as I arrived at home, I retired at once to my tower in the garden, for I wished to recall once more, undisturbedly, that imposing and yet so friendly and unaffected face of intellect, as I saw it on leaving him in the shine of the glittering lamps, with the roses bending towards his white beard. I feel that I have seen him thus for the last time."

But, before leaving Marburg, where Savigny was then a professor, we must let Bettine give us a glimpse of "*my students*," which is much more to our liking than the survey to which Dr. Cornelius and his usher have lately invited the public. It is in the depth of winter:—and

Every morning Meliné and I find excellent sport in watching them as they march up to Professor Weiss's lecture. . . . They cannot see us, indeed, because the blinds are down, and the windows frozen over, as well: but we make a small hole—enough for one eye. It amuses us in a thousand ways: the amour with the whole university is in the most flourishing state. We have divided it between us. Meliné says, that is mine, and I, this is mine,—thus we have two regiments: and their romping we laugh at with the utmost mirth and triumph. Each party has a captain: the one with a red cap, which he carries not on his head, but always swinging on the end of a thick cudgel, (the student calls it a *Ziegenhainer*,) is mine: he is always the first on the spot, the others gather round him, and listen to what he says; I fancy he must be the head of some *Bürschenschaft*; a handsome young fellow, and the tallest amongst them all: every time he opens his mouth, a great cloud of vapour comes out of it, and settles in the shape of hoar-frost on his little beard, of which he is very proud, drawing it every moment through his fingers. We call him the blonde—because, although he has brown hair, his face is so fair and sunny, as it laughs with its cheerful red cheeks in the misty morning: and then, his dress too, is light-coloured. Meliné's, we call the brown—he is quite fair, but has a brown coat: this one wears a blue cap with a tassel, that plays around his nose. He sits tranquilly on the wall, while the others are pelting with snow-balls, wrestling, leaping, one over the other; and amuses himself with curling on his fingers his glittering blond Phœbus locks: I envy Meliné him, and offered to give in exchange for him one of the most considerable in my troop; but she will not part with him for any other but my general, and him I cannot give up. . . Had I but a regiment of such as these, I would soon give you an answer to the unreasonable charge respecting Napoleon.

—— whom Bettine had been accused by her friend of admiring enthusiastically.

A few days later, we find these heroes in a state of most characteristic elevation and glory:—

To-day, I have an amusing occurrence to tell you. There was a comedy by the students, and we were there, under the protection of a numerous escort. The piece was some invention of the students themselves, and contained three duels, with shot, stab, and cut, (*schuss, stich, und hieb;*) when the *firing* came, Meliné already began to feel uncomfortable: at the *stab*, everything turned green and blue before our eyes; but as soon as it came to the *cut*, there arose an uproar and a riot; and they leaped across the orchestra, over the lamps, right upon the stage: the oil-lamps, for the most part, were thus extinguished, and what before was twilight became darkness: our company posted itself around us on the benches, guarding us in the midst of them from any mischance that might happen, until we could venture to escape from this confusion and the stench of the oil, and draw breath again freely in the open street. The turmoil was caused by the beadle having hinted to the rector, who sate in a chair of state in the centre of the house, that the broadsword duel was to be an actual one: this, he declared, he had just hearkened out: the thing indeed, looked dangerous enough, with all the apparatus the students use. The rector conceived it to be his duty to step forth against this piece of hardihood without turning to right or left, and accordingly forced his way through the midst of the orchestra, at the spot where the double-base stood leaning against the partition; was overturned by the rector, and emitted a dismal sound, that terrified all the company. The dean, and the other College dignitaries, despising all obstacles, pressed forwards in support of their rector, in which process many involuntary tones were extorted from the bases and kettle-drums. Much loud gabbling to and fro amongst the ladies, who were now for preventing the mischief,—now for refusing to stay and witness it: much laughter amidst the students, who were enraptured with the confusion; but the scene on the stage was the most interesting: the rector, with his auxiliaries, just opposite to

us, looking quite awful. A student, who had been playing a lady, with a long train, one half of which he had already lost during the rapier-duel, now (most probably from impertinence) displayed his back to the public, which discovered a pair of enormous top-boots, a sabre at his side, on which half the train was caught up, and an immense gauze veil which, floating down his back, alternately threatened to extinguish the remaining lamp or two, or to set itself on fire; so that many voices cried out, "The veil's burning!" Before long, it was decided that it all had been a false alarm; however, the piece could not go on, the lamps were out, the quality gone: and a crowd of the street-mob had invaded the benches, to see what was the matter. The next day we heard from our professor, Weiss, the catastrophe of this tragi-comedy: he was still in doubt if the duel was meant to have been a real one or not; the students denied it: the beadle vowed that he had overheard their agreement on the way thither, and that he who played the lady was to have been one of the seconds, and my trusty captain the other; that they had measured swords at the door, and that he had heard the number of passes arranged, and all the preliminaries settled, as to their gorgets, plastrons, and hand-guards (*Hals-binden, Stürmer, Faustbinden.*) The students maintained that they had only been rehearsing their parts, and that all this was to have been represented on the stage. Nothing more could be made of it, and they had to be let go: whereupon they gave the rector their word of honour to make no breach of the peace, and held a solemn drinking-bout (*einen Commers,*) the revelling and singing of which lasted till far into the night. The progress of the piece had hitherto thrown no light on its contents, and the main point of the incident was, that the catastrophe was to be supplied by foreign intervention: for which reason, pretending not to see the beadle, (whose suspicion had previously been aroused by hints,) and who now had concealed himself behind a closet, they made him swallow the whole story, and, by this means, got all the audience to play their parts in the piece, to their great amusement: and, indeed, both old and young will have for some time to tell of the many droll things that happened on the occasion. Professor Weiss was in raptures with his beloved students, and said, "one must have been a student oneself, to imagine their delight when a scheme like this succeeds."

At other times we find her waiting on the feeble steps of Frau de la Roche, and delighting to draw from her anecdotes of the persons and events of an older era. Amongst these is the following account of Laroche, Bettine's grandfather, and Count Stadion, which is worth extracting. Hitherto we have been accustomed to regard Wieland's successful rival as a mere dry man of the world; but the last of these anecdotes places him in a position which even the poetical fame of Wieland does not enable him to overlook. We are quite reconciled to Sophie's proceeding, and thank Bettine for having explained what, until now, always appeared to be very unaccountable. But first, of the youth's education:—

This evening I had to accompany grandmamma in a walk along the canal by moon-light. She talked of the days of her youth, when she was still living with grandpapa, in Warthausen, at the house of the old Count Stadion, and how he loved my grandfather far better than his other sons, and how he bred him up in such a strange way, with exceeding diligence. When a mere boy of eighteen, he made him conduct an important and extensive political correspondence: gave him letters from emperor and king,—from all kinds of viceroys and prime ministers, to answer: there came into play negotiations on all possible matters of state,—commerce,—navigation,—old claims,—new demands,—divisions of territory,—treasons,—stratagems,—imprisonments of eminent persons,—affairs of the clergy,—monastic foundations,—finance matters, in short, everything the examination and ordering of which belongs to a great minister of state; and all this Stadion discussed with him,—made him give his opinion on each subject, and write papers thereupon, which, after adding his own observations, he caused to be fairly copied: made him write letters to various potentates; as, for instance, he conducted the correspondence with Maria Theresa, first respecting the elevation to the throne, and the co-regency of her consort,—then as to the empty treasury,—afterwards on the military forces of the country,—the discontents of the people,—the claims of Bavaria to the hereditary domain of Austria, and the reasons why the electors refused to acknowledge Maria Theresa's succession;—then on the wars with Frederick,—with England,—applications for subsidies,—letters to the French General, Belleisle,—then a correspondence with Charles of Lorrain,—with Cardinal Fleury,—Lobkowitz, the Austrian commander, and, lastly, with the Marquise de Pompadour, always with an eye to the Empress's interest. This last correspondence took first a gallant, and afterwards quite a tender tone; then came answers contained in madrigals, to which my grandfather, in Stadion's name, had to reply in French verse. This cost him the gnawing in pieces of many a pen: while Stadion taught him to infuse his politics into the strain, he had to make allusions to charms, and tresses, brown and fair, and often could not succeed in being tender enough to please Stadion. The replies to all these were then imparted to him by the Count with much satisfaction: especially, whenever she gave any sign of sensibility to my grandpapa's gallantries, Stadion would laugh heartily, and point out how the most fastidious refinement was to be observed. And last of all, when, on the elevation of Maria Theresa to the throne, and her coronation as Empress, the congratulatory addresses were despatched, on his twenty-first birth day, Stadion presented Laroche with a writing-table, in which he found, with the seals yet unbroken, all the letters he had been three years writing, which he fancied had been sent over land and sea, with the answers, which had been invented by Stadion himself, and copied by different secretaries. In this manner, he said, he designed to form him into a statesman. At first, it mortified my grandfather severely, but to this succeeded an emotion of deep gratitude; and he preserved the letters as a memorial of Stadion's noble and affectionate spirit. My grandmamma has all the letters still, and promises to bestow them on me.

It is pleasing to find that in after life the pupil showed himself worthy of such care. The occasion of the next anecdote is in itself a touching one. His aged widow, now on the verge of death, had been wounded by an act of unfeeling rudeness; and, as it would seem, consoled herself with recurring to a time when she had a protector who was deservedly honoured by his countrymen. Bettine found her gazing upon

An armorial bearing, painted on glass, in a splendid frame of silver, with a wreath of golden acorns, on which there is written in Greek, "*All by love; the world would perish else.*" This was given to my grandfather by the city of Triers; because, while he was chancellor in the service of the Elector of Triers, he resisted the imposition by him of an impost, which he deemed oppressive, on the peasants; and finding he was not listened to, preferred resigning the office to subscribing his name to an unjust requisition. The peasants came out to meet him with civic garlands in every place he passed through; and in Spire they had lit up his house to receive him, both inside and out. . . . . The motto on this coat of arms, my grandmamma said, was a real compensation to her husband, who would often, in the narrow circumstances he thenceforth lived in, exclaim, "I could not have wished for a better fortune." The shield used to hang over his writing-table; and as he stood in high regard, both with peasants and burghers, they often came to him in difficult cases, in which, in

the spirit of the motto on the shield, he persuaded many to justice or indulgence, and hereby grew to be so much respected, that his decision was more effectual than that of the oldest lawyers. . . . . The Elector afterwards became reconciled to him, and confessed that he had been in the wrong; but my grandpapa rejected the appointment to which he offered to restore him.

Although we have for the most part confined ourselves to Bettine's letters, it would be unjust to her friend to infer that hers are destitute of many engaging features. But our present limits impose the necessity of a selection, and this was guided by a reference to what seemed to have the most of character and originality. We cannot, however, conclude without taking leave of the sweet recluse, and will therefore follow her into the garden for a moment, and hear her relate her discoveries there in a manner that we find very delightful :—

I have yet to mention something notable belonging to your terrace in the garden. The spiders have woven a great veil of Brussels lace over it from one end to the other, from the little pine-royal over the orange tree, across the arbour of scarlet-climbers, which now you cannot enter without destroying their handiwork, then above the pomegranate to the fig-tree. I was very careful not to break a thread of it when I gathered its fruits. Your brother Dominick came down to water them, and sprinkled the net all over,—it was just noon, and the sun was shining brightly. All the crystal drops glittered in the net, like so many mirrors, most beautifully. Your brother then suggested, that if the net-work were but carried a little farther, he could make it into an aviary for butterflies, which he has hitherto tried in vain to render tame by tending in their caterpillar state, for when they fly out of the chrysalis, he complains that they seem to have forgotten all the care and delicate attention which he showed to them while they were mere grubs. I was greatly amused at the seriousness with which he described his attempts to influence the mind of the butterfly by educating the caterpillar and the chrysalis, and told him I thought the great spiders that wove the net would soon devour all, whether grateful or thankless, that he might enclose in such an aviary. I know you like to hear of your little Eden, in which everything is so beautiful, and not a tree is there which bears a forbidden fruit.

Another and closing extract brings us into the company of Goëthe's mother, who, as we have already remarked, never appears but in a manner that attracts attention. A finer specimen of the old German character, as it existed in the highest burgher class of the free cities, could hardly have been found; and the strength, liveliness, and genial hearty warmth of character which she displayed, even in her extreme age, with a mixture of stateliness and homely favour that clothed her like a brocade of ancient fashion, must have made her a delightful companion to many beside Bettine. She appears to have fully justified the remark, that it is to the mother that distinguished men are usually found to owe whatever in their talents or character may be inherited. The letters and anecdotes of this fine old lady, in the first series of Bettine's correspondence, are to us almost the most delightful feature of the collection. Here it is singular to find the Fraülein describing to Bettine, who then knew little of Madame Goëthe, the proceedings of one who was shortly afterwards to occupy her place in the girl's affections.

George (she writes to Bettine) escorted me to your box at the theatre. The play was (*Goëthe's*) "Brother and Sister." The attendance, owing to the heat, was very scanty. The Frau Rath (*Madame Goëthe*) sate quite alone, beside me, and called out towards the stage, "Herr Verdy, act your best, now,—I am here!" I was sadly confused. Had he answered, it must have become a conversation, in which I could hardly have escaped playing a part. In the pit there were scarcely fifty people; but Verdy played extremely well, and at every scene Madame clapped so loudly that it echoed through the house. Altogether it was a strange scene, the empty theatre, with all the box doors thrown open on account of the heat, through which the daylight came freely in, as well as a strong draught, which tossed and played with the tattered decorations; while Madame Goëthe, fanning herself, cried out to Verdy, "Ah! this breath of air is delightful." It was just as if she belonged to the piece, and was playing from the boxes in concert with the other two on the stage, as a confidential party to their private domestic conversation.* I could not but think of the great poet, who has not disdained to give utterance to his own deep nature in a thing so unpretending. I believe you are right; there is even a certain kind of grandeur in it: on this occasion it became strangely impressive, almost like a tragedy:—there was the vacant theatre, the silence, the open doors, and the mother sitting almost alone, full of triumph, as if her son had built expressly for her a throne, on which she sate, raised above the common dust of life, to receive the homage of Art. They played admirably, even with a kind of enthusiasm, all on Madame Goëthe's account. She has the gift of commanding respect. At the end, she called out quite audibly, that "she was much obliged to them, and would not fail to mention it to her son." Thereupon ensued a conversation, to which the audience listened quite as eagerly as to the play; but I did not hear the whole, being then fetched away,—to-morrow it will be all over the town.

It only remains to add, that the foregoing extracts give but a partial idea of the variety of matter which these letters contain. To those who love this engaging kind of reading, we would venture to recommend a nearer inspection of their contents, provided that they are willing to look with indulgence on the enthusiasm of a young mind, eagerly seeking on all sides for some relief to those dim aspirations and new desires that attend the first awakening of a nature singularly and early gifted with thought and feeling. V.

* *Die Geschwister* is a piece of the simplest possible structure, turning upon a point of domestic interest; and for its unaffected elegance and touching effect, may be said to stand alone on the German stage.

THE POOR.

Winter was gathering gloomily around
The thousand naked hovels, where the poor
Are doomed to live and die. There was no sound
Of mirth domestic—speaking, as of yore,
Of industry at home—its long day o'er—
By health, and hope, and joy conjugal crown'd;
But voices, croaking in the raven's key,
And sobbing sounds, that set aside the tongue,
By the strange fear of *famine*, seem'd to be
From parents, o'er their sleeping infants, wrung.
When, in the Senate House, the hoary chief
Arose and said—"They shall have no relief:"
And o'er their foodless homes that sentence past,
Like an infernal curse, borne on the wintry blast.

L. D.

LAYS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.—No. II.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT MARGARET, QUEEN OF MALCOLM CANMORE.—ANNO 1067.

Long, long ago—'tis dreamlike now,
And legends dim and old
Are newer than the tale, I trow,
My simple rhymes unfold;
What time the Norman William came
To win the Saxon's land,
And got him there a Conqueror's name,
And crown, by bow and brand,—
The hope of Edward's royal race,
And Saxon hearts, was she—
The maid that from the Norman's face
Fled to the North countrie.
For shelter to the bold Canmore
The Princess went in sorrow,
For warfare, from the Southern shore,
Had filled fair England thorow.
A guest she came to Malcolm's court,
No suppliant for relief,
And, journeying though in lowly sort,
Was queenly in her grief—
The King sat in Dunfermline tower
And drank the blood-red wine,
While Saxon nobles owned his power,
Who wonned by Tweed and Tyne.
But quickly from the feast he strode,
From dais where high he sate,
When it was told him that there stood
A Princess at the gate.
With kingly step the maid he met,
And words that kindly were—
"Thou 'rt welcome, high-born Margaret,
"Right welcome, lady fair!"
His guest in hall, with gallant grace,
King Malcolm softly led,
Where worthiest lords and dames had place,
And daintiest cheer was spread;
And welcome through the palace hall
In shouts 'gan loudly ring,
And Saxon warriors, one and all,
Arose and blest the king.
For Margaret was their pride and praise,
Nor Scottish lady there
Could chide, because her lord would gaze,
On one so meekly fair.

Her angel beauty witched them so,
For her they wished alone
A queenly crown upon her brow,
Beside King Malcolm's throne.
And wed were they; nor long the while
Till high enthroned was seen
The lady of the angel smile,
Their meek and saintly queen.
O! she was learned in heavenly lore,
In all the good revere!
And better loved the bold Canmore
The right from her to hear,
Than monks or mitred priests to list
Their awful truths declare;
And oft in love, unlearned, he kissed
His lady's Book of Prayer.
Whate'er she loved, the king adored;
And decked with rare device,
Her wondrous volume richly stored
With words of nameless price.
The Scottish men were rough and rude,
But ne'er their bosoms stern
Were moved the less from her of good,
And gentleness to learn.
And proudest lords bowed down in heart
Before their gentle Queen,
For none might from her presence part
With vengeful soul I ween.
Sweet mercy from her lips went forth
And honour's courteous speech,
With honour's deed, unto the North
Her words had power to teach.
And though her time be old and faint,
Our land may laud her yet,
The lovely lady, queen and saint,
The Good Saint Margaret!* N. C.

* The *true* legend, (I need not alter the ambiguous adjective,) declares, that when Margaret, whose death was actually occasioned or hastened by the intelligence of her husband having fallen in battle, was canonized, and an attempt made to remove her corpse to a tomb more worthy of a saint, it was found impossible to raise her from the side of the buried king, and both bodies were therefore removed together. Her character, as it is described in our National Histories, relieves many a gloomy page.

MORE SWEET THAN FLATTERY IS TRUTH.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I do not flatter, when I say
I love thee better day by day;
For like that dainty Summer flower,
That opes a bud for every hour,
Thou dost each day to me impart
Some fairer feature of the heart.
Then fear not falsehood; for, in sooth,
More sweet than Flattery is Truth!

I do not flatter thee, mine own!
When I compare the blushes thrown
Across thy cheeks, as thus I tell
Thy charms, to tints within the cell
Of some fresh rosebud, ere its breath
Inhales from *life* the taint of *death*.
Oh, no! I feign not, for, in sooth,
More sweet than Flattery is Truth!

I do not flatter, when I swear
I live but in thy presence fair;
For absent from thee, still I have
A shroud around me, and a grave
Beside me—dug by cruel fear,
Lest thou shouldst never more appear
In all the fondness of thy youth:—
More sweet such flattery than Truth!

Nor do I flatter thee, dear heart!
When I aver (as now) thou art
The one thing needful to my bliss—
The all I want in scenes like this—
Where, but for thee, 'twere labour vain
To breathe life's heavy breath of pain.
Oh, no! I flatter not!—in sooth,
More sweet than Flattery is Truth!

LAING'S NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.*

No modern traveller has left a more pleasing impression upon the minds of his readers, than Mr. Laing. A lively style, a happy selection of topics, the power of acute, and also of profound observation, a high and uncompromising moral tone, great liberality of sentiment, and entire superiority to national prejudices and conventionalities combined to render his former works as entertaining to the ordinary reader, as they are agreeable and instructive to the philosopher and the philanthropist. Another charm lay in the happy aspects of society, which they represent; in the engaging pictures of the comfort or wellbeing of the great mass of the inhabitants of the northern regions, possessing free political institutions, and having numerous small land estates.

The present work, if written with the same fulness of detail as the travels in Norway and Sweden, would have filled ten volumes, instead of one. It is not therefore, in any sense, a book of travels; but one containing the pith and marrow, the highly concentrated essence of the author's observations and reflections upon almost every great point in government, legislation, education, religion, and social morals. His range is even wider than this,—and he diverges into the most minute of those particulars which hold unseen control or influence over society in its complicated interests. In avoiding the trite and commonplace, our author may be sometimes chargeable with pronouncing opinions on some subjects, more remarkable for novelty than considerateness. But Mr. Laing is no every-day traveller; and even his heresies on secondary questions are entitled to respectful examination. If there is not truth at the bottom of them, there is the love of truth, and a courage and frankness in avowing that love, which may plead against a few vagaries, in mere matters of taste. It is of far more importance that, on all great questions of morals and government, he is fully up to, or in advance of, the best thinkers of the age who have the courage to tell their thoughts; and that the opinions which he does not mince, he supports with great force, and in a style which, without being either flippant, affected, or hazy, is sufficiently piquant to awaken and arrest the attention of the reader. As the work is more one of reasoning, and of the illustration of facts, than of their narration, the same general topics and ideas are apt to recur; but if the same thought is repeated, without much novelty of statement, it is always one well worth being enforced. Such, for example, is his elaborate exposure of the effects of the military organization, and the lauded educational system of Prussia. But to come to the point:—

Mr. Laing starts by saying, that, in these locomotive days, the old plan of travel-writing will no longer answer; and he therefore at once plunges into the heart of Holland, "the land of cheese and butter," and shows no mean skill as a landscape painter:—

Holland, the land of cheese and butter, is to my eye no unpicturesque, uninteresting country. Flat it is; but it is so geometrically only, and in no other sense. Spires, church towers, bright farm houses—their windows glancing in the sun; long rows of willow trees—their blueish foliage ruffling up white in the breeze; grassy embankments of a tender vivid green, partly hiding the meadows behind, and crowded with glittering gaudily painted gigs, and stool wagons, loaded with rosy-cheeked laughing country girls, decked out in ribbons of many more colours than the rainbow, all a-streaming in the wind;—these are the objects which strike the eye of the traveller from seaward, and form a gay front view of Holland, as he sails or steams along its coasts and up its rivers. On shore, the long continuity of horizontal lines of country in the back ground, each line rising behind the other to a distant, level, unbroken horizon, gives the impressions of vastness and of novelty. It is curious how differently we are impressed by expansion in the horizontal and expansion in the perpendicular plane. Take a section of this country spread out horizontally before the eye, four miles or five in length, and one or two in breadth, and it is but a flat, unimpressive plain. But elevate this small unimpressive parallelogram of land to an angle of sixty degrees with the horizon, and it becomes the most sublime of natural objects; it surpasses Mont Blanc,—it is the side of Chimborazo. Set it on edge, and it would overwhelm the beholder with its sublimity. . . .

Holland is a cabinet picture, in which nature and art join to produce one impression, one homogeneous effect. The Dutch cottage, with its glistening brick walls, white-painted wood work and rails, and its massive roof of thatch, with the stork clappering to her young on her old-established nest on the top of the gable, is admirably in place and keeping, just where it is—at the turn of the canal, shut in by a screen of willow trees, or tall reeds, from seeing, or being seen, beyond the sunny bight of the still calm water, in which its every tint and part is brightly repeated. Then the peculiar character of every article of the household furniture which the Dutch-built house-mother is scouring on the green before the door so industriously; the Dutch character impressed on everything Dutch, and intuitively recognised, like the Jewish or Gipsy countenance, wherever it is met with; the people, their dwellings, and all in or about them,—their very movements in accordance with this style or character, and all bearing its impress strongly,—make this Holland, to my eye, no dull unimpressive land. There is soul in all you see.

He goes on to describe the Dutch taste for the Dutch romantic; and reasons upon the Dutchman's garden-house and flower-beds, as on all things else, like a philosopher. This leads to one of the most important speculations of the work; and one which is often recurred to—the true cause of the stability or decay of nations that have once been great and prosperous. The inquiry, why the Holland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is no longer in existence—why her streets are silent, and her canals green with slime, which commerce, no longer busy in her marts, permits to gather there?—is thus answered:—

The greatness of Holland was founded upon commercial

* Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe. By Samuel Laing, Esq., author of a Journal of a Residence in Norway, and a Tour in Sweden. Longman and Co. Octavo, cloth, pp. 496.

prosperity and capital, not upon productive industry. Her capital and industry were not employed in producing what ministers to human wants and gratifications; but in transmitting what other countries produced, or manufactured, from one country to another. She was their broker. When their capitals, applied at first more beneficially to productive industry, had grown large enough to enter also into the business of circulation, as well as into that of production,—into commerce properly so called,—the prosperity of Holland, founded upon commerce alone, unsupported by a basis of productive industry within herself, and among the mass of her own population, fell to the ground. This is the history of Holland. It speaks an important lesson to nations.

The world has witnessed the decline of commercial greatness in Venice, in Genoa, in Florence, in the Hans Towns, in Holland,—of military greatness in Rome, France, Sweden, Prussia; but has yet to learn whether productive greatness, that which is founded upon the manufacturing industry of a people in all the useful arts, be equally fleeting. It seems to rest upon principles in political philosophy of a more stable nature. It is more bound to soil and locality by natural circumstances. The useful metals, coals, fire-power, water-power, harbours, easy transport by sea and land, a climate favourable to outdoor labour in winter and summer, are advantages peculiar to certain districts of the earth, and are not to be forced by the power of capital into new localities. Markets may be established anywhere, but not manufactures. Human character also in the large, is formed by human employment, and is only removable with it. The busy, active, industrious spirit of a population trained to quick work, and energetic exertion of every power, in the competition of a manufacturing country, is an unchangeable moral element in its national prosperity, founded upon productive industry. Look at an Englishman at his work, and at one of these Dutchmen, or at any other European man. It is no exaggeration to say, that one million of our working men do more work in a twelvemonth, act more, think more, get through more, produce more, live more as active beings in this world, than any three millions in Europe, in the same space of time; and in this sense I hold it to be no vulgar exaggeration that the Englishman is equal to three or to four of the men of any other country. Transplant these men to England; and under the same impulse to exertion, and expeditious working habits, which quickens the English working class, they also would exceed their countrymen at home in productiveness.

This passage is the key to much of Mr. Laing's subsequent reasoning, in his survey of commercial Europe. He is a thorough believer in the influences of climate, and in the moral effects of other external causes; and also in the direct influence of government, and of social usages, upon every people; and he has, we are glad to find, great faith in the renovating inherent power, and in the ultimate destinies of England, notwithstanding his hatred of the root, as he thinks, of all her evils, namely feudalism, the law of primogeniture, and the consequent system of an unfair distribution of property, and unequal representation of interests. But the element of industry, the productive principle, the internal, self-generated, impelling power diffused among her population, he seems to consider a full counterpoise for every evil under which England suffers, and the guarantee for her renewed and continued prosperity. To his more specific remedies, we shall afterwards advert; but must first look farther into the causes of her preëminence.

In Italy, and in Holland, the social condition of great commercial wealth, with comparatively little employment given by it to the mass of the people, called into existence painters, sculptors, architects; furnished artists, and encouragement for them,—that is, demand and taste for their works. It was the main outlet for the activity of the public mind, and for the excess of capital beyond what could be profitably engaged in commerce. But a national mind, formed, like that of the English people, in the school of productive industry, seeks the shadow at least of utility, even in its most extravagant gratifications. Horses, hounds, carriages, a seat in parliament, yachts, gardens, pet-farms, are the objects in which great wealth in England indulges, much more frequently than in grand palaces, fine jewels, valuable paintings, delightful music, or other tastes connected with the fine arts. The turn of the public mind is decidedly towards the useful arts; for which all, high and low, have a taste differing not so much in kind as in the means and scale of its gratification. Capital can be so much more extensively employed in reproduction in the useful arts, where a whole population has a taste for and consumes their objects, that the excess to be invested in objects of the fine arts is surprisingly small in England, considering the vast amount and diffusion of her wealth. What is not useful, at least in appearance, is but lightly esteemed as an expenditure of money. A duke and his shoemaker, or tailor, or tenant, have precisely the same tastes, lay out their excess of capital in objects of the same nature, in gratifications of the same kind; differing only in cost, not in principle. Look, in England, into the tradesman's parlour, kitchen, garden, stable, way of living, amusements, and modes of gratification,—all is in the same taste as the nobleman's: the same principle of utility runs through all. The cultivated or acquired tastes for the fine arts, for music, painting, sculpture, architecture, are little, if at all, more developed among the higher or wealthier classes, than among the middle or lower classes. England at this day, with ten thousand times the wealth, furnishes no such demand for and supply of objects of the fine arts, as Florence, Genoa, or Holland did in the days of their prosperity. Is this peculiar developement of the national mind of the English people, this low appreciation and social influence of the fine arts compared to the useful among them, matter of just regret, as many amateurs consider it; or is it matter of just and enlightened exultation, that our social condition has advanced so far beyond that of any civilized people who have preceded us, that the tastes and gratifications which the few only of great wealth and great station in a community can cultivate, and enjoy, are as nothing in the mass of intellectual and bodily employment which the many give, by the demands upon intellect and industry, for their gratifications?

What, after all, is the real value, in the social condition of man, of the fine arts? Are they not too highly estimated,—raised by prejudices inherited from a period of intellectual culture far behind our own, into a false importance? Do they contribute to the wellbeing, civilisation, and intellectuality of mankind, as much as the cultivation of the useful arts? Do they call into activity higher mental powers, or more of the moral qualities of human nature, than the useful arts? Is the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the theatrical performer, generally a more cultivated, more intellectual, more moral member of society, a man approaching nearer to the highest end and perfection of human nature, than the engineer, the mechanician, the manufacturer? Is Rome, the seat of the fine arts, upon a higher, or so high a grade, in all that distinguishes a civilized community, as Glasgow, Manchester, or Birmingham,—the seats of the useful arts? Are Scotland and the United States of America —without a good picture, a good statue, or a good palace within their bounds, and without more taste, feeling, or knowledge in the fine arts, among the mass of the people, than among so many New Zealanders,—very far below Italy, or Bavaria, with their fine arts, tastes, and artists, as moral and intellectual communities of civilized men? Is a picture, a statue, or a building so high an effort of the human powers, intellectual and bodily, as a ship, a foundery, a cotton mill, with all their complicated machineries and combinations? We give, in reality, an undue importance to the fine arts,—reckon them important, because they minister to the gratification, and are

among the legitimate and proper enjoyments of kings and important personages; but, like the military profession, or the servile employments about a royal court, their importance is derivative only,—is founded on prejudice or fashion, not on sound philosophic grounds. . . . .

The plain, undeniable, knock-me-down truth is, that the Glasgow manufacturer, whose printed cotton handkerchiefs the travellers Landers found adorning the woolly heads of negresses far in the interior of Africa, who had never seen a white human face, has done more for civilisation, has extended humanising influences more widely, than all the painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians of our age put together. Monstrous Vandalism, but true.

Such is the notable heresy broached by this sturdy democrat or utilitarian; in which, by the way, he has been preceded by the American, Emerson, who advances as philosophic speculation, what is here delivered as decided opinion. Are then these pictures and statues, the finest works of imitative art, nothing better in reality than dolls and toy figures with which full-grown men and women amuse themselves in the childhood of civilisation? In his subsequent observations upon Genoa "the superb," Naples, and Rome the cradle and seat of modern and of ancient art, our traveller finds many arguments to fortify his paradox. A novel and a good argument might be adduced by Mr. Laing and the speculative American, the extreme insensibility to art shown by minds like those of Scott and Coleridge; and generally, we should say, by the poets, and all highly imaginative persons; who, possessing the faculty of perceiving the originals, and of creating pictures which Raphael could not paint, and forms which Angelo could not mould, wrapped in a world of ideal beauty, remain wonderfully indifferent to works of art, even when fancying they are moved by them. But we leave Mr. Laing in the hopeless "Vandalism" which he avows. On manufactures, he will be held perfectly orthodox, save by the few fanatics among the English landowners, who, in steam-engines and spinning-jennies, instead of the quadrupling of their rent-rolls, which those things signify to the landlords of Germany, perceive only pauperism and Reform Bills. To the want of manufactures, and of the natural power of becoming a manufacturing country, is attributed the hopeless decay of Holland; which, from a highly prosperous commercial state, has sunk into a population of wealthy capitalists and ill-off paupers. Contrasting this country with Holland, where, together with the alternations of a damp, raw, and cold, or a hot and unwholesome climate, there is great want of fuel, Mr. Laing remarks:—

In our manufacturing towns, the poor, however badly off, have more advantages, in fuel, lodging, and occasional work produced by manufacturing establishments, than in towns of greater wealth, arising from commerce, or from the fixed incomes of capitalists, landholders, and public functionaries. Edinburgh, for instance, is not a seat of manufactures. We see a wealthy or well-off upper class in it; a thriving, well-to-do middle class, living by their expenditure; and the class below, living by the family work and handicrafts required by the other two, not very ill off either; but dive to the bottom of society even in Edinburgh, where fuel and fish are cheap, and land work and building work not scarce, but on the contrary taking off much common labour at all seasons, you find the surplus of the labouring class, beyond what the other two classes regularly employ, in extreme distress from the want of manufactures on a great scale circulating employment around them. Now Holland is just one such great city spread over a small country; and not a manufacturing city, but such a city of capitalists, and of middle-class people living by their expenditure, but affording no labour to the lowest class—nothing but city work, as tradesmen, family servants, and porters, seamen, or bargemen. The two upper classes, and those they employ of the lower class, may be well enough off; but such employment is stationary, has no principle of an increase in it, keeping pace, in some degree, with the growth of population; and the surplus, who cannot find work in such a social body, is more wretched than in any other land. After the peace of 1816, Holland was among the first countries in Europe that was obliged to grapple with a pauperism which threatened to subvert all social arrangements.

The economy of the Dutch pauper colonies, and their inefficiency, do not at present fall in our way. It is enough to state the causes of the general pauperism—which is, the want of that *productive power* which we see crushed, and about to be destroyed in this country which it has enriched, unless for the timely wisdom which may yet arrest its decay. Mr. Laing is so great an admirer of the Federal principle of society, that we are not sure but that he might, so far as depended on him, allow Mr. O'Connell to carry Repeal, and conceive the administration of Irish affairs a happy riddance to Great Britain. His application of the Federal principle to Holland and Belgium admits of less cavil. He points out some of the advantages of a Federal union to both these countries, and omits others which would not be left out of account by Louis Philippe or the King of Prussia, were they called on to consider of the advantages of such a union of public interests, and the wisdom of sanctioning merely a separation or divorce from bed and board between the two little neighbouring states.

After ingeniously reasoning on the Federative principle, which the example of America, and what he saw in Switzerland, taught him to admire, and to consider as, in theory, a more natural and just principle of general government than a forced centralization, or, in other words, the Swiss as better than the Russian system, he proceeds in this strain; and we give the extract as much from a desire to make known the author's opinions, as his literary accomplishments and logical powers:—

As civilisation, peace, and industry acquire an influence in the affairs of mankind, which the individual ambition of a sovereign, or the ignorance and evil passions of a government, will not be allowed to shake, the superiority of small independent states federally united, each extending over such territory, or masses of society only, as can be governed together, without the sacrifice of one part to another, and each interested in the general civilisation, peace, and industry, will probably be acknowledged by all civilized populations. Junctions morally or physically discordant, as that of Belgium and Holland, Austria and Lombardy, districts and populations on the Vistula and Niemen, with districts and populations on the Rhine and Moselle, are political arrangements which lack any principle of permancy founded upon their benefits to the governed. Nature forbids, by the unalterable differences of soil, climate, situation, and natural advantages of country, or by the equally unalterable moral differences between people and people, that one government can equally serve all—be equally suited to promote the utmost good of all. Federalism involves a principle more akin to natural, free, and beneficial legislation, and to the improvement of the social condition of man, than

governments in single extensive states, holding legislative and executive powers over distant and distinct countries and populations, whether such governments be constitutional or despotic. It is much more likely to be the future progress of society, that Europe, in the course of time, civilisation, and the increasing influence of public opinion on all public affairs, will resolve itself into one great federal union of many states, of extent suitable to their moral and physical peculiarities, like the union of the American states, than that those American states will, in the course of time and civilisation, fall back into separate, unconnected, and hostile monarchies and aristocracies, which some modern travellers in America assure us is their inevitable doom. With all respect for their gifts of prophecy, the tendency of human affairs is not to retrograde towards the old, but to advance towards the new, towards a higher physical, moral, and religious condition; towards forms of government in which the interests of the people shall be directed by the people and for the people. Moral and intellectual power is leavening the whole mass, and not merely the upper crust of European society. The political balance of power among the European governments, if the idea could be carried out to its utmost completeness and permanency, is in reality a homage to the principle of federalism, an imperfect approximation to a federal union of the European powers—imperfect, because the interests of kingdoms territorially or dynastically considered as family estates, not the distinct physical and moral interests of the different masses of the European population, are attempted to be federalized. Yet this imperfect principle of federalism is eminently successful in the political federation of the Germanic states. This federation acts with dignity and power. In Switzerland, and in America, the constitution of the central federated power may be imperfect, may be too strong, or not strong enough; or even the state of society may not be ripe for the federal constitution adopted, and may, as yet, want a class removed by education and fortune from the temptation of turning public affairs to their private pecuniary advantage; but still the principle of federalism, theoretically considered, appears more reasonable and suitable to the wellbeing of society than the monarchical, and appears to be that towards which civilized and educated society is naturally tending in its course. The German custom-house union, or commercial league, is a remarkable indication of the irresistible tendency of social economy in modern times towards the principle of federalism. Kings and governments are often but the blind agents in these vast spontaneous movements of society. In this great measure of federalizing the German populations for the regulation and advancement of their industrial and commercial interests, is involved a principle which must necessarily extend to the constitutional and political rights and interests of these communities; and one altogether incompatible with the principle and system of the very governments and kings who at present lead this movement of the social body in Germany.

After taking a historical survey of the operation of the principle of Federalism, it is remarked :—

If Holland had been restored, on the expulsion of the French in 1814, to her ancient federal constitution, with a stadtholder instead of a king, and with Belgium as one of the states of the confederation, the cause of the rupture —the interference with the local advantages or prejudices of the one portion of the new-baked kingdom for the sake of the other—the centralisation-attempt of the late king of Holland for giving effect to the monarchical principle of extending one consolidated power, one language, law, and religion over all, would never have existed.

The superior dignity and solidity of the Federal system is corroborated by the recent conduct of the Swiss Confederation, which the rest of Europe fancied about to be swallowed up alive in an unequal contest, when the State of Berne dared to refuse to give up to France Prince Louis Buonaparte, who had acquired the rights of citizenship in Berne.

Mr. Laing, as may be augured from his former books, is at deadly opposition to Macculloch, Young, Birbeck, and all those political economists who uphold the principle of enormous estates, secured by the law of primogeniture; and of those enormous farms, or corn manufactories, which, in the progress of society, seem a natural consequence of that system. But it is not merely as a moralist and philanthropist that he opposes the doctrines of the modern school of political economy, but as an economist going farther in the main requisite—*production*, than any one of them. It is in entering France that Mr. Laing fairly enters upon this subject; and not Mr. Henry Bulwer, Mr. Jonathan Duncan, Cobbett—no modern writer, in short, is a more strenuous advocate for the division of land, among a numerous body of small proprietors, which seems, indeed, his only permanent remedy for all the evils under which this country is suffering, and is likely long to suffer. This, he argues, was the original condition of "Merry England," before the Norman invasion had introduced the system of feudal tenures; and to this condition, if England be to prosper by agriculture and manufactures in conjunction, she must speedily return.

Though we are not so certain of the exact original date of these yeoman, franklin, and statesman holdings, which must have introduced "the green network of hedges spread over the face of England," and which forms its peculiar rural charm, as Mr. Laing is, we having nothing to urge against this proof of a vast body of small proprietors, or, at all events, of small stationary occupiers enjoying nearly all the immunites of proprietors, having been at some time or other at work in producing it. He imagines that—

The Saxons and Danes,—one people in the principles of their laws, institutions, and languages, although in different states of civilisation,—must have woven this immense veil over the face of the land during the six centuries they possessed England under a social arrangement altogether different from the present; one in which their law of partition of property among all the children, excluding the feudal principle of primogeniture, would produce this subdivision of the land into small distinct fields. France is now, by the abolition of the feudal tenure of land and of the law of primogeniture, recommencing a state of society which was extinguished in England by the Norman conquest and the laws of succession adopted from that period. France is in the midst of a great social experiment. Its results upon civilisation can only be guessed at now, and will only be distinctly seen, perhaps, after the lapse of ages. The opinions of all our political economists are adverse to it. Listen to the groans of the most acute observers of our day, on the appalling consequences of this division of landed property.

Here he has Arthur Young, Birbeck, Peter Paul Cobbett, and the Edinburgh Reviewers, fairly on the hip; and he does not spare them; no, nor yet Dr. Chalmers, who, in his Politico-Theological Lectures, broaches very strange doctrines for a minister of the gospel of justice, mercy, and human equality. Having crowed a little over the Scotch "feelosophers," as Cobbett wont to call those land and corn doctors, our author thus proceeds :—

When new social arrangements, diametrically opposed in principle and spirit to the feudal, grew up, and unfolded themselves, first in America, and afterwards in France, and gradually spread from thence over great part of the present Prussia, the feudalized minds of our

Scotch political economists were lavish in their predictions of the degradation, misery, and barbarism, which must inevitably ensue among that portion of the human race who were so unfortunate as to adopt the dictates of nature and reason in their legislation on property and social rank, instead of adhering to conventional and barbarous laws and institutions, derived from the darkest period of the middle ages. If natural affection, humanity, reason, religion—if all that distinguishes man from the brute creation, speak more clearly in the human breast on the obligation of one duty than of another, it is on that of the parent providing equally according to his means for all the beings he has brought into existence and added to society; leaving none of them to want and distress if he can help it, or to chance for a precarious subsistence, or to be supported by his neighbours out of their alms, as paupers, or out of their taxes, as useless functionaries, or by uncertain dependence upon employment and bread from others. Is not this a moral and religious duty? Is it not the clearest duty of the parent, not only to the offspring he has brought into existence, but to the social body of which he and they are members? Can any argument of expediency, drawn from our artificial state of society under the feudal system and feudal law of succession to property, and of the advantage of that system, turn away the natural sentiments of men from this great moral duty to their own offspring? from this great moral duty to the rest of society? Yet listen to the morality and political economy taught lately in no obscure corner, and to no uninfluential pupils, but from the Divinity chair of the University of Edinburgh to the young men who were to go forth, and are now, the religious and moral instructors of the people in the established church of Scotland. "We know," says Dr. Chalmers, in his *Political Economy in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society*, being the substance of a course of lectures delivered to the students of the Theological Hall in Edinburgh,—"We know," says this distinguished philosopher, "that there is a mighty force of sentiment and natural affection arrayed against the law of primogeniture But here is the way in which we would appease these feelings, and make compensation for the violence done to them. *We would make no inroad on the integrity of estates, or, for the sake of a second brother, take off to the extent of a thousand a-year from that domain of ten thousand a-year which devolved by succession on the eldest son of the family.* We should think it vastly better, if, by means of a liberal provision in all the branches of the public service, a place of a thousand a-year lay open to the younger son, whether in the law, or in the church, or in colleges, or in any other well-appointed establishment kept up for the good and interest of the nation."

Now, all this stands in the published works of the great teacher of Theology in Scotland; and upon reading it, our author inquires, surely not ineptly, of those great teachers of morals and religion—

Will they explain the moral principle of their doctrine, that the most virtuous feelings in our nature—the mighty force of natural affection for our children, and the mighty force of the sentiment of justice to our fellow-men—should be sacrificed to support an artificial system or arrangement of society, be that system or arrangement ever so expedient or beneficial? Will they explain the moral principle upon which they recommend "the appeasing those natural feelings of affection and moral duty, and the compensating for the violence done to them," by an appointment of a thousand a-year, or by any other pecuniary compensation? Will they explain the moral difference between the conduct of the owner of a domain of ten thousand a-year, who leaves it all to his eldest son, and leaves his younger son to be provided for by his neighbours out of their taxes, in some appointment of a thousand a-year in the church, or the law, or in any other public establishment,—which is the case propounded and recommended by them—and the conduct of the wretched female who exposes her new-born babe on her neighbour's door-step, to be provided for out of his means? The moral guilt of the latter, driven by want and misery to abandon the infant she is unable to maintain, appears to all men, whose moral sense has not been cultivated at the Theological Hall of the University of Edinburgh, infinitely less than that of the man of ten thousand a-year, who abandons his younger children to the support of the public, in order to leave all his estate to the eldest son. Will they explain the moral grounds of their teaching that the abandonment of his parental and social duties to his offspring, and to his fellow-men, is a laudable act in the case of the rich domain owner, and the same abandonment an immoral and criminal act in the case of the wretched strumpet? They are the teachers of the people of Scotland, whose principles of moral and political philosophy, as laid down in their own text-book, are here arraigned; and they ought to satisfy every doubt that is suggested to the public mind, either of the moral purity or of the philosophical correctness of their speculations.

To the satisfaction of persons of plain understanding, and an unsophisticated moral sense, this will not be easily done.

After exposing the fallacies of those who argue for the principle of primogeniture, and against small farms, from the wretched cotter-tenant system of Ireland, and after showing the hardship and evils of money-rents to the Irish peasants—(and he extends this same principle to farmers of all kinds)—our author proceeds to point out a deeper fallacy, namely, that which, in the reasoning of the economists, confounds small renters with small proprietors, whose condition is totally different. This disposed of, he comes to another axiom of the economists, which assumes the imperfect cultivation of small farms when compared with that of the vast corn manufactories spread over thousands of acres in fields of hundreds of acres in extent. But while speaking of this imperfect cultivation, they,

In the same breath recommend a garden-like cultivation of the land. Pray what is a garden but a small farm? and what do they recommend, but that a large farm should be, as nearly as possible, brought into the state of cultivation and productiveness of a garden or small farm? This can only be done, they tell us, by the application of large capitals, such as small farmers cannot command, to agriculture: let us reduce these grand words to their proper value. Capital signifies the means of purchasing labour; the application of capital to agriculture means the application of labour to land. A man's own labour, as far as it goes, is as good as any he can buy, nay, a great deal better, because it is attended by a perpetual overseer—his self-interest, watching that it is not wasted or misapplied. If this labour be applied to a suitable, not too large nor too small, area of soil, it is capital applied to land, and the best kind of capital, and applied in the best way to a garden-like cultivation. A garden is better dug, and manured, and weeded, and drained, and is proportionably far more productive than a large farm; because more toil and labour, that is more capital is bestowed upon it, in proportion to its area. A small farm, held not by the temporary right of a tenant, and under the burden of a heavy rent, but by the owner of the soil, and cultivated by the labour of his family, is precisely the principle of gardening applied to farming; and in the countries in which land has long been occupied and cultivated in small farms by the owners—in Tuscany, Switzerland, and Flanders,—the garden-like cultivation and productiveness of the soil are cried up by those very agriculturists and political economists, who cry down the means, the only means, by which it can be attained universally in a country—the division of the land into small, garden-like estates, farmed by the proprietors. It is possible that the family of the small proprietor-farmer consume almost all that they produce, and have very little

surplus to send to market; but that merely affects the proportions of the population engaged in producing food, and in producing objects to be exchanged for food. The produce supports the same number of human beings—every potato finds a mouth—whether the whole of it belongs to one man, who sells it for the labour and productions of the rest of the number, or belongs in small portions to the whole. The traveller who considers the prices, supplies, and varieties of agricultural food in the market towns in Flanders, France, Switzerland, and the liberal use, or, more correctly, the abundance and waste in the cooking and housekeeping of all classes in those countries, will scarcely admit even, that in proportion to the number of the whole community not engaged in husbandry, a smaller surplus for their consumpt is sent to market by the small farmers. It cannot be denied that a minute division of the land into small, free, garden-like properties, seems, *à priori*, more favourable to a garden-like cultivation of a country than its division into vast baronial estates, and the subdivision of these into extensive farms, on which the actual husbandmen, as a class, are but hired labourers, having no interest in the productions of the soil, and no object in their work but to get the day over.

Mr. Laing next enters into minute statistical details to prove his position. The leading fact is, that in 1840, France supported eight millions more people than in 1789, upon about the same extent of arable land; a fact somewhat in favour of the superior productiveness of the small proprietary system as opposed to the feudal. Nay, this increased population is also maintained in much greater abundance and comfort, as is shown by the greatly increased amount of tropical products consumed; and its condition as to food, clothing, and lodging is also better. Other causes show the advance of industry and prosperity among the French people since the breaking up of the large estates. The pursuits of agriculture are even weaning them from the worship of the Frenchman's idol, Glory; and it becomes every day more and more difficult and expensive to procure a substitute for a young man drawn by ballot to serve in the army. Industry is on the move—houses are building in every village.

The small landowners have acquired means and confidence, and are beginning to lodge themselves on their little estates. Prices, profits, speculations, undertakings, establishments in business, engrossed all conversation among all classes. . . . . .

How ludicrous, as one sits on the deck of a fine steam-vessel going down the Saone, or the Rhone, or the Seine, passing every half hour other steam-vessels, and every five or six miles under iron suspension bridges, and past canals, short factory railroads even, and new-built factories—how laughable, now, to read the lugubrious predictions of Arthur Young half a century ago, of Birbeck a quarter of a century ago, of the Edinburgh Review some twenty years ago, about the inevitable consequences of the French law of succession! "A pauper warren!" Look up from the page and laugh. Look around upon the actual prosperity, and wellbeing, and rising industry of this people, under their system. Look at the activity on their rivers, at the new-factory chimneys against the horizon, at the steam-boats, canals, roads, coal works, wherever nature gives any opening to enterprise. France owes her present prosperity, and rising industry, to this very system of subdivision of property, which allows no man to live in idleness, and no capital to be employed without a view to its reproduction, and places that great instrument of industry and wellbeing, property, in the hands of all classes. . . . . .

The produce applied to the feeding of soldiery, of labourers employed by a splendid court in works of mere ostentation and grandeur, in building palaces, or constructing magnificent public works of no utility equivalent to the labour expended, and, to a certain extent, even in the fine arts, and, above all, in supporting a numerous idle aristocracy, gentry, and clergy, with their dependent followers, was a waste of means, a consumpt without any corresponding return of consumable or saleable produce from the labour or industry of the consumers. In this view, the comparison between the old feudal construction of society in France, and the new, under the present law of succession, resolves itself into this result, —that one third more people are supported under the new, in greater abundance and comfort, from the same extent of arable land, in consequence of the law of succession having swept off the non-productive classes, forced them into active industry, and obliged all consumers, generally speaking, to be producers also while they consume. In this view, the cost of supporting the old court, aristocracy, gentry, clergy, and all the system and arrangements of society in France, under the ancient régime, has been equivalent to the cost of supporting one third more inhabitants in France, and in greater comfort and wellbeing; and this is the gain France has realized by her revolution, and by the abolition of the law of primogeniture, its most important measure.

In noticing Mr. Henry Bulwer's* work on France, this subject was discussed at some length in our pages; but we may draw fresh proofs of Mr. Laing's theory of the superior productiveness of minute cultivation from other fields. In Tuscany he inquires,

Why should the physical and moral condition of this population be so superior to that of the Neapolitans, or of the neighbouring people in the papal states? The soil and climate and productions are the same in all these countries. The difference must be accounted for by the happier distribution of the land in Tuscany. In 1836, Tuscany contained 1,436,785 inhabitants, and 130,190 landed estates. Deducting 7901 estates, belonging to towns, churches, or other corporate bodies, we have 122,289 belonging to the people—or, in other words, 48 families in every 100 have land of their own to live from. Can the striking difference in the physical and moral condition, and in the standard of living, between the people of Tuscany and those of the papal states be ascribed to any other cause? The taxes are as heavy in Tuscany as in the dominions of the Pope; about 12*s.* 6*d.* sterling per head of the population in the one, and 12*s.* 10*d.* in the other. But in the whole Maremma of Rome, of about 30 leagues in length by 10 or 12 in breadth, Mons. Chateauvieux reckons only 24 factors, or tenants of the large estates of the Roman nobles. From the frontier of the Neapolitan to that of the Tuscan state, the whole country is reckoned to be divided in about 600 landed estates. Compare the husbandry of Tuscany, the perfect system of drainage, for instance, in the strath of the Arno by drains between every two beds of land, all connected with a main drain—being our own lately introduced furrow tile-draining, but connected here with the irrigation as well as the draining of the land,—compare the clean state of the growing crops, the variety and succession of clean crops for foddering cattle in the house all the year round, the attention to collecting manure, the garden-like cultivation of the whole face of the country; compare these with the desert waste of the Roman Maremma, or with the papal country, of soil and productiveness as good as that of the vale of the Arno, the country about Foligno and Perugia; compare the well-clothed, busy people, the smart country girls at work about their cows' food, or their silkworm leaves, with the ragged, sallow, indolent population, lounging about their doors in the papal dominions, starving, and with nothing to do on the great estates; nay, compare the agricultural industry and operations in this land of small farms, with the best of our large-farm districts, with Tweedside, or East Lothian—and snap your fingers at the wisdom of our Sir Johns, and all the host of our book-makers on agriculture, who bleat after each other

* *Tait's Magazine* for April 1836.

that solemn saw of the thriving-tenantry-times of the war—that small farms are incompatible with a high and perfect state of cultivation. Scotland, or England, can produce no one tract of land to be compared to this strath of the Arno, not to say for productiveness, because that depends upon soil and climate, which we have not of similar quality to compare, but for industry and intelligence applied to husbandry, for perfect drainage, for irrigation, for garden-like culture, for clean state of crops, for absence of all waste of land, labour, or manure, for good cultivation, in short, and the good condition of the labouring cultivator. These are points which admit of being compared between one farm and another, in the most distinct soils and climates. Our system of large farms will gain nothing in such a comparison with the husbandry of Tuscany, Flanders, or Switzerland, under a system of small farms. Next to the distribution of property, the comparative wellbeing of the lower classes in Tuscany must be ascribed to the government.

Again, in Switzerland, where he spent some seasons, new argument is found, not only for the superiority of small proprietary farms over great feudal estates in point of mere economy, but from much higher reasons—those of sound morality and social happiness. The parish of Montreux, on the banks of the lake of Geneva, is cited to all Europe, by the Malthuses and Chalmerses, as an exemplary parish; because the "prudential check" being in such constant operation there, marriages are late, if not few, and births yet fewer in proportion to the marriages; and hence the "population never," in the jargon of the economists, "presses on the means of subsistence." All owing to the "moral check," say they: "All owing to the numerous small land properties," says Mr. Laing, as he had, indeed, said before in Norway. Many curious facts are connected with this same Swiss parish, where, if few children are born, still fewer die in proportion to other localities. But what is the secret of the prudence of the people of Montreux, and the healthfulness of their progeny? We shall see what Mr. Laing thinks of it; for he allows the marriages of poverty to be imprudent, though he thinks,——

It is rather too much for our political economists to enlist moral restraint into the defence of the fictitious feudal construction of society. This parish of Montreux, proves the very reverse of the conclusions of Sir Francis d'Ivernois, as to the use of this false moral restraint on improvident marriage. It shows that economical restraint is sufficient. Our parish is divided into three communes or administrations. In that in which I am lodged, Veytaux, there is not a single pauper, although there is an accumulated poor fund, and the village thinks itself sufficiently important to have its post-office, its fire engine, its watchman; and it has a landward population around. The reason is obvious without having recourse to any occult moral restraint, or any tradition of the evils of over-population from the fate of the ancient Helvetians, as Sir Francis absurdly supposes possible, whose emigration from over-population Julius Cæsar repressed with the sword. The parish is one of the best cultivated and most productive vineyards in Europe; and is divided in very small portions among a great body of small proprietors. What is too high up the hill for vines, is in orchard, hay, and pasture land. There is no manufacture, and no chance work going on in the parish. These small proprietors, with their sons and daughters, work on their own land, know exactly what it produces, what it costs them to live, and whether the land can support two families or not. Their standard of living is high, as they are proprietors. They are well lodged, their houses well furnished, and they live well, although they are working men. I lived with one of them two summers successively. This class of the inhabitants would no more think of marrying without means to live in a decent way, than any gentleman's sons or daughters in England; and indeed less, because there is no variety of means of living, as in England. It must be altogether out of the land. The class below them again, the mere labourers, or village tradesmen, are under a similar economical restraint, which it is an abuse of words and principles to call moral restraint. The quantity of work which each of the small proprietors must hire, is a known and filled-up demand, not very variable. There is no corn farming, little or no horse work; and the number of labourers and tradesmen who can live by the work and custom of the other class, is as fixed and known as the means of living of the landowners themselves. There is no chance living—no room for an additional house even for this class; because the land is too valuable, and too minutely divided, to be planted with a labourer's house, if his labour be not necessary. All that is wanted is supplied; and until a vacancy naturally opens, in which a labourer and his wife could find work and house room, he cannot marry. The economical restraint is thus quite as strong among the labourers, as among the class of proprietors. Their standard of living, also, is necessarily raised by living and working all day along with a higher class. They are clad as well, females and males, as the peasant proprietors. The costume of the canton is used by all. This very parish might be cited as an instance of the restraining powers of property, and of the habits, tastes, and standard of living which attend a wide diffusion of property among a people, on their own over-multiplication. It is a proof that a division of property by a law of succession, different in principle from the feudal, is the true check upon over-population.

In Switzerland and Germany, the speculations of the political economists have even led to the adoption of direct restraints on marriage, by the imposition of fines, and otherwise. Sir Francis d'Ivernois approves of a tax on marriages, provided it is not so low as to defeat the object; as a poor couple, very anxious to get married, might still contrive to scrape together about £3,—the amount levied in one State named:—

But he thinks the principle excellent, as both Ricardo and Say, it seems, recommend the postponement of the marriageable age of the poor as an object of legislative enactment,—but not of the rich. . . . . .

All this monstrous, and demoralising, and tyrannical interference with the most sacred of those private rights for which man enters into social union with man, is the consequence of the absurd speculations of our English political economists and their foreign proselytes, who see clearly enough the evil, but who do not see, or are afraid to state, that the remedy is not in a false code of morality, imposing moral restraint upon an act not immoral,—the marriage of the sexes; nor in a false code of laws for preventing the most powerful stimulus of nature; but in raising the civilisation, habits, mode of living, and prudence of the lower classes of the community by a wider diffusion of property among them, by an inoculation of the whole mass of society with the restraints which property carries with it upon imprudence and want of forethought in human action. . . . . .

It is only in Ireland, or Sardinia, that the peasant sees no prospect of being better off at 28 or 30 years of age, than at 18; and therefore very naturally, and very properly, marries at 18 or very early in life, so as to have a prospect of children grown up, before he is past the age to work for them; and who will be able to work for themselves, and perhaps for him, when he is worn out.

Whatever may be said by the economists, as to the soundness of this reasoning, it must at least be confessed more in accordance with human feelings, and the instinctive sense of justice, than their theories:—

Men heard with indignation marriage, however impru-

dent and reckless, classed with fornication, or theft, as a moral delinquency; and the morality or immorality of human action, seriously stated even by divines, by Malthus and Dr. Chalmers, to depend upon prudential considerations. The rough untutored common sense of all men of the lower class rejected this new code of morality; and the socialists and radicals with reason crow over the ecclesiastics in this argument. They ask for what purpose is this new-fashioned moral obligation in the most important of the actions of man, his marriage, to be inculcated? Is it to support any natural and necessary system of society? No. But to support an artificial feudal division of property, originating in the darkest and most barbarous ages, by which one son alone succeeds to the land, and the others, with their posterity, are thrown into that pauper class, who must live on the taxes or alms of the rest of the community. . . . . .

The most profound observation ever made in the science of political economy is that of Solomon—"The destruction of the poor is their poverty." It is their poverty that causes their over-multiplication, and their over-multiplication their poverty. Cure their poverty, give them property, inoculate the whole mass of society with the tastes, habits, and feelings of prudence, which attend the possession of property, by abolishing the laws of succession which tend to concentrate all property in one upper class, and over-multiplication is cured. It is evidently curing itself rapidly in France, without the unnatural and immoral restraints recommended by political economists to be taught as injunctions of religion and morality by their clergy, or to be enforced as law by the local authorities. . . . . .

A political economy opposed to the moral and natural economy of society is unsound. It rests upon an arbitrary expediency only. The speculations upon artificial checks to the increase of population by legislative, educational, or conventional restraints inconsistent with the national rights, moral duties, and social relations of the individuals composing the poorer classes, are altogether false in principle. The administration of the poor law by the commissioners in England—the separation of husband and wife—of parents and children—the confinement in workhouses of all receiving relief—cannot be justified on any principle but expediency; and on that, anything—the veto on marriages among the poor—the enormities alluded to by Sir Francis d'Ivernois—anything and everything, in short, may be justified. The destitute either have a right or have not a right to relief. If they have not, it is a robbery to take the sum from the richer class to relieve them. If they have, from the nature and constitution of property and society, a right inherent to them as animals to such a portion of the fruits of God's earth as will maintain them, it is unjust and tyrannical to withhold that portion except on conditions inconsistent with their free agency and enjoyment of life as moral intelligent beings. The expediency-principle of making the poor-rate relief as sour as possible to the receiver, in order to lessen the pecuniary burden on the giver, would justify the exterminating, or torturing, or mutilating the pauper class. This is from first to last a false legislation.

In labouring to establish the superiority of small farms, Mr. Laing shows the coöperative system at work in Italy and in Switzerland, wherever it is required, as in the dairy-farms, and also wherever it can be beneficially employed. Thus the Swiss and Italian cheeses, the Parmesan or Gruyere, sent to market by the peasant-proprietors, are as large as those cheeses sent to market by the farmers of Cheshire, paying £200 or £300 of rent, and having fifty milch cows in their meadows:—

In Switzerland each parish has its Alp, that is, its common pasture for the cows of the parish—which is the proper meaning of the word Alp—and each inhabitant is entitled to a cow's grazing, or half a cow's grazing, from June to October, on this common pasture. These grazing rights are highly prized, for the Swiss peasant is extravagantly fond of his cow. To pass a winter without a cow to care for, would be a heavy life to him.

On these common mountain grazings, the cheese is made by the herdsman hired by the owners of the cows; who keeps a regular account of the milk yielded by each animal to the common stock, and, after the cheese is sold, divides the price by this rule:—

When we find this, which of all operations in husbandry seems most to require one large stock, and one large capital applied to it, so easily accomplished by the well-understood coöperation of small farmers, it is idle to argue that draining, or irrigation, or liming, or fencing, or manuring, or any operation whatsoever in farming, to which large capital is required, cannot be accomplished also by small farmers—not small tenant-farmers, but small proprietor-farmers, like the Swiss. . . . .

I went one warm forenoon while ascending the Rhigi into one of these dairy houses. From the want of dairy-maids or females about the place, and the appearance of the cow-man and his boys, I thought it prudent to sit down on the bench outside of the smoky dwelling room, and to ask for a bowl of milk there. It was brought me in a remarkably clean wooden bowl, and I had some curiosity, when, clean or dirty, my milk was swallowed, to see where it came from. The man took me to a separate wooden building; and instead of the disgusting dirt and sluttishness I had expected, I found the most unpretending cleanliness in this rough milk room—nothing was in it but the wooden vessels belonging to the dairy; but these were of unexceptionable nicety; and all those holding the milk were standing in a broad rill of water led from the neighbouring burn, and rippling through the centre of the room, and prevented by a little side sluice from running too full, and mingling with the milk. This burn running through gave a freshness and cleanliness to every article; although the whole was of rude construction, and evidently for use, not show. The cows were stabled, I found, at some distance from the milk-house, that the effluvia of their breath and dung might not taint the milk. Cheese is almost the only agricultural product of Switzerland that is exported; and it is manufactured by these small farmers certainly as well, with as much intelligence, cleanliness, and advantage, as by large farmers. . . . . .

The peculiar feature in the condition of the Swiss population—the great charm of Switzerland, next to its natural scenery—is the air of wellbeing, the neatness, the sense of property imprinted on the people, their dwellings, their plots of land. They have a kind of Robinson Crusoe industry about their houses and little properties; they are perpetually building, repairing, altering, or improving something about their tenements. The spirit of the proprietor is not to be mistaken in all that one sees in Switzerland. Some cottages, for instance, are adorned with long texts from Scripture painted on or burnt into the wood in front over the door; others, especially in the Simmenthal and the Haslethal, with the pedigree of the builder and owner. These show, sometimes, that the property has been held for 200 years by the same family. The modern taste of the proprietor shows itself in new windows, or additions to the old original picturesque dwelling, which, with its immense projecting roof sheltering or shading all these successive little additions, looks like a hen sitting with a brood of chickens under her wings. The little spots of land, each close no bigger than a garden, show the same daily care in the fencing, digging, weeding, and watering.

Look at these things, or at the boors of Norway, —contrast with theirs, the condition of the small farmers and peasantry of Ireland, or that of the agricultural labourers on the best, and largest, and highest-rented, and most productive farms of Norfolk, Berwickshire, or East Lothian, and say on which side inclines the right? But all the women take their part in field-work in Switzerland, prun-

ing, binding, and tending the vines, and assuming even coarser tasks. Now, refined English feeling, which can see a poor ill-fed, ill-clothed woman, toiling and sweating a whole day over a wash-tub, is shocked at her hoeing turnips or potatoes under the blue vault of heaven, instead of scrubbing them in the back kitchen. The laborious out-door employments of the Swiss and French women, (on their *own* land, be it remembered,) even when their husbands or fathers are substantial proprietors, appear to have no ill effects upon their manners, but the very reverse :—

Females, both in France and Switzerland, appear to have a far more important rôle in the family, among the lower and middle classes, than with us. The female, although not exempt from out-door work, and even hard work, undertakes the thinking and managing department in the family affairs, and the husband is but the executive officer. The female is, in fact, very remarkably superior in manners, habits, tact, and intelligence, to the husband, in almost every family in the middle or lower classes in Switzerland. One is surprised to see the wife of such good, even genteel manners, and sound sense, and altogether such a superior person to her station; and the husband very often a mere lout. The hen is the better bird all over Switzerland. This is, perhaps, an effect of the military or servile employments of a great proportion of the male population during youth, and of the mercenary spirit too prevalent in Switzerland. In France, also, the female takes her full share of business with the male part of the family, in keeping accounts, and books, and selling goods, and in both countries occupies a higher and more rational social position certainly than with us. This seems to be the effect of the distribution of property, by which the female has her share and interest, as well as the male; and grows up with the same personal interest and sense of property in all around her.

On this subject we have outrun our author. While he was still in France, we have overshot him into Switzerland and Italy.

The successor to the aristocracy and the clergy, swept away by the Revolution, which (for political purposes) the government of France has found—that new power which in this country is termed official patronage, and which Mr Laing calls Functionarism, is traced in its rise, and to its probable ultimate consequences.

Functionarism, a system begun by Napoleon, and carried out by Louis Philippe, spreading over the whole continental states, (being nowhere more actively progressive than in Russia, though there wearing a military guise,) and even reaching to Britain, where the late Whig government showed itself deeply enamoured of centralization, is examined at some length by Mr Laing; who regards it as an invidious and dangerous principle in governments. Indeed he rests the superiority which he claims for England and Englishmen, on the absence of the systematized interference of the continental governments in everything that affects the public, and even the individual; and which leaves nothing in police, in education, or in religion, in the hands of the people to do for themselves. Illustrating the Functionary system of France, where it is carried to the greatest perfection, by a comparison between the department of the Indre and Loire, and the Scottish county of Ayr, he shows that, with a population twice as large as that of Ayrshire, that French department has 378 *paid* functionaries, or one to every 230 persons; whereas Ayrshire has only 21 altogether. Truly the French government must be rooted in the hearts of a very considerable part of the population, when together with the paid functionaries, their relatives and connexions, and the expectants of office, are taken into account.

The passage we are about to cite, appears to us one of the most weighty in these Notes, if we except the strictures on the craze which lately took possession of so many intelligent and liberal persons at home, for the introduction of the French and Prussian systems of forced, national education among us; a temporary craze which made us even welcome the bigotry of the established clergy, and the jealousy of the dissenters, as obstacles thrown in the headlong way of such a measure, until people had got time to recover their senses :—

In the ratio of the population 189 paid functionaries in France live upon the public, by doing the duties which, at the utmost, from 30 to 35 paid functionaries live by doing in Scotland. The effects upon the social condition of a people of the two distinct principles—that of doing everything for the people by paid functionaries, and government management, in a system of perfect centralization—and that of doing everything for the people by the people themselves, and with as little as possible of government agency—have never been satisfactorily examined by our political philosophers. We have tirades enough against the abuse of power in the hands of the unpaid magistracy of England, and examples enough of the abuse; but we have no impartial judgment given on the advantages and disadvantages of the system, compared to that of a paid body of judicial functionaries. Lord Brougham has frequently insisted on the great social benefit of bringing cheap law and justice home to every man's fireside; but that great political philosopher has never stated what this cheap law and justice would cost. The financial cost is not the principal or important cost in a system of extensive functionarism, but the moral cost, the deteriorating influence of the system on the industry, habits, and moral condition of the people. We see a tendency in our most enlightened and liberal statesmen —which is only held in check by the financial cost of indulging it—to centralize in the hands of government much of the public business, the local magistracy and police, the prosecution of offences, the care of the poor, the support of high roads, the education of the people, instead of leaving these duties to be, as heretofore, performed by the people for themselves.

The effects of *Functionarism*, and Centralization, of doing all for the people, assuming them to be incapable of doing anything for themselves, is shown in their visible effects on the continental communities; in their effects on civil liberty, and upon morals and national character. The mind of those well-educated Germans, "bred among the slavish institutions of Germany," is here pronounced to be "itself slavish :"—

The political conceptions of the German mind, as expressed at least in writings or conversation, are, in general, either abject to the last degree, or extravagant to the last degree—the conceptions of slaves, or of slaves run mad; both equally distant from the sober, rational speculations and conclusions of free men, on the subject of their political and civil liberties.

Mr Laing carries this so far as to doubt whether

The Popish church, in the darkest period of the middle ages, abstracted so many people, and so much capital from the paths and employments of productive industry, as the civil and military establishments of the continental governments do at the present day in France and Germany. The means also of obtaining a livelihood in monkish or clerical function were less demoralizing to

the public mind and spirit; for some kind of intellectual superiority, or self-denial, or sacrifice, was required, and not merely, as in functionarism, barefaced patronage.

He contrasts this tribe of idle, listless expectants, and corrupt and subservient paid functionaries with the sturdy-minded, industrious Englishman who—

Toils and slaves at his trade, to become some day an independent man, to be beholden to no one, to be master of his own time and actions, to be a free agent individually, acting and thinking for himself, both in his private and, if he has any, in his public capacity or business. To this end he brings up his sons, and puts them out in the world with a trade, and with capital, if he has any, to attain this end. The dependence upon others for a living, the subserviency and seeking for favour, inherent in a functionary career, do not come within his sphere of action. A living by productive industry is, generally speaking, far more certain, and more easily obtained in our social system, in which military, clerical, and legal functions under government patronage, and a living in either of those branches of public employment, are rare, and altogether out of reach and out of sight of the middle classes in general, forming no object to the great mass of the industrialist-class to breed up their sons to. This is the great moral basis on which the national wealth, industry, and character of the English people rest; and is the only basis which can uphold real liberty in a country, or a social state, in which civil liberty, as well as political, free agency in private life, as well as free constitutional forms of government, can exist. The Germans and French never can be free people, nor very industrious, very wealthy nations, with their present social economy—with their armies of functionaries in civil employments, extending the desire and the means among the classes who ought to rely upon their own independent industry in the paths of trade and manufacture, of earning a living in public function by other means than their own productive industry.

The passport system, and the police regulations, all over the continent, where (as in France) a man must get a passport duly signed to enable him to move off a few miles to exercise the franchise he is said to enjoy, is justly described as the caricature of liberty: as Liberty in chains, her charter in her hand and manacles on her feet.

The police of the country, the security of person and property, are, it is alleged, better provided for by this governmental surveillance over, and interference in all individual movement. The same argument would justify the locking up the population every night in public jails. Good police, and the security of person and property, however valuable in society, are far too dearly paid for by the sacrifice of private free agency involved in this ultra-precautionary social economy. The moral sense of right, and the individual independence of judgment in conduct, are superseded by this conventional duty of obedience to office. Men lose the sentiment of what is due to themselves by others, and to others by themselves; and lose the sense of moral rectitude, and the habit of applying it to actions. A Frenchman or German would not think himself entitled to act upon his own judgment and sense of right, and refuse obedience to an order of a superior, if it were morally wrong; nor would the public feeling, as in England, go along with, and justify the individual who, on his own sense of right and wrong, refused to be an instrument of, or party to, any act not approved of by his moral sense. The spirit of subordination and implicit obedience, which we isolate and confine entirely to military service, enters on the continent into civil life. The scenes of bloodshed in France, under the revolutionary government, could never have taken place among a people bred up in the habits of moral free agency, and of reflecting independence of individual judgment on action. The instruments would have been wanting in the tribunals. The general moral sense would have opposed the enactment or fulfilment of such decrees.

The non-interference of government in our social economy with individual free-agency, and the intense repugnance and opposition to every attempt at such interference with the individual's rights of thinking and acting, have developed a more independent movement of the moral sense among the English people than among the continental. It is their distinguished national characteristic. The individual Englishman, the most rude and uncivilized in manners, the most depraved in habits, the most ignorant in reading, writing, and religious knowledge; standing but too often lower than the lowest of other nations on all these points; will yet be found a man wonderfully distinct and far above the educated continental man of a much higher class, in his moral discrimination of the right or wrong in human action; far more decidedly aware of his civil rights as a member of society, and judging far more acutely of what he terms fair play, or of what is due to himself, and by himself, in all public or private relations or actions. It is the total absence of government interference, by superintendence and functionaries, in the stream of private activity and industry, that has developed, in a remarkable degree, this spirit of self-government, and the influence of the moral sense on action among the English. It is their education. We may call them uneducated, because they cannot read and write so generally as the Scotch, the French, or the Prussian people; but as men and citizens they have received a practical education, from the nature of their social arrangements, of a far higher kind and value than the French, the Prussian, or even the Scotch can lay claim to. They are far more independent moral agents in public and private affairs.

In France and Prussia, the state, by the system of functionarism, stepped into the shoes of the feudal baron on the abolition of the feudal system; and he who was the vassal, and now calls himself the citizen, is, in fact, as much restrained in his civil liberty, and free-agency as a moral self-acting member of society, by state enactments, superfluous legislation, and the government-spirit of intermeddling by its functionaries in all things, as he was before by his feudal lords. The physical condition of the people of those countries has, beyond all doubt, been improved by the general diffusion of property through the social mass, and has advanced to a higher state of wellbeing and comfort than with us; but their civil and moral condition has not kept pace and advanced with it.

A great deal is heard in this country of the social wellbeing of the people of Prussia, which is at once ascribed to their compulsory education by the State, and to the paternal character of the government. Here the comfort of the people is ascribed to a very different cause: to the liberal and wise policy of Hardenberg; to the emancipation of the peasantry, and to the numerous body of small hereditary occupiers, who paid in vassal labour for the patches of ground which they held, having been converted into absolute and free proprietors. When the many commons of England were bit by bit divided, no merciful and wise provision of this sort was ever thought of: they have all been swallowed up in estates already overgrown, and those who profited by them, driven to the parish or the factory. The measure of Hardenberg did peacefully for Prussia much that a bloody revolution accomplished for France. "It gave property, wellbeing, and comfort, to a population of serfs."

It gave them no political liberty, though one main instrument in acquiring it,—when they shall one day become impatient of having all done for them that is done, and desire to do something for themselves.

We must omit all notice of the able strictures on the military organization of Prussia, and the

political prospects of that country; which are not, according to our author, satisfactory. Mr Laing's view of the policy of England in relation to this and the other continental States is more important; and it is clear and decided. It is also, we are happy to believe, the only view which will now be tolerated among us.

The day is past when an English ministry, however conservative, could venture to propose to the country to join a despotic state in subjugating Poland, or in repressing the extension of constitutional representative government over an enlightened, manufacturing, and commercial population on the Rhine. The aggrandizement of France by such an accession of territory and people is a bugbear which, in the present age, would not mislead the commonsense of England; because it would be an accession of the elements of peace, industry, manufactures, and power, in the public affairs of France, lodged in the hands of an enlightened, industrious, peaceful population—not an accession of warlike spirit and means; and is at any rate an aggrandizement in no way affecting English interests or honour. England can only be a gainer, if every population, from the White Sea to the Straits of Gibraltar, were to give themselves free institutions, civil and political liberty, influence of the public over public affairs, and the power of restraining their rulers from wars and oppression.

To dislike such aggrandizement is one thing: to excite John Bull to ruin himself afresh, in order to maintain "the balance of Europe," that ancient phantasm which has cost industrious England so much blood and treasure, and involved her in debt and taxation, is now beyond the power of Governments.

The German Commercial League receives the lengthened attention from Mr Laing, which he must conceive due to that remarkable social movement, which, he considers, in its results, likely to be the most important and interesting event of this half century. And yet, of these results, he does not seem to have any very definite idea, save that they must ultimately overturn the aristocratic principle of the Prussian Government: manufacturing and commercial freedom and prosperity being incompatible with an irresponsible government, acting by edicts, through mere functionaries, who know nothing of manufacturing interests, have no sympathy with them, are incapable of legislating for them, but will not let them alone. The principle of the League does not, it is whispered, rise in favour with the Government, while the internal state of the country makes it rather a League upon paper than in spirit or practical efficacy: a something to pamper German imaginations, and to talk big about. At all events, our traveller sees nothing in the League to alarm or excite the jealous fears of England. In the first place, the different members of the League are not bound together "by material interests common to all." In the next place, there exist many natural obstacles, although such as are artificial or conventional were removed. The greatest natural obstacle alleged is that sameness of the natural productions in a vast extent of territory, which precludes the exchange of industry for industry, and thus prevents mutual dependence. This Mr. Laing considers as

A defect which no league can remedy. The corn and timber growing populations, for instance, in the east or north of Germany, have no natural connexion whatsoever with the manufacturing or wine growing populations in the west or south. The latter produce in sufficient abundance their own corn, timber, flax, and have no natural demand for the products of the former; and the former can far more easily and profitably, and therefore more naturally, supply their wants of manufactured goods, or of wines, from England, Belgium, and France, which take in return the only products they have, corn, timber, flax, than from the provinces of Germany on the Rhine, or from Saxony or Silesia, by an expensive and uncertain land or river carriage, not open seven months in the year, and without retour cargiage for the carriers, and without any reciprocal market for their own products. There is in reality no common interests between the parts, to unite them into one country. They are one only in name, or, as in the Prussian dominions, in a political junction under one government, but have no real and natural union of material interests. The populations on the banks of the Thames and of the Ganges are much more efficiently and truly united into one nation by their material interests, than the populations on the Vistula or Niemen with those on the Rhine or Moselle.

But we need not pursue hypothetical reasoning upon a great experiment, which is still in its infancy, and the entire character of which may be changed or greatly modified by the policy which England shall adopt regarding the corn, meat, and timber duties, and restrictions. In discussing the same topic in another section of the volume, Mr. Laing says,—"It is only one article of agricultural produce—corn, that England buys or *needs*:" and hence he argues, that the isolated demand could have little effect in improving the husbandry of the continent. But we take it, that England needs many articles, and some of them almost as urgently as corn itself: she needs, beef, mutton, butter, cheese, tallow, seeds, flax, wool, and, to a certain extent, poultry and the lesser matters of vegetables and fruits—in short, every article of exportable farm produce. Again, when he contends that the Germans will never, under any change of circumstances, become customers to either home or English manufacturers, because their clothing is now, and always has been, a domestic manufacture, for which they have abundant leisure, we may reply, that the self-same reasoning would have equally applied to Scotland only fifty or fewer years since; yet what is the fact now? Even in such localities as Shetland, Orkney, and the Hebrides, the spinning-wheel and the small loom are completely at rest, and it is found better to apply to Glasgow and Galashiels for clothing, than continue domestic manufactures, for which there is still leisure. The habit of home manufacture was as deeply rooted in Scotland then, as it appears to be in Germany now; and yet we have even in one generation witnessed a great revolution in domestic economy co-existent with the most rapid improvements in husbandry. Are the young men and young women of Germany never to acquire a taste for finer and better manufactured fabrics than those worn by their homely ancestors? Is there to be no demand for Manchester chintzes, Paisley shawls, and Spittalfields silks among them? Every argument which Mr. Laing has employed to refute the expectations of Mr. Jacob and Dr. Bowring, whether of climate, custom, or habit, would equally have applied to Canada, New England, and Pennsylvania; and yet among all these populations there is a desire

for the finer articles of English manufacture, which is only checked by inability to gratify it, as our Corn Laws forbid free exchanges. But it is only fair to let Mr. Laing speak on this point for himself.

It is the opinion of some of our most eminent political economists, of Mr. Jacob, Dr. Bowring, and other able writers who have enjoyed the best opportunities of becoming correctly and officially acquainted with the state of the continent, and from whose opinions, therefore, the ordinary traveller dissents with great diffidence, that the abolition of our corn laws will make these twenty-six millions of people, whose industrial product—corn, we would purchase, become in return great consumers of our industrial product—manufactured goods. This is a delusion of these distinguished political economists, arising from their applying ideas taken from our English social economy, state of property and of labour, to a state and system of society existing on totally different principles. The mass of those twenty-six millions having, each family within itself, land, labour, leisure, and the inveterate custom to provide their own food, clothing, necessaries, and luxuries by their own work; and being moreover during the winter half-year under the physical impossibility of doing any regular out-door agricultural work, would spin, weave, and clothe themselves by their own household industry as before, and buy no more of our manufactures than they do now. A change in those habits of a people which are rooted in their social economy, in the distribution of their property, the occupation of their soil, the nature of their country and climate, the institutions and arrangements of their governments, cannot be produced by any influences from without. . . .

It is quite unreasonable to suppose that they would take our manufactures to the prejudice of their own, because we take corn from the banks of the Vistula; a country with which they have no natural community of interests; with which they have no connexion, unless on paper.

This may be unreasonable; but surely it is not unreasonable to assume that they will take manufactured goods where they can obtain them best and cheapest; and also that the agricultural population of the regions of the Vistula will be more attracted to their corn customers in Britain, than to those with whom they have only "a connexion on paper." No one has more entire faith in the great superiority of our manufacturing powers, and natural and acquired adaptation for their employment, than Mr. Laing. He, indeed, scouts the very idea of rivalship, and thinks the danger of manufacturing capital withdrawing itself to the continent, under the pressure of the Corn Laws, an idle fear, or a vain threat. This comes strongly out in his notes on the Corn Law question, which notes at first sight, involve some fallacies and inconsistencies.

To pass to another topic:—Mr. Laing broaches an opinion which many will dispute, though he supports it ingeniously, namely, that the entire burthen of tithe falls wholly and solely upon the agricultural labourer; and his deduction is—

When the English landlords complain of their poor-rate, they forget that the object of it, the poor man, has been paying all his life a much heavier rich-rate for them—viz. one tenth of his time and labour, for the support of a church establishment to which the landlords and farmers contribute none of their own property; and that he would not be upon the poor-rate, if he had received all his life, wages for all that his time and labour produced, instead of working one day in ten for no wages.

Now this artificial and evil arrangement in our social system, which reduces to misery and to the vices associated with hopeless misery, both the agricultural and manufacturing classes of labourers, will be gradually and imperceptibly remedied, in the long run, by the abolition of the corn laws. This will be the true and beneficial effect of the measure. It will bring about a natural equilibrium between all kinds of labour, by restoring agricultural labour to its just position of having no peculiar tax, such as that of tithe, thrown upon it alone; and, by removing this pressure, will relieve the manufacturing labour-market from that forced influx into it which is the true cause of the low physical and moral condition to which the manufacturing operative class is reduced.

Having established the equal, or rather the superior productiveness of small to large farms, and the principle of rents in kind instead of money-rents,—which he says is in reality making the farmer an underwriter, standing under the double risk of seasons, for his landlord's share of what the land produces as well as for his own,—he thus proceeds to show the root of our social evils, and to unfold his grand remedy:—

The competition for land to hire, in consequence of the monopoly of the property of land in large estates, and the difficulty, or impossibility rather, of employing small capitals with safety in any trade or manufacture in which the large capitals compete with, and ruin the small, forces the class of tenants possessing capital out of their natural position as cultivators paid for the use of their means of cultivation, into the position of the landowners with respect to the risks and losses which equitably, and in a natural instead of a constrained artificial system of land occupancy, would fall proportionably upon the latter. The money-rented tenant is not only an underwriter insuring his landowner's interest in the produce of the land against the risk of seasons, but he is also an underwriter securing him against the fluctuation of markets, and a corn merchant paying all the expenses of transporting and marketing what, in any just view of the nature of rent, is not his property, but the landowner's. It is his bargain, no doubt, and it is his own will to accept the lease of his land under such conditions; but it is not an equitable bargain, nor a man's free will, when an artificial system has grown up under a protective legislation which leaves him no alternative but to step into all the risks for the landowner, or let the land and his trade alone altogether. It is like the bargain and free will of the passengers in a vessel stranded on the Goodwin Sands, treating with the Deal boatmen to bring them to land. The corn laws are the protective legislation under which this artificial relation between the landowner and the cultivator has grown up. When these are abolished, the relations between landowner and cultivator will return to a sound and natural state. The landowner will pay the cultivator the half or whatever proportion may be agreed upon, of the produce of the land, for his capital, skill, and labour in producing it, and run his own risks of seasons and markets. The present tenantry will return to the state from which they fell—that of a yeomanry cultivating their own lands. Their smallest capitals, of two or three thousand pounds sterling, will then find small estates for their investment at the moderate price to which the reduced value of the produce of land will bring landed property. The artificial value given by protective legislation for the benefit of the landowners, and by the exclusive privileges or political advantages attached to their kind of property, being taken away, a thousand pounds' worth of land will be as readily found in the market as a thousand pounds' worth of broad cloth. Land will take the tendency to be distributed again in small estates of yeomanry and gentry living on and farming their own properties, instead of the tendency it has long had, to be concentrated in large masses in the hands of great capitalists. The condition of the money-rented tenantry will be improved. They will be relieved from the unjust position of having the risk of markets and crops thrown entirely on them. Many farmers in the Lothians, and they are not the most short-sighted of men, have of late

tipulated for a rent payable partly or wholly in grain ; r in so many bolls per acre, valued at the average or ar prices of the year. This is but a step, a feeling of he way in the dark. . . . . The next step rill be to pay as rent not so many fixed bolls per acre, whether the season produces the crop or not, but a fixed proportion of the crops actually produced, or of the value hey sell for in the market. The tendency clearly is to eturn to the natural principle of rent, as a payment by he landowner to the cultivator, the landowner standing he risks of seasons and markets for his own interest in he produce. The consequences of this change will be, hat the tenantry possessing capital will become yeomen roprietors farming their own estates. The husbandry lass immediately below them, the men of industry, skill nd intelligence, but with little or no capital, will become metayer tenants, and the working labourers in husbandry rill become small farmers, holding land for their work.

Important improvements in our social condition are linked to this inevitable change in the state of landed property. It will, in truth, produce a slow and quiet, but complete revolution in our whole social economy—one much needed, very beneficial in its results to the great mass of the community, and which never can come with less evil to any class or interest, than through the gradual change brought about in the course of years by a regular act of legislation. It is a fact not to be denied, or blinked at, that the upper classes of the landed social body in Britain are too far removed by vast incomes, and conventional privileges and distinctions, from all community of knowledge, business, interests, or feelings, with the middle or lower classes for whom they legislate. They are in reality a kind of Brahmin caste in the social body at present, educated aloof, and living aloof from the mass of the nation. The landed proprietor is out of his just position. The man with an estate worth fifty, sixty, or eighty thousand pounds, enjoys far higher political privilege and influence, both in the public and in the local affairs of the country, than the merchant or manufacturer with an equal capital invested in concerns of far greater importance to the community, and requiring much higher talent for its management. The exclusive weight in society which belonged to landed property when it was almost the only kind of property, continues vested in a class who now are, from their very position in society, necessarily less experienced and versed in the various interests of a modern community than those for whom they act and legislate. Legislators and legislatees have become two distinct tribes, inhabiting the same land, without common objects, interests, or knowledge. The Reform Bill failed to amend this evil in our social economy, because the Bill was founded on the false principle of continuing the monopoly of political influence in one kind of property only, and merely attempting to increase the numbers of those partaking in the monopoly. But the abolition of the corn laws will amend the evil. The social influence of all kinds of property will be equalized. Property will not lose its social and political influence, but landed property will have no more than its just and equal share; and all proprietors who have a stake in the country by any description of property will have a voice in its affairs, through their representatives, proportionable to that stake. The landed proprietor will have to submit to be measured by the standard applied to other proprietors—viz., the value of his property and talents taken together—not by the feudal standard of the measurement of his land as property of a more noble kind than their money-capitals, machinery, or shipping, and entitled exclusively to legislate for these, and to form their representation in the legislature. The landed booby, whose talents extend to crowing like a cock, will no longer take his seat as of birth-right, on the parliamentary benches with a Brougham, a Macauley, or an O'Connell. This sound and rational distribution of the legislative power, and the equality of rights and advantages of all proprietors in proportion to their stake in the country, whether it be as capitalists, landowners, or labourers, and whether invested in agriculture, manufacture, or commerce, without privilege of or pressure upon one kind of property, or class of people more than another, will follow naturally and necessarily, although gradually, in our social economy, from the abolition of all protecting duties on corn in favour of landed property. It will be a revolution. It may not be perceptible in the generation in which it is effected; but on looking back from the higher state of wellbeing to which it will gradually raise all classes, it will be considered a great and beneficial revolution.

We stop here, at a point up to which we can entirely agree with our author.

Besides the warning instance of Holland, there is another and a melancholy consummation to the history of commercial and manufacturing England, which occurs to our author when musing over the decayed city of Genoa, and which, at this particular crisis, comes powerfully home to the heart of the patriot and the philanthropist. He remarks :—

Here in Genoa, the imaginative traveller may revel, in his descriptions of orange groves, vine-clad hills, and marble palaces, mingled in luxuriant magnificence, and rising against a background of Heaven-high peaks of snow cutting into a deep blue sky above, and washed beneath by a sea still more intensely blue. But that miserable proseman, the political economist, goes dodging about this magnificent city, the city of palaces, the Genova la Superba, asking, Where do your middle classes live ? Where did they live in the days of Genoa's greatness ? He sees now, that the same roof covers the beggar and the prince ; for, on the ground-floors, under the marble staircases, and marble-paved halls, and superb state rooms on the first-floor, there are vaults, holes, and coach-house-like places opening into the streets, in which the labouring class and small shopkeepers pig together, living, cooking, and doing all family work, half and half in the open air. But was this always so ? Where did, or where do they live, who are neither princes nor beggars ? who are a degree above porters, or day labourers, or the small shopkeeper, or tradesman living by their custom, in the means and habits of a civilized existence ? Where be the snug, comfortable, suitable, dwellings for this middle class, the pith and marrow of a nation, which cover the land in England and Scotland so entirely, that the great mansion is the exception, not the rule in our national habitations, wealthy as the nation is ? Here, all is palace, and all is noblesse, public functionary, and beggar. They reckon in Genoa, in clerical function alone, 6,000 persons, and 7,000 military. Sweep away the edifices of nobility, those appropriated to public functionaries and their business, together with churches, convents, hospitals, barracks, theatres, and such public buildings, and Genoa would scarcely be a town. Yet Genoa is not a poor town in one sense. Many of these palaces are inhabited by a wealthy nobility, and, it is said, there are more capitalists, more great capitalists in Genoa, than in any town in Italy. To have erected and to keep up such palaces as they live in, or even to afford so much dead stock as is invested in the mere material, the marble, gilding, pictures of value, ornaments, and costly furniture, speaks of enormous wealth, both in past and present days.

And after describing the actual condition of the population of Genoa, where the extremes of luxury and grandeur and of the most squalid poverty meet, he inquires—

May not the history of Genoa's commercial greatness and decline become, in the course of ages, that of England's ? May not the one show in small, what the other will come to in large ? Is not the same element of decay common to the social economy of both ? It is in the nature of trade and manufacture, that great capital drives small capital out of the field ; it can afford to work for smaller returns. There is a natural tendency in trade to monopoly, by the accumulation of great wealth in few hands. It is not impossible, that in every branch of trade and manufacture in Britain, the great capitalist will, in

time, entirely occupy the field, and put down small capitalists in the same lines of business; that a monied aristocracy, similar to that here in Genoa, will gradually be formed, the middle class of small capitalists in trade and manufacture become gradually extinguished, and a structure of society gradually arise, in which lords and labourers will be the only classes or gradations in the commercial and manufacturing, as in the landed system. An approximation, a tendency towards this state, is going on in England. In many branches of industry,—for instance, in glass-making, iron-founding, soap-making, cotton-spinning, the great capitalists engaged in them have, by the natural effect of working with great capital, driven small capitals out of the field, and formed a kind of exclusive family property of some of these branches of manufacture. Government, by excessive taxation and excise regulation, both of which have ultimately the effect, as in the glass and soap manufacture and distillery business, of giving a monopoly to the great capitalist who can afford the delay and advance of money these impediments require, has been hitherto aiding, rather than counteracting, this tendency of great capital to swallow all the employments in which small capital can act. It is a question practically undetermined, whether the experiment into which this tendency has forced society within these few years, the junction of small capitalists in joint-stock, subscription, or share companies, can compete in productive industry, with great capital in the hands of one or two partners wielding great means with the energy, activity, and frugality of an individual. It is not an imaginary, nor perhaps a very distant evil, that our middle classes with their small capitals may sink into nothing, may become, as here, tradesmen or small dealers supplying a few great manufacturing and commercial families with the articles of their household consumpt; or supernumerary candidates for unnecessary public functions, civil, military, or clerical; and that in trade, as in land, a noblesse of capitalists, and a population of serfs working for them, may come to be the two main constituent parts in our social structure. A Genoa in large, England may possibly become—with one small class living in almost royal splendour and luxury; and the great mass of the community in rags and hunger.

Legislative wisdom and justice, the common interests, and the common intelligence of the country, must avert such a catastrophe, or proud England will merit no more sympathy from future times, than Mr. Laing now bestows upon fallen Genoa, when he eloquently says:—

When we reflect on the former greatness and the present decay of this once powerful state, how important the lesson it teaches! not the commonplace lesson only of the instability of human greatness—but that the misapplication of capital, or rather of human industry—for capital is the command of human labour and time, embodied in the form of money—is the cause of the instability of greatness in empires, as in individuals. Look at this city of Genoa! at the millions upon millions that have been expended unreproductively! The loom, the ship, the steam engine, the factory, reproduce their own cost with a profit, and the whole is laid out, again and again, and to the latest generation, reproductively; but the palace, the gorgeous ornament, the pageant, the display of pomp and power in fleets and armies and courtly splendour, reproduce nothing. The labourer earns his needful food during the time he is employed in producing them; that done, he is no richer than at first, and the means of his employer to re-employ him, the capital which laid out in a reproductive way, would have gone on to all posterity, augmenting and extending employment, wellbeing, and civilisation, is fixed down and buried in a pile of stones. The labourers of the day earned their wages for piling them together, consumed and paid for their meat and drink during the time; and that is all the result of the outlay of capital, which, if the Genoese nobles had employed it reproductively in manufacturing or transporting the objects of civilized life for the consumers, instead of in building huge palaces, would have vivified the East. Capital is a bank note for so much human labour. If its value is not reproduced by its outlay, the holder of it is wasting his means, and the industrious of the country suffer a loss.

I mourn not for Genoa. Distant countries conquered, plundered, oppressed, reduced to subjection and barbarism, to enable a wealthy and ostentatious aristocracy to vie with each other in splendid extravagance—the middle class extinguished—the useful arts and manufactures, those which diffuse comfort and civilisation through society, and extend by their productive action the sphere of human industry, postponed to the ornamental, to those which administer only to the luxurious enjoyment of the few, and add little or nothing to the means of living, wellbeing, and industry of the many—in the downfal of such a state—of a people of princes and beggars—what is there to regret? Lord Castlereagh need not turn him in his grave, if the annihilation of the Genoese aristocracy as a state be the greatest of his diplomatic sins.

There are many topics discussed in these Notes to which we should have liked to refer, and we were almost bound to give our readers some relish of the lighter parts of the work; but we have already so far exceeded our limits, that we must be contented earnestly to recommend the sections on Catholicism and Protestantism, and, above all, the account of the boasted educational system of the continent, but especially that of Prussia. If no one more keenly perceives the defects of British social arrangements, no one more warmly appreciates the value of those free, if imperfect institutions, which give the people of these islands so great a moral superiority over the continental nations. On this text, in pointing out the difference which exists between Great Britain and Prussia, Austria, and the Italian States, Mr. Laing preaches the purest gospel of democracy.

Man, in his social state, is not intended by his Creator to be only a passive subject of wise and good government, be it ever so wise and good, but to attain the higher moral condition of wisely and well governing himself, not only in his private moral capacity as an individual, but in his social, political capacity as one of the members of a community. Morality and religion direct him in his private capacity; but if he is debarred by the arbitrary institutions of his government from exercising the other half of his social duties, he is, morally considered, but half a man, is answering but half the end for which man is sent into this world as a social being; is fulfilling but half the duties given him to be fulfilled by his Creator—for man is created a political as well as a moral being; has a political as well as a moral existence. A people governed by laws, in the enactment of which they have no voice, and by functionaries independent of public opinion, are in a low social and political, and consequently in a low moral condition, however suitable and excellent the law itself and its administration may be. They are morally slaves. The Prussian, the Austrian, the Neapolitan, the Papal subjects stand equally upon this low moral level. . . . . They are in a state of mental vassalage as moral and social beings, in a state of pupilage, not of free agency, whatever be their education, or their physical condition as to food and the comforts of life. The enjoyments and character of a animal-people are all that men attain to under these paternal autocratic governments, with, perhaps, the developement, in the town-populations, of taste and feeling for the fine arts, and a certain polish and amenity of manners. . . . . We attach too great importance to these superficial, although intellectual and moral acquirements, in estimating the education of an individual or of a nation. National education, as it is called, turns in all these paternal autocratic governments which will not leave the people to the education of their own free agency as moral beings united in society, principally upon

the developement of these tastes, manners, and feelings. If eating, drinking, lodging, and living well, for very little outlay of industry, exertion, or bodily labour, and still less of mental, and along with these the enjoyment, through the eye and ear, of all the pleasures that a cultivated, educated taste in the fine arts affords, if physical good with this kind of intellectual culture or developement be the great end to be attained by man in society, these autocratic governments are rapidly carrying their people to a higher social condition than that of the people of Britain.

But if the moral and social duties of man, as a member of the human family, demand something more than his own animal enjoyment, physical wellbeing, and personal gratification, even in the intellectual exercise of his taste and feeling—if his true position in life be that in which his moral and intellectual nature can be fully and freely developed in the exercise of his capabilities, duties, and rights, as a thinking, responsible, free agent—and his true education, that which fits him for this position,—then are these autocratic governments and their subjects in a low social position—one far beneath that of the British,—and their systems of national education are not adapted to the great moral end of human existence, but merely to support their governments. If we fairly consider the social condition of the continental man of whatever class, whatever position, or whatever country, Neapolitan, or Austrian, or Prussian, we find him, body and soul, a slave. His going out and coming in, his personal, bodily, and mental action in the use of his property, in the exercise of his industry and talents, in his education, his religion, his laws, his doings, thinkings, readings, talkings in public or private affairs, are fitted on him by his master, the state, like clothing on a convict; and in these alone can he move, or execute any act of social existence. He has no individual existence socially or morally, for he has no individual free agency. His education fits him for this state of pupilage, but not for independent action as a reflecting, self-guiding being, sensible of, and daily exercising his social, political, moral, and religious rights and duties, as a free agent. In his position relatively to these rights and duties, the continental man stands on a level very far below that of the individual of our country in a corresponding class of society. With all the ignorance and vice imputed to our lower classes, they are in true and efficient education, as members of society acting for themselves in their rights and duties, and under guidance of their own judgment, moral sense, and conscience, in a far higher intellectual, moral, and religious condition, than the educated slaves of the continent. This is the conclusion, in social economy, which the author of the preceding Notes has come to, and which the reader is requested to consider.

The length at which we have analyzed a work of so grave a character as these Notes, must speak our sense of its ability and importance; and of the expansion and the solidity of its author's views.

MISS BURNEY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.*

Were this charming work very inferior to what it is in point of matter and composition, it would still be most welcome throughout the countless thousands of the quiet reading homes of England, were it but for the feelings which it must recall of the days when the name of Miss Burney was a household word, as dear and familiar as that of Scott or Bulwer, and for the delightful reminiscences which it must awaken of the first entranced wanderings of the youthful imagination into the fairy regions of fiction and among the scenes of mimic life.

The author of *Evelina* not only enjoyed as wide a popularity as the most popular of the modern fictionists, but in her own age she deserved it. Within her own range, there has not been a more felicitous sketcher of English character and oddities. Were *Evelina* to appear even now, with such modifications as change of mode and manners would lead the author to adopt, the popularity of the book would, we apprehend, be as great as when it was warmly and sincerely praised by Johnson, Burke, Sheridan, Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Cholmondeley, in short, by the whole world; while the jealousy or soreness of Cumberland formed its author's crowning triumph. But the Diary and Letters will afford us matter enough for discussion, without looking back upon those delightful fictions which still charm after the lapse of sixty years.

Miss Frances Burney was the second daughter of a clever, "talented," and wonderfully "getting on" family; though their success in life was grounded on solid merit, as well as on good tact, and the capacity of making the best of the social position which the abilities, pleasing manners, and indefatigable perseverance of their father, Dr. Burney, had acquired for them. Probably to enhance her subsequent brilliancy, Fanny is pronounced to have been, in childhood, very backward in learning, or an arrant dunce. At eight years of age, she did not even know her letters. At nine, she lost her mother; and while her elder and her younger sister were sent to France for some years to complete their education, poor Fanny was left to scramble on in her widowed father's house as she best could; so that she affords one more instance of the thorough teaching of those who are self-taught. She lived among educated people, and she educated herself. Her father was generally engaged in literary composition, his daughters were his amanuenses; and so Fanny, the brightest of them, became insensibly an authoress, and "awakening one morning, found herself famous." At ten years old, the neglected Fanny, we are told, could absolutely read; and as writing was one main business of the head of the house, so soon as she could make pot-hooks and hangers, she began imitatively to scribble rhymes and little stories. In a few more years, this taste was fortunately superseded by the love of reading; for the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, unlike most inventive writers, was an observer of character and manners before she became a reader,—one cause, probably, of her precocity. The *Quarterly Review*, with that malicious love of truth which may sometimes be a duty in critics, has destroyed the fond illusion of a work of fiction, pregnant with quick and mature observation of life, being written by a girl of seventeen;

* Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c., Edited by her Niece, Vol. I., comprehending the years 1778 to 1780, pp. 436, with a Portrait of Miss Burney, Fac-similes of her Letters, &c., &c. Colburn.

which gross improbability was at one time credited. *Evelina*, not a juvenile, was not even a hasty performance. The author must have been shaping and turning it in her mind for many years; and when, in her twenty-sixth year, it finally appeared, it was the production of a mature woman, who, with the outward seeming of excessive shyness and reserve, had seen a great deal of society, and reflected upon what she saw. Though never at a *girl's school*, Miss Burney had, all her life, under her father's roof, lived in the improving school of a varied and accomplished society. Of her education, her Editor remarks:—

Although the education of Dr. Burney's daughters was not conducted according to the elaborate systems of the present day, they yet enjoyed some advantages which more than compensated for the absence of regular and salaried instructors. The sentiments and example of their father excited them to love whatever was upright, virtuous, and amiable; while, from not being secluded in a school-room, they also shared the conversation of their father's guests; and, in London, Dr. Burney's miscellaneous but agreeable society included some of those most eminent for literature in our own country, together with many accomplished foreigners, whose observations and criticisms were in themselves lessons. Perhaps the taste of Frances Burney was formed much in the same way as that of her celebrated contemporary, Madame de Staël, who relates that she used to sit with her work, on a little stool at her mother's knee, and listen to the conversation of all Monsieur Neckar's enlightened visiters; thus gathering notions on literature and politics long ere it was suspected that she knew the meaning of the words.

If, however, the above methods were of themselves sufficient for education, all good conversers might offer a "royal road" to learning. But the benefit here obtained was chiefly that of directing the attention to intellectual pursuits, enlightening the judgment, and exciting a thirst for knowledge which led the youthful Frances to diligent and laborious application. By the time she was fourteen she had carefully studied many of the best authors in her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range. She began also to make extracts, keeping a *catalogue raisonné* of the books she read; and some of her early remarks were such as would not have disgraced a maturer judgment.

While her sisters were acquiring accomplishments in France, and "finishing their education," it was in such quiet studies that the author of "Evelina," alone, in her father's house, improved her mind and talents. Among the happy influences around her, next to the example of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached, and, perhaps, before that influence, was the affectionate care of a gentleman,—a sincere and old friend of the Burneys, of whom the world has already heard as Fanny's second father,—the Hermit of Chesington,—her beloved "Daddy Crisp." This old gentleman, who had more than pretensions to literature, is not the least interesting person in the gallery of accomplished and intellectual persons among whom the volume places us. He had, probably, been an early patron of Dr. Burney's, and he was his "guide, philosopher, and friend," when he needed friends. The excellent sense, good taste, and acquirements of this gentleman, as well as the genial nature, revealed in his letters to Fanny, give him a lively interest with the admirers of Miss Burney, whom the reader must like all the better for her cordial regard for her "Daddy." This is, perhaps, the finest trait of individual character which the volume presents. The following passage carries us back to the ruralities of the neighbourhood of London seventy years ago:—

At this time Mr. Crisp had given up the world, in consequence of various losses, diminished fortune, and disappointed hopes; and he had fixed his dwelling in an old-fashioned country-house, called Chesington Hall, not far from Kingston in Surrey, and within a few miles of Hampton. This mansion stood upon a large and nearly desolate common, and not a road or even a track led to it from Epsom, which was the nearest town. It was encircled by ploughed fields, and one-half of the building was inhabited by a farmer; while, in the remaining portion dwelt the proprietor, Christopher Hamilton, Esq. with whom Mr. Crisp had adopted some *pic-nic* plan, which enabled him to consider Chesington as his decided residence. At the death of Mr. Hamilton, the house, which was then his only property, devolved to his maiden sister, Mrs. Hamilton, who, with her niece, Miss Kitty Cooke, continued to receive Mr. Crisp as an inmate, and to admit other persons as occasional boarders.

This independent method of visiting his friend, and of obtaining country air and exercise for his children, exactly suited the views of Dr. Burney, and they all in turn, or in groups, enjoyed the society of their Chesington *Daddy*, as they familiarly called Mr. Crisp; while he was indulgent to all their youthful vagaries; and amused with observing their different characters.

Fanny must have been his favourite. Nor was she always, nor probably by nature, the half-prudish and over-conscious, self-occupied, or egotistical person, which an overpowering burst of applause, the necessity of managing a literary reputation, and the etiquette of court life afterwards rendered her. After she had "grown famous," Mr. Crisp, in one of his letters to "Fannikin," thus refers to her as a child:—

Do you remember, about a dozen years ago, how you used to dance Nancy Dawson on the grass-plot, with your cap on the ground, and your long hair streaming down your back, one shoe off, and throwing about your head like a mad thing? Now you are to dance Nancy Dawson with fetters on; there is the difference: yet there is certainly a nameless grace and charm in giving a loose to that wildness and friskiness sometimes.

I am very glad you have secured Mrs. Montagu for your friend; her weight and interest are powerful; but there is one particular I do not relish; though she means it as a mark of favour and distinction—it is, where she says, "If Miss Burney does write a play, I beg I may know of it, and (if she thinks proper) see it."

Now, Fanny, this same seeing it, (in a professed female wit, authoress, and Mæcenas into the bargain,) I fear implies too much interference—implies advising, correcting, altering, &c. &c. &c.; not only so, but in so high a critic the not submitting to such grand authority, might possibly give a secret, concealed, lurking offence. Now d'ye see, as I told you once before, I would have the whole be all my own—all of a piece; and to tell you the truth, I would not give a pin for the advice of the ablest friend who would not suffer me at last to follow my own judgment without resentment.

"Daddy Crisp" had, at one time, seen a good deal of the *blue* queens, and he appears to have understood them thoroughly.

Dr. Burney married an excellent and clever widow lady while his daughters were dawning into womanhood; but though Mrs. Burney seems to have possessed the respectful esteem of her clever step-daughter, she does not appear to have enjoyed her confidence. Thus, Fanny's literary projects were all pursued by stealth; and though, when about to publish anonymously, she deemed it

duty to first apprize her father of the event, the Doctor either considered her communication a joke, or choosing to have no responsibility in the affair, treated it as such. Yet he managed admirably to ensure her success when the right time came, and enjoyed her literary fame with the best feelings of a father.

After all, "Evelina," at first, was left pretty much to make her own way. The manuscript, sent anonymously to Dodsley, was rejected by him with dignity, and it was next offered to Mr. Lowndes, who appears to have been then a rather obscure bookseller in Fleet Street. The negotiator on this occasion was Fanny's younger brother Charles, and her sole confidante her favourite sister Susan. Mr. Lowndes offered twenty pounds for the manuscript, and the group were delighted with the magnificence of the sum, which "Daddy Crisp" afterwards said should have been £1000. In January, 1778, the Book—the wonderful Book—the Book of Books—the sole object of its author's journal for several years,—of her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night, was fairly ushered into the world. Its author had been born on the 13th June, 1752, or twenty-five years and six months earlier. Her private journal had been begun ten years previously; and is, we are told, fully as interesting to her family at its commencement as in her more brilliant periods. But the editor has, in the meanwhile, judiciously started with the memorable era in the life of her aunt, marked by the appearance of this first work. The volume before us, and the year 1778 is, therefore, thus playfully commenced by Miss Burney:—

This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island!

This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance, EVELINA; *or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*

Perhaps this may seem a rather bold attempt and title, for a female whose knowledge of the world is very confined, and whose inclinations, as well as situation, incline her to a private and domestic life. All I can urge is, that I have only presumed to trace the accidents and adventures to which a "young woman" is liable; I have not pretended to show the world what it actually *is*, but what it *appears* to a girl of seventeen: and so far as that, surely any girl who is past seventeen may safely do! The motto of my excuse shall be taken from Pope's "Temple of Fame:"

> In every work, regard the writer's end;
> None e'er can compass more than they intend.

This canon of Pope's, by the way, never can be applicable to the works of youthful genius. The journal is so completely filled with the author's hopes and fears, triumphs and checks, while "Evelina" was making her way into the world of fashion, that we fear it might become tiresome to any reader, however patient, to hear all or half that people said, and all that Miss Burney hoped, feared, and believed, about her absorbing book, if the theme were not agreeably relieved by the delightful incidental matter introduced. If every one thought as much about their own book as did poor Miss Burney, and passed through such an ordeal, authors, but especially authoresses, were a race dreadfully to be pitied. But a good deal must depend upon mental constitution, and something on the change of times. Rousseau, when hungry and unknown, could not enter a confectioner's shop to buy a cake, for the dread of people looking at him and watching him; and the author of "Evelina" certainly endured more pangs and throes from people speaking of the *book*, or from not speaking of the book, or not in the right vein, than Shakspeare suffered with all his dramas, or Scott with all his novels. In short, Miss Burney was as high fantastic about her book, as a lover about his mistress,—now thrilling with pleasure at an eulogium,—now in a ferment if the book was alluded to at all; unable to approach where it was in course of reading, or yet to stay away. Next to being married, or, perhaps, something more trying as more unusual, must, to a young, sensitive woman, be the publication of her first book. The example of Miss Burney should teach all ladies in the same perilous circumstances, who are not properly case-hardened, to enjoy the honeymoon of authorship in the shades of privacy, and to keep no journal.

In these degenerate days, the name of a popular novel would be dead, buried, and forgotten, in the time which it took to bring the popular "Evelina" fairly into notice. Between January and July, it crept on and on; and by the end of the latter month, "Daddy Crisp" had been told who was the proud and happy author of the amusing novel which some of the Burneys had, experimentally, read to him; and Dr. Burney had informed Mrs. Thrale, who had admired the work, and recommended it to him, that the author was none other than "*our Fanny.*" Mrs. Thrale instantly wrote a kind and complimentary letter to the proud father, and mentioned that Johnson had said there were passages in the book which might do honour to Richardson. The exulting author breaks out into this delightful, and, we fear, almost last sally of youthful and natural glee:—

But Dr. Johnson's approbation!—it almost crazed me with agreeable surprise—it gave me such a flight of spirits, that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation—to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments upon my friskiness, without affording him the smallest assistance.

An invitation to Streatham, the country residence of the Thrales, immediately followed. Miss Burney was forthwith to be a literary *lion*,—a comparative rarity in those days,—which Mrs. Thrale had the happiness to catch and exhibit first. "She is our own," said that lady to Johnson: "we caught her first." Mrs. Thrale, however, exercised her privileges with true delicacy, and genuine kindness.—And now for a young authoress' *first entrance into the world.*

London, August.—I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth: namely, my Streatham visit!

Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day; for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less

awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find.

Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated, in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise.

"Ah," cried she, "I hear Dr. Burney's voice! and you have brought your daughter!—well, now you are good!"

She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham, she led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me up stairs, and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favour.

But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book, and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me.

When we returned to the music-room, we found Miss Thrale was with my father. Miss Thrale is a very fine girl, about fourteen years of age, but cold and reserved, though full of knowledge and intelligence.

Soon after, Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then, at last, she mentioned "Evelina."

"Yesterday at supper," said she, "we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters; but Dr. Johnson's favourite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn: and he acted him all the evening, saying he was 'all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. O you can't imagine how much he was pleased with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. But was it not droll," said she, "that I should recommend it to Dr. Burney! and tease him so innocently, to read it!"

I now prevailed upon Mrs. Thrale to let me amuse myself, and she went to dress. I then prowled about to choose some book, and I saw, upon the reading-table, "Evelina."—I had just fixed upon a new translation of Cicero's Lælius, when the library-door was opened, and Mr. Seward entered. I instantly put away my book, because I dreaded being thought studious and affected. He offered his service to find anything for me, and then, in the same breath, ran on to speak of the book with which I had myself "favoured the world!"

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place—for he had not yet appeared.

"No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure."

Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it."

"No, madam, no," cried he; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!"

There is here and elsewhere, much of Johnson's table-talk; and he certainly appears in a very amiable light, in relation to Miss Burney. He admired her lively talents; and he must have had a fellow-feeling with her position, and many kindly wishes for her success. Besides, she was the favourite of his "mistress."

Mr. Thrale does not appear to have been hurried away by the enthusiasm of his lady. At first, he seems to have been repelling to the young authoress, but he gradually grew in her esteem, and the slow but sure good-liking was mutual. But we must return to the journal:—

How grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson, for never naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural! But, indeed, the delicacy I met with from him, and from all the Thrales, was yet more flattering to me than the praise with which I have heard they have honoured my book.

After dinner, when Mrs. Thrale and I left the gentlemen, we had a conversation that to me could not but be delightful, as she was all good humour, spirits, sense, and *agreeability*. Surely I may make words, when at a loss, if Dr. Johnson does.

However, I shall not attempt to write any more particulars of this day—than which I have never known a happier, because the chief subject that was started and kept up, was an invitation for me to Streatham, and a desire that I might accompany my father thither next week, and stay with them some time.

We left Streatham at about eight o'clock, and Mr. Seward, who handed me into the chaise, added his interest to the rest, that my father would not fail to bring me. In short, I was loaded with civilities from them all; and my ride home was equally happy with the rest of the day, for my kind and most beloved father was so happy in *my* happiness, and congratulated me so sweetly, that he could, like myself, think on no other subject: and he told me that, after passing through such a house as that, I could have nothing to fear—meaning for my book, my honoured book. . . . . .

Sir Joshua, it seems, vows he would give fifty pounds to know the author! I have also heard, by the means of Charles, that other persons have delared they will find him out!

This intelligence determined me upon going myself to Mr. Lowndes, and discovering what sort of answers he made to such curious inquirers as I found were likely to address him. But as I did not dare trust myself to speak, for I felt that I should not be able to act my part well, I asked my mother to accompany me.

The cunning ladies made nothing of the bookseller.

In a few days, her long visit to Streatham was made; and during this and the next two seasons, much of Miss Burney's time was spent at this hospitable and learned residence, where she met many of the literary *notabilities* of the day. She also accompanied the Thrales to Brighton, Tunbridge, and Bath; and Mrs. Thrale, in her own way, which, probably, was the best, did all she could to "push her," both as an author, and a young lady.

The friends of Johnson—the Thrales, as is well-known, lived in great magnificence, and with extreme elegance for "people in trade." The social position of Mr. Thrale, the richest of rich London brewers, the Member for Southwark, the husband of Mrs. Thrale, the friend of Johnson, and, moreover, a really worthy, accomplished, and sensible man, would, at first sight, seem to the world to be one to fill people with envy. Yet there is much to console those enjoying peace, health, and a mere competence, when they look more closely into the life of the Thrales.

When we arrived here, Mrs. Thrale showed me my

room, which is an exceeding pleasant one, and then conducted me to the library, there to divert myself while she dressed.

Miss Thrale soon joined me: and I begin to like her. Mr. Thrale was neither well nor in spirits all day. Indeed, he seems not to be a happy man, though he has every means of happiness in his power. But I think I have rarely seen a very rich man with a light heart and light spirits.

Dr. Johnson was in the utmost good humour.

On a subsequent day, she writes:—

Dr. Johnson came home to dinner.

In the evening he was as lively and full of wit and sport as I have ever seen him; and Mrs. Thrale and I had him quite to ourselves; for Mr. Thrale came in from giving an election dinner (to which he sent two bucks and six pine apples) so tired, that he neither opened his eyes nor mouth, but fell fast asleep. Indeed, after tea he generally does.

In the following year, Mr. Thrale had the first of those paralytic attacks which soon afterwards cut him off. While the worn and worried millionaire was sleeping, the gay, old, and poor man of letters, Johnson, now past seventy, was lively and talkative enough, and always good-humoured, save when bored by any of the show-people, that Mrs. Thrale delighted to draw to her coterie. On the first night that Miss Burney spent at Streatham, she relates:—

At night Mrs. Thrale asked if I would have anything? I answered "No;" but Dr. Johnson said,

"Yes: she is used, madam, to suppers; she would like an egg or two, and a few slices of ham, or a rasher—a rasher, I believe, would please her better."

How ridiculous! However, nothing could persuade Mrs. Thrale not to have the cloth laid: and Dr. Johnson was so facetious, that he challenged Mr. Thrale to get drunk!

"I wish," said he, "my master would say to me, Johnson, if you will oblige me, you will call for a bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till it is done; and after that, I will say, Thrale, if you will oblige me, you will call for another bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till that is done: and by the time we should have drunk the two bottles, we should be so happy, and such good friends, that we should fly into each other's arms, and both together call for the third!"

I ate nothing, that they might not again use such a ceremony with me. Indeed, their late dinners forbid suppers, especially as Dr. Johnson made me eat cake at tea, for he held it till I took it, with an odd or absent complaisance.

He was extremely comical after supper, and would not suffer Mrs. Thrale and me to go to bed for near an hour after we made the motion. . . . .

Now for this morning's breakfast.

Dr. Johnson, as usual, came last into the library; he was in high spirits, and full of mirth and sport. I had the honour of sitting next to him: and now, all at once, he flung aside his reserve, thinking, perhaps, that it was time I should fling aside mine.

Mrs. Thrale told him that she intended taking me to Mr. T——'s.

"So you ought, madam," cried he; "'tis your business to be cicerone to her."

Then suddenly he snatched my hand, and kissing it,

"Ah!" he added, "they will little think what a Tartar you carry to them!"

"No, that they won't!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "Miss Burney looks so meek and so quiet, nobody would suspect what a comical girl she is; but I believe she has a great deal of malice at heart."

"Oh, she is a toad!" cried the doctor, laughing—"a sly young rogue! with her Smiths and her Branghtons!"

"Why, Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. Thrale, "I hope you are very well this morning! if one may judge by your spirits and good humour, the fever you threatened us with is gone off."

He had complained that he was going to be ill last night.

"Why no, madam, no," answered he; "I am not yet well; I could not sleep at all; there I lay, restless and uneasy, and thinking all the time of Miss Burney. Perhaps I have offended her, thought I; perhaps she is angry; I have seen her but once, and I talked to her of a rasher!—Were you angry?"

I think I need not tell you my answer.

"I have been endeavouring to find some excuse," continued he, "and, as I could not sleep, I got up, and looked for some authority for the word; and I find, madam, it is used by Dryden: in one of his prologues, he says—'And snatch a homely rasher from the coals.' So you must not mind me, madam; I say strange things, but I mean no harm."

I was almost afraid he thought I was really idiot enough to have taken him seriously; but, a few minutes after, he put his hand on my arm, and shaking his head, exclaimed,

"Oh, you are a sly little rogue!—what a Holbourn beau have you drawn!"

"Ay, Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "the Holbourn beau is Dr. Johnson's favourite; and we have all your characters by heart, from Mr. Smith up to Lady Louisa."

"Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith is the man!" cried he, laughing violently. "Harry Fielding never drew so good a character!—such a fine varnish of low politeness!—such a struggle to appear a gentleman! Madam, there is no character better drawn anywhere—in any book or by any author."

I almost poked myself under the table. Never did I feel so delicious a confusion since I was born!

It would be impossible, we presume, for any lady to entertain kind wishes for a young female friend, without proposing to marry her well. Several matrimonial plans were started, between jest and earnest, for Miss Burney. One party was a rich booby knight, the nephew and ward of Mr. Thrale, which we mention to introduce a trait which does honour to her heart and judgment; though we do not say what might have been the result, had Sir J—— popped the question.

"Mr. Thrale says nothing would make him half so happy as giving Miss Burney to Sir J—— L——."

Mercy! what an exclamation did I give. I wonder you did not hear me to St. Martin's Street. However, she continued,

"Mr. Thrale says, Miss Burney seems more formed to draw a husband to herself, by her humour when gay, and her good sense when serious, than almost anybody he ever saw."

"He does me much honour," cried I; though I cannot say I much enjoyed such a proof of his good opinion as giving me to Sir J—— L——; but Mr. Thrale is both his uncle and his guardian, and thinks, perhaps, he would do a mutual good office in securing me so much money, and his nephew a decent companion. Oh, if he knew how little I require with regard to money—how much to even bear with a companion! But he was not brought up with such folks as my father, my Daddy Crisp, and my Susan; and does not know what indifference to all things but good society such people as those inspire.

"My master says a very good speech," cried the doctor, "if Miss Burney's husband should have anything in common with herself; but I know not how we can level her with Sir J—— L——, unless she would be content to put her virtues and talents in a scale against his thousands; and poor Sir J—— must give cheating weight even then! However, if we bestow such a prize upon him, he shall settle his whole fortune on her."

Ah! thought I, I am more mercenary than you fancy me, for not even that would bribe me high enough.

Before Dr. Johnson had finished his *eloge*, I was actually on the ground, for there was no standing it,—or sitting it, rather: and Mrs. Thrale seemed delighted for me.

As we can no more stand more of this than Miss Burney, we skip it, and come to one of Johnson's extraordinary opinions of a book written by a man who was great, simply because *he did not* know the value of his own resources. "Mrs. Thrale gave,

Me a long and very entertaining account of Dr. Goldsmith, who was intimately known here; but in speaking of "The Good-natured Man," when I extolled my favourite Croaker, I found that admirable character was a downright theft from Dr. Johnson. Look at the "Rambler," and you will find Suspirius is the man; and that not merely the idea, but the particulars of the character, are all stolen thence!

While we were yet reading this "Rambler," Dr. Johnson came in: we told him what we were about.

"Ah, madam!" cried he, "Goldsmith was not scrupulous; but he would have been a great man had he known the real value of his own internal resources."

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "is fond of his 'Vicar of Wakefield:' and so am I;—don't you like it, Sir?"

"No, madam, it is very faulty; there is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance."

He then seated himself upon a sofa, and calling to me, said "Come—Evelina—come and sit by me."

I obeyed; and he took me almost in his arms—that is, one of his arms, for one would go three times, at least, round me—and, half laughing, half serious, he charged me to "be a good girl!"

"But, my dear," continued he with a very droll look, "what makes you so fond of the Scotch? I don't like you for that—I hate these Scotch, and so must you. I wish Branghton had sent the dog to jail! That Scotch dog, Macartney."

The Doctor liked at all times "to astonish the natives." He had by this time made his celebrated journey to the Hebrides, and he paid Miss Burney the compliment of wishing she had been of the party. After the Doctor, who piqued himself at all times upon his gallantry and politeness, had been super-refined at Streatham, he became a critic in the dress of fine ladies; without, however, forgetting very different aspects of many-coloured female life. The following is peculiarly rich; and we like the Streatham ladies all the better, for enjoying Johnson's rollicking description of their frail sisters.

We got home late, and had the company of Mr. E——, and of Mr. Rose Fuller, a young man who lives at Streatham, and is nephew of the famous Rose Fuller: and whether Dr. Johnson did not like them, or whether he was displeased that we went out, or whether he was not well, I know not; but he never opened his mouth, except in answer to a question, till he bid us good night.

Saturday morning.—Dr. Johnson was again all himself; and so civil to me!—even admiring how I dressed myself! Indeed, it is well I have so much of his favour; for it seems he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies; and all ladies who are here obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves. This is a part of his character that much surprises me: but notwithstanding he is sometimes so absent, and always so near-sighted, he scrutinizes into every part of almost everybody's appearance. They tell me of a Miss Brown, who often visits here, and who has a slovenly way of dressing. "And when she comes down in a morning," says Mrs. Thrale, "her hair will be all loose, and her cap half off; and then Dr. Johnson, who sees something is wrong, and does not know where the fault is, concludes it is in the cap, and says, 'My dear, what do you wear such a vile cap for?' 'I'll change it, Sir,' cries the poor girl, 'if you don't like it.' 'Ay, do,' he says; and away runs poor Miss Brown; but when she gets on another, its the same thing, for the cap has nothing to do with the fault. And then she wonders Dr. Johnson should not like the cap, for she thinks it very pretty. And so on with her gown, which he also makes her change; but if the poor girl were to change through all her wardrobe, unless she could put her things on better, he would still find fault."

When Dr. Johnson was gone, she told me of my mother's being obliged to change her dress.

"Now," said she, "Mrs. Burney had on a very pretty linen jacket and coat, and was going to church; but Dr. Johnson, who, I suppose, did not like her in a jacket, saw something was the matter, and so found fault with the linen: and he looked and peered, and then said, 'Why, madam, this won't do! you must not go to church so!' So away went poor Mrs. Burney and changed her gown! And when she had done so, he did not like it, but he did not know why; so he told her she should not wear a black hat and cloak in summer! Oh, how he did bother poor Mrs. Burney! and himself too, for if the things had been put on to his mind, he would have taken no notice of them." . . . . . .

And now let me try to recollect an account he gave us of certain celebrated ladies of his acquaintance: an account which, had you heard from himself, would have made you die with laughing, his manner is so peculiar, and enforces his humour so originally.

It was begun by Mrs. Thrale's apologising to him for troubling him with some question she thought trifling—O, I remember! We had been talking of colours, and of the fantastic names given to them, and why the palest lilac should be called a *soupir étouffé*; and when Dr. Johnson came in she applied to him.

"Why, madam," said he with wonderful readiness, "it is called a stifled sigh because it is checked in its progress, and only half a colour."

I could not help expressing my amazement at his universal readiness upon all subjects, and Mrs. Thrale said to him,

"Sir, Miss Burney wonders at your patience with such stuff; but I tell her you are used to me, for I believe I torment you with more foolish questions than anybody else dares do."

"No, madam," said he, "you don't torment me—you teaze me, indeed, sometimes."

"Ay, so I do, Dr. Johnson; and I wonder you bear with my nonsense."

"No, madam, you never talk nonsense; you have as much sense, and more wit, than any woman I know!"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, blushing, "it is my turn to go under the table this morning, Miss Burney!"

"And yet," continued the doctor, with the most comical look, "I have known all the wits, from Mrs. Montague down to Bet Flint!"

"Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "pray who is she?"

"Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot."

"And, for Heaven's sake, how came you to know her?"

"Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too! Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse—it began:

'When Nature first ordained my birth,
A diminutive I was born on earth:
And then I came from a dark abode,
Into a gay and gaudy world.'

So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half-a-crown, and she liked it as well. Bet had a fine spirit—she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man aspired to her! Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy; and she got a harpsichord, but Bet could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes, and drummed."

Then he gave an account of another of these geniuses, who called herself by some fine name, I have forgotten what.

"She had not quite the same stock of virtue," con-

tinued he, "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint; but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony, that while Bet Flint thought she was drumming very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance!"

"And pray what became of her, Sir?"

"Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up: but Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued; so when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan chair, and bid her footboy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, Sir?"

"Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own, and now I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint!"

Oh, how we all laughed! Then he gave an account of another lady, who called herself Laurinda, and who also wrote verses and stole furniture; but he had not the same affection for her, he said, though she too "was a lady who had high notions of honour."

Then followed the history of another, who called herself Hortensia, and who walked up and down the park repeating a book of Virgil.

"But," said he, "though I know her story, I never had the good fortune to see her."

After this he gave us an account of the famous Mrs. Pinkethman; "And she," he said, "told me she owed all her misfortunes to her wit; for she was so unhappy as to marry a man who thought himself also a wit, though I believe she gave him not implicit credit for it, but it occasioned much contradiction and ill-will."

"Bless me, Sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "how can all these vagabonds contrive to get at *you*, of all people?"

"O the dear creatures!" cried he, laughing heartily, "I can't but be glad to see them!"

"Why I wonder, Sir, you never went to see Mrs. Rudd among the rest?"

"Why, madam, I believe I should," said he, "if it was not for the newspapers; but I am prevented many frolics that I should like very well, since I am become such a theme for the papers."

Now would you ever have imagined this? Bet Flint, it seems, once took Kitty Fisher to see him, but to his no little regret he was not at home. "And Mrs. Williams," he added, "did not love Bet Flint, but Bet Flint made herself very easy about that."

How Mr. Crisp would have enjoyed this account! He gave it all with so droll a solemnity, and it was all so unexpected, that Mrs. Thrale and I were both almost equally diverted. . . . . .

Since we are among the female wits, we may as well finish them. The anecdotes are not new to the world, yet they are new from the pen of Miss Burney.

Mrs. Thrale told a story of Hannah More, which I think exceeds, in its severity, all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying.

When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him: she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly: till, at length, he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, "Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having."

Afterwards in conversation, he said, that if "Little Burney" served him as Hannah More did, he should say the same to her. Nor, much as he caressed "Dear Burney," and praised her "honoured book," would he be insincere with her. This is the rest of the dialogue:—

Mrs. T.—If you are spoilt, we can only say, nothing in the world is so pleasant as being spoilt.

Dr. J.—No, no; Burney will not be spoilt: she knows too well what praise she has a claim to, and what not, to be in any danger of spoiling.

F. B.—I do, indeed, believe I shall never be spoilt at Streatham, for it is the last place where I can feel of any consequence.

Mrs. T.—Well, Sir, she is *our* Miss Burney, however; we were the first to catch her, and now we have got, we will keep her. And so she is all our own.

Dr. J.—Yes, I hope she is; I should be very sorry to lose Miss Burney.

F. B.—Oh, dear! how can two such people sit and talk such——

Mrs. T.—Such stuff, you think? but Dr. Johnson's love——

Dr. J.—Love? no, I don't entirely love her yet; I must see more of her first; I have much too high an opinion of her to flatter her. I have, indeed, seen nothing of her but what is fit to be loved, but I must know her more. I admire her, and greatly too.

F. B.—Well this is a very new style to me! I have long enough had reason to think myself loved, but admiration is perfectly new to me.

Dr. J.—I admire her for her observation, for her good sense, for her humour, for her discernment, for her manner of expressing them, and for all her writing talents.

At Miss Burney's first interview with the brilliant and vivacious Mrs. Cholmondely, she thus finishes her sketch of Hannah More:—

After this, Miss More was mentioned; and I was asked what I thought of her?

"Don't be formal with me; if you are, I sha'n't like you!"

"I have no hope that you will any way!"

"Oh, fie! fie! but as to Miss More—I don't like her at all; that is, I detest her! She does nothing but flatter and fawn; and then she thinks ill of nobody. Don't you hate a person who thinks ill of nobody!"

My father then told what Dr. Johnson had said to her on the occasion of her praising him.

"This rejoices, this does me good!" cried she; "I would have given the world to have heard that. Oh, there's no supporting the company of professed flatterers. She gives me such doses of it, that I cannot endure her; but I always sit still and make no answer, but receive it as if I thought it my due: that is the only way to quiet her. She is really detestable. I hope, Miss Burney, you don't think I admire all geniuses? The only person I flatter," continued she, "is Garrick; and he likes it so much, that it pays one by the spirits it gives him. Other people that I like, I dare not flatter!"

A rat-tat-tat-tat ensued, and the Earl of Harcourt was announced.

Though an adorer of "our superiors," a very beadle of "social order," Johnson was somewhat of a democrat in literature, even in spite of himself. His dislike of Mrs. Montagu sprang as much from her overweening airs, as from what he considered her inordinate or shallow pretensions to learning:—

Mrs. T.—To-morrow, Sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough.

Dr. Johnson began to see-saw with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun; and after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly, and with great animation, turned to me and cried,—

"Down with her, Burney!—down with her!—spare her not!—attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits! and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered: but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my

poor little dear soul! So at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!"

Oh, how we were all amused! By the way I must tell you that Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. Mrs. Thrale ranks her as the first of women in the literary way. I should have told you that Miss Gregory, daughter of the Gregory who wrote the "Letters," or "Legacy of Advice," lives with Mrs. Montagu, and was invited to accompany her.

"Mark, now," said Dr. Johnson, "if I contradict her to-morrow. I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her."

Mrs. T.—Why, to be sure, Sir, you did put her a little out of countenance last time she came. Yet you were neither rough, nor cruel, nor ill-natured; but still, when a lady changes colour, we imagine her feelings are not quite composed.

Dr. J.—Why, madam, I won't answer that I sha'n't contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand. I believe I am not high in her good graces already; and I begin, (added he, laughing heartily,) to tremble for my admission into her new house. I doubt I shall never see the inside of it.

. . . . . .

We could not prevail with him to stay till Mrs. Montagu arrived, though, by appointment, she came very early. She and Miss Gregory came by one o'clock.

There was no party to meet her.

She is middle-sized, very thin, and looks infirm; she has a sensible and penetrating countenance, and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts. Dr. Johnson, who agrees in this, told us that a Mrs. Hervey, of his acquaintance, says, she can remember Mrs. Montagu *trying* for this same air and manner. Mr. Crisp has said the same: however, nobody can now impartially see her, and not confess that she has extremely well succeeded.

Mrs. Montagu, though not a particular admirer of the *book*, kindly proposed to marry its author to Sir Joshua Reynolds. She and the then Attorney-general, Mr. Wedderburne, thought the Branghtons, in whom Johnson delighted, insufferably bad—"strange low creatures."

There are, in the Diary, many sketches of characters and of groups, quite as good as anything to be found in Miss Burney's novels; and, moreover, *fac-similes*. We shall try to select a few of those cabinet pictures of the *bon ton* of the middle and higher classes in those olden days; and of Bath and Tunbridge literary and fashionable society.

Sunday we went to Streatham church, and afterwards to visit the family of the P——s, who now live in B—— House, which is about half-a-mile off. The papa I did not see; the mamma is a civil, simple woman, and the daughters are pretty, well dressed, trifling, and furiously extravagant.

While Mrs. Thrale and I were dressing, and, as usual, confabbing, a chaise drove into the park, and word was brought that Mr. Seward was arrived.

"You don't know much of Mr. Seward, Miss Burney?" said Mrs. Thrale.

I could have told her I wished he had not known much of me; but her maid was in my way, and I only said "No."

"But I hope you will know more of him," said she, "for I want you to take to him. He is a charming young man, though not without oddities. Few people do him justice, because, as Dr. Johnson calls him, he is an abrupt young man; but he has excellent qualities, and an excellent understanding. He has the misfortune to be an hypochondriac; so he runs about the world to borrow spirits, and to forget himself. But after all, if his disorders are merely imaginary, the imagination is disorder sufficient, and therefore I am sorry for him."

The day passed very agreeably, but I have no time for particulars. I fight very shy with Mr. Seward, and as he has a great share of sense and penetration, and not a little one of pride and reserve, he takes the hint; and I believe he would as soon bite off his own nose as mention "Evelina" again. And, indeed, now that the propriety of his after-conduct has softened me in his favour, I begin to think of him much in the same way Mrs. Thrale does, for he is very sensible, very intelligent, and very well bred.

Monday was the day for our great party; and the doctor came home, at Mrs. Thrale's request, to meet them.

The party consisted of Mr. C——, who was formerly a timber-merchant, but having amassed a fortune of one million of pounds, he has left off business. He is a good-natured, busy sort of man.

Mrs. C——, his lady, a sort of Mrs. Nobody.

Mr. N——, another rich business leaver-off.

Mrs. N——, his lady; a pretty sort of woman, who was formerly a pupil of Dr. Hawkesworth. I had a great deal of talk with her about him, and about my favourite Miss Kinnaird, whom she knew very well.

Mr. George and Mr. Thomas N——, her sons-in-law.

Mr. R——, of whom I know nothing, but that he married into Mr. Thrale's family.

Lady Ladd; I ought to have begun with her. I beg her ladyship a thousand pardons—though if she knew my offence, I am sure I should not obtain one. She is own sister to Mr. Thrale. She is a tall and stout woman, has an air of mingled dignity and haughtiness, both of which wear off in conversation. She dresses very youthful and gaily, and attends to her person with no little complacency. She appears to me uncultivated in knowledge, though an adept in the manners of the world, and all that. She chooses to be much more lively than her brother; but liveliness sits as awkwardly upon her as her pink ribbons. In talking her over with Mrs. Thrale, who has a very proper regard for her, but who, I am sure, cannot be blind to her faults, she gave me another proof to those I have already had, of the uncontrolled freedom of speech which Dr. Johnson exercises to everybody, and which everybody receives quietly from him. Lady Ladd has been very handsome, but is now, I think, quite ugly—at least she has a sort of face I like not. Well, she was a little while ago dressed in so showy a manner as to attract the doctor's notice, and when he had looked at her some time, he broke out aloud into this quotation:

"With patches, paint, and jewels on;
Sure Phillis is not twenty-one!
But if at night you Phillis see,
The dame at least is forty-three."

I don't recollect the verses exactly, but such was their purport.

"However," said Mrs. Thrale, "Lady Ladd took it very good-naturedly, and only said,

"'I know enough of that forty-three—I don't desire to hear any more of it!'"

Miss Moss, a pretty girl, who played and sung, to the great fatigue of Mrs. Thrale; Mr. Rose Fuller, Mr. Embry, Mr. Seward, Dr. Johnson, the three Thrales, and myself, close the party.

We had a sumptuous dinner of three courses, and a most superb dessert. I shall give no account of the day, because our common days are so much more worth recounting.

I had the honour of making tea and coffee for all this set, and upon my word I was pretty well tired of it. In the evening the company divided pretty much into parties, and almost everybody walked upon the gravel walk before the windows. I was going to have joined some of them, when Dr. Johnson stopped me, and asked how I did.

"I was afraid, Sir," cried I, "you did not intend to know me again, for you have not spoken to me before since your return from town."

"My dear," cried he, taking both my hands, "I was not sure of you, I am so near sighted, and I apprehended making some mistake."

Then drawing me very unexpectedly towards him, he actually kissed me!

To be sure, I was a little surprised, having no idea of such facetiousness from him. However, I was glad nobody was in the room but Mrs. Thrale, who stood close to us, and Mr. Embry, who was lounging on a sofa at the furthest end of the room. Mrs. Thrale laughed heartily, and said she hoped I was contented with his amends for not knowing me sooner.

One day afterwards that she met Johnson at Sir Joshua Reynolds', she writes Mrs. Thrale, that he gallantly offered to escort her to Grub Street—

To see the ruins of the house demolished there in the late riots, by a mob that, as he observed, could be no friend to the Muses! He inquired if I had ever yet visited Grub Street? but was obliged to restrain his anger when I answered, "No," because he acknowledged he had never paid his respects to it himself. "However," says he, "you and I, Burney, will go together; we have a very good right to go: so we'll visit the mansions of our progenitors, and take up our own freedom together."

There's for you, madam, what can be grander?

The sketches given of Bath society are clever and complete. These were the palmy days of Bath, when Anstey, and Jerningham ("a pink and white poet,") Dr. Porteous the Bishop of Chester, and afterwards Bishop of London, the Bowdlers,—Holy Family the first,—Mrs. Dobson, and many other eminences were among the residents; and among the visiters, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, the Thrales, and Miss Burney; with Lady Miller of Bath Easton, and her immortal vase close at hand.

We give precedence to a lady, who, in her own opinion, was well entitled to take it.

Mrs. K—— is a Welsh lady, of immense fortune, who has a house in the Crescent, and lives in a most magnificent style. She is about fifty, very good humoured, well bred, and civil, and her waist does not measure above a hogshead. She is not very deep, I must own; but what of that? If all were wits, where would be the admirers at them?

She received me very graciously, having particularly desired Mrs. Thrale to bring me: for she is an invalid, and makes no visits herself. She told me she knew my uncle at Shrewsbury very well.

"And pray, ma'am," says she, "how does Dr. Burney do?"—"Very well," I thanked her.—"Do you know Dr. Burney, ma'am?" said Mr. Thrale.—"No, Sir, but I know his book. I think it's vastly pretty."—"Why, yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale, "Dr. Burney has found out the art of making all people like both him and his book."

It is comical enough to see how she is always provoked at hearing these underlings praise him. She is ready to kill them for liking him, and has a whimsical notion that their applause degrades him.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. K——, "and there is somebody else, too, that has made all people like her book."—"True, ma'am; Dr. Burney's daughter inherits that art from him."—"O, ma'am, I was so entertained! Oh, dear! and I was quite ill too, ma'am, quite ill when I read it. But for all that—why, why, ma'am, I was as eager, and I wanted sadly to see the author."

. . . . . .

Afterwards, who should be announced but the author of the "Bath Guide," Mr. Anstey. I was now all eye; but not being able to be all ear, I heard but little that he said, and that little was scarce worth hearing. He had no opportunity of shining, and was as much like another man as you can imagine. It is very unfair to expect wonders from a man all at once; yet it was impossible to help being disappointed, because his air, look, and manner, are mighty heavy and unfavourable to him.

But here see the pride of riches! and see whom the simple Mrs. K—— can draw to her house! However, her party was not thrown away upon her,—as I ought to say, because highly honoured by her exultingly whispering to Mrs. Thrale.

"Now, ma'am, now, Mrs. Thrale, I'm quite happy; for I'm surrounded with people of sense! Here's Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. Anstey, and Miss Burney. I'm quite surrounded, as I may say, by people of sense!" . . . . . .

Wednesday was a sort of grand day. We all dined and spent the evening at Mrs. K——'s. Our party was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Poyntz, Miss Gregory, Miss Owen, Dr. Maningham, and Mr. Hunt.

The ladies you have heard of enough. Of the men, Dr. Maningham is very good humoured, fat, and facetious. He asked me very much after my dear father, whom he met with at Buxton, and after the Denoyers, with whom he seemed extremely intimate; and so, indeed, he was well inclined to be with me, for he shook me by the wrist twenty times in the course of the day. Mr. Hunt is a young man of very large independent fortune, very ugly, very priggish, a violent talker, and a *self-piquer* upon immense good breeding.

Mrs. K—— took the first opportunity that presented itself, to make me, in a low voice, abundance of civil speeches about "Evelina." All the loud speeches were made by Mr. Hunt, who talked incessantly, and of nothing but dancing! Poor Mrs. Montagu looked tired to death, and could not get in a word;—it was really ridiculous to see how this coxcomb silenced her.

When everybody was gone but ourselves and Miss Gregory, we Misses growing somewhat facetious in a corner, Mrs. K—— good humouredly called out, "I'm sure, ladies, I am very glad to see you so merry. Ah! one of you young ladies,—I don't say which—has given me a deal of entertainment! I'm sure I could never leave off reading; and when Miss Owen came into my room, says I, don't speak a word to me, for I'm so engaged! I could not bear to be stopped—and then, Mrs. Thrale, I had such a prodigious desire to see her—for I said, says I, 'I'm sure she must have a good heart.—Here's such fine sentiments,' says I.—Oh! it's a sweet book!"

"Ay, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale; "and we that know her, like her yet better than her book."

"Well, ma'am," answered she, "and I that know the book best,—to be sure I like that."

"Then, ma'am, you show your taste; and I my judgment."

"And what must I show?" cried I—"my back, I believe, and run away, if you go on so!"

Here, then, it stopped; but when I was taking leave, Mrs. K—— repeated her praises, and added,

"I'm sure, ma'am, you must have a very happy way of thinking; and then there's Mrs. Duval,—such a natural character!"

Such scenes and patronesses must have afforded Johnson's "sly litttle Burney," "the Tartar," let loose among them, an infinite deal of amusement, although disgust was sometimes inevitable. What follows is still better. In several novels, we have seen such *conversaziones* delineated; but how far does *truth* exceed fiction!

Friday was a busy and comical day. We had an engagement of long standing, to drink tea with Miss Lawes, whither we all went, and a most queer evening did we spend.

When we entered, she and all her company were looking out of the window; however, she found us out in a few minutes, and made us welcome in a strain of delight and humbleness at receiving us, that put her into a flutter of spirits, from which she never recovered all the evening.

Her fat, jolly mother, took her seat at the top of the room; next to her sat a lady in a riding habit, whom I soon found to be Mrs. Dobson; below her sat a gentlewoman, prim, upright, neat, and mean; and, next to her, sat another, thin, hagged, wrinkled, fine, and tawdry,

with a thousand frippery ornaments and old-fashioned furbelows; she was excellently nicknamed, by Mrs. Thrale, the Duchess of Monmouth. On the opposite side was placed Mrs. Thrale, and, next to her, Queeny [Miss Thrale.] For my own part, little liking the appearance of the set, and half-dreading Mrs. Dobson, from whose notice I wished to escape, I had made up myself to one of the now-deserted windows, and Mr. Thrale had followed me. As to Miss L——, she came to stand by me, and her panic, I fancy, returned, for she seemed quite panting with a desire to say something, and an incapacity to utter it. It proved happy for me that I had taken this place, for in a few minutes the mean, neat woman, whose name was Aubrey, asked if Miss Thrale was Miss Thrale! "Yes, ma'am."—"And pray, ma'am, who is that other young lady?" "A daughter of Dr. Burney's, ma'am."—"What!" cried Mrs. Dobson, "is that the lady that has favoured us with that excellent novel!" "Yes, ma'am."—Then burst forth a whole volley from all at once. "Very extraordinary, indeed!" said one—"Dear heart, who'd have thought it!" said another—"I never saw the like in my life!" said a third. And Mrs. Dobson, entering more in detail, began praising it through, but chiefly Evelina herself, which she said was the most natural character she had ever met in any book.

Meantime, I had almost thrown myself out of the window, in my eagerness to get out of the way of this gross and noisy applause; but poor Miss L——, having stood quite silent a long time, simpering and nodding her assent to what was said, at last broke forth with—

"I assure you, ma'am, we've been all quite delighted: that is, we had read it before, but only now upon reading it again—" I thanked her, and talked of something else, and she took the hint to have done; but said,—"Pray, ma'am, will you favour me with your opinion of Mrs. Dobson's works?"—A pretty question, in a room so small that even a whisper would be heard from one end to another! However, I truly said I had not read them.

Mr. and Mrs. Whalley now arrived, and I was obliged to go to a chair—when such staring followed; they could not have opened their eyes wider when they first looked at the Guildhall giants! I looked with all the gravity and demureness possible, in order to keep them from coming plump to the subject again, and, indeed this, for a while, kept them off.—Soon after Dr. Harrington arrived, which closed our party. Miss L—— went whispering to him, and then came up to me with a look of dismay, and said,—"O, ma'am, I'm so prodigiously concerned; Mr. Henry won't come!"—"Who, ma'am?" "Mr. Henry, ma'am, the doctor's son. But, to be sure, he does not know you are here, or else—but I'm quite concerned, indeed, for here now we shall have no young gentlemen!"—"O, all the better," cried I, "I hope we shall be able to do very well without." "O yes, ma'am, to be sure. I don't mean for any common young gentlemen; but Mr. Henry, ma'am, it's quite another thing;—however, I think he might have come; but I did not happen to mention in my card that you was to be here, and so—but I think it serves him right for not coming to see me."

Soon after the mamma hobbled to me, and began a furious panegyric upon my book, saying, at the same time,—"I wonder, Miss, how you could get at them low characters. As to the lords and ladies, that's no wonder at all; but as to t'others, why, I have not stirred, night nor morning, while I've been reading it: if I don't wonder how you could be so clever!"

And much, much more. And, scarcely had she unburthened herself, ere Miss L—— trotted back to me, crying, in a tone of mingled triumph and vexation,—"Well, ma'am, Mr. Henry will be very much mortified when he knows who has been here; that he will, indeed: however, I'm sure he deserves it!" . . . . . .

Soon after this, a chair next mine being vacated, Mrs. Dobson came and seated herself in it, to my somewhat dismay, as I knew what would follow. Plump she came upon her subject, saying,—

"Miss Burney, I am come to thank you for the vast entertainment you have given me. I am quite happy to see you; I wished to see you very much. It's a charming book, indeed; the characters are vastly well supported!"

In short, she ran on for half-an-hour, I believe, in nothing but plain, unadorned, downright praise; while I could only bow, and say she was very good, and long to walk out of the room.

When she had run herself out of breath, and exhausted her store of compliments, she began telling me of her own affairs; talked, without any introduction or leading speeches, of her translations, and took occasion to acquaint me she had made £400 of her "Petrarca." She then added some other anecdotes, which I have not time to mention, and then said,—

"Miss Burney, I shall be very happy to wait upon you and Mrs. Thrale. I have longed to know Mrs. Thrale these many years: pray, do you think I may wait upon you both on Sunday morning?"

"To be sure, we shall be very happy."

"Well, then, if you don't think it will be an intrusion—but will you be so good as to mention it to Mrs. Thrale?"

I was obliged to say "Yes;" and soon after she quitted me, to go and give another dose of flummery to Mrs. Thrale.

I was not two minutes relieved ere Miss L—— returned, to again assure me how glad she was that Mr. Henry would be mortified. The poor lady was quite heart-broken that we did not meet.

The next vacation of my neighbouring chair was filled by Mrs. L——, who brought me some flowers: and when I thanked her, said,—

"O miss, you deserve everything! You've writ the best and prettiest book. That lord there—I forget his name, that marries her at last—what a fine gentleman he is! You deserve everything for drawing such a character; and then Miss Elena, there, Miss Belmont, as she is at last—what a noble couple of 'em you have put together! As to that t'other lord I was glad he had not her, for I see he had nothing but a bad design."

Well, have you enough of this ridiculous evening! Mrs. Thrale and I have mutually agreed that we neither of us ever before had so complete a dish of gross flattery as this night. Yet let me be fair, and tell you that this Mrs. Dobson, though coarse, low-bred, forward, self-sufficient, and flaunting, seems to have a strong and masculine understanding, and parts that, had they been united with modesty, or fostered by education, might have made her a shining and agreeable woman; but she has evidently kept low company, which she has risen above in literature, but not in manners.

At the "Whalleys," whoever they may have been, Miss Burney was introduced by Mrs. Thrale to Lady Miller, the high-priestess of the mysteries of Bath Easton, and its far-famed Vase, or dainty dishful of rhymes. Scottish people never heard of anything approaching these rites, save the kindred fooleries perpetrated by the late Earl of Buchan, on the birthday of Thomson. Miss Burney was not only a shrewd observer but, when not speaking of those who could use the freedom to read her journal over her shoulder, she was just and candid. Her estimate of the tremendous *blue* of Bath Easton, is, therefore, to be received implicitly.

Do you know now, that notwithstanding Bath Easton is so much laughed at in London, nothing here is more tonish than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or of fame, and excluding of those all who are not people of character very unblemished.

Some time after, Lady Miller took a seat next mine on the sofa, to play at cards, and was excessively civil indeed—scolded Mrs. Thrale for not sooner making us acquainted, and had the politeness to offer to take me to the balls herself, as she heard Mr. and Mrs. Thrale did not choose to go.

After all this, it is hardly fair to tell you what I think of her. However, the truth is, I always, to the best of my intentions, speak honestly what I think of the folks I see, without being biassed either by their civilities or neglect: and that you will allow is being a very faithful historian.

Well, then, Lady Miller, is a round, plump, coarse-looking dame of about forty, and while all her aim is to appear an elegant woman of fashion, all her success is to seem an ordinary woman in very common life, with fine clothes on. Her manners are bustling, her air is mock-important, and her manners very inelegant.

So much for the lady of Bath Easton; who, however, seems extremely good-natured, and who is, I am sure, extremely civil.

We long to direct the attention of the modern Pharisees, to the manner in which a bishop, who had preached in the morning "at the request of Mrs. Thrale," concluded the amusements of the sacred day. There is a just medium in everything; and among others, in Sabbath observances, the Bishop of Peterborough's Sunday being as far on the one side of right, as that which the "unco gude" enjoin on their poorer neighbours, whatever license they may take for themselves, is on the other. But this merry Sunday evening, and the Curiosity Shop, which a humourist had fitted up for a dwelling, full of mechanical tricks and surprises, we must waive from profound veneration for the Muses of Bath Easton and "Vase time."

Thursday, June 8, 1780.—We went to Bath Easton. Mrs. Lambart went with us.

The house is charmingly situated, well fitted up, convenient, and pleasant, and not large, but commodious and elegant. Thursday is still their public day for company, though the business of the vase is over for this season.

The room into which we were conducted was so much crowded we could hardly make our way. Lady Miller came to the door, and as she had first done to the rest of us, took my hand, and led me up to a most prodigious fat old lady, and introduced me to her. This was Mrs. Riggs, her ladyship's mother, who seems to have Bath Easton and its owners under her feet.

I was smiled upon with a graciousness designedly marked, and seemed most uncommonly welcome. Mrs. Riggs looked as if she could have shouted for joy at sight of me! She is mighty merry and facetious. Sir John was very quiet, but very civil.

I saw the place appropriated for the vase, but at this time it was removed. As it was hot, Sir John Miller offered us to walk round the house, and see his greenhouse, &c. So away we set off, Harriet Bowdler accompanying me, and some others following. . . . .

Afterwards, when we returned into the house, we found another room filled with company. Among those that I knew were the Caldwells, the Grenvilles, some of the Bowdlers, Mr. Wyndham, and Miss J——.

This Miss J—— had, when I last met her at Mrs. Lambart's, desired to be introduced to me, as Mrs. Lambart told me, who performed that ceremony; for Mrs. Lambart, with whom I am in no small favour, always makes me the most consequential: and I found she was Mrs. Rishton's old friend, and therefore all I remember hearing of her gave me no desire to make her my new one. However, nothing convinced me more that I was the *ton* at Bath, than her making this overture, for everything I ever heard of her proved her insolent pride. Besides, Beau Travell has spoken very highly of me! So my fame is now made, and Mrs. G——, who had passed me when she entered the room at Bath Easton while I was engaged in conversation with Lady Miller, afterwards suddenly came up, and with a look of equal surprise and pleasure at sight of me, most graciously and smilingly addressed me. My coldness in return to all these sickening, heartless, *ton*-led people, I try not to repress, though, to treat them with such respect as their superior stations fairly claim, I would not for the world neglect.

Some time after, while I was talking with Miss W—— and Harriet Bowdler, Mrs. Riggs came up to us, and with an expression of comical admiration, fixed her eyes upon me, and for some time amused herself with apparently watching me. Mrs. Lambart, who was at cards, turned round and begged me to give her her cloak, for she felt rheumatic; I could not readily find it, and after looking some time, I was obliged to give her my own; but while I was hunting, Mrs. Riggs followed me, laughing, nodding, and looking much delighted, and every now and then saying,—

"That's right, Evelina!—Ah, look for it, Evelina!—Evelina always did so—she always looked for people's cloaks, and was obliging and well-bred!"

I grinned a little to be sure, but tried to escape her, by again getting between Miss W—— and Harriet Bowdler; but Mrs. Riggs still kept opposite to me, expressing, from time to time, by uplifted hands and eyes, comical applause.

Harriet Bowdler modestly mumbled some praise, but addressed it to Miss Thrale. I begged a truce, and retired to a chair in a corner, at the request of Miss W—— to have a *tête-à-tête*, for which, however, her strange levity gave me no great desire. . . . . .

Our conversation would have lasted till leave-taking, but for our being interrupted by Miss Miller, a most beautiful little girl of ten years old.

Miss W—— begged her to sing us a French song. She coquetted, but Mrs. Riggs came to us, and said if I wished it, I did her grand-daughter great honour, and she insisted upon her obedience. The little girl laughed and complied, and we went into another room to hear her, followed by the Misses Caldwell. She sung in a pretty childish manner enough.

When we became more intimate, she said,—

"Ma'am, I have a great favour to request of you, if you please!"

I begged to know what it was, and assured her I would grant it; and to be out of the way of these misses, I led her to the window.

"Ma'am," said the little girl, "will you then be so good as to tell me where Evelina is now?"

I was a little surprised at the question, and told her I had not heard lately. . . . . .

She told me repeatedly how sorry she was that I had not come to Bath Easton in "vase time," and how sorry her mamma had been.

When we were coming away, and Lady Miller and Sir John had both taken very civil leave of me, I curtsied in passing Mrs. Riggs, and she rose, and called after me—"Set about another!"

The remaining part of the volume is chiefly filled with the letters between Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney: or with the epistles of the latter to her family while at Bath, and in extreme terror about the Anti-Popery, Lord George Gordon riots, which were then alarming London, and which had extended to Bath among other places.

As soon as Mrs. Thrale knew who was the author of *Evelina*, she had been seized with a vehement desire that Miss Burney should write a comedy. The Streatham *coterie*, with the exception of Johnson, who seems to have left the matter to her own judgment and inclination, took up the subject warmly; Sheridan, whom she met at a party at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, urged it; and Miss Burney was fairly flattered and persecuted into making the attempt. Both her fathers pronounced the comedy, when finished, a failure; though it was loudly commended by Murphy and other persons, who had read some of the acts, and she acquiesced in the judgment of her truest, best friends, with great

good sense and sweetness of temper. The letters of "Daddy Crisp," upon this momentous occasion, gives the *rationale* of the cleverest and most lively novelists usually failing in the drama. "Daddy Crisp" though not himself a successful writer for the stage, was an excellent dramatic critic. We can give but one illustrative paragraph:—

'Tis certain different talents are requisite for the two species of writing, though they are by no means incompatible; I fear, however, the labouring oar lies on the comic author.

In these little entertaining elegant histories, the writer has his full scope; as large a range as he pleases to hunt in—to pick, cull, select whatever he likes: he takes his own time—he may be as minute as he pleases, and the more minute the better, provided that taste, a deep and penetrating knowledge of human nature and the world, accompany that minuteness. When this is the case, the very soul, and all its most secret recesses and workings, are developed and laid as open to the view, as the blood globules circulating in a frog's foot, when seen through a microscope. The exquisite touche! such a work is capable of, (of which, "Evelina" is, without flattery, a glaring instance,) are truly charming. But of these great advantages, these resources, you are strangely curtailed the moment you begin a comedy. There everything passes in dialogue,—all goes on rapidly: narrative and descriptive, if not extremely short, become intolerable. The detail, which in Fielding, Marivaux, and Crebillon, is so delightful, on the stage would bear down all patience. There all must be compressed into quintessence; the moment the scene ceases to move on briskly, and business seems to hang, sighs and groans are the consequence. Dreadful sound!—In a word, if the plot, the story of the comedy does not open and unfold itself in the easy, natural, unconstrained flow of the dialogue—if that dialogue does not go on with spirit, wit, variety, fun, humour, repartee, and—and all in short into the bargain—*serviteur!*—good by t'ye!

Before the luckless comedy had been submitted to Mr. Crisp's criticism, its author writes him thus: and her letters to him are always charming, from containing so much of her best and warmest heart. This, we should premise, was before the close of the American War, and when public affairs were in a very bad state.

This seems a strange, unseasonable period for my undertaking, among the rest: but yet, my dear daddy, when you have read my conversation with Mr. Sheridan, I believe you will agree that I must have been wholly insensible, nay, almost ungrateful; to resist encouragement, such as he gave me—nay, more than encouragement, entreaties, all of which he warmly repeated to my father.

Now, as to the play itself, I own I had wished to have been the bearer of it when I visit Chesington; but you seem so urgent, and my father himself is so desirous to carry it you, that I have given that plan up.

O my dear daddy, if your next letter were to contain your real opinion of it, how should I dread to open it! Be, however, as honest as your good nature and delicacy will allow you to be, and assure yourself I shall be very certain that all your criticisms will proceed from your earnest wishes to obviate those of others, and that you would have much more pleasure in being my panegyrist.

And now let me tell you what I wish in regard to this affair. I should like that your first reading should have nothing to do with me—that you should go quick through it, or let my father read it to you—forgetting all the time, as much as you can, that Fannikin is the writer, or even that it is a play in manuscript, and capable of alterations;—and then, when you have done, I should like to have three lines, telling me, as nearly as you can trust my candour, its general effect. After that take it to your own desk, and lash it at your leisure.

Adieu, my dear daddy! I shall hope to hear from you very soon, and pray believe me, yours ever and ever, FRANCES BURNEY.

On the first condemnation of her play, she writes thus:—

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

The fatal knell, then, is knolled, and down among the dead men sink the poor "Witlings"—for ever, and for ever, and for ever!

I give a sigh, whether I will or not, to their memory! for, however worthless, they were *mes enfans;* and one must do one's nature, as Mr. Crisp will tell you of the dog.

You, my dearest Sir, who enjoyed, I really think, even more than myself, the astonishing success of my first attempt, would, I believe, even more than myself, be hurt at the failure of my second; and I am sure I speak from the bottom of a very honest heart, when I most solemnly declare, that upon your account any disgrace would mortify and afflict me more than upon my own; for whatever appears with your knowledge, will be naturally supposed to have met with your approbation, and, perhaps, your assistance; therefore, though all particular censure would fall where it ought—upon me—yet any general censure of the whole, and the plan, would cruelly, but certainly involve you in its severity. . . . .

You bid me open my heart to you,—and so, my dearest Sir, I will, for it is the greatest happiness of my life that I dare be sincere to you. I expected many objections to be raised—a thousand errors to be pointed out—and a million of alterations to be proposed; but the suppression of the piece were words I did not expect; indeed, after the warm approbation of Mrs. Thrale, and the repeated commendations and flattery of Mr. Murphy, how could I! . . . . . .

What my daddy Crisp says, "that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more," is exactly what I have always thought since "Evelina" was published. But I will not now talk of putting it in practice,—for the best way I can take of showing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to the utmost of my power in endeavours to produce something less reprehensible. And this shall be the way I will pursue as soon as my mind is more at ease about Hetty and Mrs. Thrale, and as soon as I have read myself into a forgetfulness of my old *dramatis personæ,*—lest I should produce something else as witless as the last. . . . . .

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Well! "there are plays that are to be saved, and plays that are not to be saved!" so good night, Mr. Dabbler!—good night, Lady Smatter,—Mrs. Sapient,—Mrs. Voluble,—Mrs. Wheedle,—Censor,—Cecilia,—Beaufort,—and you, you great oaf, Bobby!—good night! good night!

And good morning, Miss Fanny Burney!—I hope now you have opened your eyes for some time, and will not close them in so drowsy a fit again—at least till the full of the moon.

I won't tell you I have been absolutely *ravie* with delight at the fall of the curtain; but I intend to take the affair in the *tant mieux* manner, and to console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have ever received of the sincerity, candour, and, let me add, esteem, of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself rather more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one.

As to all you say of my reputation and so forth, I perceive the kindness of your endeavours to put me in humour with myself, and prevent my taking huff, which, if I did, I should deserve to receive, upon any future trial, hollow praise from you,—and the rest from the public.

This is taking the affair in the best spirit; and it affords a lesson to all authors, from the Archbishop of Granada downwards. Her next work was *Cecilia,* which is still esteemed her most finished produc-

tion; though *Evelina* was the public's first love; and though we do confess a sneaking kindness for *Camilla*, which comprehends all the beauties of its author's manner. After the publication of *Cecilia*, those being days when literary talent could cover even plebeian birth, Miss Burney, instead of accomplishing any of the good matches which Mrs. Thrale projected for her, was offered the place of a Maid of Honour to Queen Charlotte. The next portion of her *Diary*, will therefore refer to the sober Court of George III. While in attendance on her royal mistress, the maid of honour was necessarily brought into daily intercourse with the persons then forming the Court; and she kept a Diary of the conversations that passed, as minute and full, we are informed, as the specimens we have given above. To this portion of the work we therefore look forward, with, if possible, greater interest than we did for the appearance of the present volume. Of the Thrales, Johnson, and the other distinguished literary individuals of her society, the world already knew a great deal; while comparatively nothing is known about the Court of George III. in the way that Miss Burney, from her opportunities, tastes, and abilities, was qualified to describe its characters, and chronicle its events. We hope that the editor will lose no time; and above all, will not be betrayed, by the sickly, squeamish apprehension of giving offence, into undue suppressions. After a lapse of sixty years, and of several reigns, the Court of George III. is become the fair subject of impartial history.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Memorials of the Civil Wars of England. Edited from the Original Letters, by Henry Cary, M.A., 2 vols. 8vo, cloth. Colburn.

The originals of these letters, which embrace a period of six of the most eventful years in English history, from 1646 to 1652, are found in what is called the *Tanner Collection*, in the Bodleian Library. Among the writers we find the most eminent historical characters of the period, Charles the First and Second, and Cromwell, included. The Letters are arranged in chronological order. The book, though not one of ephemeral interest, will be peculiarly attractive to the student of history, and is essential to the historian. The additional light which it throws upon the personal character, and the secret history of Charles, (the Royal *Martyr*,) confirms the opinions which all enlightened and thoughtful men, admirers of constitutional freedom, entertain of that unhappy person; who, while attempting to enslave his subjects, was his own worst enemy. The letters of Cromwell are written during his Irish and Scottish expeditions. They are modest and clear narratives of the progress of the war; and are replete with individual character. The letters of the traitor and hypocrite, Monk, addressed to Cromwell, while he headed the forces in Scotland under Cromwell, are yet greater curiosities, from the display of character.

To Lord Stanley we would respectfully recommend the attentive perusal of a discourse by Jeremy Taylor, on the lawfulness of alienating church lands to serve the purposes of the king,—*i. e.* of the state, when public necessity demands such alienation. It is in the form of a letter, addressed by Taylor to Dr. Richard Bayly, who had propounded certain queries on this ticklish subject. The intention of the discourse, as stated by its author in his postscript, is to prove "that church lands are, in their nature and condition, alienable upon great and notorious necessities." We shall quote one paragraph:—

> There are some sins called "crying sins;" that is, such which God will more certainly and apparently revenge; and oppression of widows and orphans is one; but, I remember, they account not sacrilege in this number; from whence I can collect nothing, but that God hath more apparently undertaken the protection of widows' dowries and orphans' portions, than of *church lands*. And then, if we suppose these widows placed in an hospital to pray and spin, I would fain know what holiness of lands or dedications signifies, that is not more eminently in the lands given for an hospital for widows, than a college for priests? And yet, if an hospital be spoiled or widows injured, we call it oppression, not *sacrilege*.
>
> And by the way, Sir, be pleased to put the case as it was in some instances in the days of that cormorant of church lands, Henry the Eighth, and in Edward the Sixth, that lands given to the clergy should be converted to the maintenance of widows or sick persons. I desire to be resolved whether that be sacrilege? And if so, upon what ground it is said to be so? If not, then, whether the lands be God's portion, any more if they maintain the clergy than if they maintain the indigent and necessitous laity? And whether or no, if the condition of the king's restitutions were to alien the lands of Bethlem or St. Thomas's Hospital, the clergy of England would affirm it lawful? And then why not, if the condition were to alien one manor of the Bishop of St. David's, or one close? If one, then more, and then all as well as any; for one is as much dedicated to God as all, and the alienation is as direct a sacrilege. But this were a hard case, should it be denied to the king's necessities, and the clamourous importunities of the people, and the necessities for peace?

But here we leave the subject, again commending it to the study of Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Inglis.

The following letter exhibits Cromwell in an amiable light, and is admirable in style. It is addressed to the Speaker:—

> Mr. Speaker,—It having pleased God to take away, by death, Colonel John Maleverer, a very useful member of this army, I thought it requisite to move you in behalf of his sad widow, and seven small children.
>
> I need not say much. His faithfulness in your service, and his willingness to be spent in the same, is very well known. And truly he had a spirit very much beyond his natural strength of body, having undergone many fits of sickness during this hard service in your field, where he was constant and diligent in his charge; and notwithstanding the weakness of his body, thought himself bound in conscience to continue to the utmost, preferring the public service before his private relations. And as I have been credibly informed, his losses by the royal and malignant party, have been very great, being occasioned by his appearing with the first in his county for the Parliament.
>
> I have therefore made bold to represent these things before you, that you may timely consider of those that he hath left behind him, and bestow some mark of favour

upon them towards their comfortable subsistence.—I rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

O. CROMWELL.

Edinburgh, December 28th, 1650.

A curious letter, written to the Speaker by N. Lempriere, Bailie of Jersey, upon that island acknowledging the sovereignty of the Parliament, gives an interesting account of the laws and usages of Jersey at the period.

It is not easy to say, whether the soldiers of the Parliament, or the cavaliers, whether friends or foes, were the greatest scourges to the peaceful inhabitants of the districts upon which they were then let loose. The letter, of which the following is an extract, was written by Col. Cooke to the Parliamentary Commissioners, when their troops were in Wicklow and Wexford, driving the Irish rebels before them, and desolating the country.

Upon this day se'nnight in the evening, our forces all rendezvoused at Enniscorthy, some having marched ten miles that day, some twenty; about ten of the clock the same night, we began our march towards the enemy's quarters, having twelve miles to march before we could come to do service. In the morning before day, we were in the midst of them; but they lay so dispersed that we could not then do much upon them. Some we took, and some we killed. In searching the woods and bogs, we found great store of corn, which we burnt, also all the houses and cabins we could find; in all which we found great plenty of corn. We continued burning and destroying for four days; in which time we wanted no provision for horse or man, finding also housing enough to lie in, though we burnt our quarters every morning, and continued burning all day after. He was an idle soldier, that had not either a fat lamb, veal, pig, or poultry, or all of them, every night to his supper.

Even the *wars* of the '98 have not eradicated from the memories of the Irish, the cruelties of Cromwell's soldiers. In England the royalist troops acted the same part, without the excuse that they were in an *alien* country. From a letter of date 1646, addressed to Luke Robinson, then member of Parliament for the North Riding of Yorkshire, and written from Scarborough by Thomas Smallwood, probably a farmer, we gather the bearing of the subdued cavaliers and their new auxiliaries:—

Though my neighbours have felt the smart of Newcastle's army, and twice of the Scots, yet these times were times of peace and prosperity, in comparison of this present time; never were poor people so oppressed as we are. The commander-in-chief, in these parts, is one Major-General Vandruske, a civil gentleman. His regiment consists of many Papists, French, Dutch, Irish, Scotch; and those that are Englishmen are, four parts of them, the king's reduced, or rather subdued, soldiers, who, now our conquerors and tyrants, came from Newark, Oxford, and others of his garrisons. They are most of them very rude in their carriage, for they every day ride abroad and rob all men and women they meet with. None can, with safety, pass to or from a fair, or town, or market; they have left us no horses that are fit to carry a man; and profess, whensoever they go away, to leave us no other goods.

In their quarters they demean themselves most barbarously. They beat their men and women causelessly. They will not eat either salt beef, or milk, or butter, nor drink any small beer; but force the poor men to buy them mutton, lamb, and chickens, and ale in abundance; and though they put their horses in the mown grass, yet they will force their landlords to find them every day a peck of oats for each horse. Our honest men are many of them forced to leave their houses; some are fled in to Whitby Strand, some in to the English army near York, and others into the East Riding. I was forced to fly from my house, and leave all I had to their mercy; as for those towns where no soldiers are quartered, they compel them to pay monies to them, some towns £8, some £10, some £16, some £20 per diem; so that if some speedy course be not taken the whole country will be destroyed.

I cannot see how they can possibly subsist twenty days in all likelihood; and though these burdens lie upon them, they dare not complain. No justice was yet done, except upon one man, who was shot to death for killing his landlord (in cool blood.) They change their quarters every other day, which proves a very heavy burden to the poor people. Honest men dare not show a Bible amongst them, except it have both the Common Prayers and Apocrypha in it; and it were treason for the poor godly men to pray in their families. Sir, I want words to express the misery the country is in. . . . . If you please acquaint Sir Matt. Boynton and Mr. Thomas Chalmers, that they can expect no more rents from us. The Lord incline the hearts of the Parliament to study some relief for us.

The Scots army, consisting of a miscellaneous crew, gathered from every quarter, were equally oppressive. One Emanuel Issachar, writing to the burgesses then in Parliament for the towns of Yorkshire, quaintly says,—

Gentlemen,—your languishing country expects comfort from you: *ride* they cannot, to inform you, for their horses are all taken from them; *run* they cannot, their hearts are too heavy, their burdens too great; they have much to complain, but dare not; *cry* aloud they would, if their spirit were not too far spent; and they have had so little encouragement to ride, run, complain, or cry, less success in it, greater oppression by it, that they give all for lost without your present assistance. . . . .

After enumerating the enormities and rapacity of the soldiers, this honest man, who must, probably from his style, have been a *dominie*, continues—

Nay, many an honest man is forced to trudge night and day to fetch them wine, ale, or beer, or what extraordinary fare as they desire, at his great charge; and this he does to buy a little peace: and thus he prostrates himself and estate to buy a little quiet, to the lust and rage of such as have been our open enemies, such as are lately come out, and such who, though they have pretended to be our friends, now declare themselves for the king, threaten the parliament for burning their papers, &c.—threaten all public officers, and all the Parliament's friends, calling them English dogs, &c.—countenancing and entertaining, daily, Papists and delinquents, and, in one word, lives as if it were their design to destroy our country.

The writer then pertinently inquires, If those be *friends*, why deal they so unkindly?

In conclusion, we must say, that as we proceed to peruse the entire collection of letters, its value and interest rises in our estimation. It contains the naked truth of history.

The Music of the Church; containing a General History of Music, &c. &c. By Thomas Hirst. Pp. 357. Whittaker & Co.

We have never yet met with any work of which the subject was the Music of the Church, and the history of musicians, that was not both pleasant and profitable reading. Mr. Hirst's work certainly forms no exception to our uniform course of experience. Its plan is popular and comprehensive. It is written for those who may not have means or opportunity to study the subject discussed in all its details and intricacies, but who desire a general knowledge of it, that shall be accurate and tolerably full. The work is divided into four Parts. The first contains a general history of the art, from the earliest periods until the present day; the second Part is the most elaborate—it is exclusively devoted to Hebrew music. The remaining Parts are the most original, and, as we apprehend, the most useful. They treat, in a number of

distinct chapters, of music as it is connected with Divine worship, in the Church and among the Dissenters, in this country.

In arrangement, and various other secondary matters, the author shows no great degree of literary skill, or experience; but his work is stuffed full of excellent matter, and well supplies a want which many feel, besides forming a really entertaining volume. We shall give a brief specimen or two; regretting that our space at present forbids further ministering to the pleasure of our readers.

THE MUSIC OF THE REFORMERS.

The feeble rays of divine truth which broke from the mind of Wickliff, on a dark and corrupt age, and which increased their radiance, till the deformity and impious domination of the Romish church was broken at the reformation, carried with them some alteration in the *choral service* of the church. A more simplified style of singing was practised by the followers of Wickliff, and which was carried forwards by the Hussites.

With these examples before him, Calvin gave a still greater impulse to dissent from the choral service of the popish church, with which, on many other accounts, it is well known he had but little sympathy. With the assistance of Theodore Beza, he introduced a new version of the psalms, set to music by Guillaume Franco, in one part only. These compositions soon became popular through all the reformed churches.

Martin Luther, from having an ear, no doubt more correctly attuned to melodious sounds than those of the two foregoing celebrated men, and a soul on which devotion ascended more readily on the sublime strains of devotion, retained more of the splendour of the established choral service. He composed many hymns, some of which he himself set to music; specimens of both remain to the present time. The hymn beginning, "Great God, what do I see and hear," &c., and the "Old Hundred" tune, are considered, amidst some doubts, to be of the number.

In England many of the reformers disapproved of the secular spirit, and cumbersome ceremonies, of the musical part of the church service, and Latimer went so far as to forbid singing of any kind within the limits of his diocese.

Marbeck is supposed to have been the first who set the Cathedral service of the Reformed Church of England. He composed but for one voice, and they were published in 1511. Elizabeth, in her direction to the clergy, gave particular attention to the music of the church, saying, "Let there be a modest and distinct song used in all parts of the common prayers of the church; and for the comforting of all such as delight in music, it may be permitted, that, in the beginning and in the end of the common prayer, either morning or evening, there may be sung an hymn, or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God." The purity of her motives in this affair are, however, rendered very questionable; at all events, she manifested an arbitrary spirit in the manner in which she sought to supply choristers with singing boys.

ORIGIN OF GOD SAVE THE KING.

Among the cebrated writers and performers of music at this period, was Dr. John Bull, to whom tradition ascribes the honour of composing our national air of "God save the King." This honour, however, has never been unanimously bestowed; and it has lately considerably faded on the Doctor's brow, by information supplied in an elaborate and erudite work on "Old National English Airs," by W. Chappell. Mr. Chappell there shows, by considerations of great force, that the author of the anthem was a Henry Carey, then living in London, and who, it may be remarked, was the grandfather of the mother of the late Edmund Kean. Carey was disaffected towards the reigning government, and composed the air on the eve of the insurrection in 1715, in furtherance of the cause of James the pretender, whose name was the burden of its theme. The insurrection failed, and the tune lay dormant till the occurrence of the victory of Admiral Vernon, in 1740, when the author met a party at a tavern, and sang it—substituting the word *George* for *James*, in celebration of the triumph. Dr. Arne harmonized it, and brought it out in Drury Lane Theatre in 1745, with great effect, when another pretender aspired to usurp the British crown. It then took an elevated stand in the musical world, and may be said ever since to have been in growing favour with the public. It is singular that this anthem has greatly served the cause it was intended to destroy. About the year 1743, Carey put an end to his life, being, at the advanced age of eighty years, in abject circumstances, having only a halfpenny in his pocket.

Passing over many illustrious names native and foreign, we come to one whose history is new to us, and, we should imagine, to many of our readers, who may, nevertheless, be familiar with his compositions. The people have had their Handels, and Purcells; composers, springing up as directly from their bosom, as do their poets, their Burnses, Elliotts, and Nicolls.

JAMES LEACH.

The name of Leach is well deserving a place in every historical sketch of English music, however brief; and to omit it, in the estimation of many, would be to make a blank that could not be filled by a more worthy name.

James Leach was born in humble circumstances, and principally earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, as a weaver, at Rochdale, in Lancashire. Having a natural musical genius, and yielding to its impulses in making some proficiency in the instrumental department, he became one of the king's band. But he was also distinguished as a vocalist, and appeared to most advantage in the counter part. In this region he made his musical powers commendably known, as a singer at one of the great musical festivals, held in Westminster Abbey.

His first efforts at composition appear to have had no other object than his own recreation, or that of those with whom he was intimately connected. In the preface to his first set of tunes, he thus expresses himself:—"The truth of the matter is this: having had a turn for music from my infancy, I have employed my leisure hours in cultivating the same. A few years ago I composed a few tunes, and without the least design of their being made public, being at the time ignorant of the rules of composition. These few tunes, accordingly, got handed about, and were introduced into many public congregations, insomuch that I was called upon from all quarters for copies, so that I found myself under the disagreeable necessity of denying many requests of that kind. For, having a family to maintain with my handlabour, I had already spent more time than I could well spare; but a friend of mine, knowing my importunities of that kind, and wishing the tunes to be more generally known, advised me, by all means to compose a few more to some select pieces, and let a number of them be struck off, as the price would be small, so that such as wished to have them, might procure them at a small expense; and therefore I now submit them to the judgment of the public: I mean such as understand music."

This preface is dated Rochdale, June 29th, 1789, and it does not appear to have been reprinted in any subsequent edition. In the first sentence of the extract just given, I have altered a word or two, as the original is glaringly ungrammatical; indeed, the whole preface betrays great ignorance of, in their plainest forms, the rules of literary composition, and shows it to have been Leach's unaided performance. The work was published by subscription, and met with such a welcome reception, as to encourage him to go on composing; indeed, he announced in the same preface, that, "Another volume of tunes of the same size and price will be published in a few months." These two publications contain the whole of his psalm and hymn tunes. His set pieces and anthems were issued in twelve numbers after his death, for the benefit of his surviving family. He came to his end in a melancholy manner. Sometime in the year 1797, he was taking a journey on the top of a coach, and while humming over the *Canaan*, the first piece he made, the

coach upset, and he was killed on the spot, not more than thirty-five years of age, and in the midst of the current of rising fame. For some years before his death he had nearly, if not altogether, laid aside his regular employment, and he was supported partly by the free generosity of his friends, and partly by the exercise of his musical talents, and the profits of his publications. The Rev. Alexander Mather, a celebrated minister in the Wesleyan Connexion, of which body of Christians Leach was a member, is said to have been a valuable friend to him, and used his influence to bring him into notice. . . . . .

Perhaps Leach cannot be considered as evincing very great originality, in the severe, abstract, and comprehensive meaning of that term. Yet there is so much of honest, calm, thoughtful, independence of genius, in conception and development, in the working out of its various themes, as to entitle him, in a subordinate degree at least, to be considered a reformer, in the republic of musical science, and at the head of a respectable class. In his music we recognise a considerable elevation above the prosings of the majority of composers which preceded him. He seems to occupy the same position in the history of music, as Dr. Watts does in poetical psalmody. There is in the character of his music an identity; as painters would say, a *keeping* in the likeness: that is, in principle, not in detail; in the superintending spirit of the theme, not in the themes themselves. For in this respect, few writers present greater variety than he, within the prescribed limits of psalmody. But, whether you turn to the solemnly impressive strains of *Complaint*, *Joannas*, *Egypt*, *Shields*, &c., or plume yourselves to accompany him in *Rochdale*, *Syria*, *Redemption*, &c., in their more free and dignified evolutions; or unite in the airy and buoyant trippings of *Cyprus*, *Orpheus*, &c., you feel the presence of Leach, in the unity of his commanding genius. His imagination is not so bold, adventurous, and startling, as is that of some other first-rate composers; but this is counterbalanced by an addition of judgment, which adds strength to the pinions of his imagination, and makes his flight more secure, and his return more certain. In him the different parts of the tune come to a friendly close, without the fear of each accusing the other of wandering too far from the melody of the theme. In his lighter effusions, there is nothing of dash, or prettiness, or frivolity, for the purpose of courting applause from low or vitiated tastes; and in his funeral specimens he does not sink into twaddle, and unmeaning and affected croakings; but,

"He is discreet,
And marks the point where sense and dulness meet."

In him there is also a fair proportion of strength, expansion, and harmony, blended with cheerfulness and propriety of adaptation. He is, moreover, at times brilliant and tender.

His anthems and set pieces are of unequal merit. His *Crucifixion*, as a whole, is the best. . . . . Many of his pieces were left unfinished at his death, which will account for the falling off in the latter portion.

The assertion of Dr. Burney is both bold and true, and is therefore encouraging to real though humble genius, that "Music has been more advanced by unlearned men, than by philosophers and mathematicians." The Doctor's argument will not readily find a more striking illustration than in James Leach. A friend of the author requested him to do justice to the character of "poor Leach," observing, that "he had been of great service to Methodism." The reason for such a request is too limited; as the Dissenters and Church of England share the same benefits. To say that in all Christian assemblies, where devotion breaks forth in praise, Leach's tunes are worthy of a place, would be only asserting the fact, the proof of which is heard in the various and extreme parts of the militant church. And the day is very distant, when the strains of Leach will cease to stimulate the pleasures of devotion.

Several other not *mute* but inglorious Handels and Charles Wesleys find, for the first time, honourable mention in this popular history, which we commend to all musical readers who are not too fastidious.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico. With a Geographical Index. Edited by Philip Smith, B. A. Simpkin & Marshall.

I. *The Book of the Poets.* From Chaucer to Beattie.

II. *The Book of the Modern Poets of the Nineteenth Century.* Octavo. Scott, Webster, and Geary.

These handsome and massive volumes are of an order of embellished works, which every lover of polite literature must rejoice to see gradually displacing the ephemeral and flimsy decorated wares which have been in vogue of late years. They consist of well-selected, tasteful, and characteristic specimens of the English poets, richly and beautifully embellished in the style of the well-known edition of Rogers' Italy, and other poems; the works of Campbell, published by Moxon, and one of Murray's editions of Byron. There are about fifty illustrations to each work; all of them good, and many of them exquisite. The wide field of English poetry gives ample scope for designs; and Corbould, Uwins, Calcott, &c. &c., have surveyed it with poetical as well as artistic eyes. The engraving of these delicious vignettes is by Finden and Heath. The books are elegantly printed, and are worthy of the proud name, Book of the Poets. Such works as this, forming the most valuable part of the decorative furniture, or appliances of the drawing-room, or lady's morning-room, can never be too numerous for the public; nor, we should hope, for the publishers, who, by sending out such works, exalt and refine the taste to which they minister.

The "Book of the Poets" contains a preliminary essay on English poetry, from its rise to the era of Cowper; the "Book of the Modern Poets" a dissertation on the poetry of the 19th century. To the specimens of each poet is prefixed a brief biographical notice, so that the works are in some sort a history of English poetry, and an index, with copious specimens of each poet of any note. Independently of exterior elegance, we cannot tell where, within the same compass, one might find so much that is of sterling and permanent value in English poetical literature.

The Philosophy of Necessity, or the Law of Consequences, as applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science. By Charles Bray. Second volume. Longman and Co.

The second volume of this work, which is now before us, we consider of more value than the first. It is practical. It deals in facts and figures, instead of indulging in speculation, sometimes vague and unsatisfactory. Here there can be no mistake. If Mr. Bray, very much (as we believe) underrates the intelligence of the working-classes, he thoroughly understands their sufferings and their wants; and if all his remedies for the social evils he perceives, be not such as men are likely to agree about, they must at least concur in admiring his benevolent spirit, and expansive sympathies. We are struck with one of his isolated opinions, from its coincidence with the opinions of Mr. Laing and others, who are neither of the coöperative school, nor of that of the political economists. It is thus expressed:—"We doubt if any country can long continue prosperous, where the manufacturing population greatly exceeds in number the agricultural." The idea is worthy of consideration

The History of the Republic of Texas. By N. Doran Maillard, Esq., Barrister of Law of Texas. Smith and Elder.

The author of this book seems to have emigrated rashly, to have suffered in consequence, and to be in the very bad humour which tempts men to commit injustice, without being conscious of their bias. We cannot see much to recommend Texas to the British people as a field of emigration. But if any are meditating such a step, they would do well to read this book as a corrective of Mr. Kennedy's glowing descriptions. Truth lies between them, and probably inclines to Mr. Kennedy's side. The good advice with which the Texan barrister has favoured Lord Palmerston, now falls to Lord Aberdeen's share, who, we dare not promise our author, will lend a more willing ear to the voice of the charmer.

Female Character: an Essay. By Albert Pennington.

This little book contains a great deal of good counsel to young women; and also what seems to be considered necessary in all works of the sort written by men, a great deal more of compliment; fulsome, were it only from its superfluity. It will be better for both sexes when the men no longer feel the necessity of paying off in panegyric what is denied to the women in justice.

A Blue-coat Boy's Recollections of Hertford School. By George Wickam. Harvey and Darton.

This is a simple and homely narrative, referring neither to great personages nor momentous events; and yet the powerful instinct which, in all circumstances, makes "man dear to man," impels one to read on to the end, with unabated interest, the man's unvarnished story of the boy's school-life.

Poems of Past Years. By James Parker. Menzies, Edinburgh.

A collection of sweet and tender verses, without strongly marked character. We have, however, seen worse gain prizes in Universities, and put forth by persons of quality in Annuals, with great applause from fashionable circles.

Lady Alice. A Ballad Romance. By El-ton. Saunders and Otley.

There is rare candour in this, probably very youthful, aspirant to the favour of the Muses. His friends, contrary to all former precedent, when consulted, advised him not to publish. But publish he would. He might have committed many a worse folly. Yet we approve the decision of the friends. The romance, written in the easiest ballad jingle-jangle which English metres allow, is not without melody; and it has a story. These are great points.

Schiller's Bride of Messina. Translated by A. Lodge, Esq., M.A. Bohn, London.

In introducing this highly finished production of Schiller's genius and matured skill and taste to the English reader, the Translator states, that it has been less his aim to give a close version of the original than such a transcript of the author's thoughts as might be animated by a portion of his spirit, and wear a certain air of originality. Whether this is gained or not, the performance wears a more finished and classic air from being thus treated.

The Life and Times of Cranmer: an American little work, reprinted in this country.

Rational Reading Lessons; or, Entertaining Intellectual Exercises for Children. By the author of the "Diversions of Hollycot; or, The Mother's Art of Thinking," &c. &c.; with a Key. Oliver & Boyd.

We learn, from the preface, that this small tome forms a link in a series of little books for children, of which some have previously appeared. It owes its existence to its author's dislike of the system of elementary *cramming;* and consists of entertaining little stories, and descriptive sketches in prose, with a few in verse, which are printed in a way that must exercise the mental faculties of the juvenile reader. We daresay some of them might like to sip the honey by itself, without partaking of the wholesome medicine of which it is the medium; but this the plan of the work renders impossible. Any educational work of which the tendency is the discouragement of mere *parroting* or showy pretension, deserves commendation at this period, when it is much to be feared that solid improvement in education by no means keeps pace with the bustle and parade which keen competition has introduced among schools, and in elementary books.

Four Lectures to Young Men. Innes, Edinburgh.

These Lectures were delivered in Edinburgh by four of the Clergymen belonging to the city. The first lecture, by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, is worthy of particular attention. It rises above the ordinary commonplace of such discourses.

Tate's Modern Cambist. Fourth Edition, with extensive Alterations and Additions. Effingham Wilson.

What to Teach and how to Teach it, so that a Child may become a Wise and Good Man. By Henry Mayhew. William Smith, Fleet Street.

This is the first portion of a philosophic treatise on Education, which is to be completed in three divisions. This first part, "On the Cultivation of the Intellect," scarce corresponds with the practical title.

The Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names. By Thomas Swinburne Carr, King's College, London.

The utility of this work is obvious; and it must be of yet greater value to Scottish classical students and teachers than in England. An Appendix contains some useful information connected with the subject, and the proper pronunciation of all the Scripture names.

Greek Poetry for Schools. Edited by Philip Smith, B. A. Simpkin and Marshall.

The extracts are reprinted from Dr. Friedmann's "Kleine Griechische Poetische Anthologie." A few alterations have been made by the editor, which he, of course, considers for the better; and he has added two Idyls, for the sake of introducing the learner to the *Doric* dialect. The book contains three books of the Odyssey, many extracts from the Iliad, and something from nearly all the Greek poets. It is, besides, a beautiful specimen of Greek typography. The type is peculiarly well cut, clear, bold, and yet delicate.

Look Forward. A Tale. By Catherine Irene Finch.

This is a very pretty story for the young of the humbler classes, replete with good sense, good taste, and good moral feeling. It cannot be read without profit.

The Martyr of Erromanga; or, The Philosophy of Missions, illustrated from the Labours, Death, and Character of the late Rev. John Williams. By John Campbell, D.D. Author of "Jethro," "Maritime Discovery," &c., &c. 1 volume octavo, cloth, pp. 448. With coloured frontispiece, &c. Snow: London.

Dr. Campbell is an enthusiast for Missions. Under the above comprehensive title, he has arranged fourteen Letters, addressed to distinguished individuals, which form a series of discourses on Missionary Enterprise, and its various noble objects; and also, in some respects, a sequel to the Narrative of the lamented Williams; the MARTYR OF ERROMANGA. In the opinion of Dr. Campbell, the missionary enterprise of Williams alone, "is of more real value than all the writings of a Clarke, a Butler, a Paley, a Chalmers, a Leland, and a Lardner, united." This is a bold assertion, but we are not prepared to dispute it. The seeds sown, the good done, the new state of society created in the Islands of the South Sea, by the labours of one genuine Apostle, are visible, real, and tangible; the effects and influences of the writings of the eminent individuals enumerated, it is not so easy to calculate. In Polynesia, a great moral revolution has been accomplished by a working-man: under the printed lessons of the divines named above, we fear society remains, if somewhat wiser, very little better than before they lived and wrote. In the right path it moves at a snail's pace; while in the regions of missionary enterprise the progress of many centuries has been made in a few years.

Dr. Campbell has contrived to impart extrinsic interest to his work, by the choice of the persons to whom he addresses the several branches of his subject. To teachers of Sunday and other schools, he devolves the duty of inculcating the missionary spirit; the members of the London and American Peace Societies he addresses on the tendency of Missionary labours to extinguish War, and to establish Peace. This branch of the subject is farther illustrated in Letters to Mr Macaulay and to the Duke of Wellington. Indeed, the Doctor's illustrations of the spirit and principles of the Gospel, in relation to War and Peace, are not the least valuable portion of his work. His Grace of Wellington receives high praise; but he is, at the same time, told some home-truths. Now, as the Duke is quite as much the hero of the Saints as of the Sinners of the land; of those who profess to follow the principles of the Gospel of Peace, as of those who care for none of these things,—we could not find a more apt passage for quotation than a part of the author's warning or remonstrance. It, besides, affords a fair specimen of his manner, which is fluent and discursive; not absolutely o'er informed with matter; but generally showing various and copious knowledge, and just sentiments:—

Among all conquerors, I have read of none who demands a tithe of the respect which I feel for your Grace. But truth compels me to say, that, although I view you as the Prince of Captains, I am constrained to look upon you as immeasurably less than the least of all missionaries. Oh! how high and holy is their vocation as compared with that which occupied the first half of your eventful life! With them, eternity is everything; with your Grace, it appeared in those days, to be nothing. They walk daily and hourly with God; from all that I can discover of your Grace's views, from your volumes, written during your warlike operations, God was not in all your thoughts! I can find no difference of cre- between your Grace and Napoleon, with respect to a future world and the hope of man; nor can I find anything, in which either he or your Grace differs from Alexander or Cæsar, who dwelt in the darkness of idolatry. The letters of condolence which you wrote from fields of battle to the friends of those who fell at your side, are most affecting proofs and illustrations. The considerations, for example, which you employ to console the friends of Colonel Lake, are, that he fell "the admiration of the whole army," and "in the achievement of one of the most heroic actions." In the case of Colonel Cameron, you endeavour to comfort his father with the thought, that "he fell in the performance of his duty." You labour to soothe Lord Somers on the death of his son, with the assurance, that he "fell in the zealous and gallant discharge of his duty." Ah! my Lord Duke, and is this all? With the wounds, and the blood, and the agonies, and the death, was there an utter end of these men? Is there no difference between the warrior and his horse? Does the shell or shot which slays them jointly, extinguish both their beings at once? Does nothing of man survive? Has your Grace not one thought to bestow upon the disembodied spirits of those hapless officers and men who perished by obeying you, who contributed to your victory, and to your fame? Only think of them a moment! Where are they? What are they? Are you silent? My Lord Duke, can you answer these questions? Is military knowledge, are military thoughts, entirely bounded by this sublunary scene? Not one idea concerning the world of spirits can be gathered from your Grace's Despatches, General Orders, and Letters. . . . . .

On that terrible night which drew its curtain around the dismal field of Waterloo, after parting with Blucher, and crossing the battle plain by moonlight, and beholding a scene of carnage seldom paralleled in the annals of war, it is reported, to the honour of your manhood and humanity, that, covering your face with your hands, you burst into tears. The heaps of dead you then saw, the moans of the dying, and the wail of the wounded, you then heard, might well have moved a heart harder than yours. It is but just to quote your well remembered words, in one of your letters, which ran thus:—"My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained of my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers; and I shall not be satisfied with this battle, however glorious, if it does not put an end to Buonaparte." Ah! my Lord Duke, was it really glorious? Is glory to be measured by the havoc of armies,—by the distress, the distraction, the woe, and the despair created throughout hundreds of thousands of families! Shall I appeal from this Aceldama, this field of blood, to the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, relatives and friends of the slain, whether, in very deed, this was a "glorious battle?" I well remember the joy of these nations, but what meant the solitary weeping, the deep grief, and the settled sorrow of such multitudes over all the land? Their answer was—*Waterloo!*

Sir Charles Bell, who followed the army that he might improve his knowledge of gun-shot wounds, and enrich his surgical lectures, throws a light upon one of the aspects of the glory of Waterloo. He describes the condition of the hospitals, in terms which make the ears tingle and the blood run cold! It was, as your Grace will doubtless remember, full sixteen days after the battle before the work of the surgeons was finished. When about three weeks after the tremendous day, the living proceeded in the work of burying the dead, it was found that wounded men had crawled to the carcases of dead horses, and gnawed their raw flesh for food, till putrefaction put an end to the horrid banquet, and they died of hunger! Such facts as these will help to demonstrate how far this was a really glorious battle! Alas! glory and battle are terms which ill agree.

In a letter addressed to Lord Brougham on the results of missionary labours on slavery and education, the author deals as plainly with the great statesman as he does with the illustrious soldier; though the exor-

-..m is all that we can quote. Having enumerated all the public honours which Brougham had won, he continues:—

Your lordship's speeches and writings will go down to the latest ages, and live as long as the language whose rich resources they exemplify and exhaust. History, uninfluenced by party and envy, will do your lordship justice. Posterity will, indeed, assign you a far higher place on "Fame's dread mountain," than even that which has been accorded by the bulk of your contemporaries. In speaking thus, I make no reference to your rank, my lord; no man ever owed less to rank than your lordship; you descended when you entered the Upper House. You elevated the peerage—not the peerage you. The historian will chiefly delight in the patriotic Commoner. Even now the lord is lost in the man. Your simple name, in after times, will blaze in glory as the sun, while your coronet will be a tiny speck on its disc, scarcely visible. No living statesman has so much to hope, and so little to fear from future generations, as your lordship. The great points of your political creed will assuredly be at length embraced by all nations. The progress of reason, the voice of prophecy, the interests of earth, all unite to support your views of war, peace, slavery, education, and the surpassing glories of moral greatness. Every age will bring the mind of England more and more into unison with yours. Like prophecy, your lordship's character will gain with the advance of time. And when the period arrives at which "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most high, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him;"—when this period arrives, my lord, the evils which you have denounced and opposed, with so much consistency, energy, and eloquence, will cease to be, and the good which you have so long and so strenuously laboured to promote, will be more than realized throughout the whole earth; for, be assured, my lord, your utmost demands and desires are, according to the volume of Inspiration, a poor instalment of the felicity which awaits our now distracted and afflicted world.

My lord, it will be allowed by multitudes of the best and wisest of mankind, that I have not overdrawn the picture of your lordship's prospects of future renown. Personal and political adversaries are incompetent judges of such a matter; and so, indeed, are personal and political friends. But a great reverse awaits your lordship's position. Men who are now all but unknown, will, in the better days of our world, be inconceivably more illustrious than your lordship. You will then be considered as only a humble personage, in comparison with such a man as the missionary martyr, Williams. One chapter of the "Missionary Enterprizes," will then bear a higher value than all the writings of your lordship, and of all the orators, statesmen, historians, and philosophers in our language. Everything is permanently great only as it belongs to Christ and his kingdom. Your speeches in behalf of John Smith, will accordingly possess an interest with the ages to come, infinitely greater than any other—the most celebrated not excepted—that you ever uttered. Those speeches are identified with the cause of Christ, and they will partake of its immortality. Next to those will be your speeches and letters on education; then those against slavery: and finally, such as were made in defence of civil and religious liberty. All the others, splendid as they are, will be deemed of inferior worth. My lord, if these things be so, are not the bulk of your great compeers living to little purpose, and in a manner which but ill comports with their high destinies and real interests as immortal beings! If there is truth in the awful disclosures of the sacred Scriptures, how lamentable is the prospect of the vast body of this world's great men!

Such passages whet curiosity about the hero of this work; the Martyr of Erromanga, thus exalted above all contemporary greatness. And in what did the superiority of Williams consist?—In adaptation to the situation into which religious zeal led him; in a competent knowledge of a most useful plain handicraft; an adroit mechanical turn, and astonishing fortitude and perseverance. He could neither have occupied the station, nor fulfilled the duties of a Brougham nor a Wellington; and yet it is cheering to think how much men of his resolute character, though of limited intellectual calibre, have the power of achieving for humanity, when they go forth as the pioneers of civilisation and pure Christianity. Dr. Campbell has formed, perhaps, an overweening opinion of Williams; but certainly not of the great work which he was the honoured instrument in accomplishing. We will gather a few sentences from his estimate or eulogy of his hero, as our concluding specimen, premising (though the history of this Missionary is pretty well known) that he was a respectable artisan, who, converted by the preaching of the Rev. Mr. East of Birmingham, devoted himself to the work of missions:—

His religion was simple, healthful, robust, and manly. His views of the gospel were highly scriptural. Of the theology of the schools he knew but little; he took his creed from the Volume of Inspiration. He was no wrangler; yet he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, for he rightly divided the word of truth. He was such a teacher as Paul or Timothy would, without a moment's hesitation, have ordained to the work of the ministry. Although not "mighty in the Scriptures," he was well acquainted with the word of God. Upon what is technically termed "experience," he was a safe guide and a fine model. Much that is in great repute, in some religious circles, had no place in his instructions; he had not within him one particle of what is called religious enthusiasm. In respect of his views and sentiments, all was pure, clear, and scriptural. He had no sympathy with the system of impulses and impressions, and vagaries of the fancy. Experience with him was not an end, but a means. . . . . Every exhibition of truth had a practical bearing; the uniform tendency of his ministration of the gospel of mercy was, to elevate the soul, to form the character, to meeten men "to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." His views of the Divine character were remarkably clear, and, therefore, in the highest degree consolatory. He was himself a happy man, a cheerful Christian! They who saw him but for a few minutes would have pronounced him a man of a joyous spirit. He seemed to walk in the beams of a perpetual sunshine. In this respect, perhaps, no man ever formed a more striking contrast to David Brainerd. The dismal gloom, the deep depression, the lonely sorrow, of that holy but melancholy man, sadly contrasted with the peace, the comfort, the hope, and the gladness of the Martyr of Erromanga! Truly "the joy of the Lord was his strength." A man of melancholy temperament, a man with dark and doleful views of the gospel of mercy, is not a proper person to be sent to the field of missions.

. . . . . .

He went forth with his mind a comparative blank respecting all that appertains to controversy about church order and Christian ordinances. Wherever he found a consistent believer, he found a brother, and as such he was ready to embrace him. He knew no church but the church of Christ; he was for all that were for his Lord! A mind like his, however, so industrious and so inquisitive, was not likely to remain long without some settled notions on this great and important subject. When he arrived in England in 1834, he accordingly manifested a perfect acquaintance with it. He had become, from conviction sincere and deep, a Dissenter from the Church of England and from all Ecclesiastical Establishments. He perceived them to be rotten at the core—founded in fatal error, and irreconcilably hostile to the quiet of nations, the peace of churches, and the true interests of Christ's kingdom. This opinion he most firmly, though mildly, held; and, upon all proper occasions, was ready to avow it. . . . . .

But with all these qualifications, Mr. Williams would have been of small value to the South Sea Islanders save for his Tubal-Cain accomplishments. In the earliest missionary papers, or perhaps in the voyage of the *Duff*, we recollect an anecdote of an Otaheitean, who had been, with many of his countrymen, induced to attend the ministrations of the missionaries, by the present of a few nails, distributed at the conclusion of the service. The nails fell off in number, and with them the zeal of the convert, who, one Sunday, on returning from worship, on being asked what had passed, remarked—"Plenty of the word of God, but very few nails." Now Williams could not only give a few nails, but teach the art of making nails by thousands, and many other useful things. He was, therefore, the true apostle for a barbarous race. On this head our author remarks:—

Mechanical ingenuity was a striking feature in the character of Mr. Williams. He was highly endowed with the faculty of invention, and would have attained distinction had he devoted himself to the improved application of mechanic powers. The exercise of his genius in this direction was one of the sources of his amazing success in the missionary field. Magic and miracles would not have stood him in half the stead of his skill in the useful arts. His exhibitions in this way spoke to the senses of the savages, who stood in dumb amazement, and confessed the white man's superiority. The art to which he had been specially bred—that of a smith,—was, of all arts, to him infinitely the most important. The art of working in iron stands at the head of all others: they are all subordinate to it, and dependent upon it. In no country has civilisation ever been known to precede the use of iron. It is essential as an instrument in the cultivation of the soil, and in the production of every comfort of civilized life. Combined with this highly important fact, is the well-known circumstance, that the art of working in iron surpasses in usefulness all other arts, as much as iron itself surpasses all other materials put in requisition by the wants and habits of civilized life. Cicero well observes that there is an affinity among the sciences, so that he who has become an adept in one, is, to some extent, initiated in the rest. So likewise is it in regard to languages. But besides the affinities,—the principles common to them all,—there are leading sciences, and leading languages, the mastery of which renders further conquests an easy achievement. The analogy is complete in the case before us. He who has thoroughly acquired the art of working in iron will be at no loss, though at first but rudely, to work in other substances. All sorts of woodwork, house-building, ship-building, agricultural implements, and all that is necessary to the early stages of civilisation, will come within his province and his power. The mathematical principles of these two trades, in particular, have much in common; and working in wood is simple and easy, compared with iron.

These facts explain the secret of Mr. Williams's remarkable skill in all mechanical operations—operations, which, in the first instance, constituted his great charm in the eyes of the poor natives—operations which so amazingly contributed to his success in promoting civilisation,—and operations which form one of the chief and most interesting features of his "Enterprizes." Had he been bred to any other art, he would have made a very different and a very subordinate figure in Polynesia. Had he gone to any other part of the mission field, his skill in working iron, and his great mechanical genius, had been of comparatively little use, and in most places, of absolutely none. Had he been appointed to the West Indies, to Hindostan, to China, to Madagascar, or to South Africa, he would still have been a respectable missionary; but he would never have shone with that peculiar and peerless splendour which now surrounds his name. No man ever owed more to providential circumstances than John Williams: they made him. No man, on the other hand, ever more promptly and aptly met the enlarged and ever-varying demands of such circumstances, mastered their current, and turned them to his purpose.

From these extracts our readers may form some idea of a work devoted to a most important subject; written in a fervent spirit, and affording much entertainment as well as instruction.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT was opened on the 3d of February, by the Queen in person. The Speech, as usual, consisted of vague generalities, and of paragraphs informing the public of what they already knew. Rather unexpectedly to us, considering the politics of the Ministry, and their assertions no longer ago than August last, it contained the following sentences:—"I recommend to your consideration the state of the Laws which affect the import of Corn, and of other articles, the produce of foreign countries." "I have observed, with deep regret, the continued distress in the manufacturing districts of the country. The sufferings and privations which have resulted from it, have been borne with exemplary patience and fortitude." The announcement, that the Corn and Provision Laws required "Consideration," is evidently a great boon extorted from those who, only a few months ago, upheld those Laws as the perfection of human wisdom; and dooms them, at no distant period, to destruction. Sir Robert Peel stated, in the first week of the Session, that the existing prohibitions against the importation of fresh animal food, and oxen, sheep, and other live animals reared for food, are not to be continued. This, also, is an important announcement. It proclaims, throughout the length and breadth of the land, from undoubted authority, the hideous and all but incredible fact, which we, for years, have been printing, that fresh animal food, and live animals whose flesh is used as food, are, by the aristocracy, *not taxed merely*, but ABSOLUTELY PROHIBITED; while horses and asses are importable at a trifling duty; and monkeys, parrots, dogs, cats, &c., as well as lobsters and turbots, are FREE. Stock-fish, however, as a vulgar article of food, is not forgotten, the duty being 5*s.* per 120. These facts would of themselves enable any one of ordinary sagacity to discover of what class the legislators of this country are composed.

As far, however, as Sir Robert Peel has yet gone there is little ground for expecting much practical from the principles to be found in the Queen's speech. We do not imagine it very probable that his new Corn Bill will, unmodified, pass into law; and whether it does or not, is, we really think, a matter of absolute indifference. It has not satisfied any party, and we do not remember any measure which has been so generally condemned. It has, however, been very useful in increasing the agitation against the Corn Laws. The delegates of the Corn Law Associations, sitting in London, denounced it as a mockery and insult at the moment it was announced; and a feeling of indignation pervaded the country as soon as the scheme was published. Immediately after it was known at Manchester—the second town in the kingdom—a meeting of the most respectable manufacturers and merchants was held, and a *declaration*—not a petition to either House of Parliament, or an address to the Crown—was agreed to, the conclusion of which we have only room to give. "*Having lost all confidence in the Government, and the House of Commons, as at present constituted*, and desiring not only the repeal of bad laws already existing, but also a guarantee for good government for the future; and anxious to avoid those unhappy outbreaks which must inevitably result from the continued oppression and star-

vation of the people; and feeling convinced that no effectual remedies will be applied until the power of applying them be lodged in the hands of the people, we respectfully, but firmly, *demand* that the franchise be forthwith extended to every man who is twenty-one years of age, of sound mind, unstained by crime; together with the privilege of secret voting, and such other matters of detail as may be found necessary to the honest and practical working of the principle." Similar meetings have been held at Rochdale, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, &c. Though as yet nothing has been done in Edinburgh, we can testify that the feeling is equally intense, and that men, hitherto the most opposed to an extension of the suffrage, see that, except by that means, there is no hope for the country. The aristocracy are evidently determined to resist to the utmost—to place their estates, and perhaps their lives, in issue, to support a system of laws which ruin and destroy all other classes of the community, and are not, we verily believe, of any advantage to the landowners themselves. But, in truth, we do not think that the aristocracy are so ignorant as to imagine that even their rents are likely to be depressed by the repeal of the Corn Laws. Many of them are perfectly confident that they will not; and the increased rents offered within these few months, for farms out of lease, shew clearly that the farmers fear little any change which is likely to be created by a repeal of the Corn Laws. No; it is not a reduction of rent that the aristocrats feel chiefly. What they fear is, that, *under any circumstances*, they should be defeated in a struggle with the people. The real question now at issue is—not the repeal of the corn and provision laws, but whether twenty-seven millions of inhabitants of the united kingdom are or are not to be ruled by some thirty thousand proud, ignorant, and bigoted landowners; for so few are the number of our tyrants, not only as statistically proved, but as admitted by the Tory section of the landowners themselves. That is the question now at issue, and the only question.

Of Peel's new Sliding Scale, we must now give a few details. At present, when the price is 51s., the duty is 35s. 8d. By the new scale, it is 20s.; and that is the maximum. Now, this looks well on paper, but, in point of fact, 20s. is a prohibitory duty. We have referred to some of the returns, and, from a rough calculation, we think we may venture confidently to say, that there have not been entered for home consumption 10,000 quarters, during the last fourteen years, at a duty of 20s. Twenty shillings has proved a prohibitory duty; and we, therefore, concur with Sir Robert Peel in saying it is useless to make it higher. It is exposing the landowners to o' loquy without an object. The 20s. duty starves the corn man as effectually as any higher duty; and a scale which goes farther than the point of absolute exclusion, ought surely to be amended for the benefit—not of the poor—but of the rich. Let us now look at the other end of the Scale—at the working end. At present, 1s. is the lowest duty—to which rate it is reduced when the price reaches 73s. Above 74s., by the new scale, there is to be no duty at all. Nobody grudges a shilling duty. It is useful to enable us to ascertain the quantity of grain imported, and taken into home consumption; for experience teaches, that where no duty at all is imposed on a commodity imported, the revenue officers, as well as the importers, get exceedingly careless in specifying, with any accuracy, the quantity. Neither of these parties could see the use of specifying whether a vessel contained 300 or 500 quarters of wheat, were no duty to be imposed on it. At 73s., the duty, by the old and new scales, is the same, 1s.; and the remainder of the scale, as far as it is practically useful, can easily be given:—

Price.	*New Scale.*	*Present Scale.*
72s.	2s.	2s. 8d.
71s.	3s.	6s. 8d.
70s.	4s.	10s. 8d.

It is useless to go further, for we have already reached the freezing point—the point of starvation. If ever the word Humbug was properly applicable, it is to Sir Robert Peel's modification of the Sliding Scale.

ASIA.—The "little" wars in Asia will make large drafts on the Exchequer, and the prospect of their termination appears more distant than ever. It is true that we beat the Chinese wherever they show face; but it is already apparent that we are teaching them the art of war. More troops are demanded from India; but they cannot be spared. The mud forts which used to form so excellent a subject for ridicule, are found to be only mud externally; and some of them, at least, are constructed of such materials—good granite—that the heaviest guns now used in our ships of war produce no effect on them; it is only when the shot enters by the embrasures that any harm is done. We have re-occupied Chusan, and taken Ningpo, one of the largest towns in the empire; but still the Chinese show no inclination to treat. Since the previous occupation of Chusan, great improvement in the construction of artillery has become apparent. The next attack will probably be on Pekin; but we suspect that, even were that city taken, we would be no farther advanced than at present. The Emperor and court will take care to remove to some more inland locality, before our troops can reach Pekin; and there they will maintain the same policy as at present—give no answer to our demands, but allow time and disease to operate in their behalf. We do not entertain the exaggerated notions of that city generally current; but we have no doubt it is at least as populous as Paris, and that it probably contains 800,000, or one million, of inhabitants. Yet Paris requires an armed force of at least 50,000 men to keep the population in order; and the garrison of London—quiet as the people are, and have long been—consists, at this moment, of four regiments of horse, and three regiments of foot, besides numerous other troops at Chatham, Woolwich, and elsewhere in the vicinity. Our whole force in China is composed of the Service Companies of the following regiments, all foot:—18th, 26th, 49th, 55th, 98th, and a few battalions of sepoys, probably not exceeding in all 6000 men,—about the strength of the garrison usually kept under the Tory régime in Dublin. It is evidently impossible with such a force to hold possession of Pekin alone, even were it taken without any loss;—especially among a people who will not likely adopt the European rules of warfare, but who may probably resort to all sorts of irregular contrivances for getting rid of their enemy, such as poisoning the water and the food—an art in which the Chinese are great adepts—Sicilian vespers, and other very improper means in the eyes of a soldier. The opium war is just beginning; and before it is ended, there is no great foresight required to predict that some thousands of British lives will be sacrificed, and a million or two added to the National Debt. Besides, there is every reason to believe that our soldiers have never yet been engaged with what we may call the troops of the line of the Chinese emperor. It is generally understood, that, besides the militia, who defend the outposts, there is a large body of Tartar troops maintained for the defence of the capital, mostly horse—a sort of pretorian cohort, who may prove of firmer materials than the Chinese soldiers hitherto encountered. The whole people are enrolled for service, when called on, from an early age, so that millions of soldiers may be raised without any difficulty, under a Government so despotic as the Chinese; and however inefficient as compared with European soldiers, they will harass and annoy to death by their mere numbers the handful of troops we have sent against them.

If we turn from China to India, the prospect is still more gloomy. Though the accounts are contradicted, there is every reason to believe that a general insurrection has taken place throughout Affghanistan, a kingdom of great extent on the north-east of India, and situated between that country and Persia, containing fourteen millions of inhabitants. Whether the insurrection has extended into the neighbouring countries, is not yet ascertained; but its speedy suppression alone will prevent, perhaps, a general revolt in India. It is too plain that, throughout the whole of India, the English are detested, and that peace is preserved solely by the powerful force we maintain there, and by the political

intrigues through which one prince is set against another. This much seems certain, that many of the officers, Sir Alexander Burnes among others, have fallen victims at Cabul to the first fury of the populace, and that our troops in that city and neighbourhood were, at the date of the last advices, surrounded and blockaded by an armed population, daily augmenting in numbers. Whether any of our soldiers will ever return through the narrow gorges, defensible by a few men against thousands, is at least questionable. It may well be asked, what have we to do at Cabul, a city some hundreds of miles beyond the extreme frontiers of Hindostan, and at least 1500 miles from the nearest presidency? All the answer that can be given is, that possibly at some future period the French or Russians may make use of this pass to invade India, and that, therefore, for the purpose of guarding against a very remote possible evil, we must expose ourselves at this moment to great expense, risk, and danger; while our expedition, instead of diminishing the risk of future invasion, greatly augments such risk—as the event has already proved—by irritating a great population throughout an exclusive territory against us. These wars, unless relinquished, will not prove so "little" as has hitherto been imagined. Both are unjust, and have been disapproved of by the best judges, both civil and military; and it is the duty of the people of this country to apply to the throne, and to Parliament, to put an end to them. Both are mere ebullitions of the pride of the aristocracy, with which the people have no concern.

Trade and Manufactures continue as gloomy as ever, and there appears, as yet, no alleviation of the distress. No animation is apparent in any branch of trade. A very important document regarding the state of the cotton trade has appeared since our last. It is a circular, addressed by no less than sixty of the most respectable firms in Manchester to the wholesale houses in London interested in the cotton trade. It appears from this document that the consumption of cotton wool has been 156,012 bales less in 1841 than in 1840—a quantity that would load 24,000 carts with nearly a ton each. Yet the export of yarns and cotton goods was greater in 1841 than in 1840, thus demonstrating that the whole of the enormous decrease in the consumption of cotton has been occasioned by the falling off of the home trade. "Experience has taught us," say the Manchester manufacturers, "that when provisions are cheap, the home trade in manufactures is prosperous, and *vice versa*. The average price of wheat for the three years, 1834, 5, 6, was 44s. 8d.; for the three years, 1839, 40, 41, it was 68s. a quarter—being an increase of 50 per cent.; and other provisions were in proportion. Suppose the whole food of the people cost one hundred millions a-year in the cheaper period—not £4 per annum per head—it will have cost one hundred and fifty millions last year, so that there were fifty millions less to expend on clothing in 1841, than on the average of 1834, 5, 6. Surely these facts show that the Corn Laws must be, at least, one great cause of the distress.

The ship-owners are again moving for a repeal of the Reciprocity treaties: they do not even yet seem to see that no legislation can give them the monopoly of the carrying trade of the world, which they enjoyed during the war; for it is only during war, and after our Navy has swept the ocean of every foreign vessel, that we can again have the monopoly. Let them agitate for a repeal of the duties on timber and the other materials of which their ships are built, and for the liberty of victualling their ships with untaxed provisions. They will then be in a state of equality with foreigners. To clamour for the repeal of the Reciprocity treaties, which alone have saved our shipping from ruin, is worse than useless. A very important fact regarding our shipping is deserving of attention. The West India Steam Navigation Company have hired foreign vessels to carry coals to their depôts in the West Indies, the freight of the foreign vessels being much lower than the British. We doubt if the repeal of the Reciprocity treaties would reach such a case as this. It appears that distress is not confined to the country, but has extended to our colonies. The markets of Australia are so glutted with British manufactures, that they are sold cheaper there than at home; yet the extent of our exports is relied on by Sir Robert Peel as evidence of prosperity,—as if it was a sign of prosperity to have bales of goods lying rotting at the Antipodes, or selling for less than they cost. The West India planters also are in anything but a flourishing condition. In Jamaica, there are not half-a-dozen estates in the island which, for the last three or four years, have paid the expense of cultivation.

AGRICULTURE.

The weather for the last few weeks has been very favourable for ploughing; and there is every prospect of a large breadth of wheat being sown in better condition, than the winter crop was got into the ground. Agricultural operations are all well advanced, there having been few material interruptions during the winter. We have seen no reason to alter the estimate of the last crop we have given on former occasions. It is undoubtedly very deficient. The report from Caithness is, that the crop turns out very middling: oats weighing from 37 lbs. to 39 lbs. a bushel, and bear from 46 to 48 lbs. Owing to the apprehended change in the Corn Laws, markets have continued very dull; but now that it is seen that the landed interest have no reason to fear any material change, they may be expected to get brisker. Supplies of foreign grain have been coming in all the winter, and there is now a large quantity in the country. Speculators must, therefore, anticipate a great reduction of duty before next harvest. The duty on wheat, on 10th Feb., rose to 25s. 8d. Agricultural societies, which have done so much good in Scotland, are rapidly spreading over England. The Royal Agricultural Society of England, formed in imitation of our Highland Society, and in which the Duke of Richmond takes much interest, hold their next great meeting at Bristol. Numerous other societies and clubs have been formed, at the meetings of which much useful information has been elicited. We are glad to observe, that in England, the propriety of granting leases is beginning to be appreciated. At a meeting at Gloucester, Earl Ducie, after pointing out to the farmers the necessity of continual progress and improvement in agriculture, remarked, that he never wished to see any man enter upon a farm without a lease. He would regard the tenant as a fool who would sink money on a farm without the protection of a lease; because, however much confidence he might have in the landlord, he had no security for a similar treatment if a son or trustees came into the management. At a meeting at Chepstow, the following mode of feeding farm horses was recommended: their fodder to consist of two-thirds hay and one-third wheat straw chopped small with half a bushel of barley or bran meal, a bushel of bran, and 140 lbs. of Swedish turnips, per week. A species of barley has been discovered in Worcestershire, not only very prolific, but which produces two crops in the year if sown early in spring. After being cut in July, new shoots spring up which are ripe in October. Tile-draining goes on vigorously throughout the kingdom, and numerous patents have been taken out for machines for making the tiles. One of these machines was shown lately in the Grassmarket, so simple in its construction, that it can be sold for £10, yet so efficient, that one man can make by means of it, 5000 or 6000 tiles a day.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1842.

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(Continued from page 156 of our March No.)

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! mother—yet no mother."—SAVAGE.

"I HAD no intention of offending you, dearest mother," whispered Basil, when at length the subsiding of Lady Annesley's emotion seemed to justify his addressing her. But, to his great surprise, on the withdrawal of her hands from her face to enable her to reply, her countenance had so completely resumed its usual rigidity, that all apology appeared superfluous. He now attempted to take into his own one of the hands which had been screening those stern features; but it was obstinately fixed to her side.

"Believe me, I had no intention of offending you," reiterated the young man, with still more earnest affection.

"Your excuses are a deeper offence than your indiscretion," replied Lady Annesley, in a harsh voice. "Your coming hither at all, has disturbed and thwarted me. Your conduct, now you are here, seems scarcely likely to reconcile me to your disobedience."

"Dearest mother!" cried Basil, stung by her severity out of his habitual deference of reserve, "you well know that your wishes are laws to me,—that I would sacrifice my happiness here and hereafter for your sake,"

"You are a large talker, Basil," interrupted Lady Annesley. "It is easy to protest—easy to undertake services or sacrifices that can never be required of you. I requested you to abstain for the present, from visiting the Grange.—Yet, you are here!"

"I have already explained my motives," cried Basil, eagerly—"already pledged myself to immediate departure. If you wish it, mother, I will not wait till to-morrow—I will be off this very night. I can return to Lyndhurst,—I can sleep at the inn. It is late. The fellow who brought my baggage will scarcely be persuaded to return for it to-night. But early in the morning he shall be here, in time to enable me to start by the first coach."

Lady Annesley gazed a moment upon the young and handsome face, on which the most earnest sincerity was painted at that moment.

"Abide here to-night, my son," said she, calmly, at the close of her scrutiny. "Another time, be more acquiescent."

"But I assure you, dearest mother, I should be well accommodated at Lyndhurst; and it may be as well to be there in waiting for the coach. I—"

"You will remain *here*, if you please!" interrupted Lady Annesley, in a cold and positive tone. "It is, as you observe, late; and the hour is unseemly for traversing the fields. The forest produces inconvenient neighbours, and dangerous company. The illness of my poor Nicholas proceeded, in the first instance, from a rough encounter on the road, one evening at dusk, on his return from conveying my letters to the post. I pray you, therefore, to remain here—"

"Certainly, if such be your desire."

"But not the less to hasten your departure at an early hour to-morrow. I will even take my leave of you to-night, Basil; for I must watch through the small hours, to enable poor Dorcas to take some sleep; and shall probably retire to rest just as you are stirring."

"As you please, dear mother," replied the dispirited young man, perceiving by her tone and gesture that these words implied dismissal for the night. "If you must indeed watch by the poor old man, I can understand that my presence here must be importunate. But if you would only permit me for this one night to take your place—"

"I have already expressed my pleasure on that point."

"At least, since you judge me too restless or careless for a nurse, (though you used to praise my care when I waited upon yourself during your attack of ague last year,) at least, there is Hannah to relieve you. Hannah is a stout, active, trusty girl, who would be none the worse for wanting, occasionally, a night's rest."

"She is *not* to be trusted. The young are ever inefficient watchers. With *them* 'the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak.'—*They* have no distracting thoughts to keep their senses on the alert,—no cares to render them wakeful. They lay their heads on their pillows, and are in Heaven till morning; and when they attempt the watcher's chair of penance, fancy their heads upon their pillows!"

"If it be on that account you refuse my services," observed Basil, "I promise you, mother, that I have cares enough in my keeping, both of my own

and of other people, to keep me as wakeful as you could desire."

Again did Lady Annesley intently examine her son.

"You have no right to have cares of your own," said she; "and I advise you to be cautious how you become care-keeper for others. Your own turn will come. You have your share, Basil, in the typical inheritance of the sons of Adam,—the thorns which the earth was condemned to bring forth in punishment for the sin of our common parents. Such is the commandment of a jealous GOD!"

"I am more in fear of the penalty entailed upon my head by the fall of man," observed Basil, in a low voice, "than of having to answer for any sins of my own parents. But, as I said before, mother, if it be because you think me a sleepy-head that you deny me the pleasure of relieving your guard for this one night——"

"Once and for all, it is not on that account," said Lady Annesley, in an angry voice; "you were not wont, Basil, to be so pertinacious or so inquisitive. Amend the fault before we meet again; and show me that it is already repented by immediate compliance with my requests. Retire to rest, that you may be stirring the earlier.—Yonder is your bed-candle.—Good night."—

Basil Annesley was conscious at that moment of a choking sensation in his throat, such as he had often experienced in childhood, when unjustly chidden; and which now almost suggested resistance to authority thus harshly exercised. He remained a moment doubtful whether to fling himself at Lady Annesley's feet, and implore a more motherly entreatment; or stand forth reprovingly in all the energy of his youthful sense of her injustice, and hazard a still stronger appeal. But that momentary pause recalled to his generous mind that his mother was harassed by fatigue, and care-worn by the danger of her faithful servant; and he determined, as his filial piety had so often determined before, to submit and be patient.

After imprinting a kiss upon the slender hand which, if no longer obstinately withheld from him, was far from encouragingly held forth, he took the candle from the marble table, hastily lighted it, and silently withdrew; eager to give vent, in his own chamber, to the emotions contending in his heart.

But on his arrival there, he was struck by the order in which his things were laid out for him; and the more than usual care with which his comfort had been provided for.—Hoping to obtain an interview with old Dorcas, and entreat her influence with her lady, to obtain him his due share in the family vigils, he strove to discover some deficiency entitling him to ring for assistance.—Impossible!—Everything was in its place—everything forthcoming; the kettle beside the fire,—the boot-jack and slippers beside the chair.—

"I can, at all events, summon Hannah, on pretence of wishing to be called before daybreak," said he, musing.

Having fulfilled his intention, he anxiously awaited the tap at the door, announcing the usually assiduous attendance of the active damsel. But no knock was heard,—no Hannah made her appearance; and when, weary of waiting and having twice poked up the fire into a blaze to beguile his impatience, he ventured to ring again, the same silence prevailed. Nothing was audible but the shrill whistling of the wind in the old corridor; and now and then, a squeak and a scuffle among the merry mice, coursing each other in brigades, by moonlight, in the deserted chambers above.

A third time did Basil make the attempt, which, he trusted, would summon poor Dorcas for a moment from the chamber of the invalid which lay at the extremity of an adjoining passage. But, lo! when, instead of the expected tap, the door revolved slowly upon its hinges, it was his mother, and not her attendant, who stood before him!—

"Are you in want of anything, that you thus disturb the house?"—said she, gravely. "I thought I had been careful in supplying all you could possibly need to-night."

"I merely rang for Hannah, to say that——"

"Hannah has retired to bed, and Dorcas is retiring," persisted Lady Annesley. "When you released me just now, I took up my post for the night beside the sick man; satisfied that, having carefully arranged your room with my own hands previous to joining you at tea, no further attendance would be wanting.—Is there anything I can procure or do for you?"—

"Could I have entertained the least idea, dearest mother, that you had already given yourself all this trouble on my account——"

"I ask you again, is there anything further I can do for you?—Be quick!—My presence is required elsewhere."—

"Nothing on earth."

"You rang, then, to summon the girl for a needless attendance?"

"I rang to request I might be called at the earliest hour of morning, to secure my obedience to your orders," replied Basil, proudly.

"Did you suppose that I should leave the hour of your rising to chance? Be satisfied!—You shall be called betimes. And now, let me entreat you to abstain from further disturbance. You are in the house of sickness—perhaps to become, before morning, the house of death!"—

Basil stood confounded at the unmerited harshness of his mother; and did not recover his self-possession for many minutes after Lady Annesley quitted the room. His heart was now sorer than before. He was more than ever stung by her severity, on finding it coupled with the vigilance of mother-love which had presided over the arrangements of his chamber. He felt that he must, indeed, be a grievous offender, since the affections of her heart were thus controllable by the sternness of her displeasure.

He now flung himself despondingly, into a seat before the fire; and placing his feet upon the old-fashioned fender, and fixing his eyes upon the heavy brass dogs supporting the crackling logs—upon the hearth, tried to feel himself at home. It is strange how often the habitation familiar to us from infancy, seems less familiar and less a home to us, than

the dwelling of the stranger. For the life and soul of him Basil could not feel at home. He kept dreading the reëntrance of his mother for further reprehension, yet equally feared to bolt the door against her return, least she should take offence at this seeming defiance. His very thoughts, under the influence of such impressions, did not seem secure from her intrusion. There were subjects on which he felt afraid to ponder. There were people he dared not pass in review or recall with the tenderness of memory, lest he should suddenly find the severe eye of Lady Annesley fixed upon his face, prepared to scan and scrutinize the nature of his feelings.

Most people are conscious of the sort of disburthenment of thought and sentiment apt to follow a transition from cities to the country. In the quiet of the first night spent out of town, disjointed images reconnect themselves; ideas and conclusions assume a regular train of thought; and Basil experienced all the desire of one suddenly enfranchised from the rabble and tumult of London, to dwell upon the course of recent events, and determine more consideringly what portion of his loves and friendships had been lavished in vain.

But it was no moment for such reveries. The dread of his mother's reappearance was potent over his mind, as over that of a child the terror of a midnight apparition.—His thoughts were paralyzed.—He could not even feel freely at that moment.—

Wondering surmises hastily traversed his brain with regard to the mysterious portrait he had seen that evening, and the still more mysterious emotions betrayed by his mother. Painfully-pleasing visions flitted before his eyes of the bright form of Esther—his own Esther,—his beloved Esther! But just as her eyes seemed gazing into his, the creaking of the wainscot seemed to indicate from without the approach of Lady Annesley; and the light of the fire appeared a reflection of that which had recently brightened the chamber, from the taper held in the hand of his mother.

The night was beginning to be tempestuous. As the moon had set, the winds were rising;—beating menacingly against the crazy walls of the old Grange, as if to demand how they had dared so long to withstand the attacks of time and tide; and roaring in the vast chimney, as though to inquire the meaning of an unwonted inmate in that room.

By degrees, the storm rose into fierceness. The shrill whistling of the winds became a shriek; and the arrowy pattering of sleet was heard sharply against the windows.

Under this influence, the spirits of Basil became still more and more depressed. He was incapable of even the sensations of comfort imparted by a warm fireside, when listening to a storm without. He was an intruder in his mother's house,—he was an alien from his mother's heart. Lady Annesley had secrets in which she rejected his participation,—she had cares for which she disdained his solace.—At that moment, Basil felt himself to be most unhappy.

To sit and gaze upon the glowing embers, however, afforded little consolation. It is when perplexed, not when afflicted, that we delight in fire-gazing. At length, the warmth which imparted no pleasure, seemed to inspire energy: for, suddenly starting up, he recalled to mind that the surest way to win his mother's confidence, was implicit obedience; and that, in order "early to rise," it was expedient to adopt the precept of "early to bed."

Midnight had already struck, previous to this good resolution; and ere his head had been long upon the pillow, the first hour of morning was sternly announced by the crazy old clock gracing the stair-head adjoining his chamber. It was unlikely, however, that he should hear the striking of a second, for he was growing drowsy. His cares assumed a less definite pressure; and the shape of Esther hovered less visibly before his closing eyes. Easier in spirit—easy in position, he forgot the causes of maternal oppression and his own subservience to a Jew, and fell quietly asleep.

His dreams, however, soon became unquiet. The expressive countenance portrayed by the miniature, (its handsome features commingled with those of Abednego Osalez and of his own face,) seemed to mock and perplex his slumbers. Again did his stern mother harshly reproach him; and strange voices seemed to mingle in mockery with her upbraidings.

He woke: he started from his feverish pillow! The strange voices were easily explained by the fitful moaning of the storm, which now appeared to sink into the sobbing of despair,—now to rise into shrieks of eldritch laughter. But there were no faces around him to explain the visions of his disquiet. He was alone, with scarcely a gleam of light emanating from the dying embers on the hearth.

In another moment, he would have sunk down again upon his pillow, and fallen once more asleep, but that his disturbed imagination conceived an idea, that the wailing which at first appeared that of the storm without, might after all be the expression of human suffering,—the plaintive cries of the dying man. His mother might be exposed to the dreadful task of watching alone over an agonized bed of death!—

He rose, and flung on his dressing-gown. Displeased as Lady Annesley might be at his presuming to disobey her commands, he would not suffer this. He *could* not forbear!—He would insist upon sharing her vigils. Softly opening the door, he proceeded without a light along the corridor, hoping to attain the door of the apartment, which he knew to have been appropriated to the poor old man. But, as he advanced, he became again persuaded that those mournful moanings really proceeded from the gusts of the storm. Nay, as he approached nearer the chamber of sickness, these happened to have fallen into such momentary stillness, that the beating of his own heart seemed almost as audible, as he recognised, in the dead of the night, the stern voice of Lady Annesley reciting aloud, the prayers for the sick and grievously afflicted, beside the bed of the dying man.

Retreating in haste to his chamber, as if unworthy to share a task so solemn, Basil was soon in bed; and the momentary chill and movement

of his exploit seemed to have restored the power of slumber; for he now slept heavily, and slep long.—*How* long he knew not: but a pale grey light was stealing into the chamber, when again he opened his eyes.

And *this* time, he could not deceive himself. A face *was* bending over him, and peering into *his*. Not the ideal face of Esther however. There was no mistaking it for any one of the visages which had haunted his dreams; or even for the rosy face of the damsel who, Lady Annesley had informed him, was charged to rouse him at daybreak. It was an aged face, withered by time and sorrow—even that of his mother's ancient gentlewoman.

"Master Basil, I say,—dear Master Basil," gasped the intruder, "I have been calling you these five minutes."—

"Thanks, Dorcas, many thanks.—I fear I have been sleeping heavily.—Send me my shaving-water, and I will be up directly. Is it late,—or am I yet in time?"—

"Hush, Sir; speak softly, I beg of you. My lady has not been an hour in bed; and having forced her to take an anodyne draught after the dreadful night she has been passing, so as to ensure her a few hours' rest to meet her further trials, I am grievously afraid of having her waked.—Nothing more injurious, Master Basil, than being disturbed when opiates are taking effect; and my poor lady is in no state to bear further extremities. She has not slept till now, these five nights past; nor enjoyed undisturbed slumber from the beginning of the poor old gardener's illness."

"I will be very careful, Dorcas. It had been already settled between us, that she was not to be disturbed for my departure. I will dress immediately, and shall have left the house without her knowing it."

"It is not *that*, Sir.—I do not *wish* you to go, Master Basil.—I want your help, Sir; I am in great trouble,—sore trouble and distress!"—faltered the old waiting-woman, drawing her hand across her eyes.

"I am inclined to thank God for your being here, Sir;—and yet I fear my lady will never forgive me for having even mentioned the subject to you.—But indeed, and indeed, Sir, such scenes are too much for her! It would go against my conscience,—nay, I believe it is as much as her life is worth—to wake her at this moment. Yet indeed, Sir, I cannot manage him alone."

"Are you in need, then, of my assistance for Nicholas, Dorcas?" cried young Annesley.—"I will be with you in a moment, ——"

"But you are not aware, Sir; I must first apprize you,—your kind, good heart, Master Basil, would be too much shocked;"—

"My dear Dorcas, it is not the first time I have seen a dying man. Even my professional duties sometimes lead me to an hospital."

"Ay, ay, Sir! But not to a death-bed like this. It is a hard thing even for *me*, who have passed through enough and to spare of the sorry sights of this world, to see my poor old fellow-servant in such a condition.—But for *your* young eyes, Master Basil, ——"

"Only give me a moment to throw on my clothes, ——"

"I am not without hope, Sir, that, startled by your coming, whom he has not seen for months, Nicholas may so far recover his reason as to know you; and then, perhaps, he might compose himself, and be quieted without recourse to violent means," ——

"To *violent* means?"—interrupted Basil. "Is the poor fellow, then, bereft of his reason?"

"He has had repeated attacks of delirium throughout his illness. Yesterday morning, the professional gentleman who comes from Southampton to visit him, found it necessary to place him under restraint. Towards evening, he became calmer; and my lady insisted upon releasing him from the strait-waistcoat. Infirm as he is,—feeble,—dying,—she says his violence is merely that of words, and that he can do no serious injury to himself or others."

"Gracious Heaven!—My mother has been exposed, then, alone, throughout the night, to the violence of a lunatic!"

"Nicholas was never known, even in his worst paroxysms, Master Basil, to lift his hand, or even his voice, against my lady. Her presence seems to have a soothing power over him, beyond the authority or coercion of the physicians."

"But why, Dorcas, did you not tell me all this last night?"

"I was sent to bed by my lady, Sir, tired and exhausted with struggling against him, without so much as an intimation of your arrival; and I am convinced, that, after so anxiously keeping you away from the Grange lest you should witness this mournful scene, my lady was in hopes you would be off to London without obtaining any suspicion of the matter."

"How strange!"—faltered young Annesley.

"My lady loves you too well, Master Basil, to bear your being unnecessarily troubled."

"But herself, Dorcas?"

"My lady is *used* to trouble—"

"My dear, dear mother!"—

"Show your affection, Sir, by lending me your assistance, and securing her a few hours' sleep: she will wake refreshed and comforted. But unless I can prevail upon you to remain, I have not courage to undertake him alone, till the Doctor comes."

Having persuaded the ancient gentlewoman to facilitate her own object by leaving him to dress and rejoin her, Basil hastily and anxiously accomplished his toilet. He was soon at the door from which he had so timidly retreated in the dead of night.

On entering the chamber, he perceived Dorcas stationed on one side the bed; and, hidden within the curtains on the other, weeping and trembling, the stout servant girl, who had been left in charge of the maniac during her companion's absence. The grey light of dawn dimly penetrated the scene; falling chiefly on the white head of the venerable sufferer, who was propped with pillows, and staring around him with the ghastly fixedness characteristic of aberration of intellect.

"Do not be afraid of approaching him, Sir: he is quite harmless!"—said Dorcas, with the bluntness of a coarse mind, on seeing her young master hesitate beside the door, impressed by the patriarchal aspect of the old man, whose hoary beard had been many weeks unshorn.—"Besides, as I said just now, the surprise might do him good."

"My poor Nicholas!" faltered young Annesley, who had by this time reached the bed.

"Who called me?"—demanded the patient, in a hollow voice.

"I am sorry to hear you have been so ill, Nicholas," persisted Basil, avoiding a direct reply, with a view to determine his power of recognition.

Instead of answering, the old man fixed his glassy eyes upon the person who thus unexpectedly presented himself; and for some moments did not vary the dull steadfastness of his gaze. At length, a gradual ray of intelligence seemed to brighten that soulless stare.

"I know you *now!*"—said he, in a low voice. "I know you, and I tell you to begone!—What are you doing here?—Must there be more blood upon your hand?—Has not my lord expresely bidden us spurn you from his gate?—But there needed no bidding of *his:* I would have done it untold!—Even *I* would not witness the shame of my young lady!"

"My poor Nicholas, compose yourself!" said Basil, in a soothing voice, bending kindly towards him.

"Your *poor* Nicholas?"—shouted the maniac, at the top of his broken voice, causing young Annesley to start back.—"How *dare* you call me your poor Nicholas?—How *dare* you attempt to cajole me?—Away with you!—Away, Jew!—I *know* you, I tell you. When first your gold persuaded me unsuspectingly to do your bidding, I thought you a gentleman,—I thought you a *man!*—And now I spit upon you as a false and unbelieving Jew! Away, away, I say; or there is strength enough still in the old man's gripe to tear you limb from limb!"

"For God's sake, Mr. Annesley, Sir, get away from him!" screamed the girl, who, in the danger of another, lost sight of her own.—"He will be the death of you, Sir!"—

"He shall not go!—I have him fast?" cried the maniac, grasping the arm of the unresisting young man.

"Indeed, Master Basil, it will be safer to leave the room,"—cried Dorcas, becoming terrified in her turn.

"*Basil?—what Basil?*—ay, ay, another of *her* tricks! She wants to impose him upon my lord as his grandson; but she cannot deceive *me!* I am not yet so old, or so blind, as not to discover him through all his disguises; and from the moment he attempted to take the life of my master's son, I swore his own should not be safe if he came hither again.—And now I have caught you!—As usual—as usual—as of old—stealing into the house like a thief in the dark, when others are asleep,—others suffering and weeping;—ay, weeping tears of blood for the sorrows you have caused!—My poor young lady!"—

Basil Annesley was now becoming really intimidated; not by the sense of his own danger, but by the dread of obtaining surreptitious insight into the secrets of his mother. The word "Jew,"—the allusion to blood,—to family sorrow,—to family disgrace,—caused his own blood to thrill within his veins.

"Be calm, my poor old friend," faltered he, in an altered voice, without attempting to disengage his arm from the grasp of the lunatic. "Look at me, Nicholas!—Recall me to your mind!—Remember little Basil—remember Basil Annesley!"—A sort of howl instantly burst from the infuriated patient,—a howl terminating in a burst of frenetic laughter.

"ANNESLEY, forsooth!"—cried he. "Poor fool, poor fool!—poor cover to shame,—poor blind, blind dupe!—Annesley?—the victim of a cunning, paltry Jew! If your name be Annesley, again I say, away with ye!—Go hide yourself in the grave, as your father did before you! He swore he would!—He said nothing but death could efface such dishonour; a violent death—a bloody death. But the drops he shed in obtaining it, young man, wrought not half the anguish in the heart they burst from, that the tears of his repentant widow have wrung out of the depths of her own. Away with ye, I say again, and hide yourself,—child of the foulest father and guiltiest mother that ever called down upon the head of their offspring the judgments of GOD!"—

Basil Annesley shuddered as he listened. The trembling fingers of the delirious sufferer still griped his arm. But it was not their feverish hold which caused his heart to quail.—A heavy hand was upon his shoulder!—His mother stood beside him!—

Disturbed from her slumbers by the dreadful cry uttered by her distracted charge, Lady Annesley had risen in haste, and hurried, in her nightdress, to his chamber.—

She arrived there just in time to overhear the terrible revelations which had driven every tinge of colour from the cheeks of her son.

CHAPTER VI.

There are few sunnier or pleasanter mansions in the metropolis, than the one in Arlington Street, inhabited by the Maitland family; overlooking the Green Park, across a trimly little garden belted with lilac bushes and evergreens; but containing within, a scene of brighter seeming than the gayest London thoroughfare can supply.

Impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than between the stern retreat of Sir Bernard Annesley's widow, and the brilliant abode of Lord Maitland's wife:—the one grim and gloomy as her own care-crazed destinies; the other radiant with gilding and varnish, porcelain and or-molu, musical instruments, and fashionable caricatures: everything that modern luxury can supply to dazzle the eyes of Time with their senseless glitter.

The Maitlands were, in most respects, showy people—heartless people—people of the day—such as might be expected in a family where the father

is on the turf, and the only duties of the mother's life not discharged by proxy, are those of a patroness of Almack's. Lady Maitland's daughters were the production of the governess; Lord Maitland's son, the work of Eton and Sandhurst; and, considering the superficial second nature derivable from such sources, the young people were amiable enough. They did no harm in the world. It was not their own fault that they had never been taught to do good. Their town residence was one of those pleasant houses which constitute a charming lounge for London idlers. There were always chat, scandal, and music waiting till called for at the Maitlands'.

Before her daughters grew up, her ladyship had adopted the system of encouraging morning visiters to assist her in frittering away her leisure;—and there appeared no pretext for suddenly opposing an obstacle to the tide of busy idleness she had brought upon herself. It was impossible to say frankly—"I no longer desire young men to frequent my house, because my daughters are now young women; and if they see Laura and Lucy too familiarly, they may not be tempted to make them their wives." The thing was, therefore, suffered to go on.

Besides, the spoiled child of the family, John Maitland the eldest son, was too devoid of rational pursuits to dispense with constant society. John hated to be alone with his family. John was in the Guards—a fixture in London; and would have made himself a considerable nuisance to the family with whom he hated to be left alone, unless his pleasure had been duly studied.

His brother officers had consequently the run of the sunny drawing-room in Arlington Street. As the Dowager-Colonel, old Carrington, often observed, "there would have been no getting through the winter in town, without the Maitlands!"—a comprehensive popularity fatal to young ladies on their preferment. It is not often marriages take place in a family, where the daughters are only generalized as "the So-and-So's."

"What the deuce has become of Annesley?" demanded John Maitland of Captain Blencowe, who was sitting with them in Arlington Street the day after Basil's departure for Barlingham Grange.

"Out of town," was the careless reply.

"I fancied that most of the holiday parties were broken up," observed Laura Maitland, whose notion of country attraction consisted in a gay mansion, where thirty people sit down daily to dinner; in a hunting county with meets on the lawn,—or with billiards and private theatricals where the sporting is indifferent.

"Annesley is not gone to join a *party*. Annesley goes into the country to be privately flogged with his mother's apron-string!" replied Captain Blencowe, jocosely.

"To be *tied to* it, I suppose you mean," observed John Maitland, who was sealing notes at a writing-table, where his mother had been dictating invitations.

"I don't think she likes him well enough to secure his company by coercive means," retorted Blencowe. "I never saw so cold or harsh a woman as Lady Annesley."

"But where does one meet her, Captain Blencowe?" inquired Lucy Maitland, from the embroidery-frame at which she sat listening.

"Lady Maitland may perhaps have met her, five-and-twenty years ago. In *our* time, she has lived the life of a recluse."

"Then how came *you* to see her?"

"I did *not* come. On the contrary, she came to see me. When Basil had that attack of quinsy last year, and was so near dying, I wrote to Lady Annesley, who hurried up to town. I was officiating as his nurse; and vow to Heaven, that the sight of her severe countenance and mourning dress, from morning till night, made me almost as ill as himself.—After sitting up with her half a night, I fancied I had been in the company of one of the familiars of the Inquisition!"

"By Jove, Blencowe—how you do romance!" cried John Maitland. "To conjure an ugly old woman, in a black bombazeen gown, into a familiar of the Inquisition!"

"How could I tell into what she might conjure *me*? She had all the air of a practitioner of the Black Art!—However, with all Lady Annesley's apparent harshness, if she be half so good a mother as nurse, Basil can have no fault to find with her."

"But *does* he find fault?"—inquired Lucy Maitland, with interest.

"Basil seldom finds fault with anything or anybody, for he is the best-natured fellow in the world. But I suspect that he would sooner arraign the Commander-in-chief, or the Commander-in-chief's Commander-in-*chiefissimo*, than allude slightingly to his mother. Annesley is almost superstitious in his filial devotion."

John Maitland looked round from the writing-table with a significant gesture towards Blencowe, as if to implore silence on so delicate a topic in presence of his own mother; while Lucy murmured something over her *crochet* work that sounded very like commendation.

"I am sadly afraid young Annesley is likely to make a fool of himself!" sententiously interposed Colonel Carrington, who was in the habit of establishing himself, his half hour *per diem*, in Lady Maitland's drawing-room, as much as a matter of routine, as he swallowed his morning dose of Harrison's gout mixture, or his evening digestion-pill, fancying that because the boys of the regiment were amused there, he must be amused there also; for it had become a matter of course for every ensign, on entering the regiment, to fall in love with one or other of John Maitland's sisters; and if of sufficient fortune or connexions, to be admitted as a lounger in Arlington Street,—the daughters favouring them as agreeable partners, or the mother as eligible partners for life.

If the Dowager-Colonel formed the same pretensions as his younger and more acceptable brother officers, he was admitted with very different views. Old Carrington, the butt of the subalterns at mess, was also the butt of the Maitlands' drawing-room; nor did they seem aware how many people accept

it as a sure indication of the ill-nature and ill-breeding of a society to *have* an established butt as a stimulant to its attempts at wit.

One of the many ways in which the old beau lent himself to the fulfilment of their purposes, was by his jealousy of every good-looking young fellow who joined the regiment. Till Wilberton came, Annesley had been the object of his antipathy; and Colonel Carrington still rarely neglected an opportunity of attacking Basil.

On the present occasion, finding that no notice was taken of the first discharge of his battery, he hazarded a second fire. "I am afraid," said he, more articulately, "young Annesley is likely to make a fool of himself,—which I sincerely regret. Let Lady Annesley be as disagreeable as she may, Basil is an only son, and the son of a gallant soldier. I should be sorry, indeed, to see his mother's old age rendered miserable by his ruin."

"In what does Basil make himself a greater fool than the rest of us?" demanded John Maitland, (Captain Blencowe being too much engrossed by Lucy's work-basket to take up the cudgels in defence of his absent friend.) "We are all tolerable asses, one way or other. For my part, I look upon Basil Annesley as the Solon of the battalion."

"Then give me leave to observe, that you say very little for the rest of us!" said the Colonel, crabbedly, settling his long throat in an old-fashioned stock.

"Pretty nearly as much as you deserve," gracelessly retorted young Maitland. "For instance, he does not ruin himself in perfumes and cosmetics, like Loftus, for the cultivation of whiskers that will not grow, and the dispersion of freckles that *will*; or like Wilberton, in building cabs and Broughams for the pleasure of seeing those eternal crests and cyphers of his emblazoned in some new fashion. He does not set Graham's in an uproar, night after night, by his bad play, like Blencowe yonder, who is whispering so low to Lucy that I conclude that neither of them hear what we are saying—"

"Did you speak to *me*?" inquired Captain Blencowe, consciously, suddenly starting up.

"Nor does he, like you, my dear Colonel," persisted John Maitland, "amuse the figurantes at rehearsal, by the stiff-jointed deliberation with which he stalks out of the way when they are clearing the stage for action."

Colonel Carrington was, just then, troubled with so severe a fit of coughing, that he heard not a syllable of this rude attack.

"You seem to have got your winter cough again, Colonel Carrington?"—said Laura Maitland, with pretended solicitude; "you should try some Arabic lozenges."

"Nonsense—lozenges!" interrupted her brother; "Carrington's cough proceeds from asthma. It is a very serious thing to trifle with a chronic asthma!"

"I have told you a hundred times, Maitland, that it is nothing of the sort," pettishly interrupted the Dowager-Colonel; "Cannot a man take cold without having an habitual asthma?—*You* are, in fact, the cause of my catarrh, by throwing up the window at the Club, with an east wind blowing in our faces, to shout to Harman in his cab about the issue of the pigeon-match. It would not have hurt him to get out, or *you* to *go* out, rather than run the chance of giving cold to twenty of your friends."

"And aggravating the habitual asthma of the twenty-first!—Well, well, my dear Colonel,—I'm sorry I mentioned it. I know it is a delicate point;—and the men know it is a delicate point, particularly on field-days, and in a high wind. However, many poor fellows in the prime of life are subject to gout and asthma. Many besides yourself suffer from gout and asthma before they are fifty:—don't they, mother?"

"Have you finished sealing those notes, John?" demanded Lady Maitland, by way of motherly interference.

"All those that signify: all the elder sons and young baronets of decent estate have been despatched. I left the younger brothers and Irish dowagers to the last, in case the seal should get too warm, and myself too *lukewarm*, to escape the charge of slovenliness.—We shall still do very well, however, for a 'Lady Maitland requests the honour of Lord George Rawdon's company to a small early party on Friday next:' for if Rawdon were not a Lord George, I suppose we might give him a wafer at once."

"What was that you were saying about gout and asthma, Colonel Carrington?"—demanded Lady Maitland, conceiving in her turn, that it might be as well to change the conversation.

"I was saying," interposed the Colonel—choosing, for his own sake, to misunderstand her,—"that it is a lamentable thing young Annesley should be making such a fool of himself."

"That is the third time you have repeated yourself, Carr, my fine fellow!" said young Maitland, completing the sealing of the last note; "and I see you are *determined* we should ask questions. You sha'n't be kept in suspense any longer. How is Annesley likely to make a fool of himself—*when*,—*where*?—Make haste!—say your worst, and put him and *us* out of our pain."

"I don't understand you, Maitland," said the Colonel, again settling his head uneasily in his stock: "I know no more than yourself of his proceedings. The rehearsals I attend *you* attend also; and for once that *I* set foot in Graham's, you are there twenty times!"

"But is there anything that commits Mr. Annesley more than the rest of the world, in frequenting either of those places?" inquired Lucy Maitland, addressing her question directly to Captain Blencowe,—as much as to say, "If you love me, take the part of your friend;" which, *if* he loved her, he was the less likely to do.

"I trust not—being therein as great a delinquent as himself," rejoined Blencowe. "But those who want to hear Annesley abused, need only listen to Wilberton and Carrington—one of whom is jealous of him, and the other envious."

"Which of them is envious?" inquired Lucy Maitland, looking archly up from her work.

"The man with the least mind of the two;—Envy being meaner than Jealousy."

Miss Maitland shrugged her shoulders, as if to imply the slightness of mental distinction between the young Ensign and old Colonel.

"Wilberton is envious of Basil," resumed Captain Blencowe; "because he is luckier at tennis than himself. Carrington is jealous of him; because——. But you turn away, Miss Maitland! Have you no curiosity to learn why Carrington is jealous of him?"—

"None in the world!"

"Nor even any to ascertain what Carrington is evidently dying to tell," added Captain Blencowe, "concerning poor Annesley's modes and method of playing the fool?"

"Still less! I have great faith in the judgment of a man so much older than myself as Colonel Carrington," replied Lucy, trying to command emotions of either anger or sympathy;—"but it would require far *more* to persuade me that a person so universally liked in the world, and loved in the regiment,—whom we see almost daily, and always in so reasonable a mood and with such gentlemanly habits and feelings,—is disgracing himself."

"My dear Lucy, you are very severe! You forget to whom you are speaking," observed her brother with mock gravity.

"I am speaking to three or four of the intimate friends of Mr. Annesley," persisted the young lady, blushing deeply.

"We flatter ourselves, that, however grand that title may appear to *you*, we have higher qualifications," retorted John Maitland. "We flatter ourselves, (at least so the peerage entitles us,) that we are 'ALL honourable men.' We flatter ourselves, that we *all* 'play the fool,' as Carrington calls it, if not to our heart's content, to the content of our enemies—viz., to the heart's content of our intimate friends. You are consequently personal, Miss Lucy Maitland, *shamefully* personal, when you talk about Annesley's '*disgracing*' himself, because his friend yonder says he is playing the fool. Understand for the future, my dear little sister, that nobody disgraces himself now-a-days, whose name does not appear in the Saturday Gazette or the Sunday newspapers."

"Then Basil Annesley is safe, I suppose," said the old Colonel, spitefully, giving his head *this* time a shake in his stock, as violent as though he were trying the strength of the vertebræ,—"for he is too insignificant, in point of fortune and family, to achieve either of these evils."

"I was sure you would claim exemption for him, Carr, on some *friendly* grounds or other!" cried John Maitland, laughing outright. "But take courage! Insignificant as we all are, no one knows at what honours we may arrive. The least people, as well as the greatest, pretend now-a-days to the distinction of bankruptcy. The fellow who supplies cigars to the door steps of the club, was threatening the other day to betake himself to Basinghall Street, if we did not all square accounts with him; and I never feel certain, any Saturday night of the year, of not seeing the name of 'THOMAS JOHN MAITLAND, LORD MAITLAND, horse-dealer,' figuring in the list of private defaulters, which would be a bore, you know, on opera night!"

"Lord Maitland would not be the first peer of the realm who has *appeared* in the Gazette," observed Blencowe, accepting his friend's arguments as a joke, by an attempt at rejoinder; seeing that, in a mansion so splendidly furnished, having three servants in gay liveries waiting in the hall, and a butler on the stairs, it was impossible to treat it as earnest. It is true he had heard it rumoured, that two of these domestics were bailiffs, in family liveries, exercising their guardianship in behalf of John Doe and Richard Roe, over the family plate. But the same scandal was astir of one or two other noble houses of his acquaintance, where he knew it to be groundless; and of all the "truths stranger than fiction" of fashionable life, few appear less credible to novices, than the facility of keeping up appearances, with a rent roll of twenty thousand a-year, on which twenty-five thousand a-year is owing.

It seemed impossible even to Blencowe—even to the old Colonel of so many years' London experience,—that there could be any want of money in a house where the dinners were so excellent, the establishment so brilliant. Lady Maitland had her diamonds and her opera-box,—the girls their saddle-horses and French maids. The rooms in Arlington Street were bright with exotics,—the evening parties frequent,—the morning luncheons luxurious. No finer grapes or pine apples were eaten, no older sherry drunk in London, than were to be found every day at three o'clock, at the service of the lounging associates of young Maitland.

Whatever was newest and prettiest in fashionable attire, was first worn by Lady Maitland and her daughters. Whatever appeared that was attractive, in the way of books, music, work, gaudy annuals or fashionable engravings, was to be found on their table. They ordered everything without regard to expense,—as is usually the case with persons who order on credit. They denied themselves nothing. Such good-natured people as the Maitlands have seldom courage to be niggardly in their care of their own comforts. No wonder, therefore, that they had troops of friends and hosts of pleasant acquaintances:

> For men, like butterflies,
> Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;

and in a house where all was so decidedly summerish, the butterflies called men naturally abounded.

On entering the doors in Arlington Street, when open for parties, they were saluted with the sound of music, the sparkling of lights, the blandishments of youth and beauty. Luxury was enthroned there in all her effulgence of bravery,—a very Circe in her fatal charming!—

Nevertheless, had the dull old Colonel or smart young Captain been clearer of observation, they must have noticed, that, at the incautious sally of her son, the brows of Lady Maitland suddenly contracted; and might have chanced to remember the adage, that "many a true word is said in jest." They saw nothing, however, but the accustomed cheerfulness of the room, and mirthfulness of its inmates; for, having dined with the Maitlands the

preceding day,—admired the splendour of the family plate, and the number of racing-cups on the buffet, they had complimented Lord Maitland too sincerely on the excellence of his hock and claret, to treat otherwise, than as an exquisite jest, the idea of his appearing in the Gazette.

"What a cursedly stupid invention, mother, is this new taper-stand!" added John Maitland, after burning his fingers in attempting to put out the light with an extinguisher of silver filigree. "You really ought to obtain a premium from Baldock, Fogg, and Emanuel, for trying to bring their stupid novelties into fashion."

"Considering that it was *you*, John, who broke the stand of old Sèvres, which that one in your hand was bought to replace," said Lady Maitland, —("a bijou, a positive bijou,—which cost fourteen guineas,—whereas the taper in your hand was only five,) the less you say on the subject the better!"

"Don't be in a rage, my dear good mother!" remonstrated the graceless guardsman. "Consider for a moment your obligation to me, for affording you a pretext for the purchase of a new bauble,—the fifty-second, I rather think, in the course of the year. You are the Providence of the rococo shops!—You know very well that Emanuel would send here to inquire after your health, were two days to pass without your carriage having stopped at his door!"

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense!" said Lady Maitland, really angry. "It is by these kind of assertions you persuade your father into a belief of my extravagance; when, if the truth were told, I might have purchased a service of old Sèvres, and dozens of filigree stands with the sum which ——"

"Well, well!—we are all silly enough in our way, it seems, as well as Basil Annesley," interrupted young Maitland, more delicate about the betrayal of his own weaknesses, than in discussing those of other people. "I don't pretend not to be extravagant. Like Othello's handkerchief,—'I had it from my mother.'"

"You deserve to have a severe scolding from your mother, John," said his elder sister, (rising from the table, where she was emblazoning with cobalt, vermillion, and gold, escutcheons for an heraldic illustration of the baronial houses of England, to grace a costly album,) fancying it was her brother's allusions which at that moment drove Lady Maitland from the room; nor was it till, ten minutes afterwards, her ladyship made her reappearance with a portion of the broken inkstand, to exhibit to Colonel Carrington the exquisite beauty of one of its groups of *bergères galantes*, that Laura discerned her mistake.

But Lady Maitland was mistaken also. Instead of obtaining sympathy from the old beau, she found him chin-deep in further scandal respecting Basil Annesley.

"I admit that Verelst is a clever artist," he was observing as she entered. "But the passion for *virtu* is not strong enough, at Annesley's age, to account for his devoting hour after hour to the family of an obscure Jew."

"I don't believe Verelst to be a Jew," said Blencowe, coldly.

"His wife, at least, is a Jewess," said Carrington; "and so, doubtless, are his daughters. The girl for whom Annesley obtained admission into the choruses at the Opera was called Esther, and her sister's name is Salome."

"The great Newton's name was Isaac; but I never heard that he was a Jew. What's in a name? A rose, (or Esther,) by any other name would smell as sweet," cried John Maitland. "Faugh! give me an ounce of civet!—Who would fancy we were talking of filthy Jews!"

At that moment, Lady Maitland insisted upon exhibiting her fragment of Sèvres, which excited little interest with the Dowager-Colonel, who was preparing a new assault.

"Annesley's *protégée* did not have much success, I fancy?"—said he, addressing young Maitland.

"As if you were not perfectly aware, my dear fellow, that she had not even the opportunity for failure! The poor girl was so terrified by the impudence of a set of old fellows—yourself, I fancy, among the rest—amateurs, as they call themselves, who used to stare her out of countenance at rehearsal, that, on the eve of her appearance in Otello, she was seized with a fever from mere affright; and was far nearer giving up the ghost than assisting in softening (in A, Minor) the hard heart of Signor Brabantio!"

"I recollect now!—a footlight panic, as the theatrical people call it," said the old Colonel, with another nervous twist of the neck within his stock.

"No such thing!—Esther Verelst had not so much as a *glimpse* of the footlights!" cried Blencowe, interfering. "She never even attended a full-dress rehearsal. Nay, so far from Annesley having recommended her to the managers as you suppose, or assert, I never saw a man more shocked than he was on recognising her in her shabby old brown pelisse among the chorus-singers. The poor girl, who had been singing last year at the Ancient Concerts, and knew the importance to her family of doubling her salary, had obtained an engagement unknown to any one; very little surmising the difference between an Ancient Concert singer, and a Chorus girl of the King's Theatre, at half-a-guinea a-week?"

"Poor Esther!—she was far too good for a chorus girl!" said John Maitland, with good-natured interest;—"too good a singer, and too good a girl——"

"She soon, however, found out her mistake: and it was *then* that Annesley protected her, and tried to get her engagement broken. Esther was too efficient a performer, however, to be readily dispensed with: and, I believe, nothing short of the utter incapacity produced by her dangerous illness, would have softened in her favour that nether mill-stone, a managerial heart."

"And what has become of this poor girl?" demanded the elder Miss Maitland,—Lucy being too much interested in the question, to adventure the inquiry.

"*That* you had better inquire of Annesley, on

his return to town," said the old beau; "for he never leaves her father's house."

"And who is her father?" persisted Laura Maitland.

"A foreign artist, whom Annesley picked up, when a boy, at some foreign university—Jena, or Göttingen,—or wherever he was brought up."

"Verelst was Basil Annesley's drawing-master, when a student at Heidelberg," said Blencowe, firmly; "and, like half the artists of half the countries in Europe, is a man of large family and moderate means. He got into some political scrape at Heidelberg, and fled to this country: so he says at least. But all foreign refugees in England talk of political scrapes, as more popular here than any other. In England, he knew only Annesley, and another chap or two, to whom he had given lessons at Heidelberg: but Basil appears to be the only one of them who profited by his lessons, or chose to recollect his old master: and the first thing we heard of Verelst, was a raffle proposed at the Club for one of his pictures—won, by the way, by Carrington;—and a beautiful thing it was."

"Yes!—I have been offered three times the upset price of that picture by several engravers," said the Colonel, with an air of complacency; "but I never chose to part with it."

"As Verelst and his family are starving, you might, at least, have obtained him an order for a copy," observed John Maitland.

"In order that my own might never afterwards be considered an original?" said the Colonel, gravely.

"And what then? You would have put a hundred guineas in the poor fellow's pocket, without taking *one* out of your own,—which you know, Carr, you would as soon part with, as with your life's-blood!"

"On the contrary," retorted the Colonel—"I bought, last summer, a set of sporting sketches of Verelst, which had been previously offered to yourself, and rejected."

"Ay!—because you got them at half-price; whereas *I* had the decency to reject them, because, not having the money to pay for them, I thought I should be an ugly customer for a poor fellow like Verelst."

"Quite right!" interposed Lucy.

"But why did you never mention this artist, or his works, to *us*, John?" inquired her sister.

"Because I considered that young ladies ought not to have pocket-money enough to enable them to buy pictures," replied John Maitland;—"and to the minor relief of Missish charity, such a man as Verelst would never stoop. He has the soul of a genius, and the courage of a lion!"——

"Which does not, however, appear to be shared by his family," observed Laura; "since you say that his daughter was too timid to sing at the Opera?"

"Esther is a bit of a lioness, I admit, in her way," said Captain Blencowe, with a smile; adding, in a lower voice, and with a glance at the old Colonel—"But what chance has even a lioness, when opposed to a set of tigers?"

Miss Maitland did not choose to hear, or, at all events, to smile, as he expected.

"It seems to me, my dear John," said she, still remonstrating with her brother, "that the man, not too proud to give lessons to Mr. Basil Annesley, need not be too proud to afford them to Laura Maitland. I *want* a drawing-master.—Mamma has promised me a drawing-master—"

"But how do you know, my dear, that this Verelst man is a competent master?" interrupted Lady Maitland.

"Do you not hear, Mamma, that Colonel Carrington has been offered three times the price of his picture?"—observed Laura, less reverently than feelingly.

"A man may paint very well himself, and have great conceptions of his art," observed the old Colonel, "who is incapable of imparting instruction to others."

"Very *sensibly* observed!" remarked Lady Maitland, who appeared to have no great leaning towards the indigent drawing-master.

"At all events, one might do something for the daughter," observed Lucy. "If she sang at the Ancient Concert last year, she must understand her business. We have long been talking of getting up some quartettes with Colonel Loftus, and Sir Watkin. Miss Verelst might be of material use to us.—Supposing I write to engage her?"

"You are very easily interested, my dear Lucy, for Basil Annesley's *protégée!*" said her brother, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You are not half so good to mine!—I have two or three chorus-singers to recommend to you."

"But not the daughters of meritorious artists in distress," said his sister, with indignation.

"The 'meritorious' and 'distress' you have taken solely upon Blencowe's showing; who never tells truth but once a-week—and this is *not* his day. However, if you mean to oblige Annesley—who, I know, is a vast favourite of yours—you will scarcely effect it by bringing Esther Verelst into contact with Colonel Loftus, or any other fine gentleman of the staring Carrington School. Believe me, he would much rather let the whole family starve in decent privacy."

"It is easy enough for fine gentlemen of the prating Maitland School to talk lightly of *starving*," retorted his sister; "but I assure you, John——"

At that moment the butler, having entered the room, whispered, more closely than is usual for butlers to whisper in drawing-rooms, a message to Lady Maitland.

"Tell him Lord Maitland is out," was her ladyship's audible reply.

"I have told him so repeatedly, already, my lady," was the butler's rejoinder. "He particularly wishes to know whether his lordship dines at home."

"Of course he does,—yet stay—I really cannot tell," said her ladyship, apparently enlightened by her second thoughts. "But if Lord Maitland does not dine at home, he dines at White's."

The butler left the room noiselessly, as every well-bred ghost and well-bred butler retreats from sight; and Laura Maitland again renewed her interrogations respecting Basil's Esther. "Was she handsome or ugly—tall or short—her voice a soprano or mezzo soprano?"—

"She is a monstrous pretty girl, with a monstrous pretty voice, I can tell you; or Annesley would not have worn himself out at elbows paying debts for her father," cried John, almost out of patience with her pertinacity.

"I never heard anything so impertinent," now burst from the lips of Lady Maitland, who was again colloquizing in whispers with the mysterious butler. "Tell him I *never* see people on business! —If he call to-morrow at breakfast, Wilson, (say Lord Maitland breakfasts at eleven,) he will be most likely to see him."

"I rather think *not*, my lady; for my lord particularly desired that this person might never be admitted to him," said the grave Mr. Wilson with *sales prepense*, to avenge certain unexpiated wrongs of his own upon her ladyship, and her ladyship's daughters.

"Tell him what you are *desired!*" said Lady Maitland, in a haughty tone.

"I have done my best to send him away," said Wilson. "But he has stationed himself in the library, my lady, and will not leave the house. He says it is essential (if my lord is *really* out) that he should have an audience of your ladyship."

"I shall certainly not expose myself to an interview with a stranger—a man of whom I know nothing!" said Lady Maitland, with manifestly increasing agitation.

"What is all this, mother?" inquired John, who had now caught here and there a few words of the conversation.

"Merely that there is a person below, who insists upon seeing your father."

"Some impertinent fellow of a tradesman, I suppose, with a large account to make up; (they have always large accounts to make up!)—Well! —we insist too, Wilson!—We insist upon his taking himself off! Lord Maitland is not, and Lady Maitland does not *choose* to be, at home."

"It is not a tradesman, Sir," said the butler aloud, for the benefit of the party. "If it had been a tradesman, I should not have presumed to trouble her ladyship. The gentleman came in his own carriage, which is still at the door."

"My tailor always visits me in his cab," said Blencowe, "except when he brings his bill, when he comes in his chariot."

"If your tailor drive such a deuced fine pair of bloods as this fellow," said John Maitland, who, from the front drawing-room, had taken a survey in the interim of the equipage of the mysterious guest, which was waiting at the door,—"he is less a tailor than you take him for!"

"Go down and speak to him, John," said Lady Maitland, by this time reassured. "I daresay it is somebody out of Yorkshire, about electioneering business."

And for once—moved, perhaps, by some latent curiosity of his own, to ascertain the proprietor of such a capital pair of horses,—young Maitland exhibited the utmost alacrity of filial obedience.

When he had left the room, old Carrington, who was inquisitiveness itself, began to fidget in his stock to a degree that almost threatened dislocation to his ostrich-like throat. At one moment, he had been on the point of offering Lady Maitland to accompany her son. To assuage his restless curiosity concerning the pertinacious visiter, he had no resource but to fall once more upon the Verelsts, in the hope of picking a third course of scandal out of the remnants of the feast.

Just, however, as he was beginning,—"I am assured by Loftus that Verelst's second daughter—that beautiful Salome," he was again interrupted. With a face pale as death, John Maitland rushed back into the room.

"Why could you not tell me at once, mother," said he, sinking into a chair, "that it was that damnable A. O.!"—

(*To be continued.*)

ZANONI.*

We have the authority of the author for saying that this work "is a romance, and *not* a romance; a truth for those who can comprehend it, and an extravagance for those who cannot." There is another category, in which we place ourselves. The work is a wild and overdone extravagance, with a liberal mixture of the true and the beautiful; of eloquence and poetry. The author appears to entertain some apprehension that his work will not be popular; and this instinct is probably just. The story was begun some years since in a Magazine, now deceased; but it did not go far, and what was printed appears to us (from recollection) to have undergone considerable alteration. When the supernatural machinery is dismissed, the story is very simple. Gaetano Pisani was a violinist, who gained a humble livelihood by playing in the orchestra of the great theatre of San Carlo in Naples. He was a man of fine genius for his art; but simple, awkward, grotesque, unworldly; "an inspired idiot," a small Beethoven in his enthusiasm for music, and in eccentricities of character; and a Mozart in guileless simplicity. Between the Neapolitan musician and his instrument, there was an indissoluble connexion, an entire blending of souls. He might most appropriately have sung, "*My fiddle and me.*" Yet his violin was only dear, because it gave voice to his music.

You could not separate the man from his music; it was himself. Without it, he was nothing, a mere machine. *With* it, he was king over worlds of his own. Poor man, he had little enough in this!

This minor Paganini, grotesque, awkward, and half-idiot as he seemed, had gotten him a wife, and was the happy father of one fair child; of *Viola*, the lovely heroine of this story.

* By Sir E. L. Bulwer. Three volumes. Saunders & Otley.

What is more strange yet, his wife was a daughter of quiet, sober, unfantastic England; she was much younger than himself; she was fair and gentle, with a sweet English face; she had married him from choice, and (will you believe it?) she yet loved him.

The marriage was not, after all, so wonderful. The girl was the natural child "of parents too noble (?) ever to own her," and she had been sent to Italy to learn the art by which she was to live. She was harshly treated; "and poor Pisani was her master, and his voice the only one she had heard from her cradle that seemed without one tone that could scorn or chide."

And so—well, is the rest natural? Natural or not,—they married. This young wife loved her husband; and, young and gentle as she was, she might almost be said to be the protector of the two. From how many disgraces with the despots of San Carlo and the Conservatorio had her unknown officious mediàtion saved him! In how many ailments—for his frame was weak—had she nursed and tended him! Often, in the dark nights, she would wait at the theatre, with her lanthorn to light him, and her steady arm to lean on;—otherwise, in his abstract reveries, who knows but the musician would have walked, after his "Siren," into the sea!

The *Siren* was an opera upon which the despised violinist had laboured for years; and when his beautiful daughter, at the age of sixteen, her musical education having been completed, under the patronage of a Cardinal-Virtuoso, who had discovered her talent, appeared in this piece, and with the most brilliant success, the poor musician was nearly crazed. The affair had been charmingly contrived by the affectionate Viola, and Pisani was not aware of his triumph until it was complete.

He feels that by the breathless stillness of that multitude—he feels it even by the lifted finger of the Cardinal. He sees his Viola on the stage, radiant in her robes and gems—he hears her voice thrilling through the single heart of the thousands! But the scene—the part—the music! It is his other child—his immortal child—the spirit-infant of his soul—his darling of many years of patient obscurity and pining genius—his masterpiece—his opera of the Siren!

At one time during the representation, the success of the opera had appeared more than doubtful. There are always, in every theatre, rivals to a new author, or a new performer.

A hiss arose; it was partial, it is true, but the significant silence of all applause seemed to forebode the coming moment when the displeasure would grow contagious. It was the breath that stirred the impending avalanche. At that critical moment—Viola, the Siren queen, emerged for the first time from her ocean cave. As she came forward to the lamps, the novelty of her situation, the chilling apathy of the audience—which even the sight of so singular a beauty, did not at the first arouse—the whispers of the malignant singers on the stage, the glare of the lights, and more—far more than the rest—that recent hiss, which had reached her in her concealment, all froze up her faculties and suspended her voice. And instead of the grand invocation into which she ought rapidly to have burst, the regal Siren, retransformed into the trembling girl, stood pale and mute before the stern cold array of those countless eyes.

At that instant, and when consciousness itself seemed about to fail her—as she turned a timid beseeching glance around the still multitude—she perceived, in a box near the stage, a countenance which at once, and like magic, produced on her mind an effect never to be analyzed or forgotten. It was one that awakened an indistinct haunting reminiscence, as if she had seen it in those day dreams she had been so wont from infancy to indulge. She could not withdraw her gaze from that face; and as she gazed, the awe and coldness that had before seized her, vanished, like a mist from before the sun.

In the dark splendour of the eyes that met her own there was indeed so much of gentle encouragement, of benign and compassionate admiration; so much that warmed, and animated, and nerved; that any one—actor or orator—who has ever observed the effect that a single, earnest, and kindly look, in the crowd that is to be addressed and won, will produce upon his mind, may readily account for the sudden and inspiriting influence the eye and smile of the stranger exercised on the debutante.

And while yet she gazed, and the glow returned to her heart, the stranger half rose, as if to recall the audience to a sense of the courtesy due to one so fair and young; and the instant his voice gave the signal, the audience followed it by a burst of generous applause.

This was the hour of fate to *Viola*, as surely as to the *Siren*. The stranger was the mysterious, the princely *Zanoni*, whose appearance in different parts of Italy, and in Naples, and singular manner of life, had excited the curiosity of the gossips of the city; dividing their thoughts with that national concern, the new Opera. Zanoni's wealth was imagined to be vast and boundless; and his occult powers were more astonishing than his wealth. The passion with which this godlike being had inspired the musician's daughter, was not the human love of ordinary romance, but that exalted sentiment with which, in the primeval times, the gods inspired the beautiful daughters of men. Yet many said Zanoni was a sorcerer, a necromancer; and that he possessed the Evil-Eye—the baleful glance, which carries death and woe wherever it is directed.—It is impossible, in a few words, to convey any conception of this demi-god, or incarnation of superhuman powers in alliance with the passions and tenderness of humanity. Yet though thousands of years had rolled by since his birth, the Chaldæan was born of woman. He was a being raised above Death and human destiny by those mystic sciences whose birthplace was the East, and which were afterwards but faintly discerned by the disciples of the Rosy Cross. Zanoni, who will probably be a much greater favourite in Germany than in England, must be taken as he is presented, as the being of poetry and of the transcendentalism of antiquity. As a work of Art, we should say the romance is overdone by the excessive use made of the supernatural; and that the accumulation of wonder upon wonder impairs its effect. Looking below the surface, it may be fancied that the author, under the different characters, has in Zanoni embodied humanity perfected, sublimed; and in Mejnour—for there are two Chaldæan immortals—cold, passionless, self-sufficing Intellect; in the Frenchman of the Reign of Terror, the remorseless and profligate Nicot, cold, dead Atheism, believing nothing, hoping nothing, loving nothing; in Glyndon, the young Englishman, the mingled strength and weakness of man's nature; while Viola typifies the purest elements of tender untutored womanhood; affectionate, trustful, reverential. There is no thread of story to follow in the romance; so that it is but by detached scenes that we are able to give any idea of this purely imaginative work.

Whatever of ordinary interest belongs to the story, hangs upon the passion of Viola and her mysterious lover, the blissful and the terrible scenes through which they pass, and their final destiny,—when, after undergoing the discipline of love and sorrow, the Immortal finds the only true immortality through Death. These trial scenes are cast amid the wildest excess of the French Revolution, during the Reign of Terror. The scenes of that terrible epoch are forcibly portrayed, though the agency of Zanoni, in producing the actual historical events of the period, does not contribute to their strength. He might have kept to his mastery of other spirits than Tallien and Robespierre.

The musician and his wife are dead; and Viola, disdaining the insulting addresses of the young Englishman, who was too proud and prejudiced to marry the singer, and having, by the supernatural intervention of Zanoni, escaped from the toils of a licentious prince, fulfils her mysterious destiny. She becomes the bride of the superhuman Chaldæan; superhuman in personal beauty as in wondrous powers, and they find a paradise in one of the Greek Isles, where they live for some years: the only drawback upon their pure felicity being in the mind of Zanoni. The Immortal is linked to the Mortal, and his love urges him to raise her that he loves to his own condition of being. He thus invokes his guardian genius:—

"Adon-Ai! Adon-Ai!—appear, appear!"

And in the lonely cave, whence once had gone forth the oracles of a heathen god, there emerged from the shadows of fantastic rocks a luminous and gigantic column, glittering and shifting. It resembled the shining but misty spray, which, seen afar off, a fountain seems to send up on a starry night. The radiance lit the stalactites, the crags, the arches of the cave, and shed a pale and tremulous splendour on the features of Zanoni.

"Son of Eternal Light," said the invoker, "thou to whose knowledge, grade after grade, race after race, I attained at last, on the broad Chaldæan plains—thou from whom I have drawn so largely of the unutterable knowledge, that yet eternity alone can suffice to drain—thou who, congenial with myself, so far as our various beings will permit, hast been for centuries my familiar and my friend—answer me and counsel!"

From the column there emerged a shape of unimaginable glory. Its face was that of man in his first youth; but solemn, as with the consciousness of eternity and the tranquillity of wisdom; light, like starbeams, flowed through its transparent veins; light made its limbs themselves, and undulated, in restless sparkles, through the waves of its dazzling hair. With its arms folded on its breast, it stood distant a few feet from Zanoni, and its low voice murmured gently—"My counsels were sweet to thee once; and once, night after night, thy soul could follow my wings through the untroubled splendours of the Infinite. Now thou hast bound thyself back to the earth by its strongest chains, and the attraction to the clay is more potent than the sympathies that drew to thy charms the Dweller of the Starbeam and the Air! When last thy soul hearkened to me, the senses already troubled thine intellect and obscured thy vision. Once again I come to thee; but thy power even to summon me to thy side is fading from thy spirit, as sunshine fades from the wave, when the winds drive the cloud between the ocean and the sky."

"Alas, Adon-Ai!" answered the seer, mournfully—"I know too well the conditions of the being which thy presence was wont to rejoice. I know that our wisdom comes but from the indifference to the things of the world which the wisdom masters. The mirror of the soul cannot reflect both earth and heaven; and the one vanishes from the surface as the other is glassed upon its deeps. But it is not to restore me to that sublime abstraction in which the intellect, free and disembodied, rises, region after region, to the spheres, that once again, and with the agony and travail of enfeebled power, I have called thee to mine aid. I love; and in love I begin to live in the sweet humanities of another! If wise yet, in all which makes danger powerless against myself, or those on whom I can gaze from the calm height of indifferent science, I am blind as the merest mortal to the destinies of the creature that makes my heart beat with the passions that obscure my gaze."

"What matter!" answered Adon-Ai. "Thy love must be but a mockery of the name; thou canst not love as they do for whom there is death and the grave. A short time!—like a day in thy incalculable life, and the form thou dotest on is dust! Others of the nether world go hand in hand, each with each, unto the tomb; hand in hand they ascend from the worm to new cycles of existence. For thee, below are ages; for her, but hours. And for her and thee—oh poor, but mighty one!—will there be even a joint hereafter! Through what grades and heavens of spiritualized being will her soul have passed when thou, the solitary loiterer, comest from the vapours of the earth to the gates of light!"

"Son of the Starbeam, thinkest thou that this thought is not with me ever; and seest thou not that I have invoked thee to hearken and minister to my design? Readest thou not my desire and dream to raise the conditions of her being to my own? Thou, Adon-Ai, bathing the celestial joy that makes thy life in the oceans of eternal splendour,—thou, save by the sympathies of knowledge, canst conjecture not what I, the offspring of mortals, feel—debarred yet from the objects of the tremendous and sublime ambition that first winged my desires above the clay—when I see myself compelled to stand in this low world alone.—I have sought amongst my tribe for comrades, and in vain. At last I have found a mate! The wild bird and the wild beast have theirs; and my mastery over the malignant tribes of terror can banish their larvæ from the path that shall lead her upward till the air of eternity fits the frame for the elixir that baffles death."

"And thou hast begun the initiation, and thou art foiled! I know it. Thou hast conjured to her sleep the fairest visions; thou hast invoked the loveliest children of the air to murmur their music to her trance, and her soul heeds them not; and, returning to the earth, escapes from their control. Blind one, wherefore? Canst thou not perceive? Because in her soul all is love. There is no intermediate passion with which the things thou wouldst charm to her have association and affinities. Their attraction is but to the desires and cravings of the intellect. What have they with the passion that is of earth, and the hope that goes direct to heaven?"

"But can there be no medium, no link, in which our souls, as our hearts, can be united, and so mine may have influence over her own?"

"Ask me not—thou wilt not comprehend me!"

"I adjure thee!—speak!"

"When two souls are divided, knowest thou not that a third in which both meet and live is the link between them?"

"I do comprehend thee, Adon-Ai," said Zanoni, with a light of more human joy upon his face than it had ever before been seen to wear; "and if my destiny, which here is dark to mine eyes, vouchsafes to me the happy lot of the humble—if ever there be a child that I may clasp to my bosom and call my own!——"

"And is it to be man at last, that thou hast aspired to be more than man?"

"But a child—a second Viola!" murmured Zanoni, scarcely heeding the Son of Light; "a young soul fresh from Heaven, that I may rear from the first moment it touches earth—whose wings I may train to follow mine through the glories of creation; and through whom the mother herself may be led upward over the realm of death!"

"Beware—reflect! Knowest thou not that thy darkest enemy dwells in the Real? Thy wishes bring thee near and nearer to Humanity."

"Ah, Humanity is sweet!" answered Zanoni.

And, as the seer spoke, on the glorious face of Adon-Ai there broke a smile.

Admirable in its peculiar style as this scene is, the next which we select, the final subjugation of the Immortal to the tenderness of the husband and the father, and the natural feelings of humanity, is yet finer. The pestilence had reached and desolated the lovely Greek isle, and the lovers had sought an asylum in Venice.

The stars of winter shone down on the Lagunes of Venice. The hum of the Rialto was hushed—the last loiterers had deserted the place of St. Mark's, and only at distant intervals might be heard the oars of the rapid gondolas, bearing reveller or lover to his home. But lights still flitted to and fro across the windows of one of the Palladian palaces, whose shadow slept in the great canal; and within the palace watched the twin Eumenides, that never sleep for Man,—Fear, and Pain.

"I will make thee the richest man in all Venice, if thou savest her."

"Signor," said the Leech; "your gold cannot control death, and the will of Heaven—Signor, unless within the next hour there is some blessed change, prepare your courage."

Ho—ho, Zanoni! man of mystery and might, who hast walked amidst the passions of the world, with no changes on thy brow, art thou tossed at last upon the billows of tempestuous fear!—Does thy spirit reel to and fro!—knowest thou at last the strength and the majesty of Death!

He fled, trembling, from the pale-faced man of art—fled through stately hall, and long-drawn corridor, and gained a remote chamber in the palace, which other step than his was not permitted to profane. Out with thy herbs and vessels! Break from the enchanted elements, O silvery-azure flame! Why comes he not—the Son of the Starbeam!—Why is Adon-Ai deaf to thy solemn call! It comes not—the luminous and delightsome Presence! Cabalist! are thy charms in vain! Has thy throne vanished from the realms of space! Thou standest pale and trembling. Pale trembler! not thus didst thou look, when the things of glory gathered at thy spell. Never to the pale trembler bow the things of glory:—the soul, and not the herbs, nor the silvery-azure flame, nor the chemistry of the Cabala, commands the children of the air; and *thy* soul, by Love and Death, is made sceptreless and discrowned!

At length the flame quivers—the air grows cold as the wind in charnels. A thing not of earth is present—a mistlike, formless thing. It cowers in the distance—a silent Horror! it rises—it creeps—it nears thee—dark in its mantle of dusky haze; and under its veil it looks on thee with its livid, malignant eyes—the thing of malignant eyes!

"Ha, young Chaldæan! young in thy countless ages—young as when, cold to pleasure and to beauty, thou stoodest on the old Fire-tower, and heardest the starry silence whisper to thee the last mystery that baffles Death, fearest thou Death at length! Is thy knowledge but a circle that brings thee back whence thy wanderings began! Generations on generations have withered since we two met! Lo! thou beholdest me now!"

"But I behold thee without fear! Though beneath thine eyes thousands have perished; though, where they burn, spring up the foul poisons of the human heart, and to those whom thou canst subject to thy will, thy presence glares in the dreams of the raving maniac, or blackens the dungeon of despairing crime, thou art not my vanquisher, but my slave!"

"And as a slave, will I serve thee! Command thy slave, O beautiful Chaldæan!—Hark, the wail of women!—hark, the sharp shriek of thy beloved one! Death is in thy Palace! Adon-Ai comes not to thy call. Only where no cloud of the passion and the flesh veils the eye of the Serene Intelligence can the Sons of the Starbeam glide to man. But I can aid thee!—hark!" And Zanoni heard distinctly in his heart, even at that distance from the chamber, the voice of Viola, calling in delirium on her beloved one.

"And I can save thee not!" exclaimed the Seer, passionately; "my love for thee has made me powerless!"

"Not powerless; I can gift thee with the art to save her—I can place healing in thy hand!"

"For both! child and mother—for both!"

"Both!"

A convulsion shook the limbs of the Seer—a mighty struggle shook him as a child: the Humanity and the Hour conquered the repugnant spirit.

"I yield! Mother and child—save both!"

In the dark chamber lay Viola, in the sharpest agonies of travail; life seemed rending itself away in the groans and cries that spoke of pain in the midst of frenzy; and still, in groan and cry, she called on Zanoni, her beloved. The physician looked to the clock; on it beat—the Heart of time,—regularly and slowly—Heart that never sympathized with Life, and never flagged for Death! "The cries are fainter," said the leech; "in ten minutes more all will be past."

Fool! the minutes laugh at thee; Nature even now, like a blue sky through a shattered temple, is smiling through the tortured frame. The breathing grows more calm and hushed—the voice of delirium is dumb—a sweet dream has come to Viola. Is it a dream, or is it the soul that sees! She thinks suddenly that she is with Zanoni, that her burning head is pillowed on his bosom; she thinks, as he gazes on her, that his eyes dispel the tortures that prey upon her—the touch of his hand cools the fever on her brow; she hears his voice in murmurs—it is a music from which the fiends fly. Where is the mountain that seemed to press upon her temples! Like a vapour it rolls away. In the frosts of the winter night, she sees the sun laughing in luxurious heaven—she hears the whisper of green leaves; the beautiful world, valley and stream, and woodland, lie before, and with a common voice speak to her—"We are not yet past for thee!" Fool of drugs and formula, look to thy dial-plate!—the hand has moved on; the minutes are with Eternity; the soul thy sentence would have dismissed still dwells on the shores of Time. She sleeps; the fever abates; the convulsions are gone; the living rose blooms upon her cheek; the crisis is past! Husband, thy wife lives! lover, thy universe is no solitude.

One more passage, and we have done: it is from an epistle of Zanoni to his fellow-immortal, Mejnour; written when Viola, filled with superstitious terror of her husband's supernatural character, and unhallowed practices, and for the eternal salvation of her infant, had fled, and whither, it is now beyond the reach of his impaired supernatural faculties to discover, as their souls are no longer in harmony. Her own soul she could have perilled for Zanoni.

Paris.

Dost thou remember in the old time, when the Beautiful yet dwelt in Greece, how we two, in the vast Athenian Theatre, witnessed the birth of Divine Words as undying as ourselves! Dost thou remember the thrill of terror that ran through that mighty audience, when the wild Cassandra burst from her awful silence to shriek to her relentless god! How ghastly, at the entrance of the House of Atreus, about to become her tomb—rang out her exclamations of foreboding woe—"Dwelling abhorred of Heaven!—human shamble-house, and floor blood-bespattered!"* Dost thou remember how, amidst the breathless awe of those assembled thousands, I drew close to thee, and whispered, "Verily, no prophet like the Poet! This scene of fabled horror comes to me as a dream, shadowing forth some likeness in my own remoter future!"? As I enter this slaughter-house, that scene returns to me, and I hearken to the voice of Cassandra ringing in my ears. A solemn and warning dread gathers

* Æsch. Agam., 1098.

round me, as if I too were come to find a grave, and "the Net of Hades" had already entangled me in its web! What dark treasure-houses of vicissitude and woe are our memories become! What our lives, but the chronicles of unrelenting Death! It seems to me as yesterday when I stood in the streets of this city of the Gaul, as they shone with plumed chivalry, and the air rustled with silken braveries. Young Louis, the monarch and the lover, was victor of the Tournament at the Carousal; and all France felt herself splendid in the splendour of her gorgeous chief! Now there is neither throne nor altar; and what is in their stead? I see it yonder —THE GUILLOTINE! It is dismal to stand amidst the ruins of mouldering cities, to startle the serpent and the lizard amidst the wrecks of Persepolis and Thebes; but more dismal still to stand as I—the stranger from empires that have ceased to be—stand now amidst the yet ghastlier ruins of Law and Order, the shattering of mankind themselves! Yet here, even here, Love, the Beautifier, that hath led my steps, can walk with unshrinking hope through the wilderness of Death! Strange is the passion that makes a world in itself, that individualizes the One amidst the Multitude; that, through all the changes of my solemn life, yet survives, though ambition, and hate, and anger are dead; the one solitary angel, hovering over an universe of tombs on its two tremulous and human wings—Hope and Fear!

How is it, Mejnour, that, as my diviner art abandoned me—as, in my search for Viola, I was aided but by the ordinary instincts of the merest mortal—how is it that I have never desponded, that I have felt in every difficulty the prevailing prescience that we should meet at last!

There is great extravagance, great incongruity, but, as will be seen, much beautiful thought and fancy, in this freak of imagination run riot; and many fragments of true practical wisdom. In this style we can give but one or two specimens. The profligate course adopted during the Reign of Terror by the unprincipled and remorseless Nicot, the infidel painter, leads to the following reflections on revolutionary periods:—

In all men who have devoted themselves to any study, or any art, with sufficient pains to attain a certain degree of excellence, there must be a fund of energy immeasurably above that of the ordinary herd. Usually, this energy is concentred on the objects of their professional ambition, and leaves them, therefore, apathetic to the other pursuits of men. But where those objects are denied, where the stream has not its legitimate vent, the energy, irritated and aroused, possesses the whole being, and if not wasted on desultory schemes, or if not purified by conscience and principle, becomes a dangerous and destructive element in the social system, through which it wanders in riot and disorder. Hence in all wise monarchies—nay, in all well-constituted states, the peculiar care with which channels are opened for every art and every science; hence the honour paid to their cultivators by subtile and thoughtful statesmen, who, perhaps, for themselves, see nothing in a picture but coloured canvass —nothing in a problem but an ingenious puzzle. No state is ever more in danger than when the talent, that should be consecrated to peace, has no occupation but political intrigue or personal advancement. Talent unhonoured is talent at war with men. And here it is noticeable, that the class of Actors having been the most degraded by the public opinion of the old *régime*, their very dust deprived of Christian burial, no men (with certain exceptions in the company especially favoured by the Court) were more relentless and revengeful among the scourges of the revolution. In the savage Collot d'Herbois, *mauvais comedien*, were embodied the wrongs and the vengeance of a class.

Now the energy of Jean Nicot had never been sufficiently directed to the Art he professed. Even in his earliest youth, the political disquisitions of his master, David, had distracted him from the more tedious labours of the easel. The defects of his person had embittered his mind; the Atheism of his benefactor had deadened his conscience. For one great excellence of Religion—above all, the Religion of the Cross,—is, that it raises PATIENCE first into a Virtue, and next into a Hope. Take away the doctrine of another life, of requital hereafter, of the smile of a Father upon our sufferings and trials in our ordeal here, and what becomes of Patience? But without patience, what is man?—and what a people? Without patience, Art never can be high; without patience, Liberty never can be perfected. By wild throes, and impetuous, aimless struggles, Intellect seeks to soar from Penury, and a Nation to struggle into Freedom. And woe—thus unfortified, guideless, and unenduring—woe to both!

It must not, however, be forgotten, that if Patience be a passive grace, Endeavour is an active virtue—a noble energy. The French Revolution, even the Reign of Terror, was not all evil; but here only its most hideous aspects are represented; the blood, the perfidy, the cruelty. The overcharged picture is all shadows.

It was at the very close of the Reign of Terror that Zanoni discovered that his wife and his child were in one of the prisons then gorged with the victims of the Guillotine. With the price of his own life he had obtained for her a reprieve of one day; for he knew that this one day passed, and the downfall of Robespierre was accomplished, and his victims rescued. Nicot, the creature of the cold-blooded and treacherous monster, was Viola's fellow-captive.

"And wherefore, my child, do they bring thee hither?" asked an old grey-haired priest.—"I cannot guess."—"Ah! if you know not your offence, fear the worst."—"And, my child?" (for the infant was still suffered to rest upon her bosom.)—"Alas, young mother! they will suffer thy child to live."—"And for this—an orphan in the dungeon!" murmured the accusing heart of Viola, "have I reserved his offspring! Zanoni, even in thought, ask not—ask not, what I have done with the child I bore thee!"

Night came; the crowd rushed to the grate, to hear the muster-roll. Her name was with the doomed. And the old priest, better prepared to die, but reserved from the death-list, laid his hands on her head, and blessed her, while he wept. She heard, and wondered; but she did not weep. With downcast eyes, with arms folded on her bosom, she bent submissively to the call. But now another name was uttered; and a man, who had pushed rudely past her, to gaze or to listen, shrieked out a howl of despair and rage. She turned, and their eyes met. Through the distance of time, she recognised that hideous aspect. Nicot's face settled back into its devilish sneer.—"At least, gentle Neapolitan the Guillotine will unite us. Oh, we shall sleep well our wedding night!" And, with a laugh, he strode away through the crowd, and vanished into his lair. . . . . She was placed in her gloomy cell, to await the morrow. But the child was still spared her; and she thought it seemed as if conscious of the awful Present. In their way to the prison, it had not moaned or wept; it had looked with its clear eyes, unshrinking, on the gleaming pikes and savage brows of the *huissiers*. And now, alone in the dungeon, it put its arms round her neck, and murmured its indistinct sounds, low and sweet as some unknown language of consolation and of heaven. And of Heaven it was! For, at the murmur, the terror melted from her soul: upward, from the dungeon and the death—upward, where the happy cherubim chant the mercy of the All-loving, whispered that cherub's voice. She fell upon her knees and prayed. . . . . .

Viola was in prayer. She heard not the opening door; she saw not the dark shadow that fell along the floor. *His* power, *his* arts were gone; but the mystery and

the spoll known to *her* simple heart, did not desert her in the hours of trial and despair. When Science falls as a firework from the sky it would invade, when Genius withers as a flower in the breath of the icy charnel, the Hope of a childlike soul wraps the air in light, and the innocence of unquestioning Belief covers the grave with blossoms.

In the farthest corner of the cell she knelt; and the infant, as if to imitate what it could not comprehend, bent its little limbs, and bowed its smiling face, and knelt with her also, by her side.

He stood, and gazed upon them, as the light of the lamp fell calmly on their forms. It fell over those clouds of golden hair, dishevelled, parted, thrown back from the rapt, candid brow; the dark eyes raised on high, where, through the human tears, a light as from above was mirrored; the hands clasped—the lips apart—the form all animate and holy with the sad serenity of innocence and the touching humility of woman. And he heard her voice, though it scarcely left her lips—the low voice that the heart speaks—loud enough for God to hear!

"And if never more to see him, O Father! canst thou not make the love that will not die, minister, even beyond the grave, to his earthly fate? Canst thou not yet permit it, as a living spirit, to hover over him—a spirit fairer than all his science can conjure? Oh, whatever lot be ordained to either, grant—even though a thousand ages may roll between us—grant, when at last purified and regenerate, and fitted for the transport of such reunion—grant that we may meet once more! And for his child—it kneels to thee from the dungeon floor! To-morrow, and whose breast shall cradle it!—whose hand shall feed!—whose lips shall pray for its weal below and its soul hereafter!" She paused—her voice choked with sobs.

"Thou Viola!—thou, thyself. He whom thou hast deserted, is here to preserve the mother to the child!"

She started!—those accents, tremulous as her own! She started to her feet!—He was there,—in all the pride of his unwaning youth and superhuman beauty!—there, in the house of dread, and in the hour of travail!—there, image and personation of the love that can pierce the Valley of the Shadow, and can glide the unscathed wanderer from the heaven, through the roaring abyss of hell.

With a cry, never, perhaps, heard before in that gloomy vault—a cry of delight and rapture, she sprang forward, and fell at his feet.

He bent down to raise her, but she slid from his arms. He called her by the familiar epithets of the old endearment, and she only answered him by sobs. Wildly, passionately, she kissed his hands, the hem of his garment: but voice was gone. . . . . .

"Pray for my child!" said Zanoni, mournfully. "The thoughts of souls that would aspire as mine, are *all prayer*!" And seating himself by her side, he began to reveal to her some of the holier secrets of his lofty being. He spoke of the sublime and intense faith from which alone the diviner knowledge can arise—the faith which, seeing the immortal everywhere, purifies and exalts the mortal that beholds—the glorious ambition that dwells not in the cabals and crimes of earth, but amidst those solemn wonders that speak not of men, but of God—of that power to abstract the soul from the clay which gives to the eye of the soul its subtle vision, and to the soul's wing the unlimited realm. . . . . .

But now, as he closed, and, leaning on his breast, she felt the clasp of his protecting arms,—when, in one holy kiss, the past was forgiven and the present lost,—then there returned to her the sweet and warm hopes of the natural life—of the loving woman. He was come to save her! She asked not how—she believed it without a question. They should be at last again united. They would fly far from those scenes of violence and blood. Their happy Ionian isle, their fearless solitudes, would once more receive them. She laughed, with a child's joy, as this picture rose up amidst the gloom of the dungeon! Her mind, faithful to its sweet, simple instincts, refused to receive the lofty images that flitted confusedly by it, and settled back to its human visions, yet more baseless, of the earthly happiness and the tranquil home.

And she slept so sweetly. Wearied out with joy, secure in the presence of the eyes regained, she had laughed and wept herself to sleep; and still, in that slumber, there seemed a happy consciousness that the Loved was by—the Lost was found. For she smiled and murmured to herself, and breathed his name often, and stretched out her arms, and sighed if they touched him not. He gazed upon her as he stood apart—with what emotions it were vain to say. She would wake no more to him—she could not know how dearly the safety of that sleep was purchased. That morrow she had so yearned for,—it had come at last. *How would she greet the eve?*

And while she still slept, he was led forth a captive to meet death.

She woke at last—she gazed round. "Zanoni, it is day!" No answer but the low wail of her child. Merciful heaven! was it then all a dream? She tossed back the long tresses that must veil her sight—she felt the amulet on her bosom—it was no dream! "Oh, God, and he is gone!" She sprang to the door—she shrieked aloud. The gaoler comes! "My husband, my child's father!"

"He is gone before thee, woman!"

"Whither? Speak—speak!"

"To the guillotine!" and the black door closed again.

It closed upon the Senseless! As a lightning flash, Zanoni's words, his sadness, the true meaning of his mystic gift, the very sacrifice he made for her, all became distinct for a moment to her mind—and then darkness swept on it like a storm,—yet darkness which had its light.

Robespierre has fallen—the master-butcher has fallen. The Reign of Terror is ended. It is daylight in the prison.

From cell to cell they hurry with the news; crowd upon crowd—the joyous captives mingled with the very gaolers, who, for fear, would fain seem joyous too—they stream through the dens and alleys of the grim house they will shortly leave. They burst into a cell, forgotten since the previous morning. They found there a young female, sitting upon her wretched bed; her arms crossed upon her bosom, her face raised upward; the eyes unclosed, and a smile, of more than serenity,—of bliss upon her lips. Even in the riot of their joy, they drew back in astonishment and awe. Never had they seen life so beautiful; and as they crept nearer, and with noiseless feet, they saw that the lips breathed not, that the repose was of marble, that the beauty, and the ecstasy were of death. They gathered round in silence: and, lo, at her feet there was a young infant, who, wakened by their tread, looked at them steadfastly, and with its rosy fingers played with its dead mother's robe. An orphan there in the dungeon vault!

"Poor one!" said a female, (herself a parent,)—"and they say the father fell yesterday; and now, the mother! Alone in the world, what can be its fate?"

The infant smiled fearlessly on the crowd, as the woman spoke thus. And the old Priest, who stood amongst them, said, gently, "Woman, see! the orphan smiles! THE FATHERLESS ARE THE CARE OF GOD!"

A LECTURE ON THE POETS WHO SUCCEEDED MILTON, AND PRECEDED COWPER AND BURNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

YOUNG MEN!—When I last addressed you here—although my subject was a somewhat animating one—seven ladies honoured my narcotic powers by falling asleep; and if those ladies, when they awaked, had rewarded me with a hearty laugh, I should have thought that a compliment had been paid me, of which a dull lecturer might be reasonably proud. But whatever may be the qualifications of a lecturer, if the materials of his lecture are dull, how can the lecture itself be otherwise? I think, then, I may safely promise you a comfortable social nap on this occasion; for the poets who succeeded Milton, and preceded Cowper and Burns, lived in a dull and happy age—an age which was dull, because it was happy. In those days, the ratio of profit and wages on capital, skill, and labour, was not lessening, but increasing; men had not begun to bid against each other in desperate competition for less and less; the battle of fifty dogs for one bone, and that bone a picked one, had not commenced; nor had it entered into the mind of any statesman to conceive, that such a battle would ever be fought here by act of parliament; nor had Time, the disturber, awaking France from the long slumber of despotism, and startling victims into avengers, as with the touch of Ithuriel's spear, shaken the mind from the depths of its stagnation, and become to Pope and his imitators, what the discovery of America was to Shakspeare and Bacon. The results were correspondent; and I shall not conclude this lecture without attempting to show, that Pope and his followers are essentially mannerists, undramatic and unideal. They chose bonds, for the sake of bondage. And I do not mean to say, that the self-will of poets, in their compositions, ought to be unrestrained by rules. But is there no difference between the earnestness of fools and wise men? He whose brains set his ears on fire, is no more a poet than he is Jeremy Bentham. But passion is to wisdom a higher wisdom. For reason, without emotion, is only the cold two-foot rule, which, measuring the feet of timber in a cedar, feels not the might, and majesty, and goodness of Him, who overshadows Lebanon with his delegated beauty.

The two great founders of what is called the French school of English poetry, give us, in their descriptions of character, processes rather than revelations; while the bright impassioned reason of imaginative poets, like the sun shining on mossy rocks and dewy forests, invests their subjects in beauty, which, though magical in its effects, is not illusion, but truth. The history, then, of modern English poetry—I mean the poetry of the last fifty years—is the history of the revival of poetry in England; the history of the return of our poets to nature—to the ideal, the dramatic, the simple, the true—to what poetry was in its origin, and is in its essence.

From the death of Milton, "the poet of our republic," to the appearance of Cowper and Burns, English poetry declined as an art; but its flame was kept from extinction by a few writers of whom I am now to speak. Of Milton,—one of the most gentle, most beautiful, most manly, most accomplished, most severely tried of men—whose life was a long poem of misery—who dwelt with a congenial spirit but for one short year of his life—who died without receiving his fame—and of whom it is said by a great living writer, "that he was the poet of disappointment,"—of Milton I shall say little. But never, perhaps, was man so slandered as he has been, and is. Before he died, "his life's life was lied away;" and still the pure spirit that conceived Comus, is painted as a demon; still the "homagers of tyrants" write his spotless name in gall. Though, perhaps, the world has never yet seen one man worthy to criticise his Paradise Lost, the apes and the monkeys of criticism flippantly condemn its author; though absolutely nothing but good is known of *him*, still they speak of his *light* with tongues of darkness,—following the example of that egregious genius who is said to have described a door, with its bell and knocker, as "a ligneous barricado, with its tintinnabulary appendages." Milton has been called the last of the Elizabethan poets; but neither is he connected with, nor does he in the least resemble, any of the poets who preceded or followed him: he is of no school, and of no age. "His soul," says Wordsworth, "was like a star, and dwelt apart." But this also is a mistake. His soul was a patriot's, and dwelt with the great men of his time,—with Cromwell and Pym, Hampden and Vane; names which have been familiar to me as household words from my childhood; for my father's little preaching-parlour was hung round with the portraits of those men, and men like them; and when in after years I read an account of the heroes and sages whom Charles the First stopped in the Thames, on their way to America, I was surprised to find that Milton (then in his thirtieth year) was not one of them. You may read the account (and all tyrants should read it) in Holme's American Annals. "An order," he says, "was given by the privy-council in May, 1638, to take speedy and effectual course for the stay of eight ships, then in the Thames, prepared to sail for New England. By this order, Oliver Cromwell, Arthur Hazlerig, John Hampden, and other patriots, were prevented from coming to America. How limited is the foresight of man! how inscrutable are the councils of God! By this arbitrary measure, Charles forcibly detained the men destined to overturn his throne, and terminate his days by a violent death." Milton ought to have been—perhaps he was—one of those detained patriots; for he was a younger brother of those enlightened and intrepid Calvinists—the fathers of

modern liberty—but for whom she would not now have been found on earth. Having given his patrimony to the commonwealth, he proudly earned his bread as a schoolmaster! Yes, for he was a patriot from a high sense of religious duty; and what is the Paradise Lost but a political treatise, depicting the Almighty as the arbiter of his community of good, and Satan as a tyrant from the beginning? Yet, strange to say, he makes God a Tory, ruling under oligarchical forms—"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms!"

From the death of the "Bard of our Republic," to the commencement of the first French Revolution, Great Britain and Ireland produced six poets—Pope, Young, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins. Do I, then, forget Otway, Congreve, Akenside? Was not Otway a genuine poet? Yes, and had he lived, (he died in his thirtieth year,) we should, perhaps, have had another Shakspeare. Congreve's Mourning Bride, in its characters of Osmyn and Zara, gave Byron the germ of his Corsair; but I do not now intend to speak of the drama, except incidentally, in contrasting Pope with Shakspeare. But was not Akenside a poet? Yes, the poet of a trustful philosophy. But he did not *write* poetry. No? No. Perhaps he felt it; and he is the author of the noblest metrical oration in the world: but eloquence is *not* poetry. Sometimes, indeed, as I have shown, orators unconsciously become poets; but this happened seldom to the author of the Pleasures of Imagination. His versification is the most elaborate in our language. With a Roman's heart he had the mind and tongue of a Greek; and his music is not, like Pope's, mere melody; in every page of his great work there are passages so exquisitely harmonized, that, in reading them, we are compelled to say, in spite of our hearts, "Yes, Mark Akenside was a poet." "There is no art or mystery that requires so long an apprenticeship as this of verse-making," says Robert Southey, in one of his letters to me: See! how beautifully (in the only passage which I can afford to quote from the blank verse of the Bard of the Tyne) his repetitions of phrase balance each other, like corresponding sounds in rhyme!

Is aught so fair
In all the *dewy* landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, *is aught so fair*
As virtuous friendship! as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just!

Pope was a weakling and a cripple. He could not leap over five-barred gates—consequently, he could not excell in fox-hunting: so, to distinguish himself, he wrote an epic poem on a lady's curl. He was conversing with his heart, (such as it was,) when he wrote his Eloisa to Abelard, and his sofa-and-lap-dog poetry—for instance, his unique Rape of the Lock; masterpieces which, for *that* reason, *because his heart wrote them*, will never be excelled. Pope, writing rhymed epistles to his titled acquaintance, was not the genuine poet, the man of genius conversing with his *heart*, but a man frozen, as it were, in a room full of strangers, with whom he could not sympathize; he was no longer the pellucid fountain, nor even the dew-drop frozen on the winter rose, but the stagnant fluid in the china vase, or the dull icicle of the town palace.

I have alluded to Milton, not without purpose; for if he had not been one of the greatest of poets, he would still have been one of the greatest of versifiers. The melody of Pope differs as much from the harmony of Milton, as a flute differs from an organ, or a gilt pin from the steam-engine. Pope was the greatest of melodists, however, and only not a harmonist, because there are in his versification no differences to reconcile. He is also the most condensed of poets; and his English is unrivalled in purity even by the prefaces of Dryden, of whom he has been falsely called an imitator. He wrote, indeed, in the heroic couplet, the easiest of our measures, as Dryden did before him, and as Chaucer and others did before Dryden; and when he wrote from his heart, he was a true poet; but Dryden *had* no heart—he was like Washington Irvine's cabbage, all head. He was a rhyming polemic, mighty "in the war of verse," but not a poet. Contrary to the general opinion, however, I venture to assert, that although he was not, like Pope, a poet, he was, as a versifier, (not in correctness, but in higher essentials,) immeasurably superior to Pope; as you may convince yourselves by comparing his version of the Knight's Tale, with Pope's of the Wife of Bath, which, though fine, is not finest. But I like neither of these authors. If Dryden's flight is strong, he flies on wings of wire, and there is no beauty on his plumage: it is not wet with the dews of morning—no, for he does not rise "from the daisy's side." Pope, in his versification, closed his eyes against the awful fact, *that evil is a great principle of nature;* so, he made his lines faultless—*and that is a fault, which we sinners cannot forgive.*

Poets, it is said, are all *mad*, more or less; but if so, it seems strange that the least poetical of them are the maddest of all. One would like to be mad after the manner of Shakspeare, and, perhaps, after the manner of Pope; for how great must have been the power of the latter, if, by the mere force of style he has compelled mankind to receive illogical conclusions as proverbial truths.

That he has done so is proved by many a notorious passage in his works, and by a couplet which, oddly enough, might be said to parody and refute itself.

Obscene discourse admits of *no* defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

But—

If want of decency is want of sense,
Obscene discourse admits of *that* defence.

"One truth is clear," said he: "whatever is, is right." Now, it may be very *true*, that whatever is "is right," but it is *not* clear. It is quite clear that whatever is, "*is;*" the other assertion admits of argument.

The five remaining poets named, though they were surrounded by innumerable imitators of Pope, have not the slightest resemblance to that great writer. Blank verse, the most diffuse of our measures, comes from the pen of Young, as condensed almost as Pope's rhyme. But no two things can be more unlike each other than the epigrammatic blank verse of Young, and the epigrammatic couplet

of Pope—except the *minds* of the two authors; and that of Young must have been a great mind, or how could he be, at once, abstracted and popular? God made him a poet; and in spite of his determination to be a metrical sophist, he *is* a poet—in sublimity second only to Milton.

Thomson, too, had a style, that is, a *mind* of his own. *He* did not worship the musical snuff-box, though it has a diamonded lid. *He* determined to be *himself;* and the determination was a patent of immortality. Thomson is the most popular of English poets,—the poet of young affections; and will ever be so, because he had a heart which could not grow old. To quote from a writer so well known, might seem a waste of time: I cannot, however, resist the temptation of reciting a few lines from his description of the storm in Winter; the grandeur of which, I believe, is unsurpassed by any descriptive poetry in the world.

Along the woods, *along* the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm.
The cormorant on high
Wheels *from* the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring heron; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth,
Wrapt in black gloom.
At last, *the roused up river* pours along;
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far,
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, *down* it comes;
While from its bottom turn'd, the passive main
Bursts into chaos.

I need not point out to you the power of the word "along," in the first line of this passage; the sublime circumstance of the "Genius of the coming storm" preceding the Almighty Father of the Tempest, in this awful manifestation of his greatness; the ideality, force, and truth of the epithet in the "roused-up river;" and the almost Miltonic imagination displayed in the description of the sea "bursting into chaos."

All the genuine English poetry written in the period which elapsed from the death of Milton to the appearance of Cowper and Burns—I mean, all the poetry worthy of the Elizabethan era of our literature, and excepting, of course, the poetry of Otway, Young, and Thomson, already alluded to—is comprised in, perhaps, fewer than one thousand lines, which are to be found in the masterpieces of Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins. Of the innumerable faultless couplets, written by the imitators of Pope in any year of the period in which these three genuine poets wrote, perhaps not fifty deserved to be called poetry. Why, then, should they have been written, if mere verse, though excellent as such, cannot live; and if the rule for writing good verse is, that with all the qualities of verse, it shall be equal as language to the best prose? The fact of their having been written, (by commonplace persons, too,) proves that there are harder tasks than the stringing of abstract terms in heroic rhyme. Any well-read lad of good sense may, in six months, learn to write as good *epigrammatic* couplets as any in Pope. Let me not be misunderstood: I do not say that it is not difficult to write good epigrammatic couplets, but that it is still more difficult to forge penknife blades, or, perhaps, to cut sparables. I know I am heretical in this opinion; but why should we quarrel about rhymes and rhymesters? They certainly are not of the most important things in this world, whether poetry be so or not. What is verse itself, but an artifice? I write in rhyme, because my thoughts are not good enough for prose. He who writes prose must write sense; but half-thoughts may *pass* for poetry. I do not say that half-thoughts *are* poetry; for Milton's thoughts are often aggregates of thoughts; and Shakspeare's thoughts are often aggregates of thoughts and feelings—that is, they are *more* than thoughts. I will endeavour to make this plain, by repeating a couplet from Mr. Lane's poem on the statue of his dead child:

I *see* thee in thy beauty, with thy *waving* hair at rest—
And thy *busy* little fingers, folded lightly on thy breast.

In this passage, the words "*busy* little fingers," express an *aggregate* of thoughts and *feelings;* though referring directly to the lifeless statue, they bring before the mind and heart of the reader the living child, and its brief, sad, beautiful history. The thoughts they express are *more* than thoughts.

I have said, that there is as much difference between the melody of Pope, and the organ-music of Milton, as there is between a pin and a steam-engine; and I will now say, that there is as much difference between the couplets of Pope and of Goldsmith, as between pins and primroses. There are single lines in Gray and Collins—true and simple as the truth of ideal beauty, and the seeming results of a happy instinct—which have each cost more labour, probably, than any fifty in Pope; not that fine lines are not to be found in him—for we all remember the sigh "wafted" (in a letter) "from Indus to the pole," and the death by a rose, "in aromatic pain;" but the "faultless couplets," and "divine compliments of the English Boileau," remind one of the posy of a ring, and might be slung round the neck, on a locket, whereas, such lines are the staple of his less voluminous successors. Doubtless, there is in Pope as fine composition, *of some sort*, as any in Gray; but there are passages in the latter, to which, *as poetry*, there is nothing in Pope that will bear the least comparison. I will not quote them, for they are familiar to most of you, as the faces of your mothers.

In the outset of this lecture, I stated my intention of showing, that our poets of the French school, compared with our Elizabethan poets, and those of the present day, are essentially unideal and undramatic; and this, I think, I shall do, if I show that the great head of that school here, is deficient in the two highest constituents of the highest poetry. But Young, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins—I must request you to observe—are not poets of the French school; they are *English* through bone and marrow.

I scarcely need tell you, that poetry may be ideal without being indistinct. Wordsworth, literal as Crabbe, is ideal as Shakspeare, who never wrote with more of imaginative truth and beauty than Wordsworth does, when he says of his homeless wanderer, that "she was known to every star and every blast that blows." And I scarcely need tell you, that poetry may be dramatic without being

written in dialogue. Milton, who wrote two dramas, is utterly undramatic, but not unideal; Cowper, one of the most original of poets, is dramatic, though he never wrote a play. Milton says of the fallen angel, Moloch—"*He* trusted with th' Eternal to be deemed equal in strength, and rather than be less cared not to be at all." No language can be stronger than this; it is condensed as Byron's description of the destroying wind, which is where nothing else is, "the most lone Simoom;" but it is quite undramatic. If Cowper had described Moloch, he would probably have placed him in action before us; he would have represented him stretching forth his arm in defiance towards the throne of the Most High, and impiously vociferating, "Pull him down!"

I shall be sorry to do injustice to Pope in my quotations; I confess, I am prejudiced against him, and against the school of which he is the head; but "he was a great writer of some sort," and his Rape of the Lock shows that he was a man of genius and a poet. As, however, he was himself of opinion that his highest excellences are to be found in his delineations of character, I shall not, I think, be unjust to him, if I quote some of the best of them.

How much easier is it to say what a man is, than to put words into his mouth which shall not only show what he is, but place him, living, before our eyes! Pope describes—Scott narrates—Cowper impersonates. Shakspeare has drawn the character of King Henry the Eighth to the life, in seven syllables. He represents that monarch as having discovered a conspiracy of Gardiner and others against Cranmer. One of the conspirators, approaching him with bow and cringe, says, "May it please you, Sire!" "No, Sir! it does not please me," replies the hard-ruled king. Is this a *description* of bluff Henry? No; it is Henry himself. Pope seldom puts words into the mouths of his characters, which bring them, as it were, into our presence. In his character of Atossa, however, he attempts this, and with some success:

> Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
> But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
> Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
> But an inferior not dependent! worse.
> Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
> Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
> But die, and she'll adore you.—Then the bust
> And temple rise—and fall again to dust.
> Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
> A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.

His description of the profligate Duke of Buckingham, dying, impoverished and deserted, at a miserable inn, is a favourite with his admirers; and as it is, at least, an average specimen of his mastery in the portraiture of men and manners, I shall recite it. It does not, indeed, record one of those terrible catastrophes, those fated changes of fortune, which teach the proud that they are men, and which the Muse has deplored "in the devoted races of Pelops and of Cadmus:" but whether she speak of kings, or lords or beggars, it is of man that she speaks; and the deserved ruin of the "lord of useless thousands," though it possesses either tragic nor epic dignity, is possibly more instructive, if less affecting, than the death of Hector, the foreshown doom of his august Andromache, and the fall of Priam's great city, which constitute the interest of Homer's mightiest work.

> In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
> The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung,
> On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
> With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
> The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
> Great Villiers lies—Alas!—how changed from him,
> The life of pleasure, and the soul of whim!
> Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
> Or just as gay at council, in a ring
> Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
> No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
> No fool to laugh at—which he valued more.
> There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
> And fame—this lord of useless thousands ends.

Certainly this is a fine and instructive picture of dying profligacy. But it turns over for our instruction no new page in the history of the heart. It is destitute of the ideality which exalts the delineations of Shakspeare, Burns, and others. To be convinced of this, you have only to compare it at random, with almost any page of their writings; for instance, with that passage in the world's poet, where Ophelia, driven to madness by sudden, unexpected, and, to her, inexplicable misfortunes, tries to account for them, by reasoning on the chorus of an old nursery song, which asserts, "that the owl was once a baker's daughter." Ought she to wonder that the noble mind of her princely lover has lost its balance? that the high-hearted Hamlet is false to her? that the brave Hamlet has assassinated her helpless and unoffending father? and that suspicions, incredible yet true, have fallen upon the queen, whom she had almost worshipped as a model of all excellence on this side Heaven? Ought she to wonder at these things—can anything on earth be wonderful—*if* the owl was once a baker's daughter? Her poor brain—like Othello's heart, "perplexed in the extreme,"—*believes* the strange assertion, and reasons on it as a fact. "They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be." These simple words lay bare the depths of the soul, and are worth any ten pages in Dryden or Pope. They remind us, *by their profundity*, of the "sulky sullen dame," in Tam o' Shanter. The laugh, you know, is all against the poor woman; but she is not one of those wives who quarrel with good husbands because they are not bad ones, and whom none but bad ones can cure; she has ample cause for sullenness; yet so attached is she to that strange compound of whimsicality, comicality, and animality, drawn to the very life by Robin in his glory, that she is forced to keep her wrath warm by nursing it. While she is "gathering her brows like gathering storm," we see that her heart is overflowing with tenderness towards the profligate scape-grace who sins "from November till October"—that is, all the year round—and whose whole life is one great wrong done to her; and though she afterwards tells him "weel," that "he is a blethering, blustering drunkard," she has also her miserable forebodings, "that late

or soon he will be found deep drowned in Doon." These are touches of nature, such as we shall vainly seek in any writer of the French school. But as it is, perhaps, unfair to contrast Pope with Shakspeare and Burns, writers of a totally different character, I will now compare him with Cowper, a dramatist who never wrote a play, a didactic poet whose words are action.

Adieu, Vinosa cries—ere yet he sips
The purple bumper, trembling at his lips—
Adieu to all morality, if grace
Make works a vain *ingredient* in the case.
The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!—
Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion.—Sir, your toast!
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes.
I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
And silence every fear, with, God is just.
But if perchance, on some dull drizzling day,
A thought intrude that says, or seems to say,
If thus th' important cause is to be tried,
Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side;
I soon recover from these *needless* frights,
And, God is merciful—sets *all* to rights.
Thus, between justice, as my prime support,
And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
I glide and steal along with heaven in view,
And—Pardon me—the bottle stands with you.
I never will believe, the col'nel cries,
The sanguinary schemes that some devise.
My creed is—he is safe that does his best;
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.

Right, says an ensign; and, for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree;
The best of every man's performance here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
A soldier's best is courage in the field,
With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd:
The man who scorns to do a wrong by stealth
Must go to heaven—and I must drink his health.
Sir Smug, he cries, (for lowest at the board,
Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
His shoulders witnessing by many a shrug
How much his feelings suffer'd—sate Sir Smug,)
Your office is to winnow false from true;
Come, Prophet, drink, and tell us, what think you?

Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
Which they that woo preferment rarely pass;
Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,
Is still found *fallible*, however wise;
And differing judgments serve but to declare
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
Of all it ever was my lot to read,
Of critics now alive, or long since dead,
The book of all the world that pleased me most
Was—well-a-day! the *title-page* was lost!
The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
To take with gratitude what heav'n bestows,
With *prudence always ready* at our call
To guide our use of it, is all in all.
Doubtless it is.—To which, of my own store,
I superadd a few essentials more;
But these—excuse the liberty I take—
I wave just now, for conversation sake.
Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,
And add *Right Rev'rend* to Smug's honour'd name.

I shall not treat Pope fairly if I do not quote from some one of the works which his heart wrote, and which are therefore masterpieces. He is worthy of your attention in more ways than one; for not only was he a poet and a philosopher, but—which is of infinitely more importance—an honest man. But when we read him, we read, I am sorry to believe, the most indecent book in the world, except one. How are we to account for this remarkable circumstance? One might imagine a glutton becoming web-footed with eating ducks; but to suppose that Pope became indecent by keeping good company, would be to indicate that we had never kept good company ourselves. It may not be certain that clean people have the uncleanest ideas; but it is quite so that quotations cannot easily be made from Pope, without offending modern delicacy. I ought to recite a portion, at least, of his Eloisa to Abelard; for time has passed judgment on it; great critics declare it to be unrivalled in tenderness and elegance, by any composition, original or translated, in our language; and when the impugners of Pope assert, that he never affects the heart, his admirers triumphantly appeal to that poem. Unfortunately, however, I cannot feel its pathos, and therefore cannot make it felt by you.

It is easy to declaim in rhyme—to string common-place metaphors in rhyme—to ring changes in rhyme, on such cold abstractions as glory, honour, discord, &c.; but it is very difficult to write a letter well in rhyme. I cannot say that Pope has succeeded. Burns has, again and again; his rhymed epistles are his masterpieces, and consequently masterpieces of literature; but in his choice of rhyming from two dialects, he had a great advantage. Perhaps, the most difficult of all tasks is, to tell a tale of common life well in rhyme. The English poet who has succeeded best in bending this bow of Ulysses, is Wordsworth—next to him in merit, is Crabbe; but Pope also has succeeded, and as I am prejudiced against him, it will be only fair that I allow you to judge of his power in narrative. I will recite, then, the last courtship of the wife of five husbands, translated by Pope from the Anglicised French, or Frenchified Saxon of Chaucer. It is very instructive, and ought to teach young men not to marry those pious formalists—*alias*, punctual gadders,—who cannot be happy at home.

Now for my fifth loved lord, the *last and best*,
(Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can show
The tokens on my ribs, in black and blue.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk;
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A *trusty* gossip, one dame Alison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than ere our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever *could* befall:
Had but my husband cough'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife
Had known it all; what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befell, in holy time of Lent,
That of a day I to this gossip went,
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town,)
From house to house we rambled up and down;
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we *duly* paid,
And march'd in *every* holy masquerade;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd *my* best array—
The cause was this, I wore it *every day*.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields;

I vow'd, if e'er my husband fill'd his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had *bewitched* me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown:
All this I said, but dreams, Sirs, I had none;
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bade me tell this lie, and twenty more.

Thus, day by day, and month by month we past;
It pleased the Lord to *take* my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breast, as wretched widows *must*.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the floods of tears I did not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, and fair!
Of twenty winter's age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he:
But to my tale. A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possessed I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land;
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will.
Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high:
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
But this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud, with strange delight,
How the first woman, (as the scriptures show,)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphille *her* lord betrayed,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
Provoked to vengeance three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me, with hearty blows.
I groaned—and lay extended on my side;
"Oh, thou hast slain me for my wealth," I cried,
"Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace"—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd, and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"

But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleased at last.
Soon as he said, "My *mistress* and my wife,
Do what you please, the term of all your life,"
I took to heart the *merits* of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws.
As for the volume that reviled the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemned to flames.

Now, heav'n, on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasure above for tortures felt below;
That rest they wish'd for, *grant* them in the grave;
And bless the souls my conduct helped to save!

The patience with which you have heard long extracts from the sofa-and-lap-dog poet, indicates that he is a greater poet than the envy, malice, and all uncharitableness of the rhymester of the rabble can afford to allow; but before I shall have inflicted upon you a dozen more lectures on those men who, in our days, write, or have written, that something, or that nothing, which is called poetry, you will feel with me, that our country need not blush for her younger children—the poets of regeneration in poetry, and of improvement in the *mind* and condition of universal man.

It is remarkable, that of the countless imitators of the author of the Essay on Man—though their verses, as mere verses, were, I doubt not, as good as his own—not *one* has escaped oblivion. This, I say, is remarkable, but it is not at all surprising; for plagiarists resemble those men who obtain celebrity by getting their coffins made before they die. Imitation itself might be figured by the horse of the poet Ariosto—(mark the fact! the poet had a horse!) "My horse," said he, "has all the good qualities which a man could wish for in a horse; but he has one fault—he is dead." When Locke said of Pope's imitators, "that their poetry was ingenious nonsense," he could not be quite right; it was "ingenious nonsense," barring the ingenuity. Dismal to the last, in the day of those mimics, was the cold dead sea of poetic parrotry—colder and more dismal even than prose declamation. But the French revolution was approaching. The mighty breath and voice of Tendency startled, at length, the barren deep—upheaved the stagnant mass of rhymed perfectibility, and foamed the waves with living fire. There were *men* asleep on the dreary shore, and to them that voice said, "Arise, and walk!" They arose, and stood—amid the ruins of the temple of formalities; from the portals of which the baboons of worshipped idleness and mischief had for ages blasphemed their feeders, and out of the fragments of which they are in vain reconstructing pagods of abomination. The fall of that temple proved its worthlessness; so men began thenceforth, each in his own way, to build for themselves. Of two of these *men*, Cowper and Burns, I have to speak in my next lecture. Either they lived and wrote in vain, or they were, like John in the wilderness, heralds of redemption, pioneers of the singers of glad tidings in prose and verse, who shall proclaim, "That from the *thronged* table, and out of the battle for *bread*, shall yet come happiness for the many, and plenty for all!" They, it is true, who preach that charity begins at home, and ought to end there, are justly apprehensive that the diffusion of knowledge would not increase the prosperity of pickpockets; but then, even they have no more desire to be eaten raw and alive, "than any unregenerate heathen like you or me." I have heard, or read, or written, "that population is destined to become another Alaric;" —yes, for he was not a destroyer, but an ameliorator. An era of competitive coöperation in good is, I trust, approaching—when "*toil without hope*" will no longer oppress the soul, like the solitude of a place where the works of men are, and men are not. Are *we* men? What see we around us, but the triumphs of skill and labour rewarding barbarism? What is the world in which we *now* live, but a place where the works of men are, and men, as they ought to be, are not? The cunning fox is here, the beauteous and venomous serpent, the terrible human savage, haunting the ruins of the

soul, and nicknamed esquire, or lord, or merchant, —but where is the likeness of God? "Cain! Cain! where is thy brother?" We inhabit a den of degraded and degrading victims and victimizers, the ancestors of the latter of whom monopolized knowledge, and (as it would seem) made it a curse, that their descendants might monopolize ignorance. But the new name of Knowledge will be Legion! this *our* poets, from Cowper and Burns, to Byron and Nicoll—and the subjects which our times have *dictated* to them—prophesy and prove. The ignorant cannot long misgovern the enlightened. They may pull down on their heads the Corinthian capital of the solitary column; but they can neither rebuild nor sustain the mouldering edifices of despotism. Nor could they, if it would console them, (and perhaps it would,) destroy the *community* with themselves. "The Palmyra of their Misrule" may be a warning, but it cannot be "a Tadmor in the *desert*." The poets of our times, then, have indeed a prospect of glorious usefulness before them, whether they write in prose or verse. Oh, that I might live to be the author of some great prose epic, which, though unimmortal itself, might survive long enough to be in its consequences a river of fertility, influencing beneficially unborn generations of men! Who would not be one of the Legion of Immortals, though frail as the flower of the field, yet eternal in their usefulness? Shakspeare or Milton of this year or the next! what, though it may be true that universal reputations are no longer possible? and what, though it may be true that the soldiers of the Legion of Good Works will be so numerous as to tread down each other? Their consequences cannot be trodden down. Your writings may perish with, or before you, but not their results, if indeed ye are Shakspeares or Miltons. Forget not that the instrument of your usefulness is all but indestructible. Why do tyrants wage covert war on language? Because it is a barrier on which *cannon balls* can make no impression. The Russian autocrat, it has been said, is trying to extinguish the *language* of Poland! From her exiles—homeless children of a murdered country—he would take even the remembrance of the voice of their mother! We pray not, that her curse, mingled forever in his cup of blood and fire, may be to him the worm that never dies: No! but we tell him that the affections cannot die, and that if truth is eternal, thought is so. Even if he could succeed in destroying the Polish language and Poland itself, and the writings of her poets and sages,—still, some patriot spirit, winged from this planet, would transmit to the angels the beautiful thought of Poland's Copernicus, that the sun is the centre of our system. I can imagine Raphael, after the extinction of suns and systems, redrawing the Cartoons, in the presence of Paul of Tarsus. If the language of Scott and Bacon should be heard no more on earth, Pollok might transcribe for Milton the Cottar's Saturday Night of Burns, and Hemans recite to Sappho the Daisy of Montgomery. If the country itself of Wallace and Shakspeare should perish, Bentham might record in a better world the sublime conception of the mechanic, James Watt, that the food of millions could be furnished by the vapour of a tea-kettle, and the human race lifted ultimately out of ignorance and want by a lever of steam!

BLAZONRY AND MOTTOES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

If the age of chivalry hath departed, not so the age of heraldry. The hieroglyphic literature of barbarism spreads itself abroad on the wings of civilisation. The new invention of "struck work" has issued many an additional blazon from the Birmingham brazieries. The last great act of enlightened legislation—the penny postage—has trebled the circulation of wiverns, mermaids, and "salvage men." The scholar and philosopher, who has built himself a reputation by adding to the knowledge or science of the world, is not secure in his position till he has found some "gryphon argent, beaked, winged, and armed," to defend his gentility; and the retired tradesman, who has made his fortune by integrity and plodding industry, is not satisfied that he has yet earned the good opinion of mankind, till he can get the stones above his doorway to tell an emblematic tale of blood and treachery, which he fondly hopes a partial public will compliment him by attributing to some one of his lineal ancestors. The world seems still to support the view of old William Wyrley, who, in his "True use of Armouries," says, in a moment of enthusiasm, "Without armorial tokens there can be no martial discipline, no army arranged, no attempt of any company [joint-stock?] achieved, and, by consequence, no conquest made, nor so much as any commonwealth defended." But it must be admitted that "the mistress and queen of liberal knowledge," as Edward Bolton calls it, has in some sort degenerated; and that the deep mysterious lore which distinguished a Guillim, an Edmonson, and a Nisbet, would meet with little appreciation by those who so sacrilegiously appropriate the fruit of these men's cabalistic labours. There be those with most gallant achievements on their spoons and tea-pots, who cannot distinguish a blazon potent-counter-potent from a *bordure* indented; and to whom a bar dexter is no better than a bend sinister. Well might Nisbet, had he been living, now say, as he did a century ago, "I cannot sufficiently wonder at the vanity of a great many, who glory in their carrying these marks and signs of honour which they do not at all understand; and must regret it in the greatest part of my countrymen, who, though otherwise well qualified in the knowledge of other liberal arts and sciences, yet neglect to apply themselves to the study of heraldry—a

science so valuable, that the greatest men of all ages have thought it worthy of their study and application."

To say the truth, there would be little to repay any one in the study. The thing wanted is got for the taking of it: it comes liberally to hand; and neither garter king-at-arms, nor the arcana of the science, are troubled for assistance. Unless the name be of the Grub or Buggins order, which it is hopeless to aristocratize without the aid of the Herald Office, a peep into Burke or Playfair will be sure to supply what is wanted; and where there is a choice, the most dashing and warlike achievement belonging to the name will of course be chosen. We in Scotland have a great advantage in this respect over our English friends, in the system of clanship, which makes the most aristocratic names at the same moment the most common. An Archibald Douglas, or a Norman Macleod, befits alike the whisky-shop sign and the peerage; but we find no Adolphus Pierrepoint, or Algernon Sidney Percy, keeping a beer-shop in the Minories. "Light come, light gane:" the honours are now as easily dispersed as they are acquired—no inverting of shields, hacking of spurs, or tearing of banners. The blazon is extinguished thus:—The respectable attorney's clerk, who is its proud possessor, has been charged in the tax survey one window too much. He writes, accordingly, a very polite letter to the surveyor of taxes, explaining the mistake, and, in compliment to her Majesty's officer, seals the same with a very perfect impression of the family coat. The surveyor finds that the complaint is just: deducts 7s. for one window over-charged, and intimates, that he has entered against the applicant a charge of £1, 4s. annually, for armorial bearings, with a penalty of thrice the duty for the first year, on account of his "having unfortunately neglected" to enter armorial bearings in his schedule. The surveyor is more powerful than the Lion; and, by this simple act, he extinguishes the blazon for ever.

The reason why these plants of a barbarous seed flourish so luxuriantly in the cultivated soil of civilisation is not very difficult to be found. They are rooted in the natural egotism of mankind. Talismans and charms, palmistry and the weapon salve, passed away whenever philosophy proved their nothingness; but though a thousand Bacons had a thousand times proved the folly of heraldry, it would live on, rooted in individual ostentation and family pride. It is a great thing to be the descendant of a great statesman or a great warrior; but it is better to show presumptive evidence of descent from some notorious rascal, than to appear the descendant of nobody. We have seen the blush of conscious pride mantle in the face of a Border laird, on being twitted with some diabolical act of his rieving ancestors. Would Scott have parted with the fame of any act of blood or rapine he could arrogate to his ancestry? Not he, indeed: he would have sooner sacrificed the brightest of the creations of his own intellect. And thus it is, that, witnessing the pride which its legitimate possessors feel, the dumpy citizen becomes ambitious to snatch a fragment of this wild ancestral fame, and orders the herald-painter to prepare a symbolical forgery, calculated to impose on mankind the persuasion, that his ancestors were far from being the worthy, honest, but *obscure* men that his own position in society seems to indicate, and that he is not without a spice of the devil in his blood. The influence of the *personel* on the opinions and conduct of mankind, is, in our opinion, a mine of intellectual knowledge, which has nearly all to be explored. Shafts have been sunk in it here and there; but the more minute, and delicate, and valuable veins have not been traced out. There is room here for a new philosophy of the *ego* and the *non ego*, which, when its riches have been put into the political philosopher's hands, will give a new interest to the science of history, now flagging for want of novelty. But we never intended this to be a philosophical essay, and must go back to our amusement.*

Mottoes, perhaps, convey a richer record of the feelings and the state of society that gave birth to the different phases of heraldry, than the arms themselves. Though not always very lucid, they are certainly more easy of interpretation than the symbols that accompany them; and they let us farther into the heart and philosophy of those who bestowed and adopted them. How singular it is, in the books of family history in the nineteenth century, to see these memorials of the different stages of barbarism, ranged according to some arbitrary order, (such as the alphabetical,) and presented in all their rugged variety and contradictoriness, as if they challenged criticism or demanded assent. Here is the clan watchword giving the world defiance in some uncouth tongue. Next to it stands some classical sophism, or moral aphorism, indicative of more civilized times, and perhaps intended to cloak worse morality. Reprobation of war, and contempt for peace, stand side by side; and occasionally comes some pure relic of candid times, before hypocrisy had begun her homage to virtue, containing a sentiment of uncontaminated selfish ruffianism. There is an amazing fund of conceit in some of these. *Aquila non captat muscas*—"The eagle catcheth not flies"—is a favourite bravado borne by many English families; one name it adorned not unworthily, Sir Francis Drake's. *Cave, adsum*, which may be translated—"Take care, here I am"—belongs to the Jardine family: it is a mighty sybilline and con-

* The Phrenologists, who know much more of human nature than they get credit for, make a powerful use of the egotism of mankind in propagating their doctrines. A man who has not a very strong judgment, seldom escapes, without conversion, the ordeal of having his development examined and criticised:—the science becomes quite a new thing to him: instead of a vague nomenclature, it is surrounded by a delightful personal interest. If the intellectual and beneficially active bumps are prominent, there is a bribe to conversion, which few can resist. But even if destructiveness should be found prodigiously large, and both veneration and conscientiousness nonentities, the glimpse of character so afforded is not without its pleasing associations. The examinee discovers that he has always had an impetuous disposition—he is sorry to say he really fears he is a very wild fellow—he never could be kept out of some devilry or another since his earliest boyhood:—there really appears to be great truth in the science.

cited saying. *Aspera me juvant*—"Difficulties delight me"—accompanies the unostentatious name of Low. *Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*—"I shall find a way, or make one"—attends an English family of the name of Wightwick. *Dei dono sum quod sum*, the motto of the Lumsden family, is more doubtful in what it arrogates—"By the gift of God I am what I am," is the literal translation; but then, what is he?—"Thank God, I am no worse than I am," is perhaps what is meant. *Aut pax aut bellum*—"Either peace or war"—is the self-sufficient text of the Donaldson family; but this is nothing to the *extinguo*—"I extinguish"—of the Dundasses. The Stewarts carry, *Fixus ac solidus*—"Firm and substantial"—a more utilitarian characteristic than one would expect to find appropriated in such a quarter,—it would do very well on 'Change. *Honeste vivo* (Hacket family) savours of the same philosophy: I live honestly, would be the literal translation, but there is little doubt that something more elevated than the poor virtue honesty is insinuated. *Touch not the cat but* [without] *a glove*,—held by a host of Highland families,—is of another complexion in its conceit,—it predicates scratches and blood. *Dinna waken sleeping dogs*,—somewhat of the same class—belongs, we believe, to one of the Robertson families: we have seen it most appropriately traced in the moulding of the portcullis-gate of the grim old tower of Craigievar, in Aberdeenshire,—a silent monitor calculated to startle the stealthy invader. The reader of Galt's novels may recollect his admiration of the mysterious spirit of defiance contained in the legend he picked up in Aberdeen;—*They have said: Quhat said they? Let them say.* The events that called forth the three sentences, not very logically connected, but possessing an eloquent unity peculiar to themselves, have never been traced. All that is known of the words, is, that they used to stand in front of the old building of Marischal College, carved in a form of letter apparently of a far more ancient date than that of the building itself. We do not know if any northern family holds this legend by way of motto. The Hewetson motto is very like a sententious abbreviation of it; it is simply,—*Let them talk. Noli me tangere*,—Touch me not,—belongs to the Grahams. *Noli irritare leonem*,—Don't irritate the lion,—is the still more pompous gasconade of some obscure families in the south; and the pious Sir Robert Inglis has, *Nobilis est ira leonis*,—Noble is the lion's wrath. *Qui me tanget pœnitebit*,—Whosoever shall touch me shall repent,—is the saying of one of the great Highland septs; and we daresay there is much reason in it at the present day; the penitence not being in sackcloth and ashes, but in chlorate of lime and sulphur.

The most savage mottoes are naturally found among the Irish and Highland septs, and the great Border families. Those of the Irish are generally sonorous war-cries, in their own wild tongue. *Crom a boo*, is the well-known whoop of the Fitzgeralds. It was with this that old Kildare burst on the church of Cashel, when he involved it in that memorable blaze, which he palliated to the Privy-council by saying, he never would have set the church on fire, if he had not believed that the archbishop was inside! *Forth fortune, and fill the fetters*, is the marauding tocsin of the Athole family. *Come to me, and I will give thee flesh*, belongs to another Highland name—we forget which; the crest being an eagle, and the flesh prepared for him, the flesh of men. *E'en do, and spare not*, is borne by the M'Gregors. The family of Peter bears the same sentiment latinised—*Usque fac et non parcas. Pereas nec parcas*—Though thou shouldst perish, spare not (?)—is the nobler device of the Lamonts. The Borderers do not waste so much breath in warlike defiance. There is a business-like air about their maxims—an eye to black cattle and broth. *I hope to share*, is the unassuming, but very intelligible, device of the Riddells. But this is not nearly so full and explicit as the motto of the great Cranstoun family—*Thou shalt want, ere I want.* There are other mottoes besides this, that seem as if they were made for men who now bear them. *If I can*, says Colquhoun of Killermont: no doubt of it. *Ne nimium*—Not too much—is Lord Aberdeen's motto: while the Rae family has *In omnia promptus*, which may be freely translated, Ready for anything. *Che sarà, sarà*, is the well-known motto of Lord John Russell. It is embodied in an expressive Scottish proverb—"He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar." *Video, et taceo*—I see, and hold my tongue—belongs to the Fox family. It is more characteristic of the name, than of the men who have held it. *Aspera virtus*—a not very translatable complaint of the difficulty of being virtuous, or perhaps brave—is the property of the Sinclairs. Lord Stanley boldly sports, *Sans changer*—Without change! while Sir James Graham, in his own vernacular, mumbles, *Reason contents me. Templa quam dilecta*—How beloved are the Temples—is the self-eulogium of the Buckingham Temple—the farmers' friend. When Lord Liverpool got his peerage, he assumed the words, *Palma, non sine pulvere*, which the Opposition translated, This is the reward of my dirty work. Swift was not so literal with Queen Anne's *Semper eadem*, which he paraphrased, Worse and worse.

There is much contradiction in the world of mottoes, especially on the subject of war. *Bella, horrida bella*—wars, horrid wars, (Lisle); and *beati pacifici*—blessed are the peacemakers, (Stewart,) make a strange contrast with *per ignem, per gladium*—by fire and sword, (Welby,) and *semper pugnare paratus*—always ready to fight, (Litchfield.)*

* We claim no credit for original research for these mottoes, having taken many of them from a little work called, "The Book of Mottoes," published in 1841. Not writing history, we are by no means fastidious about accuracy; and if we were so, we should require to look to some more erudite authority, if we may judge from the internal evidence of the translations in this little work. Take as one instance, *ex sudore vultus*, which we should naturally take to be a slight modification of the 19th verse of the third chapter of the vulgate edition of Genesis—"By the sweat of thy brow, &;" very different is our author's translation—"Beauty is produced by labour!" "This," he continues, alarmed apparently at the creature of his own imagination, "is probably but a lame translation of the motto borne by this old and respectable family [the Swettenhams] which being rendered literally

Some adages have a touch of jollity in them. *Oportet vivere*—Let us live, is borne by a family called Todd. Still better is *Dum vivimus vivamus*—While we live, let us live, or as the bard hath it, "As we journey through life, let us live by the way." Dr. Doddridge, who held it, was so scandalized by its decidedly jovial tendency, that he wrote a very pretty poetical comment to reverse the application:—

> Live while you live, an epicure would say,
> And snatch the pleasures of the present day.
> Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
> And give to God each moment while it flies.
> Lord! in my view let both united be.
> I live in pleasure when I live in Thee.

The position of the man who first said, *auxiliante resurgo*,—Being helped, I get up again, (Graham)—must have been suspicious. One can imagine the motto—*Cadenti porrigo dextram*—I hold out my right hand to the falling, (Pearse)—to have been the self-gratulation of his more steady boon companion. *Medio tutissimus ibis*—You will go most safely in the middle, (Senior,) and *Gang warily*, (Drummond)—seem well-meant advices for such occasions. What are we to make of *Gradatim plena*—full (or fou) by degrees, sported by one of the branches of the Gordon race? The late Lord Eldin's motto was—*Free for a blast:* and we daresay few who knew him doubted his being quite free for such exclamations.—We might now begin with the maxims adopted by municipalities, public companies, &c., which would afford us, in the pragmatical conceit they exhibit, perhaps a still more curious picture than the illustrations of individual arrogance; but we must have done. One, however, we cannot entirely pass by; that of the Inn-holders' Company of London, who, with some approach to desecration, say, "Come, ye blessed: when I was harbourless, ye lodged me." This is a caricature of the grasping statesman, who professes to dispose of his services at their high price solely for the public good. By the way, it has always appeared to us, that the favourite advice of the undertakers, *memento mori*, is very supererogatory. It means, strictly, Don't forget to die; as if the sable community were afraid that the negligence of the human race on this point might reduce their legitimate amount of "orders."

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is, 'Beauty,' or 'good appearance from *sweat*,' an allusion, though not a very elegant one, to the family name."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

Begone with antiquities! give us the worth
Of all that at present is good upon earth;
And of men, modes, and things let us e'en think the last
As good, if not better, than those that have past.
So away with your Old—give us everything New,
Except the strong friends that are feeling and true.

Let them prate of the lands that have for their creeds
The days that have gone, and their ancestors' deeds;
These titles oft cover a century's error,
While merit lies starving and truth hides from terror.
But give *me* that land where mind is a thing
That raises the humble as high as a king.

They may praise the bleak heath, where carnage was done,
Or the hill where false glory—by treachery was won.
But give me the plains that are gleaming with grain,
And have known only peace since the wild deer was slain;
Where the song of the labourer plucking his store
Is echo'd by wee things that sport round his door.

They may talk of their streams that have often run red
With the blood of a host, when day-light has fled;—
But give me the rivers whose births have been blest
By the Rainbow—that smiled as they leap'd from their nest;
And, dashing o'er mountains, they wind through the vale;
With no stain on the tides but the wide-spreading sail.

They may boast of their towers, where the green ivy hung;
But give me the regions whose battlements young
Hail the first sun of morning without weed or moss,
And bid him depart without mourning his loss;—
Rearing high their proud heads as they wend to their prime
And laugh at the efforts of tarnishing time.

They may sing of the palace whose glories are dead,—
Where croaks the sad raven and owls make their bed;
Where the dark winds of midnight scream round their hearth,
And winter-blasts howl in their desolate mirth.
But give me the land, whose delights still live on;
And whose hearts, like its hearths, are pure, glowing and warm.

No! no! my friend, no, the Old 's not for me.
I love the New land that is own'd by the free,—
Where the crags burst the skies with their wild-tufted heights,—
Where the cataracts play and the eagle delights,—
Where in grandeur and might the great waters meet,
And nature exulting, yet keeps her firm seat.

Then begone with antiquities! I'm for the worth
Of all that at present is good upon earth;
And of men and their countries I'd e'en think the last
As good, if not better, than those that have past.
So away with your Old—give me everything New;
Save those friends of my youth, who have hearts deep and true.

T. R. P.

TO THE CORN LORDS.

O, deaf to hear, and dim of sight to see
Just wrath approaching, long endurance stung
By hard oppression to uplift her tongue,
And cry for vengeance on your tyranny;—
Ye should be gods,—not men, whose infancy
Upon the breasts of mortal mothers hung;—
And strong as is your selfishness should be
The pow'r that nerves your arm: else have ye flung
The gauntlet rashly down. Prepare to stand,
(Ye apoplectic grown by gross excess,)
When *General Hunger* to sure victory
Leads forth his millions—grasp with tighter hand
Your cherish'd right of spreading wretchedness,—
For, lo, the hour to test your strength is nigh.

THE FURZE-CUTTERS.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

For the following narrative we are indebted to a fine old rebel—we beg his pardon,—to a fine old farming gentleman we should have said, who, about forty years ago, *was* a rebel, but who now, by virtue of a royal pardon, safe in his possession, is allowed technically to call himself a loyal subject, in something of the same way in which, by the agency of a special license, and an obliging priest, ladies of previously equivocal claims to perfection, are at last legally permitted to call themselves "honest women."

But no matter. May God forgive him, as did good George III.—And whatever at present may be his political principles, he is, we repeat, a fine old fellow; and has been distinguished for his bravery in the field, as an insurgent leader, as well as for his humane dispositions towards all foes who fell into his power, and therefore stood in need of his protection. So let us tell our story at once, or rather his story :—

At the battle of Ross, in 1798, he was high in command. After nearly twelve hours hard fighting against disciplined forces, whom they scarce more than outnumbered, his peasant army won the day—or, at least, seemed to have won it; but, for the want of a "Father Mathew" among them, lost it again, in a hand's-turn. The king's troops, whom they had beaten out of the little town, stole back upon them in the midst of a bestial carouse, and either butchered them in heaps in the streets, or scattered them in all directions over the adjacent country.

Our story-teller made many efforts to rally a small portion of the fugitives, but in vain; and in the twilight of the summer's evening, he stood almost alone, inside an arched entrance to the town of Ross, only awaiting his horse to be led to him, that he might himself ride hard for his life. In this position, and at this moment, his observations and his feelings were very painful. The spot on which he stood had been the scene, in the morning, of a considerable slaughter, by the pikemen, of detachments of the king's dragoons, together with a company of foreign mercenaries, belonging to a regiment whose acts, at that unhappy time in Ireland, disgraced the name even of civil warfare; and their bodies lay stiff all around, sternly reminding him of a brilliant success suddenly overclouded by a miserable infatuation.

Different observations tended, however, to assuage the keenness of his emotions, by otherwise occupying his mind. The body of a man, which he had supposed dead, suddenly stirred at his feet, and turned upon its back; and then he heard a deep rattling groan, and looked upon a corpse indeed. Stooping down, he saw the hands locked upon a crucifix; and more closely regarding the dress and features of the dead, he recognised the mortal remains of a poor wandering zealot, who, for hours during the hot struggle around him, in the early part of the day, amid showers of balls, and trampling of horses, had remained unhurt, holding up his crucifix, as he knelt almost prostrate, that such of the insurgents as were as great devotees as himself, might, under its sign, fight and conquer unharmed.

Here, however, he was now stretched at last, almost riddled, as our chronicler expressed it, with musket-bullets and bayonet-stabs.

And another figure, a more living one though, also attracted the notice of the observer. It was that of a woman, young and comely, with an oval face, blue eyes, light hair, and a strange smile upon her features; and, altogether, appearing greatly at variance with her present situation and employment. She sat upon the trampled sod, amid a group of the slaughtered Hessians; and she would turn up the face of one, and then, seemingly disappointed, mutter and smile, and even laugh; and having cut off, with a little billhook, the dead soldier's cartridge-box, she would push the body from her—and so proceed with another, and another. And in this young creature, our friend saw a rather old acquaintance. From the first victory of the Wexford insurgents at Oulart Hill, he remembered to have observed her actively engaged in every successful battle they had fought; and when it had been won, wandering over the ground in search of dead Hessians, and, it would seem, of such only: and if she found any, doing by them as she now did by those that were near her. Indeed, she was as well known to all the rebel force, as she had been to him. She was very fantastically attired; wearing a soldier's cap, a green flannel jacket, or rather jerkin, rudely fashioned, and adorned with cross-belts, and two old worsted epaulettes, one yellow, the other white. From under her quilted stuff-petticoat, her lower extremities appeared covered with military leggings. The jerkin was closely buttoned across her chest. She had no shoes on.

"We had been all as well acquainted with her history as we had been with herself," continued our narrator; "and deeply and fiercely did we all sympathize with it."

Now I felt alarmed for her. Although the greater portion of the royal troops had passed out of the town by another route, after our wretched runaways, still I had reason to believe that the survivors of the foreigners killed in the morning, had yet to quit it in pursuit of the flying drunkards; and better cutters-down on a retreat could hardly have been chosen. Under these circumstances the present was no place for her; therefore I approached and addressed her.

"Get up, *ma-colleen*, and take the road with me; all is lost, and we have not a moment to spare. The friends of those dead fellows around us will soon be on our backs: up, up; an honest lad, who fought well to-day, is bringing me my

horse ; and as I guess you can ride pillion-ways without a pillion, we may both have a good gallop for it yet."

She made no answer, only glancing upwards for a moment into my face, and then resuming her close scrutiny of, I believe, that of the last remaining subject of her strange interest : she muttered, however, these words to herself :—

" No, he isn't among them yet," and then smiled so grimly, that it was almost fearful to see such an expression on such a countenance.

"Come, come," I continued, "I hear the noise of my horse's feet trotting up the hill. Be ready to mount, or the next moment may be our last."

A horse, indeed, appeared, led by my trusty orderly, who, after our triumphant rush into the town, had undertaken to get my stout plebeian charger well-fed and well-groomed,—attentions of which, considering his previous work, I assure you he stood very much in need. But at first view I did not know the animal to be my own, he was so bedizened and adorned ; in fact, they had sent him to me clad in all the showy trappings of the horse of a noble militia colonel, who, in the beginning of the fight, had fallen a victim to a private vengeance on our part, caused by what *I*, at least, cannot otherwise name than as a murder, committed upon a very respectable individual, whom, before entering the town, we had in too much simplicity despatched with a flag of truce and parley. Looking at my roadster, however, a second time, I easily recognised him, as his serious and sad young groom Andy (I knew him only by that appellation, for, indeed, he had been but the acquaintance of the day) called him by his name, Snorter, that under which I had given him into Andy's charge ; and as the poor brute, replying to it, doubtless in recollection of services and kindness lately received, laid his nose on the man's shoulder.

I stept away from the young woman to meet Andy, took the horse from him, and telling him to remain for a moment where he was, returned to her side.

" Now, *mavourneen*," I resumed, " here is our horse, and so give me your hand till I help you up."

" And you *are* going to run away, General, and the day *is* lost ?" she asked, awakening to observation, with much energy.

" All too true," I answered ; " and let us talk no more about it, but be off."

" And this," she cried, suddenly springing up, and planting one foot upon a small piece of artillery, which that morning we had taken, but were afterwards compelled to abandon ; " and are we goin' to lave this after us ?—our own dear darlint little cannon, that cost the blood of many a *good boy** this morning."

" We must leave it behind," I replied ; " we have no help at hand to remove it.——Come, *colleen*, quick, quick !"

" No help to remove it ?" she queried : " put your horse to it, and he will remove it.——But no —you wont do that.—But who is that gawk over there ? Let him give his help with me, and we're able to do it together. Come here, come here, *mabouchal !*" she went on, beckoning to Andy.

The young man, since I left him alone, had been standing motionless ; his hands thrust into his breast, and his head hanging down—a very picture of woeful abstraction. Now, as the loud tones of her voice reached him, he started suddenly round, dropped his arms by his side, and poking out his neck, peered through the twilight at her.

" Quick, quick !" she resumed ; " quick, quick, you coward—if you are man enough to come at all ?"

He was soon close before her, now glaring into her face : and then he sprang backwards, loudly smiting his hands together, as he cried aloud—

" Virgin o' Heaven ! 'tis our poor Winnie !"

" Who ?—what ?—what Winnie ? And who are you ?—and what are you for sayin' at all ?"—and in her turn she peered into his face ; and then arose to the skies, like a rocket of sounds, as it were, her shrill terrific shrieks, as turning her back upon him she bounded to me, seized my hand, and frantically went on :—

" Help me up on the horse now, General, dear, and let us gallop ! Help me up, I say, before he lays a finger on me !"—and very little assistance did she require from me to spring, sitting sideways, to her appointed place.

From my previous information, I understood the meaning of all this.

" But I must interrupt myself here," continued the ex-rebel General. " I see I am a bad storyteller ; for, like a true Irishman, I have begun my story at the wrong end. And the best remedy I know for this is to retrace my steps, and account for the closing scene I have nearly completed for you, before I quite finish it. The evening is still young, and we can easily sit out more gossip."

We will pursue our old friend's tale in our own fashion.

CHAPTER II.

There was not in the county of Wexford, no, nor under the sun, a merrier pair of animals——grasshoppers, crickets, squirrels not even excepted—than Andy Doyle and Winnie Murphy. They were the children of faggot or furze-cutters, and followed themselves the occupation of their respective fathers and mothers. Living near to each other, they often met abroad, going to or returning from their day's work ; and——

We were about to explain at some length, why a certain event, by their joint coöperation took place ; but it will be as well to say at once, that, at a very early age, and with scarce more money between them than paid the priest's fees, they became man and wife ; that in a few days after the ceremony, they went to live together, in quite a new house, raised for them almost as quickly as Aladin's lamp could have done it, by their fathers, brothers, uncles, and cousins ; and composed of mud, fresh-cut sods, and other very primitive materials ; and situated on the edge of a little wild

* Brave boy.

tract of furze ground, upon the produce of which they were to live, and grow rich; and that, lastly, under its humble roof, or else side by side out of doors, among the furze-bushes, cutting and chopping them with their small billhooks, Andy and Winnie were as happy as the day was long.

At the time of their marriage, Wexford had gone far upon the road to civil warfare; but Andy remained unconnected with everything like illegal combinations; not indeed from any want of courage, for Andy was by nature a brave, although a good-humoured and mild-tempered fellow; but, in fact, he lived so far away from towns, and from politics, that he could not understand matters in debate, and was therefore indifferent to them. And inhis new capacity of husband, and with the first faint promise—just hinted to him by his shrewd mother-in-law—of his becoming, in the fulness of time, a father, the anxious poor lad saw additional reasons why be should keep himself out of harm's way. So on went Winnie and he, day after day, cutting furze, and making them into faggots, and selling them; and saying their prayers, morning and night, and going to mass and to confession, and to heaven too we trust; and, most remarkable of all, and notwithstanding our seeming half-sneer just now, the happy and sinless young couple did absolutely begin to grow rich—that is, rich for them. Andy, for instance, was now able to buy a horse and car to carry his furze to the next market town, instead of borrowing or hiring one from a neighbour;—and alas, alas, for the dangers of wealth! it was that very horse and car which, in the first instance, helped, notwithstanding his previous precautions, to plunge him over ears and eyes into more than his share of the evils and horrors of civil contention.

Returning one day from market, along the high road, from which branched a long and wandering *bosheen* leading to his cabin, he encountered a military party in search of vehicles to convey their luggage from a near barrack station; and Andy's new horse and car, and what was worse, Andy's self, as the most skilful, as well as the readiest carter they could find, were pressed into their service. And not a moment was he allowed to pause, or turn back, or look about him; but off he must go with the soldiers at once.

When first made aware of being thus kidnapped, Andy looked, as may well be supposed, very blank and confounded; then clutching his whip hard, and keeping his eyes on the ground, his face became very red; and lastly, his lips twitched, and the water stood in his eyes as he again appealed for leave of absence only for one moment. He might as well have held his tongue.

"But Winnie, Sir?" he continued, addressing the sergeant of the party—"murther-alive! won't I get lave to go and bid her good-by, and tell her what's happenin' to me?"

"Winnie, my lad?" asked the sergeant. "Oh, a sweetheart, I suppose; never mind; she'll wait till you come back, I promise you."

"Why, then, no, Sir, not a bit of a sweetheart: that's all passed and gone betwixt us; no, Sir, but poor Winnie Murphy, the little wife o' me; and I didn't lay my eyes on her since sparrow-chirp this morning; an' now what will she think has become of the horse and car and myself?"

There was a loud laugh among the soldiers, as they hurried off poor Andy towards a point farther than he had ever yet been from the spot where he was born; and for the first mile of his unwilling journey, wistfully did he look along the road into the face of every chance passenger, hoping to recognise the features of some neighbour who might undertake to convey to Winnie tidings of the misfortune that had overtaken him; but the night fell upon his useless scrutiny, and on he plodded at his horse's head, every moment going to cry like a child, and almost despairing of ever seeing home or wife again.

But Andy was a bad prophet to himself, only in not anticipating the real miseries that lay in store for him. Home and wife he did again see, though they were no longer home nor wife to Andy Doyle.

Sooner than he expected he was returning to his humble place of residence, his spirits lighter than even himself could have hoped, at the near prospect of remeeting the being most dear to him in the world, and of relapsing into all his old ways of seclusion, industry, and happiness. It was a dark night in May—the clouds were low and brooding; but this did not affect him. Sitting upon the side of his curiously-constructed car, he cracked his whip over the head of his delivered horse, making him trot on at a good pace, while he sang or whistled the merriest tunes with which his simple recollections of local native melody supplied him.

He was now within a very short distance of the point where he had to turn off the high road, up the *bosheen* to his cabin. The land, to either side of the road, being of a rocky, sterile nature, was scarcely fenced in; and almost its sole vegetation consisted of furze, furze, furze, covering little irregularities or mounds, with corresponding little valleys running irregularly between them; and no house was in view, nor, indeed, habitation of any kind; and for many miles, no living thing, human or bestial, had met his view. The night was chilly, too, as well as gloomy; and the drear silence, if we except the noise made by his own horse and car, was broken only by the occasional creak of the land-rail in some unseen meadow at a distance, and the melancholy murmurings of a yet more distant streamlet. But still Andy's chirping vivacity remained uninfluenced by the scene. He knew he should soon come to a house, ay, and to more than one house—that is, precisely to two houses, one after the other, which would fill his heart with a consciousness of human sympathy, more positive than he had experienced in the crowded streets of the town from which he was coming back. He arrived within view of the turn up to the *bosheen*, and could already perceive the first house of which he had been so fondly thinking. It was a cabin almost as humble as his own, except that time had allowed to come to a half perfection of growth a few wild bushes, and one sad alder tree, planted before its threshold, when it had been built for the reception of his wife's mother by her then youthful bridegroom. But that

young man, since become old, had lately died, and his widow lived quite alone in the poor edifice; and before proceeding up the *bosheen* to his own house, Andy had been arranging to knock up the good dame, and satisfy himself by one short question and answer, of the state of affairs under his own roof.

So, redoubling the threats of his whip around his horse's ears, he came closer and closer still to the old alder tree, which bent so sadly over its little clear fairy lake of spring water, shadowing a seat of turf that his own hand had assisted in building there. Another trot forward, and his trusty horse suddenly started, stopped, snorted, and swerved aside. Andy jumped off the car, held the animal by the head, and looked forward sharply to see what was the matter. There was a something a shade darker than the dark night, or even than the treble darkness cast by the alder tree upon the seat, and the patch of water beneath it; and this something had a wavering, yet monotonous motion. Andy felt a qualm of terror, and did not now in his heart blame his horse for his sudden freak. But he was, as we have intimated, courageous; so leaving the brute to do whatever he liked, he bounced forward, and stood within arm's length of the alder tree. A woman sat on the turf bench under it, closely wrapped up in her dark blue cloak, of which even the plaited hood was drawn over her face.

"Faix, an' no wonther, I say over agin," said Andy, "for poor Bridge Blackberry (his horse's name) to be frightened out of her siven sinses, to see such a fool of an ould woman sittin' in such a lonesome place, at such an hour o' the night. What brings her here, I wonther, the ould *banshee*? Mrs. Murphy, Mam!" he continued aloud,—he was beginning to have fears for home. At the sound of his voice, the figure ceased its rocking motion, and seemed shrinking from him, but he got no answer.

"Mrs. Murphy, will it be pleasing to you, Mam, to speak to poor Andy Doyle, that's come home to you all, this night, from the wars and the hardships of every kind?" He laid his hand on the shoulder of the person he addressed, who immediately started up, uttering a low shriek, as she ran to the door of the cabin, and knocked furiously at it.

"Divil's in the ould witch," resumed Andy, pulling off his hat, that he might scratch his head to his satisfaction,—"and what's come over her now?"

He was interrupted by the careful opening of the cabin door, upon the threshold of which, to his increased consternation, appeared, not quite attired, and her face fully recognisable by him even in the darkness, his mother-in-law, herself. The other figure darted by her side into the impenetrable gloom of the interior of the hut, and immediately became invisible.

"It was her own ould Fetch," resumed Andy, "come to knock her up out of her sleep, and give her her warnin'."

"It was not, Andy Doyle," replied the impressive tones of the old woman; "but can you tell me what it's all about?"

"Me!" answered Andy, "an' I axin' the whole o' ye for the last two hours the same question.—Murther an' ouns, *collough*,* make answer to me in one word,—who was it passed you in the open door-way?"

"If you didn't know before, I can make answer to that at laste,—it was your own wife, Winnie; she didn't hould the cloak tight round her face,—an' I had a good right to know her well."

"Crossa Cristhe be about us!" the poor lad staggered back, as he made on his forehead the sign he had named, "an' wouldn't spake a word to me, nor let me lay a hand on her body!"

"And why wouldn't she, Andy? And why did you dhrive her, schreechin' and moanin' into her mother's house, this blessed night?" demanded his mother-in-law sternly, and as if much inclined to scold him.

At this monstrous insinuation, Andy, losing temper, for perhaps the first time in his life, while his vague fears on his young wife's account grew stronger, almost jumped to the cabin door, and in nearly an authoritative voice cried out,—"Winnie! come out here, Winnie, and spake to me!"

"Mother, mother!" Winnie was heard to exclaim from within,—"don't let Andy Doyle come next or nigh me!—it's yourself, mother dear, I want to discoorse a word with, this black night! mother, keep him from the door!"

"An' I will, Winnie, I will," answered her mother. "Come, Andy Doyle, lave my place." She extended her arms across the door-way to keep him back.

"Blur-an-ages! don't cross me ould woman!" roared the hitherto mild Andy, forcing his way into the cabin. "Where are you Winnie?—let me see your face."

He received no answer except a wailing, that had the sound of heart-brokenness in it, reaching him from some quarter of the cabin, of which, in the thick darkness, he could not ascertain the exact place; and then, as if by instinct, he stumbled to the shelf on which his mother-in-law kept her rush-lights, and catching up from the hearth a smouldering sod of turf, which no one but an Irishman would have known to be useful on the occasion, soon lighted at the fitful flame, kindled from it, by his puffing breath, one of the primitive tapers mentioned; and holding this high above his head, he soon discovered, by its assistance, the person he sought. She had hastily snatched a low stool at the first faint flicker of the rush-light, and, evidently still to avoid her husband's scrutiny, now sat upon it with her face to the wall.

"Winnie," resumed Andy, "turn round and spake to me, I bid you——"

"I won't turn round to you, Andy, but I'll spake to you—that is a little—if you don't ax me, nor make me turn round,—or if you don't come near me, nor touch me," was poor Winnie's answer.

"Well, *a-chorra*, spake to me, at all events—and let your own poor Andy know what's the rason you forbid him to put an arm round you,

* Old woman.

for the first time in your life——*Musha*, I wonther is it jealous she'd be o' me," continued Andy, in a mutter to himself,—" on the head of Red Molly Mallay happenin' to meet wid me by chance the other day in the town beyant there—an' then runnin' home here to Winnie, an' bragging of it to her face? Winnie, *a-grah*," he resumed aloud, " don't be for givin' ear to any foolish stories that Moll *Rhu* would be tellin' you in regard of me an' herself, or of any other livin' girl or woman."

" Andy Doyle, I heard no such stories from any one, nor would I give ear to 'em if I had," replied the girl, in hoarse and broken tones; " an' I'll lay no blame of any kind upon you, Andy; an' though I'm no longer fit to be your wife—an,' though, Andy, *Machree*, we are never to come together agin,—never to share o' the same bit an' sup, or the same roof,—yet, Andy, I can lay no blame on myself either."

" What do you mane at all, then?" he demanded, as motioning his mother-in-law to take the rush-light from his hand, he sat down trembling upon a rude seat in the middle of the floor.

" You'll know it soon enough, Andy darlin'—soon enough tho' I can't tell it to you—soon enough, tho' my woman's tongue can never bring itself to spake of such sin an' such shame to the ear of any livin' man; but oh, Andy, *ma vourneen!* the shame an' the sorrow has come upon us in our early days, sure enough—an'—God forgive me for the word!—Did we deserve it, Andy? We were a very young couple, loving ache other with an honest love, an' we war rared up, as good Christhins ought to be rared; an' afore we married we went to our *duty*.* An' we prayed for a grace an' a blessin' on our life to come; an' our priest laid his hands on our heads and called us his good children; an' our fathers and mothers blessed us; an' now—but the will o' the Lord be done! Now, Andy, *ma-bouchal*——." The unhappy young creature interrupted herself by a succession of agonizing moans, while she clapped her hands loudly.

The old mother, who, holding the rush-light, had been sitting as near to Winnie as she could, having now caught, in consequence of the motion of her hands and arms, a full view of her face, here uttered a scream, and cried out—" there's blood on her cheek, an' on her hands, Andy!"

Repeating the word " blood," the poor young fellow leaped up, and was again about to approach Winnie, when she also suddenly arose, fully confronted him, and, flinging back the hood of her cloak, and extending her hands, in one of which she clasped her little billhook, answered, in a gurgling voice—" Yes, Andy, blood, blood, blood, but not my blood—*his* blood—*his*—an,' tho' I warn't strong enough for anything else, I marked him for you, Andy, *machree*, I marked him for you—I marked him for you so well, that you'll know him whenever you find him out, among a thousand. Lookee, Andy!" she extended the billhook—" I gave him with this, one good gash down the left cheek, from his eyebrow to his chin, that 'ill take more years than he can ever live in this world to hale up from your notice." Here she laughed in such a manner as, for the first time, hinted a wandering of the mind.

" Him? who? what?" stammered her husband, his veins frozen with fear and horror—" go on, woman—for the love of God go on!"

" No, no, no," she said in her previously wretched tones—" I tould you too much already, an' a word more you can never hear from me; but see here—go up to our house, an' maybe you'd find my sisther Nancy there—an' maybe she'd spake to you the words I'm ashamed to spake—ay, an' on her own account as well as mine—for *he* had a commerade, Andy—an' then come back here, an' I'll tell everything to my mother by the time you see us agin—an'——."

Without waiting for another word, Andy darted out of the cabin, and disappeared up the *bosheen*. In a few minutes he was again under his mother-in-law's roof. The old woman was alone, sitting on the ground, and wringing her hands, and weeping piteously.

" I know it all now, mother-in-law," he said, in the highest state of fierce excitement. " You needn't say a word—but where's Winnie?" staring round the cabin.

" Gone, Andy, my poor boy—gone from us both! She only whispered her few frightful words into my ear—an' then bid me not to cry; an' then she bid you not to cry—for that herself has never cried a tear since; nor ever would cry a tear, till she had found him for you!—an' then she kissed my lips, an' tould me to kiss yours for her, an' hurried out of the house."

Andy asked which way. The old woman could not tell him; for she had not strength enough to follow Winnie even to the door. Exclaiming that he would soon find her out, he again hastily quitted the humble abode. He was, however, unable to redeem his pledge. Far and wide he wandered in his search for a considerable time, but not even a trace of Winnie could he detect; nor, since that miserable night, did he ever again behold her, till the evening already mentioned, after the battle of Ross. It should be, indeed, mentioned, that he had not at all sought her in the camps or haunts of the insurgents, whose presence he had rather shunned till the day before the eventful one alluded to by our old ex-General; and then a sudden thought of revenging her in the field of battle came into his mind, and he as suddenly acted upon it. Once only he imagined he might have got a glimpse of her; though he hoped in his heart that it would not prove to have been her. He was roaming a good distance from his home, through the old woods of Killaughrin; it was evening; the twilight had fallen, and the shades of the ancient oaks above his head added to its depth, while they also threw around a greenish hue, as if imparting to the air their own colour. At the end of an extensive vista, he saw the figure of a woman, her back turned to him, kneeling amid the tall spare grass, and seemingly absorbed in prayer; for he could perceive that she occasionally lifted up her clasped hands, or bent herself prostrate on

* Confession, and the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

the ground. He ran stealthily towards her, but she must have heard his step a good way off; for she suddenly arose, and, without once glancing behind her, plunged into the thickest part of the wood, and Andy's pursuit was vain.

And why did he hope it might not have been Winnie he saw? Because, returning to the spot where he had seen the kneeling figure, he discovered there, half hid among the rank herbage, a little mound of almost fresh earth, with a little flat stone, having a cross rudely scratched on it, placed upright at one of its ends: and, oh! the fear that fell upon Andy's heart was terrible!—for he believed his poor Winnie to be now mad; and, recollecting the state in which the young mother had abandoned her home, what might not madness have perpetrated upon her prematurely-born infant? Was it, indeed, a baby's grave? Again—Andy's heart sickened, and he had not the courage to try, but ran as fast as he was able out of the wood.

We conclude in the words of the original narrator of this little tragedy of humble life.

"You remember," he said, "the incident at which I interrupted myself, when we were within the arched entrance to the town of Ross. Winnie, with scarce any assistance from me, had vaulted to my horse's back, sitting sideways behind the saddle, after having frantically petitioned me to gallop as fast as my steed could go, from Andy's presence and touch. I was preparing to comply with her wishes, when I heard the noise of running feet, with a clattering of horses' hoofs, yells, and what I knew to be pistol shots, coming up the steep ascent of the suburb street behind us. I jumped to my saddle, poor Andy remaining paralyzed; but before I could use my spurs, I caught the whiz of more than one bullet by my ears, and saw Winnie fall to the ground. I was on my feet again in an instant, standing over her. Andy, snatching up a pike that lay near him, turned his face to the approaching tumult. A few of our drunkards, now sober enough, came racing past us. I knew that their pursuers were Hessians, by the peculiarity of the shouts and cries that I still heard. I jumped once more into my saddle, but my horse's head was now turned to the town; and although my right arm remained (I may venture to say it without either exaggeration or boasting) stiff, swollen, and even pained, from having made it do its duty in a certain way for many previous hours, my sword was also out of its scabbard, and then spurring between our fugitives and the arched way leading out of the town, I succeeded, by a few words of hasty and impassioned exclamation, in making some of them turn and stand to me. A pike was soon in the hands of each of them. I had argued from the small number of the flying Croppies, that the Hessians in their rear would be still fewer; and I was right; only three of the atrocious scoundrels now appeared on the brow of the ascent, jabbering their horse-language through the nasty tufts of hair on their lips, and yelling like demons; but as Hessian demons alone could yell. We gave them, as they approached, a manly, Christian-like, Irish cheer in return; and while it was yet ringing round their ears, I had the slight gratification of seeing one of them tumble head foremost from his saddle, in consequence of a pretty well directed bullet fired from one of Lord ——'s holster pistols. Andy Doyle dragged a second of them to the ground, and piked his body piecemeal. The third was scarce a mouthful each for the pikes of the fellows I had rallied before the arch-way. A parcel of hungry hounds might as well be said to have had a meal on the carcass of one vagabond fox.

"Away with you now, boys," I cried, "and run for it as fast as you like."

In a few seconds Andy, Winnie, and I were alone. But Winnie did not appear on the spot where I had left her stretched. She had feebly crawled to the side of the Hessian, whom Andy had settled accounts with,—he having parted from the mangled corpse, to help his friends in another quarter. Now he ran to my side, staggering however; and unfortunate young fellow, he too was bleeding—ay, and bleeding to death. Alas, I now remembered to have heard a shot near him, when he first pulled the Hessian from his horse.

"Where is she?" he screamed, "where is she?" Her maniac laughter directed us where to find her. I was obliged to assist him to her. She was kneeling, although wavering as she knelt, over the dead and hacked carcass of that damned ruffian and villain.—Here our old croppy ground his teeth, and his eyes flashed from beneath his frowning white eyebrows.—And one of her hands was extended over his left cheek. We spoke to her together—poor Andy in but feeble tones, as he dropt at her side. Mad, exhausted, and dying as she was, she knew her young husband at a glance;—and laughing again—Oh, I almost hear that laugh still, and my blood runs cold at it—"It's himself, Andy!" she hoarsely whispered, for she could do no more: "here's the mark I put on him for you, and well did you find it out; and well did you reward me for my throuble in putting it on him. And now, kiss me, Andy: I give the lave for it now—kiss me, my darling of the heart—kiss me, my own *grau-gal*;*—and hurry, hurry, Andy, while I have the time."

She did not know she was speaking to his corpse. She threw herself upon it, embraced it closely, and kissing his lips almost reverently,—the poor young pair lay dead together.

I was obliged to leave them on that unhappy spot, just as the moon began to gleam over their young and comely, though now distorted features; and, "oh!" I cried with a groan, while my tears fell fast, "I wish that my countrymen, of every degree and class, could be made acquainted with this one simple illustration of civil warfare!"

* Darling boy.

THE POETS OF THE DAY.*

REVIEWED BY BON GAULTIER.

We have been in Arcadia! With a cup of coffee in one hand, and a buttered roll in the other, we wandered at breakfast time into its smiling valleys. Noon-day found us, reckless of tiffin, sauntering adown its sunny slopes in elegant flirtation, with a brace of shepherdesses. "That tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," pealed its usually welcome chime at the accustomed hour. To us it seemed but the "drowsy tinkling" of the wether's bell, lulling the distant folds, for we were just then in the very crisis of a declaration to a naïad of the stream, that glittered through the mazes of a sacred grove; and we saw that the fair Egeria, like more mortal maidens, could not withstand the irresistible eloquence of our Irish tongue five minutes longer. But nature will reassert her legitimate rights, despise them as we may; and the clamorous demands of an empty stomach have at last recalled us to the realities of life. Why should we conceal it? Those shepherdesses we spoke of turned out to be the wedded mothers of large families; and the Naïad of the brook, just as we thought she was about to sink confidingly into our arms, spied a juvenile satyr trotting through a distant alley—a great blear-eyed monster, with a beard like an old clothesman's—and in a moment she had bolted from our embrace, and was off after him. Picture our disgust, when, a few minutes afterwards, we caught a glimpse of the pair, reclining, as Maria Darlington says, "on a mossy bank, and making the grove reëcho with their kisses." After such a discovery, is it to be wondered at that we emancipated ourselves forthwith from the trance into which we had been transported? Our *amour propre* was wounded. We uttered a malediction against the whole crew of nymphs, naïads, shepherdesses, and fauns,—vowed, that if we were to be jilted, it should be by good substantial flesh and blood; and ordered up half a hundred weight of mutton chops, and several bottles of port, upon the strength of our resolution. But, alas! we found we were insensible to their attractions. Our taste for these transient and sublunary dainties was irretrievably spoiled; as young ladies, to the dismay of their mammas, and disgust of their sterner parents, scowl at the pigeon-pie or saddle of mutton, after a forenoon debauch on pastry and ices at Littlejohn's. "The ampler ether, and diviner air" of the region we had spent the day in, had sublimated our appetites, and nothing short of ambrosial fare, washed down with goblets of nectar, could have pleased us;

> For we on honey-dew had fed,
> And drank the milk of Paradise.

Yes, like the bard of old, we have been in Arcadia. But much pondering, as we have since done, the injury which the excursion has inflicted upon our appreciation of earthly viands, we are almost inclined to say with Touchstone, that "when we we are at home, we were in better place; but travellers must be content."

Mr. David Twaddell, Mr. David Twaddell—by the by, that name of yours is not the most poetical in the world: it is you upon whom we must charge the sin of our having, like Titus, lost a day, to say nothing of our dinner. As one of your own well-beloved poets has it,—"Oh thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my brother!" What mischievous gnome prompted thee to amass the treasures of "the poets of the day,"—to pilfer from magazine and newspaper the orient pearls of verse that irradiate their dingy pages,—to bring together these tiny orbs of song, and send them spinning through a portly octavo,—a very milk and watery way in the firmament of poesy? Smifzer, Smauker, Jones, Timms, Smelt, Wiggins, Hobbs, Dobbs, Snobbs, Smith, Jenkins, and Smortolk,—we could endure their individual brightness in the poet's corner of a rankly smelling Sunday paper; but their concentrated radiance is too much even for our eyes, though, like the eagle, we have flashed them against the sun itself in many a daring flight. Like the ecstatic Mantalini, we shrink from the blaze, exclaiming—"Oh this is too beautiful—too demd beautiful!"

And yet, after all, it was a noble thought to open a Foundling Hospital for those stray bantlings of the muse, that, by the law of their existence, are foredoomed to everlasting contempt and oblivion. Such an idea could have been conceived only by a nature of the finest and most disinterested sympathies. The book might not sell—nay, it could not sell—sure we are, at least, that no reader of ours will ever stumble upon a copy of it. But that is by no means an uncommon occurrence with Mr. Twaddell's books; and in his enthusiasm for kindred genius, he was prepared to forego all minor considerations, and to devote his great abilities to the compilation of the work, on the distinct understanding that he was to receive a handsome *douceur* from such of the "Poets of the Day" as could afford it, for admission into his list of noble and illustrious authors. And we must do Mr. Twaddell the credit to say, that he has performed his task ably. Till we had perused his work, we had no idea, albeit on terms of great familiarity with the Annuals, what an amount of poetical talent was afloat around us—that, in fact, we were moving amid a very chaos of breaking and broken hearts, and that "deep thoughts," and "flowery thoughts," and "anguished thoughts," and fairy thoughts," and heaven knows how many more kinds of thoughts, were labouring in the bosoms of all the Snookses and Brookses, whom, in our benighted ignorance, we conceived, from our own daily observation, not to have one idea to rub against another. The age of chivalry and romance may be gone; but who shall say that poetry is dead, in the era which has given birth to the shady grandeurs of "*Pandemonium, by*

* Edited by David Twaddell, Esq., Author of "Reminiscences of Grub Street." London, royal 8vo, 1842.

Alfred Peltirogus," or the Anacreontic elegance of "*Gleams of Glenlivet, by Jaspar Whiskipunchovicz?*" But why do we single out these, when Mr. Twaddell's entire volume bears upon its face the strongest evidence, that the poetic voice "that hourly speaks within us," still soars triumphantly above the clatter of Corn Law agitation, steam-engines, and spinning-jennies?

It is a beautiful book, this of Mr. Twaddell's,—a casket worthy to contain such priceless gems. The paper is the best thick post wove; the printing wonderful, when we consider the notoriously bad spelling of female authoresses and amatory poets, who supply the staple of the contents; and the engravings distinguished by the same force and vigour of handling, which, in the Keepsake and other Annuals, have added new insipidity to the taste of the drawing-room and boudoir. It is, perhaps, almost superfluous to add, that the subjects of the illustrations are furnished by Royal academicians of the most distinguished eminence and incapacity. But the charm of the book lies in the little biographical sketches of the authors, with which the editor has interspersed it. He brings those gifted beings, on whose rhapsodies we have hung enraptured, before our eyes, "in their habits, as they lived." Mr. Twaddell does not fatigue us with fine psychological speculations on their mental phenomena, like your prosy Coleridges, Schlegels, Hegels, Lessings, and De Quinceys. He paints a genius by his small clothes, and fixes a characteristic in a twist of the cravat. With a minuteness truly charming, he details an author's annual outlay upon kid gloves and eau-de-Cologne; and if you do not know the height of his hero, in his stocking-soles, to a hair, it is not Mr. Twaddell's fault. How charming it is to be assured, for instance, that the beautiful authoress of "The Cockatoo of Koordistan" takes her tea without sugar, and that the bard of the "Songs of Fashionable Life"—our readers are, of course, aware that we allude to the accomplished Smuggins—is given to the elegant indulgence of picking his teeth with a three-pronged fork. It is nothing to tell us that Sir Simper Whiffle has the most playful fancy, and the most polished diction of any lyrist of the day: but it *is* a satisfaction to know, with the certainty which Mr. Twaddell's unquestionable accuracy warrants us in entertaining, that he draws his inspiration from devilled biscuit, and sherry and water. In such items of useful information Mr. Twaddell's sketches abound; and, as a whole, we are prepared to state, with confidence, that his share in the work before us fully supports the reputation he at once achieved throughout Europe and the minor literary circles by his "Reminiscences of Grub Street." But "*revenong a no mootong,*" as Mr. Yellowplush says.

Mr. Twaddell strikes the key-note of the volume in a dedication to Prince Albert, whose portrait, by the way, with singular appropriateness, flourishes as frontispiece to the volume. Without one word of preface, we usher it into our readers' presence, in the perfect assurance that it cannot fail to make the proper impression on their minds.

DEDICATION TO PRINCE ALBERT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Illustrious scion of a noble line,
That rules o'er realms of sourest kraut and wine;
Thou, who has felt the Muses' cheerful flame,
And lisp'd in numbers, when—the numbers came;
Sire of a tome, ne'er criticised but gently,
Published, price one pound one, by Richard Bentley;
Thou who canst gratify the Nation's hopes,
And yet find time for crotchets and for tropes;
To thee we bring—the candle of the Blues—
Decoctions of a barley-water Muse:
Accept the gift presented at thy throne,
And make the feeble fluid all thine own.

Long might my muse this volume's worth unfold,
Its silken boards, its edges bright with gold,
Its jetty type, its paper's mellow tints,
And last, not least, in our dear love, the prints;
But why of these remind your Highness, when
Your Highness has got eyes like other men?
Your portrait, painted for this work expressly,
By that distinguished artist, C. R. Leslie,
As frontispiece, the rapt attention fetters,
A proof of loyalty before the letters.
So thy fair image all abroad shall run,
Beloved of all, yet loving only *one*,
That gentle partner of thy silent hours,
Who shares thy fame, and stimulates thy powers,
To wield the poet's pen, the painter's brush,
And wake sweet music's transcendental gush.

Yet is it not thy noble Saxon blood,
Thy line of ancestors before the Flood,
'Tis not thy ermined stole, or pomp of state,
The crowd of lackies that infest thy gate,—
'Tis not for these we seek thy presence now,
To place our chaplet on thy laurell'd brow.
No! scan these pages, and on every leaf,
See kindred genius claim thee for its chief,
And, vainly emulous of thy renown,
Write sometimes up to thee, and sometimes—down.

I ask not thanks,—but, if your Highness should
Think this poor lay deserves *some* gratitude,
I'd not refuse—so generous is my thrift—
Any snug place within your royal gift,
Where duties light, and very ample pay,
Might make me bless thy name each quarter-day.
So should I ne'er your princely ear abuse,
With the dull strains of a plethoric muse;
But pray that you may long be spared to grace
Your lofty sphere, and found a royal race,
Filling all Windsor with the noise uproarious,
Of little Alberts, and of small Victorias.

There are points in this Dedication, which puzzle us. The allusion to the Prince's works, which, however, we will say with confidence, as we have never seen them, do equal credit to his head and heart, is rather ambiguous; and, if we could suspect Mr. Twaddell of what Lord Brougham calls "the degrading faculty of sarcasm," we might have been tempted to say that he had indulged it here. But no! though "gentle dulness ever loves a joke," it is plain that Mr. Twaddell was never more serious than on the present occasion. What a fine compliment to his Royal Highness is conveyed in the idea, that he stands in a *juste milieu*, so nicely balanced between the extremes of poetical fervour that the whole tribe of authors, smitten with emulation of his position,

Write sometimes up to him, and sometimes—down.

It would have puzzled Pope to pen an encomium more delicate; and if it be possible to tag on one other encumbrance to that glory of our country, the Pension List, Prince Albert cannot, with that liberal nature of his, turn a deaf ear to the delicat

suggestion of the poet, as to a personal provision, in the concluding paragraph. We shall expect to see Mr. Twaddell promoted to a clerkship of the "Board of Sewers," at least, in an early *Gazette*. In the course of nature, too, the Laureate's bays and butt must soon be going a-begging. Mr. Twaddell tells us he is fond of sherry; and we would back him for a dozen of that same fluid against Elkanah Settle himself, at a Birth-day Ode. When, therefore, the time comes, her Majesty's Ministers know where to look for a Laureate.

To pass from the presence-room at Windsor, to a private nursery, is a transition somewhat abrupt; but there is something so appropriate in the lines we are about to quote, that we are induced to make it. And here we would remark, that the loyalty of our national character is illustrated in nothing more strongly than in the tendency to call our sons and daughters after the scions of royalty. The number of Victorias that we know is incredible; and Albert Edwards, will soon, we expect, be as plentiful as blackberries. The lines in question are supposed to be addressed by Mr. Albert Sacks of the Coburg, who does "the general utility business," at that popular place of entertainment, and who baptized his infant son "Albert Edward," the very day after the royal christening. Mr. Frederick King, the well-known dealer in Prussian blue, stood godfather on the occasion, and it is to him the public owes the following address:—

TO THE YOUNG ALBERT.

Earth has many joys, but none
Like the father's in his son;
Earth has many a fairy creature,
Light of limb, and bright of feature,
  Lovely surely they be!
But it holds no sight so fair,
  To a father's eyes,
As a little son and heir
Swaddled round and round with care,
  Winking with its little eyes,
  A chubby little baby!

See it on its nurse's lap
  With its rosy face
Peeping from its lacèd cap
All about the place;
How it mumbles down its pap
  With a pretty grace!
How it rubs its little thumbs
All against its little gums,
  Throws its little hands
Round and round its little head,
With its fingers all outspread,
While its little voice is crowing,
Like proud Chanticleer's a-going
  'Mong his feathered bands.

Sullen fit, domestic quarrel,
  What are they to him!
Be his nurses bad or moral,
Leave him but his bells and coral,
  They may sink or swim.
He is ever blithe, and chirrups
O'er his caudle, o'er his syrups,
  Ever wild with frolic;
Save, perchance, his little wits
Are perplexed with teething fits,
  Or a twinge of colic.

Twinge of colic, teething fits,
Much perplex his little wits,
  Make him peak and pine,
Teach the tiny elf to know
Something of the pain and woe,
Which, when that Old Snake prevailed,
Was upon our race entailed
  Through the female line.
But thou root of rhubarb yellow,
  Fragrant leaf of senna,
Come, like saintly thoughts that hallow,
Gripes and griping pangs to mellow,
Set at rest the little fellow,
  Save him from Gehenna!

Dearest love, my toddy's done—
  We may wander bedward;
But up stairs first let me run
To embrace our darling son—
  Our little Albert Edward.
Sweetest love, this evening all
He's done nothing else but squall:
Let me try what I can do
  To pacify the little grumbler.
I'll give him sugar in his pap,
I'll dandle him into a nap;
And in my absence, dearest, you
  Can mix yourself another tumbler.

Windsor Castle, 27th January, 1842.

One of the most charming domestic poems ever penned—redolent of caudle, steaming with the fragrance of what that unfortunate cockaigner, Johnny Keats, calls "lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon," and all the other sugary nutriments of babyish existence. If the editor of the "Infant Annual" does his duty, these lines must lead off his very next volume. Mothers will smile over them, as only mothers can do; and fathers will forget the anxieties of their state, to think that poetry can invest it with such charms. Had the authorship of the lines been left by the editor to surmise, we should, certainly, from the internal evidence, have traced them to a *high quarter*. The date, "*Windsor Castle*," might also have been taken as favouring this conclusion, if the well-known letter of a gentleman, who is said to be member for Edinburgh, had not made it doubtful, whether Windsor Castle really means Windsor Castle, or only "*The Castle*" at Windsor.

But we may not linger on this theme—for behold on the next page blazes, what for us has irresistible attractions—"*An Eastern Serenade*." The East! To us, there is magic in the word—transporting us to those the days of our green youth, when Moore and Byron held the monopoly of song, and orientalism raged with a scimitar in one hand and a *bouquet* of acacia blossoms in the other, through the length and breadth of the demoralized British islands. Then we could tell a Giaour from a Ghebir, better than Hamlet knew a hawk from a hernshaw. The land of the cypress and myrtle was as familiar to us as the coast of Fife. Standing on Leith pier, we have fancied ourselves gazing on the waters of the breezy Bosphorus. In short, our whole soul, like the atmosphere of a civic banquet, was redolent of Turkey and of Greece. And even now, though that delicious diet (for, alas! life cannot be one continued Christmas feast!) hath somewhat palled upon our senses, we can still yield to its fascinations, with something of the passion of a first love; and never did Ulysses' boatswain listen more eagerly to the song of that

Syren, Sal Slammock, whose musical abilities are so highly spoken of by Homer, than do we to the

EASTERN SERENADE.

BY THE HONOURABLE SINJIN MUFF.

The minarets wave on the plains of Stamboul,
And the breeze of the evening blows freshly and cool;
The voice of the musnud is heard from the west,
And Kaftan and Kalpac have gone to their rest.
The notes of the Kislar reëcho no more,
And the waves of Al Sirat fall light on the shore.

Where art thou, my beauty! where art thou, my bride!
Oh, come and repose by thy Dragoman's side!
I wait for thee still by the flowery tophaik—
I have broken my Eblis for Zuleima's sake.
But the heart that adores thee, is faithful and true,
Though it beat 'neath the folds of a Greek Allah-hu!

Oh wake thee, my dearest! the muftis are still,
And the Tshocadars sleep on the Franguestan hill;
No sullen Aleikoum—no Derveesh is here,
And the mosques are all watching by lonely Kashmere;
Oh, come in the gush of thy beauty so full,
I have waited for thee, my adored Attar-gul!

I see thee—I hear thee—thy antelope foot
Treads lightly and soft on the velvet cheroot,
The jewell'd amaun of thy zemzem is bare,
And the folds of thy palampore wave in the air.
Come, rest on the bosom that loves thee so well,
My dove! my Phingari! my gentle gazelle!

Nay, tremble not, dearest! I feel thy heart throb,
'Neath the sheltering shroud of thy snowy kiebaub;
Lo, there shines Muezzin, the beautiful star,
Thy lover is with thee, and danger afar—
Say, is it the glance of the haughty Vizier,
Or the bark of the distant Effendi, you fear?

Oh, swift fly the hours in the garden of bliss,
And sweeter than balm of Gehenna, thy kiss!
Wherever I wander—wherever I roam,
My spirit flies back to its beautiful home.
It dwells by the lake of the limpid Stamboul,
With thee, my adored one! my own Attar-gul!

Had Byron been alive, or Moore not ceased to write, we should have bidden them look to their laurels; for every one must see, that

> Their verse at best is but insipid stuff,
> Beside the strong potheen of Sinjin Muff.

Nonsense, says Dryden, shall be eloquent in love; and here we find the axiom fairly tested,—for in this eastern serenade are comprised nonsense and eloquence in perfection. But, apart from its erotic and poetical merits, it is a great curiosity, as exhibiting, in a very marked manner, the singular changes which the stride of civilisation, and the bow-string of Sultan Mahmoud, have made in the Turkish language and customs within a very few years. Thus, we learn, from the Hon. Sinjin Muff, that a "musnud," which, in Byron's day, was a sofa, now signifies a nightingale. A "tophaik," which once fired away in Moore's octosyllabics as a musket, is metamorphosed into a bank of flowers. "Zemzem," the sacred well, now makes shift as a *chemise;* while the rallying cry of "Allah-hu" closes in a stanza, as a military cloak. Even Gehenna, the place of torment, is mitigated into a valley, rich in unctuous spices. But the most singular of all these transmutations, in the Turkish vocabulary, is that of the word "Effendi," which used to be a respectful epithet applied to a Christian gentleman, but is now the denomination of a dog. Most of these changes are certainly highly poetical; and while we admire their ingenuity, we do not impugn their correctness. But with all respect for the Honourable Sinjin Muff, (who, Mr. Twaddell tells us, is a distinguished oriental scholar, having once sailed from Malta to Constantinople in a steam-boat, and lived upon figs and soda water all the way,) we think that, in one or two instances, he has sacrificed propriety at the shrine of imagination. We do not allude to such little incongruities as the waving of a minaret, or the watching of a mosque. These may be accounted for; but who—who, we ask with some earnestness, ever heard of cheroots growing ready-made among the grass, or of a young lady keeping an appointment in a scarf trimmed with mutton cutlets? We say nothing to the bold idea of the Dragoman, who snaps Eblis in twain, as a gardener might do a frosted carrot; but we will *not* give up our own interpretation of "Kiebaubs," seeing that we dined upon them not two months ago at the best chop-house in Constantinople.

Among the bards of Eastern song, who enrich Mr. Twaddell's volume with orient pearls dragged from the very mire of obscurity, none have signalized themselves more conspicuously than Mr. Abiram Lewti, a young gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, who, we learn, was introduced to Mr. Twaddell's notice by an accident strictly personal,—indeed, domestic in its character. It appears from that gentleman's narrative, that having formed a determined resolution to convert certain portions of his wardrobe, (of which he has favoured us with a minute catalogue,) into an equivalent in her majesty's currency, he had been on the look-out for a respectable agent to whom he might intrust the conduct of so important and delicate a negotiation. Passing over his interesting, but somewhat prolix narrative of a series of visits to Monmouth and Holywell Streets, we come at once to his first meeting with the singular and "talented" subject of the memoir:—

I was wandering, (says Mr. Twaddell,) slowly, and if, the truth must be told, rather pensively, down Holborn Hill. Repeated rejections of my literary lucubrations by a variety of magazines, had somewhat damped my enthusiasm, and ruffled my temper. The reader will, therefore, hardly be surprised, when I aver, that neither the brilliant display of saveloys and rump-steaks in the windows, nor the frequent remarks of the passers by, (expressed in such terms as these, "That's Twaddell! There goes the Great Metropolitan! Lord bless him! That's one of the 'Popular People!' Hooroar for Twaddell! There he goes with his eye out! &c.)" could distract my attention from the all-absorbing current of my thoughts. Suddenly, I felt some one touch my elbow, and a low and musical, though slightly husky, voice breathed into my ear the following singular interrogatory,—

"Any Old Clothes, Sir?"

I started, looked round, and at once recognized, in the individual who accosted me, the unmistakeable stamp of genius. He was a young man, apparently about four-and-twenty, gaudily, rather than neatly, dressed, with, I should say, a decidedly Jewish cast of mind and countenance. His skin, if duly purified from a rough and somewhat scaly epidermis, would have been of a delicate pease-soup tint; his eyes were dark, penetrating, and expressive, with an inclination towards each other, which blended their mutual lustre at a point, distant, certainly, not more than half an inch from a nose that might have riveted attention upon the Aquiline Hill, in the days of

the Cæsars. On his head, with daring originality, he wore three hats piled one above the other; and under his left arm he carried a large, rusty, but well-filled bag, of somewhat extravagant proportions. This was no other than ABIRAM LEWTI, the young Jew bard of Whitechapel East.

The reader must excuse us, if we omit Mr. Twaddell's conversation with the interesting stranger, which was conducted in a neighbouring pot-house, and seems to have terminated in a manner equally satisfactory to both the contracting parties. Neither, unfortunately, can we afford space for the protracted narrative of a supper, at which social meal Mr. Twaddell subsequently entertained the tuneful descendant of Abraham; nor the graphic details of his horror at the sight and smell of a savoury dish of pork sausages, which formed the only dish. Enough for us to know, that Mr. Twaddell, with that editorial dexterity in which he is unrivalled, succeeded in eliciting from his friend sundry choice specimens of Israelitish versification, from which it gratifies us to select the following:—

LAY OF THE LEVITE.

BY ABIRAM LEWTI.

There is a sound that's dear to me,
  It haunts me in my sleep;
I wake, and, if I hear it not,
  I cannot choose but weep.
Above the roaring of the wind,
  Above the river's flow,
Methinks I hear the mystic cry,
  Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

The exile's song, it thrills among
  The dwellings of the free,
Its sound is strange to English ears,
  But 't is not strange to me;
For it hath shook the tented field
  In ages long ago,
And hosts have quailed before the cry
  Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

Oh lose it not! forsake it not!
  And let no time efface
The memory of that solemn sound,
  The watchword of our race.
For not by dark and eagle eye,
  The Hebrew shall you know,
So well as by the plaintive cry,
  Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

Even now, perchance, by Jordan's banks,
  On Sidon's sunny walls,
Where, dial-like, to portion time,
  The palm-tree's shadow falls,
The pilgrims, wending on their way,
  Will linger, as they go,
And listen to the distant cry,
  Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

Quis, talia fando, temperet a lachrymis?

For ourselves, when the first tearful gush of our emotion was over, we searched out every venerable article of wearing apparel in our possession, and they were not a few, and sending to the front of the Register Office,

That pile, where many a saffron Levite lurks,
And begs old clothes from starving writers' clerks,

for one of the fraternity, we handed over our decayed suits to him in the gross for a very bagatelle,—an old song. Such is the power of poesy! Our whole sympathies were stirred for the fallen race, and we vowed that Judah should not want a banner, so long as we had a pair of antique inexpressibles to suspend crosswise, like the Moslem horse-tail, upon an upreared pole. We had travelled with La Martine, through the Holy Land; but nothing, in all his pilgrimage, touched us so deeply as that still recurring burden, of "Clo!—Old Clo!" We became "an Ebrew Jew" for the time, and its plaintive cadence thrilled upon our souls, like the piping *Ranz des vâches* upon the expatriated Swiss, or the mellifluous breathings of the bagpipe upon an exiled "*dhuinewassel.*"

But we hasten to relieve the melancholy of our mood, by lighter strains; and those of Mr. Jonas Smifzer, and Mr. Jeremiah Smauker, come most opportunely to our aid. "*Love and Liquor; or, The Sentimental Pot-boy,*" by Smauker, is conceived in a strain of finely-blended blackguardism and maudlin, which would render it invaluable to certain periodicals that shall be nameless. But for elegant insipidity, and the pomp and circumstance of language unencumbered with meaning, commend us to "*The Blind Old Milkman,*" in terza rima by Smifzer. "Smifzer," as Mr. Twaddell says, with the discrimination of a Longinus, "has more smoothness,—Smauker more force. Smauker startles, upon occasion, with an almost Milesian fervour,—Smifzer soothes with a tenderness that drivels in dulcet and well-nigh Lesbian measures. When we stumble upon such lines in Smauker, as

No joys serene, no calm delights they knew,
But wildly soaked their clay, till all was blue,

the vigour of the conception certainly pleases, but the rough daring of the expression somewhat offends us. But in Smifzer, the coarsest images are clothed in a graceful pomp of diction, that divests them of half their grossness; and we are told,—as in his well-known description of a cow-house,—of

The pungent odours of digested hay,

without even a momentary sensation of disgust."

Much more of this sort of criticism follows, but, instructive as it is, we tear ourselves from it, and present our readers with a specimen of the joint labours of Messieurs Smifzer and Smauker, in a modern Town Eclogue, which has been happily designated,

TIPSYCHIDION;

OR, THE POT-HOUSE PASTORAL.

"Sweet Spirit."—*Shelley's Epipsychidion.*

The Argument.

SMIFZER and SMAUKER, two metropolitan literati, very expert at disposing of "brandies and water, warm with," enter into a friendly contest as to their relative poetical merits, over a hot tumbler at the "Blue Posts"—the loser to pay the bill. EZEKIEL SMUDGE, landlord of the establishment is appointed umpire, holds the stakes, and keeps them. The disputants end where they began, and the bar is closed.

SMIFZER.

Smauker! while thus our hunger we appease
With—frugal supper!—tripe and toasted cheese;
Ere yet the alcoholic juice be poured,
And smoking tumblers grace the genial board,
Let not the voice of prudence be forgot,
But let us settle who's to pay the shot.

SMAUKER.

Like Plato, Smifzer, hast thou reason'd well,
But what reply to give, I cannot tell.
Methinks, unless my recollection fail,
Last night I paid for oysters, and for ale;

Not Dando's self could faster clear the scores,
Than you, my Smifzer, bolted the Pandores.

SMIFZER.

You paid for oysters, Smauker, that is true;
Nor only paid, for you devoured them too.
But calm oblivion closed your eyes at length,
With twelve hot tumblers, each of *extra* strength,
And broke from memory's chain one binding link;—
You stood the vittles, but *I* stood the drink.

SMAUKER.

Smifzer, you did! then hear what I propose,
To end this strife, and liquidate the *goes*:—
Let's order in the fluids, stiff and strong,
And straight contend we in alternate song;
And he who bears the palm of verse away,
Shall calmly drink, and see the other pay.

SMIFZER.

To that proposal gladly I agree;
So—waiter! bring us pipes and drink for three:
And our good landlord here, Ezekiel Smudge,
Shall of this brothers' contest be the judge.

SMUDGE.

I does not care, as how sitch trash I hear,
If so be that you covies stands the beer.

SMAUKER.

Smifzer! begin the dithyrambic lay.

SMUDGE.

Mix up your tums, my lads, and fire away!

SMIFZER.

Soft is the breeze, when Zephyr nightly fans,
With wistful sweep, the cat-frequented cans;
Soft are the cries that haunt our early sleep,
When pot-boys wail, and cinder-maidens weep;
But softer still the verse—so virgins tell—
Which Smifzer writes, and minstrel-packmen sell.

SMAUKER.

I heard, like rain, the pensive tear-drops fall,
In thy resplendent grove, lamp-lit Vauxhall!
When young Squallini, with her silver note,
Wove the long quaver through her tortuous throat,
And Scroggins muttered, as she trilled the ode,
"If that's not Smauker's writing, I'll be blowed!"

SMIFZER.

This prize behold! a trophy nobly won,
In mutual verse, from Alfred Tennyson;
A pinchbeck snuff-box, valued one-and-six—
I beat poor "*Oriana*" all to sticks.

SMAUKER.

I know the box—'tis pinchbeck, to be sure;
But see this toothpick, gained from Thomas Moore:
Rogers was by, and laid a quart of stout,
That I would floor the kiddy out and out.

SMIFZER.

Me Peltirogus honours with his praise—
Great Peltirogus, whom "*The Monthly*" pays:
He dined with me last week, and thus he spake—
"Another pot of heavy let us take;
Smifzer! thou art a brick, and no mistake!"

SMAUKER.

Me Diebabs loves, the all-transcending Jane,
Nor greets her pensive Smauker with disdain;
For, lately wandering far in Lisson Grove,
Thus faintly did she own our mutual love,—
"Vell, now! I never see'd so rum a cove!"

SMIFZER.

My lays kind *Bentley* takes—discerning soul!
And so might *Fraser*—if he'd post the cole;
For Thackeray whispers, 'tis a burning sin
To leave me out, and patronize Maginn.

SMAUKER.

Far worse, methinks, it is to leave *me* out,
And vamp the musty wares of Father Prout;
But I for vengeance shall no longer wait,
Next month my name, be sure, appears in *Tait*.

SMIFZER.

Another tumbler, Smauker, let us fill,
And quaff the more than Heliconian rill;
Then tell me this, and I the prize forego—
What daring mortal first did jump Jim Crow?
Or say, what favoured son of negro song
First bade exulting Josey jim along?

SMAUKER.

Nay, rather say, if ever in mine eye
The faintest speck of green thou could'st espy
Why honoured Ferguson was forced to wait,
And found no entrance, though he knocked so late?
And why the hopeless maid, of love bereft,
Should pine in silent sorrow, o'er the left?

SMIFZER.

Smudge—I appeal to thee! the contest's done.

SMAUKER.

Justice, good Smudge! Say, hath not Smauker won!

SMUDGE.

Them there's the stakes! Vell, then, I pockets they,
And leaves you, as you likes, the shot to pay:
Fill up your tums once more, and light your pipes—
Danged, if I doesn't think I've got the gripes!
Mind, though! to-night you gets no more hot stuff;
Jim! shut the bar—the coves have lushed enough.

This is in the true Virgilian taste. Indeed, that last line is simply an elegant paraphrase of the well-known

Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt,

of the Mantuan's Third Eclogue, thus freely rendered by the late Sir John Sinclair, in his amusing work on irrigation—

The fields are fuddled—lads, shut up the sluices;
To soak one's clay too much a mere abuse is.

The idea of substituting pints of heavy, and *goes* of brandy for the kid and pipe, which form the customary guerdons of successful shepherds in the ancient eclogue, is very original, and nicely adapted to the tastes of modern society. One thing, certainly, is not to be denied, that Smifzer and Smauker make as great asses of themselves, as any Mænalcas or Damætus of them all, from Bion and Theocritus down to "feeble Philips." This is the triumph of pastoral poetry, as Warton has told us; and as every reader of it knows by drowsy experience.

But let us take a specimen of the individual merits of this noble pair of brothers. What a delightful mixture of playful tenderness, and what the Germans call "Welt-Ironie," and we call knowingness, is presented in

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY SMAUKER.

Why art thou sad, my love,
  Mournful to-day?
I'm not to be had, my love,
  That sort of way.
Pettings and poutings are all very fine,
But think not to catch me with chaff, ladye mine.

Why wilt thou turn away
  Eyes that were made
Not sure to burn away
  Dimly in shade?
Raise, then, these envious eyelids of thine;
Show thyself wide awake, sweetest love mine.

Nay, I will linger not,
Should'st thou command:
What! may I finger not
Thy pretty hand?
Oft have I played with it—but I resign;
You liked that well enough once, ladye mine.

Spoil not thy lip, my love,
Biting it so.
Why fray its tip, my love?
There! Let it go.
Nay, now, *do* let me sip its dewy wine,—
I'll promise you not to get tipsy, love mine.

Well, I must pity her
Who could look sad,
That's so much prettier,
Smiling, and glad.
Hence, clouds, away, let the sun freely shine!
We'll kiss, and be friends again—sha'n't we, love mine?

What maiden's heart could resist such an appeal? Smauker must be a very Giovanni among the—milliner's apprentices. Smifzer, however, flies at higher game, as we see from the following elegant lines:—

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF TITTERLY.

BY SMIFZER.

What's a lip? A ruby case,
Holding lots of beauteous pearls,
Pouting from thy high-born face,
First of Britain's peerless girls!
Sculptor could not carve it neater,
Cold cream never make it sweeter:
That's a lip!

What's an eye? A thing of fire,
Brighter than the purest spar
From the caves of Derbyshire,
Or a coruscating star,
Gleaming in the heavens, when dim lit,
Sharper than the sharpest gimlet:
That's an eye!

What's a cheek? A veil of flame
Drawn above the mantling blood
Of the chiefs who bore thy name,
Long anterior to the Flood!
Than the peach's down, 'tis softer,
And 'tis touched a good deal ofter:
That's a cheek!

What's a nose? A peerless nose,
Gentle ladye, is thine own—
Like the moss-enveloped rose,
Sweetest, when 'tis fully blown.
Neither Grecian, nor Roman,
But the composite for woman:
That's a nose!

Who, that reads this, can be surprised at being told by Mr. Twaddell, that Smifzer is in high favour with the editors of the Annuals, and readily obtains one and ninepence the printed page for his verses. Mr. Grubley of "THE TOPAZ," it is gratifying to know, has retained him for his next publication; where, as Mr. Twaddell cautiously hints, we may expect to see his "*Ruminations of a Scolloped Oyster*," and his "*Ode to a Dead Donkey*," which, like Wordsworth's unpublished tragedy, are known among the select circle of his friends as his finest works.

Alfred Peltirogus—but that a high moral sense restrains us from going to the devil with anybody, we should have been delighted to accompany you into your "*Pandemonium*." You are the most agreeable guide into that unpleasant district, that we have yet seen. Virgil is gloomy and austere; Dante leaves all hope behind as he enters; and Milton offends with as much blue flame and stench of naphtha, as the manager of the Surrey Theatre in a desperate melodrama. But thou, too fascinating Peltirogus, saunterest into the Stygian portals with the same easy jauntiness that marks thy gait, as, pacing Oxford street of an afternoon, susceptible maidens pause to gaze in rapture on thy expanse of shoulders; and even biscuit bakers' daughters confess a mortal flame. With Pluto thou art "Hail fellow, well met." Proserpine welcomes thy soft nonsense; and thou canst salute even the inexorable Rhadamanthus with a familiar "How do!" This is all very delightful; but we have a foolish prejudice against *low* company, and decidedly prefer the upper air, and its associations. Therefore do we select from thy minor poems thy almost Wordsworthian lines,

TO A FORGET ME NOT.

FOUND IN MY EMPORIUM OF LOVE TOKENS.

Sweet flower, that with thy soft blue eye
Didst once look up in shady spot,
To whisper to the passer-by
Those tender words—Forget me not!

Though withered now, thou art to me
The minister of gentle thought,—
And I could weep to gaze on thee,
Love's faded pledge—Forget me not!

Thou speak'st of hours when I was young,
And happiness arose unsought,
When, wandering the woods among,
She gave me thee—Forget me not!

That rapturous hour with that dear maid
From memory's page no time shall blot,
When, yielding to my kiss, she said,
"Oh, Theodore, Forget me not!"

Alas, for love! alas, for truth!
Alas, for man's uncertain lot!
Alas, for all the hopes of youth
That fade like thee—Forget me not!

Alas! for that one image fair,
With all thy brightest dreams unwrought,
That was about thee everywhere,
Still whispering—Forget me not!

Oh memory, thou art but a sigh
For friendships dead and loves forgot,
And many a cold and altered eye,
That once did say—Forget me not!

And I must bow me to thy laws,
For—odd although it may be thought,—
I can't tell, who the deuce it was,
That gave me this Forget me not!

Who would have believed that so tender a vein of sentiment could lurk beneath the folds of the most brilliant waistcoat that ever petrified the park? But, let man drink ever so deeply of the Circean cup of pleasure, he cannot wholly stifle the memory of those pure feelings which, like angelic visions——We can't finish that sentence just at present, having pitched it in rather too high a key. But what we mean to say is this, that whenever you meet with sentimental verses, you may conclude, with positive accuracy, that the writer is a most dissipated dog. And, as for amatory poets, long experience has convinced us that they are the most flinty-hearted villains in existence. Very different is it with the

softer sex. The ruthless conventionalities of society have excluded them from the thousand various resources to which men may fly, when they want to kill a care or extirpate a sorrow. Women, on the other hand, must sit pensively at home, pining over disappointed love and intricate worsted-work, while the tears drop from their dear eyes upon the wreaths of artificial roses, each with a visible canker in the heart as big as a Barcelona nut. As Washington Irving says—"If a woman's thoughts are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate."

This somewhat melancholy turn of thought has been occasioned in us by the perusal of "*Love's Lamentations*," an exquisite Jeremiad, couched in a series of graceful little poems, by the beautiful and accomplished Jane Diebabs. They are headed in a very impressive way—as thus: "*The Beloved One*," "*The Abandoned One*," "*The Degraded One*," "*The Humbugged One.*" But the *One*, that has chiefly *won* our *won*der is—

THE MALTREATED ONE.

BY MISS JANE DIEBABS.

Yes! they have broke the hallowed spell,
Have burst the silken cords that bound us,
And dimmed the golden light, that fell
In our love's early dream around us.
Ah me! the joy, the bliss transporting,
When all beneath the oaks so shady,
We'd pass the summer hours a-courting,
I and my own adored O'Grady!
When he, with such a winning air,
Would tell me of the pang that grieved him,—
Would call me, fairest of the fair;
And I, unhappy maid, believed him!

Delightful hours! too swift ye flew,
On wings of joy and airy blisses,
Whose every feather caught the hue,
The rosy hue of love and kisses.
He was so young—so fair—so good!
All other youths, he beat them hollow;
And in his stocking-soles he stood
Five feet eleven—a young Apollo!
But he is gone, my brave hussar!
And my heart-strings are almost cracking;
For my old brute of a papar
One evening caught and sent him packing.

I cannot speak—I cannot smile—
My lips unconscious nonsense mutter;
Perplex'd with woe, oppress'd with bile,
I've lost my taste for bread and butter.
Song hath no more its charms for me:
No more my lute—I mean piano—
Can win me, with its melody,
To cultivate my rich soprano.
No, no! can I that night forget,
When he was warm, and father kicked him?
It will—must—shall—should haunt me yet,
And I be evermore a "WICTIM!"

Miss Diebabs' muse (says Mr. Twaddell) is of a purely pensive cast. The daughter of a retired poulterer from Fleet Market, she grew amid the romantic groves of Highgate, insensible to the poetry of that umbrageous neighbourhood. Like Peter Bell,

A cowslip drooping in the rain,
A yellow cowslip was to Jane,
And it was nothing more.

But the inspiring breath of love, incarnate in the Avatar of an ensign of dragoons, swept across her spirit. In a moment the scales fell from her eyes, and field and meadow were steeped in the golden light of poesy. A neighbouring stationer supplied her with the necessary literary materials; and from that hour the Poet's Corner in the *Hampstead Herald* had its Sappho. But all that's bright must fade. Mr. Diebabs, like the whole race of fathers, knew sentiment only as a thing which destroyed a girl's appetite and morals. The ensign, after a reasonable amount of amatory skirmishing, did not propose; and finding the son of Mars in a somewhat equivocal position one evening, Mr. Diebabs yielded to that violent impulse which has been so touchingly alluded to in the poem. A seclusion of some months in the country, rendered necessary by the state of Miss Diebabs' health, followed; and on her return home, it was remarked that she had grown much thinner in her person, as well as more lugubrious in her verse. A series of similar disappointments deepened the gloom of her sensitive nature, and drove her to seek a hollow gaiety in the brandy bottle. It was one of these moods that gave birth to the following graceful freak of fancy, to which, as it formed the leading ornament of the Keepsake for 1842, I cheerfully give a place here.

LINES

WRITTEN AND SENT ANONYMOUSLY TO MISS LUCY BRIMSTONE.

The tulip fadeth in her bower,
The diamond is a dim stone,
And every flower's a faded flower,
Near lovely Lucy Brimstone.

The lark, that soars in morning clear,
Though sweet his thrilling hymn's tone,
Hath not a voice so soft, so dear,
As lovely Lucy Brimstone.

Good treacle may be made from tar,
And water sooner swim stone,
The moth forget the evening star,
Ere I my Lucy Brimstone.

When in the grave my eyes I close,
And at my head a grim stone,
'Twere well, perhaps, I should repose
Far, far away from Brimstone.

Poor girl! I know not whether her wish has been fulfilled. The pilgrim to the Highgate church-yard will inquire in vain at the sexton for her resting-place. No monument or cenotaph marks her early tomb. But in the hearts of the young and sensitive, her simple lays live, a nobler monument. Peace be to her ashes!

Light be the turf on Diebabs' breast,
And green the sod that wraps her grave!

This is very touching, and in Mr. Twaddell's best style. Had we space, we should give his minute description of Miss Diebabs' person and wearing apparel, not omitting the interesting dissertation on the utility of flannel petticoats, which he has introduced episodically into his narrative. But we are bound, before closing this article, to do justice to the Laureate of Cockaigne, Mr. Vincent Stubbins, who has already been kept too long waiting, and we refrain.

Mr. Vincent Stubbins (says Mr. Twaddell) is the son of a sugar baker, in Budge Row. He was born of his mother, (not of his aunt, as some biographers have alleged,) in the year 1818; so that, as I am now writing in January, 1842, he may safely be said to be twenty-three years of age. Mr. Vincent Stubbins received the elements of a good education at a respectable seminary in Barbican; to which circumstance his friends have, in later years, ascribed the elision of his h's, and his exuberant aspiration of initial vowels in his ordinary conversation. Mr. Stubbins writes a bold half-text hand, and spells with tolerable correctness. His MS. makes good copy for the

printer, but better wrapping paper for cigars. Mr. Stubbins is a man of gay habits, and adorned with the graces which are only to be acquired by nightly visits to the cigar-divan, billiard-room, and tavern. His height may be about five feet eleven inches—some of his friends, who know him well, have told me ten: but from my own observation, I should say eleven. Few men in the city dress better than Stubbins. He is known, in fact, among his companions by the distinctive *sobriquet* of "Doudney's pride!" Few men turn back their coat collar farther than Stubbins: few wear a more showy assortment of waistcoats. In the cataract of satin, which perpetually streams over his manly chest, he wears a stiletto of the finest pinchbeck, on the head of which blazes a Bristol diamond of the purest water. His boots are glazed; and, like Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, he wears white kid-gloves and his wristbands turned three inches up his coat-sleeve. His whiskers are dark, and curl with a dash of airy ferocity, that harmonizes finely with the cheroot, which is almost perpetually projecting from his lips. Stubbins is completely a lady's man; and to his success in this department, the odour of brandy and water, blended with that of "full-flavoured Havannahs," which generally accompanies him, is thought to have contributed in no inconsiderable degree. Mr. Stubbins is, likewise, a great favourite in the circles in which he moves; and he is the President of the Society of "The Snugs," the leading members of which are lawyers' clerks, who are ignorant of their business, and young shopkeepers, who are above it. He is the ornament of many a soirée at Camberwell, and is a sort of star in the literary circles of Brixton. There his genius is understood, and the full force of his poetic diction adequately appreciated.

But we must leave Mr. Twaddell, and introduce our readers to his hero. And with this view, we think it impossible to do both parties more justice than by transferring to our pages

THE YOUNG STOCKBROKER'S BRIDE.

BY VINCENT STUBBINS.

"O swiftly speed the gallant bark!—
I say, you mind my luggage, porter?
I do not heed yon storm-cloud dark,
I go to wed old Jenkin's daughter.
I go to claim my own Mariar,
The fairest flower that blooms in Harwich;
My panting bosom is on fire,
And all is ready for the marriage."

Thus spoke young Mivins, as he stept
On board the Firefly, Harwich packet:
The bell rung out, the paddles swept
Plish-plashing round with noisy racket.
The low'ring clouds young Mivins saw,
But fear, he felt, was only folly,
And so he smoked a fresh cigar,
Then fell to whistling—"Nix my dolly!"

The wind it roared; the packet's hulk
Rocked with a most unpleasant motion,—
Young Mivins leant him o'er a bulk,
And poured his sorrows to the ocean.
Tints, blue and yellow—signs of woe—
Flushed, rainbow-like, his noble face in,
As suddenly he rushed below,
Crying, "Steward, steward, bring a basin!"

On sped the bark:—the howling storm
The funnel's tapering smoke did blow far,
Unmoved, young Mivins' lifeless form
Was stretched upon a haircloth sofar.

All night he moaned; the steamer groaned,
And he was hourly getting fainter,
When it came bump against the pier,
And there was fastened by the painter.

Young Mivins rose, and blew his nose,
Caught wildly at his small portmanteau;
He was unfit to lie or sit,
And found it difficult to stand too.
He sought the deck, he sought the shore,
He sought the lady's house like winking,
And asked, low tapping at the door,
"Is this the house of Mr. Jenkin?"

A short man came—he told his name—
Mivins was short—he cut him shorter,
For in a fury he exclaimed,
"Are you the man as vants my darter?
Vot kimed on you last night, young sqvire?"
"It was the steamer, rot and scuttle her!"
"Mayhap it vos, but our Mariar
Valked off last night with Bill the butler.

"And so you've kim'd a post too late."
"It was the packet, sir, miscarried!"
"Vy, does you think a gal can vait
As sets 'er 'art on being married?
Last night she wowed she'd be a bride,
And 'ave a spouse for vuss or better:
So Bill struck in; the knot vos tied,
And now I vishes you may get her!"

Young Mivins turned him from the spot,
Bewildered with the dreadful stroke, her
Perfidy came like a shot;
He was a thunderstruck stockbroker.
"A curse on steam and steamers too!
By their delays I have been undone!"
He cried, as looking very blue,
He rode a bachelor to London.

"There spoke old England's genius!" But we would not, by one word of ours, injure the effect of so striking a production of the muse of Bowbell.

Farewell, then, Mr. Twaddell! We owe you our warmest thanks for the banquet you have prepared for us. The least we can do is to close our paper, as you have done your volume, with your own illustration of the armorial bearings of your family; and let those of our readers who are adepts in heraldry blazon for themselves a characteristic coat of arms from the following

SONNET

ON THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE TWADDELLS OF GLENSWIPES.

"Dum Magnus Auser!" is the motto set,
Recorded deftly on a blazoned scroll:
Two ganders guardant *or*, support the whole,
Each couped and crowned with lordly coronet;
And this achievement of the shield is there,
Quarterly: In the first grand quarter gules
Three goslings grazant, cacklant;—the same rules
Obtain unto the third. The others bear,
Vert and engrailed in *or* a cheveron
Parted per fess between a cross moline,
Charged with a shield assumptive, whereupon
Purpure two eggs, transversed with sable line;
While o'er the scutcheon of pretence is thrown
Wavy a bend sinister argentine!

MISS BURNEY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.*

(*Continued from our March No., p.* 183.)

THE continuation of Miss Burney's Diary is, in every respect, equal to its commencement, with this inevitable difference, that, in everything under the sun, first impressions must needs be the most lively. The volume comprehends the years from 1781 to 1786, and many events that were memorable in the life of the Diarist. In these years died Mr. Thrale, whom she esteemed and liked more and more as she came to know him better; next her beloved "Daddy Crisp;" and, lastly, Dr. Johnson. In these years, too, took place the marriage of her younger sisters; that awful event, the union of Mrs. Thrale with Signor Piozzi; and, lastly, Miss Burney's appointment to a place in the Royal Household. In these years she extended her acquaintance among the fashionable literary characters of the period; and among the *blues*, and the reigning beauties and wits. There is, accordingly, no lack of material for her facile and practised pen; and the lively continuation of her private record displays the same acuteness as its commencement, and even keener penetration into characters—a more subtile and delicate analysis of motives of action. Her account of Mr. Crutchley, for example, a young man of easy fortune, good education, and talents above mediocrity, gradually sinking into a morbid condition of mind, into satiety and half-affected misanthrophy, from having with a large endowment of sensitive pride, too much money, and too little work, is equal to anything in Miss Edgeworth's or Miss Austin's novels; and an exquisite, while a truthful variety of the idle Englishman of fortune, without that stamp of rank or fashion, which afford devouring *ennui* the relief of certain prescribed frivolous occupations and busy-idle pursuits. Mr. Crutchley is, however, far too long to extract, and he must be seen at full-length to be perfectly understood.

The volume opens with a series of Mrs. Thrale's eloquent and complimentary *billets* to her "sweetest and loveliest Burney;" which, as the affection of this somewhat flighty lady was already probably on the wane, are correspondingly overdone in professions of fondness. Of this honey-sweet or *treacley* correspondence, Dr. Burney said, that the letters of the ladies were alike, from their constantly writing to each other; and so they were. Both ladies warbled in one key; and the epistles of both, at this time, afford fair specimens of a style which their friend Johnson would have nauseated and denounced, and an amusing contrast to the brief, piquant note, in which Mrs. Piozzi finally dropped her "sweetest Burney." Yet the affection which Miss Burney entertained for her first patroness, and generous and fascinating friend, was sincere and warm: and until she had the honest courage to oppose the foolish and degrading step, as she considered it, which Mrs. Thrale long meditated, ere she assumed a desperate courage and made the venture, her regard was in some degree returned. Indeed, no part of her Diary does more honour to Miss Burney's heart, and to her constancy and sincerity in friendship, than her allusions to the progress and consummation of Mrs Thrale's vehement passion for Piozzi. It, besides, gives us a much better opinion of Mrs Thrale than is to be gathered from the remains of Johnson, and the representations of Boswell, who was always jealous of this lady.

We are not here going to inquire why it should then, as it would now, be considered an outrage on all the decencies, and all the virtues, that the lively middle-aged widow of a wealthy London brewer, herself a gentlewoman by birth, should have condescended to marry a public singer—that singer being, moreover, an Italian, which was probably an immense aggravation of the crime—but merely to notice the fact, that, with all her then latent prudery, and all her conventional and proper sense of propriety, Miss Burney most generously construed the conduct of her lost friend, and very tenderly pitied her in the long-continued struggle between love and pride, duty and inclination. And she appears to have been, indeed, an object of deep compassion. It was not until after a conflict maintained for three years, under which her health fairly failed, that poor Mrs. Thrale, in spite of the remonstrances and opposition of every friend she had—and what was more powerful, her own pride or prejudices—gave way to her violent attachment. There are some moralists who will less severely blame her infatuated passion for Piozzi, whom we have the authority of Miss Seward, for believing to have been "a handsome man, in middle life, with gentle, pleasing, and unaffected manners, and with very eminent skill in his profession," than her conduct in the latter period of Mr Thrale's life, when her fondness for company and display must have hastened his days. He had had many threatenings of apoplexy—and repeated attacks: but the system of great dinners, routs, and large parties of all kinds, went on as before; and he, in fact, died, we are told, "on the morning of a day when half the fashion of London had been invited to an intended assembly at his house in Grosvenor Square." The grief of his widow was deep of course; but, in the words of Johnson, "Thrale's bridle was no longer on her neck." In Johnson's opinion, she never did well after its gentle and needful pressure was withdrawn; but, with submission to the sage, those who feel the yoke, best know where it galls. She would not at first receive even her "sweet Burney;" and she flew to Brighton to find consolation and counsel from an old gentleman, who was a very sincere friend. When she came back to Streatham, she invited Miss Burney, who thus reports of her in the third or fourth week of her widowhood:—

* Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c., Edited by her Niece, Vol. II., comprehending the years 1781 to 1786, pp. 434, with a Portrait of Mrs. Thrale. Colburn.

I am now here with her, and endeavour, by every possible exertion, to be of some use to her. She looks wretchedly, indeed, and is far from well; but she bears up, though not with calm intrepidity, yet with flashes of spirit that rather, I fear, spend than relieve her. Such, however, is her character, and were this exertion repressed, she would probably sink quite.

Miss Thrale is steady and constant, and very sincerely grieved for her father.

Mrs. Thrale's final rupture with Johnson did not take place till some years after this period, though estrangement and gradual alienation were the almost immediate consequences of Mr. Thrale's death. The bridle of the sage, the uncouth and disorderly philosopher, seems to have lain as heavily upon the gay, brilliant widow, and orderly mistress of a family, who was now disposed, and indeed fully determined, to enjoy her freedom, as that of Thrale had done; and Johnson's warmest admirers must confess that, if her faults were the greatest, there were faults on both sides; and that if she did start and fret at the bit, she had endured more than most ladies would have as patiently submitted to. To her natural sweetness of disposition and generosity of feeling, Miss Burney, at the very worst, bears warm and unvarying testimony.

After the death of Thrale, Dr. Johnson continued to be domesticated at Streatham as before; and in a few weeks subsequent to that event, we have the following scene:—

Wednesday.—We had a terrible noisy day. Mr. and Mrs. Cator came to dinner, and brought with them Miss Collison, a niece. Mrs. Nesbitt was also here, and Mr. Pepys.

The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's "Life," by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abetters; and, therefore, as he had some time determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson; and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the "Life," that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid.

It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner, it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly.

Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

"Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, "I understand you are offended by my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!"

"No, Sir," cried Mr. Pepys, "not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started."

I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but *mortal* man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again.

. . . . . When dinner was quite over, and we left the men to their wine, we hoped they would finish the affair; but Dr. Johnson was determined to talk it through, and make a battle of it, though Mr. Pepys tried to be off continually. When they were all summoned to tea, they entered still warm and violent. Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the "Life of Lyttelton," that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it.

Mr. Pepys came up to me and said,—

"Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset."

I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon.

This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed,—

"What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the 'Life of Lord Lyttelton' quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say——"

"I wish, Sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it."

This speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced. Mr. Cator, thus interrupted in the midst of his proposition, looked quite amazed; Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interference; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said,—

"Well, Madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!"

And from this time the subject was wholly dropped. This dear violent Doctor was conscious he had been wrong, and therefore he most candidly bore the reproof. . .

Thursday Morning.—Dr. Johnson went to town for some days, but not before Mrs. Thrale read him a very serious lecture upon giving way to such violence; which he bore with a patience and quietness that even more than made his peace with me; for such a man's confessing himself wrong is almost more amiable than another man being steadily right.

Friday, June 14th.—We had my dear father and Sophy Streatfield, who, as usual, was beautiful, caressing, amiable, sweet, and—fatiguing.

When Mrs. Thrale had been some nine or ten months a widow, we find her writing thus characteristically:—

My Dearest Burney,—May I venture, do you think, to call a little company about me on St. Taffy's day? or, will the world in general, and the Pepyses in particular, feel shocked at my "dissipation" and my "haste to be married?" They came last night, and found me alone with Murphy. There was an epoch! The Bishop of Peterborough came in soon after. Queeny was gone to Mrs. Davenant's, with Miss Owen and Dr. Delap. What dangers we do go through! But I have not gone out to meet mine half way, at least. . . . .

I went to dear Dr. Johnson's *rassegnarlo la solita servitù*, but at one o'clock he was not up, and I did not like to disturb him. I am very sorry about him—exceeding sorry! When I parted from you on Monday, and found him with Dr. Lawrence, I put my nose into the old man's wig and shouted; but got none except melancholy answers,—*so* melancholy, that I was forced to crack jokes for fear of crying.

"There is gout at the bottom, Madam," says Lawrence.

"I wish it were at the bottom!" replied saucebox, as loud as she could bawl, and pointing to the *pedestals*.

This morning I was with him again, and this evening Mrs. Ord's conversation and Piozzi's *cara voce* have kept away care pretty well. Mr. Selwyn helped us to be

comfortable. My Tit went with her Coz. to Abel's concert.

Good night, sweetest; I am tired, and want to go to bed.

The *cara voce* had even, by this time, stolen from the ear into the heart.—Mrs. Thrale's vehement admiration of the authoress seems to have increased in exact proportion as the influence of the friend declined. Of *Cecilia*, a novel possessed of much more merit than modern critics seem disposed to allow it, and abounding in broad humour and truth of character, Mrs. Thrale writes thus passionately, and between truth and *fudge*—

My eyes red with reading and crying, I stop every moment to kiss the book and to wish it was my Burney! 'Tis the sweetest book, the most interesting, the most engaging. Oh! it beats every other book, even your own other vols., for "Evelina" was a baby to it.

Dear charming creature! do I stop every six pages to exclaim; and my Tit is no less delighted than I; she is run out of the room for a moment. But young Delville is come and Queeny returned, so I leave the pen and seize the MSS.

Such a novel! Indeed, I am seriously and sensibly touched by it, and am proud of her friendship who so knows the human heart. May mine long bear the inspection of so penetrating, so discriminating an eye!

This letter is written by scraps and patches, but every scrap is admiration, and every patch thanks you for the pleasure I have received.

Shortly afterwards, the Diary contains the following passage—

A serious piece of intelligence has given, does give, and long must give me the utmost concern and sorrow. My dear Mrs. Thrale, the friend, though not the most dear friend of my heart, is going abroad for three years certain. This scheme has been some time in a sort of distant agitation, but it is now brought to a resolution. Much private business belongs to it relative to her detestable lawsuit; but much private inclination is also joined with it, relative to her long wishing to see Italy. I have determined, therefore, to do all in my power to bear this blow steadily; and the remembrance how very much I suffered when such an one was formerly thought of, makes me suppress all my regret, and drive the subject from my mind by every method in my power, that I may save myself from again experiencing such unavailing concern. The thought, indeed, that she wishes to go, would reconcile me to a yet longer absence, by making me feel that my own sorrow is merely selfish.

Streatham,—my other home, and the place where I have long thought my residence dependent only upon my own pleasure, and where, indeed, I have received such as my father and you alone could make greater,—is already let, for three years, to Lord Shelburne.

Johnson and Burney were alike, thenceforth, to be aliens from Streatham; though the former only was made the confident of the contending feelings of its distracted mistress. It was not until another year had passed, that Miss Burney, in her journal, kept for her sister, writes—

Saturday, Nov. 22d,—I passed in nothing but sorrow—exquisite sorrow, for my dear unhappy friend, who sent me one letter, that came early by the Bath Diligence, and another by the post. But of these things no more.

I am sorry not to be more explicit, but I should not give you more pleasure if I were. I can only now tell you that I love Mrs. Thrale with a never-to-cease affection, and pity her more than ever I pitied any human being; and, if I did not blame her, I could, I should, I believe, almost die for her!

I am extremely sorry, my dearest Susy, that in the late distress of my mind about poor Mrs. Thrale, I mentioned anything that has so much interested you to know more. It is too true that many know all,—but none from me. I am bound, and should be miserable not to say, if called upon, and not to know, if not called upon, that no creature, not even you to whom I communicate everything else, nor to the trusty Charlotte with whom I live, and who sees my frequent distress upon the subject, has tempted me to an explanation. General rumour I have no means to prevent spreading.

* * * * *

I am still as much bent as ever to go to her, if I can obtain leave; but I will mention no more of the matter, since the difficulties under which I labour not to offend or afflict that beloved friend, and yet to do nothing wrong, are by no means new, though of late they have grown doubly painful. I will only say further, that though her failings are unaccountable and most unhappy, her virtues and good qualities, the generosity and feeling of her heart, the liberality and sweetness of her disposition, would counterbalance a thousand more.

This I say, lest you should think something worse than the truth—something stranger you cannot. I am very sorry not to satisfy you more; but when you weigh what I have said, you will be sensible I have reasons to preserve silence; though to myself, believe me, 'tis by far most painful, and has long been most cruel. . . My Bath journey, my dear Susy, I know not what to say about; could I go for one fortnight, nothing could so much rejoice me; for I even languish, I pine to see again my beloved and very—oh, very unhappy Mrs. Thrale! I know well the meeting, as things are at present situated, would half kill her with joy, and me with a thousand feelings I keep off as well as I can; but I cannot tell how to arrange matters for this purpose. The expense of such an expedition, for so short a time, I know not how even to name to my father, who has a thousand reasons against my going, all founded on arguments unanswerable.

She did not go, but wrote in a strain which drew forth this curious and enigmatical response—

Thanks, thanks, a thousand, my prettiest, dearest Burney! This charming letter makes amends for all. And you remember last winter, do you? and remember it with tenderness? What then must have passed in my mind, on the dreadful anniversary of a day which, instead of killing me as it ought to have done, gave to two innocent, unfortunate people, a cruel and lingering death,—like the arrows tipped with African poison, which slowly and gradually retarding the vital powers, at length (in about three years I think) wholly put a stop to their exertion! . . . . .

Pray, is Baretti sick or in distress? The Italians think him dead; but I suppose all is well with him, a'n't it?

Johnson is in a sad way, doubtless; yet he may still with care last another twelvemonth, and every week's existence is gain to him, who, like good Hezekiah, wearies Heaven with entreaties for life. I wrote him a very serious letter the other day.

The Methodists do certainly reconcile one to death, by rendering all temporal enjoyments obtuse, or representing them as illicit. Whoever considers this world as a place of constant mortification and incessant torment, will be well enough contented to leave it; but I can scarcely think our Saviour, who professed his yoke to be easy and his burden to be light, will have peculiar pleasure in their manner of serving him. My principles are never convinced by their arguments, though my imagination is always fluttered by their vehemence. We must do the best we can at last, and, as King David says, "Let us fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men; for they are severe and cruel judges of each other."

Apropos—Mr. Seward's disapprobation is merely external, and by no means, like yours, the growth of his heart; but the coarseness of his expressions he has to himself, and I cannot guess how I have deserved them. Sir Lucas Pepys writes very tenderly to me. Live or die, he shall not find me ungrateful.

Why do you catch these horrible fevers, dear Burney! They will demolish you some day before you are aware.

. . You were a dear creature to write so soon and so sweetly; but we shall never meet. I see that clearly, and have seen it long. My going to London would be a dreadful expense, and bring on a thousand inquiries and inconveniencies—visits to Johnson and from Cator: and where must I live for the time, too! Oh, I have desired nothing else since you wrote; but all is impossibility. Why would you ever flatter me that you might, maybe, come to Bath? I saw the unlikelihood even then, and my retired life will not induce your friends to permit your coming hither now. I fancy even my own young ladies [her daughters] will leave me; and I sincerely think they will be perfectly right so to do, as the world they wish to shine in is quite excluded by my style of living. . . . .

Ah, Burney! you little know the suffering, and, I will add, the patient suffering of your

H. L. T.*

By a sudden flight, Mrs. Thrale did, however, come to London in the summer of 1784, and instantly summoned her "dearest Burney" to her; conveying, in this postscript, a very intelligible hint, that she was not to be interfered with in her plans.

I am somewhat shaken bodily, but 'tis the mental shocks that have made me unable to bear the corporeal ones. 'Tis past ten o'clock, however, and I must lay myself down with the sweet expectation of seeing my charming friend in the morning to breakfast. I love Dr. Burney too well to fear him, and he loves me too well to say a word which should make me love him less.

They met, and Miss Burney writes—

I parted most reluctantly with my dear Mrs. Thrale, whom, when or how, I shall see again, Heaven only knows! but in sorrow we parted—on *my* side in real affliction.

The next morning, while ruminating in much sadness upon my late interviews with Mrs. Thrale, how great was the relief of my mind,—the delight, indeed, to be summoned to my dear Mr. Cambridge.

Though Miss Burney had, like every one else, been supplanted in the heart of Mrs. Thrale, by the resistless Signor, she had gained many new and useful friends; but, before coming to other matters, we should witness the *denouement* of the Piozzi affair, the farce after the tragedy. In two "little months" Mrs. Thrale married; and the following sketch of a letter, and memorandum of what passed, are taken from the Burney journal of the month of August, of the year 1784:—

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Piozzi.

Norbury Park, Aug. 10, 1784.

When my wondering eyes first looked over the letter I received last night, my mind instantly dictated a high-spirited vindication of the consistency, integrity, and faithfulness of the friendship thus abruptly reproached and cast away. But a sleepless night gave me leisure to recollect that you were ever as generous as precipitate, and that your own heart would do justice to mine, in the cooler judgment of future reflection. Committing myself, therefore, to that period, I determined simply to assure you that, if my last letter hurt either you or Mr. Piozzi, I am no less sorry than surprised; and that, if it offended you, I sincerely beg your pardon.

Not to that time, however, can I wait to acknowledge the pain an accusation so unexpected has caused me, nor the heartfelt satisfaction with which I shall receive, when you are able to write it, a softer renewal of regard. . .

May Heaven direct and bless you!

F. B.

N.B.—This is the sketch of the answer which F. B. most painfully wrote to the unmerited reproach of not sending *cordial congratulations* upon a marriage which she had uniformly, openly, and with deep and avowed affliction, thought wrong.

Mrs. Piozzi to Miss Burney.

Wellbeck Street, No. 33, Cavendish Square,
Friday, Aug. 13, 1784.

Give yourself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband, if you love his and your

H. L. Piozzi.

N.B.—To this kind note F. B. wrote the warmest and most affectionate and heartfelt reply; but never received another word! And here, and thus stopped a correspondence of six years of almost unequalled partiality, and fondness on her side; and affection, gratitude, admiration, and sincerity on that of F. B., who could only conjecture the cessation to be caused by the resentment of Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union.

The contemptuous anger, and the real and deep grief of Johnson at this marriage, are well known. He was, at the time, in very bad health, and, indeed, he did not many months outlive the event. Hearing of his illness, Miss Burney, to whom he continued his first warm partiality, went to inquire for him, and was admitted; and she relates—

I had a longer and more satisfactory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him.

"I remember," said he, "that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition—for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. 'Oh,' said the man of the house, 'that's nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings!'"

He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but, willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession.

"Such a confession," cried he, "to a person then coming to try his lodgings for her health, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account for."

I had seen Miss T. the day before.

"So," said he, "did I."

I then said,—"Do you ever, Sir, hear from her mother?"

"No," cried he, "nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I said, wholly from my mind."

But his indignation was moderation itself to the rage of a female friend, whose displeasure at the ill-assorted marriage, so subversive of all English

* The above letter is endorsed as follows in the handwriting of Madame d'Arblay:—

"Many letters of a subsequent date to this letter, of 14th March, 1784, I have utterly, for cogent reasons, (cogent and conscientious,) destroyed. Following, with this so long dearest friend, the simple, but unrivalled, golden rule, I would only preserve such as evince her conflicts, her misery, and her sufferings, mental and corporeal, to exonerate her from the banal (!) reproach of yielding unresisting to her passions. Her fault and grievous misfortune was, not combating them in their origin; not flying even from their menace. How have I loved her! with what affection, what gratitude, what admiration, and what affliction!

"12th *February*, 1825."

/, becomes almost diverting. Miss
nis account of the scene, in a letter
cke of Norbury Park, a lady who had
e to her a second Mrs. Thrale.

I had a very unpleasant morning after I left you. When the coach and I had waited upon my father, I made the visit I mentioned to you. O what a visit !—all that I presupposed of attack, inquiry, and acrimony, was nothing to what passed. Rage more intemperate I have not often seen; and the shrill voice of feeble old age, screaming with unavailing passion, is horrible. She had long looked upon Mrs. T. as a kind of protégée, whom she had fondled when a child, and whose fame, as she grew into notice, she was always proud to hear of, and help to exalt. She is a woman (I can well attest!) of most furious passions herself, however at liberty she thinks she may be to show no sort of mercy to those of another.

Once, had I been less disturbed, I could have laughed; for she declared with great vehemence, that if she had suspected "the wretch of any intention to marry the man, she would have ordered her own postchaise, and followed her to prevent it!" Alas, poor Lady F.!

She then called upon me, to hear my story; which, most painfully to myself, I related. She expressed herself very sorry for me, till I came to an avowal of my letter after the marriage; she then flew out into new choler. "I am amazed you would write to her, Miss Burney! I wonder you could think of it any more!"

I told her, I had thought myself so much indebted to her patience with my opposition to all her views and wishes, for the whole time of her long conflict, that, although I was the first to acknowledge her last action indefensible, I should be the last to forget all that had made me love her before it was committed.

This by no means satisfied her, and she poured forth again a torrent of unrelenting abuse. Some company, at last, came in, and I hastily took my leave. She called after me to fix some day for a longer visit; but I pretended not to hear, and ran down stairs, heartily resolving that necessity alone should ever force me into her presence again.

If we may credit her own testimony, Mrs. Piozzi continued to support life wonderfully well under these inflictions: and she had, at least, pleased herself, if no one else was pleased; always an important consideration in a widow's condemned marriage.

The next important onward step in the worldly career of Miss Burney, was gaining the favour of those ladies whom Sir Joshua Reynolds named the "Old Wits." These were the *blues* that had existed before *blues* had been heard of by name in England; and to Miss Burney their representatives were Mrs. Delany and the Duchess-dowager of Portland. It was from Mr. Burke, whom she had now met at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and who must have sincerely admired her novels, that she first learned her important conquest, and that she had performed "the most wonderful of wonders," in pleasing the "Old Wits," to whom it was difficult to give satisfaction, as they piqued themselves on being past receiving it. The friends or contemporaries of Swift and Young, Gay and Pope, and of Lady Mary Wortley, were not to be pleased with the little wits of new, degenerate days. Mrs. Delany was at this time above eighty years of age; but her faculties were unimpaired, and her friendship and that of the Duchess had now endured for half a century. A person so well known to English readers as Mrs. Delany need not be described. Her acquaintance was universally courted, and her influence in society still considerable. She had acquired reputation for her skill in painting and in making a particular sort of artificial flowers. To this venerable lady, who had greatly admired "Cecilia," Miss Burney anxiously wished to be introduced; and Mrs. Chapone did her this kindness. The scene has interest even yet:—

And now for Mrs. Delany. I spent one hour with Mrs. Thrale, and then called for Mrs. Chapone, and we proceeded together to St. James's Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature; but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness, are all resident in her face; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her mind, which seems to contain nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her; and I am sure, if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman would have been so strong that I should never have refrained from crying over her.

Mrs. Chapone presented me to her, and, taking my hand, she said,—

"You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new."

And she saluted me.

In the evening the Duchess-dowager of Portland came:—

She is not near so old as Mrs. Delany, nor, to me, is her face by any means so pleasing; but yet there is sweetness, and dignity, and intelligence in it. Mrs. Delany received her with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit, though she regularly goes to her every evening. But what she at first took as an honour and condescension, she has so much of true humility of mind, that no use can make her see in any other light. She immediately presented me to her. Her Grace courtesied and smiled with the most flattering air of pleasure, and said she was particularly happy in meeting with me.

We then took our places, and Mrs. Delany said,—

"Miss Burney, Ma'am, is acquainted with Mr. Crisp, whom your Grace knew so well; and she tells me he and his sister have been so good as to remember me, and to mention me to her."

The Duchess instantly asked me a thousand questions about him;—where he lived, how he had his health, and whether his fondness for the polite arts still continued. She said he was one of the most ingenious and agreeable men she had ever known; and regretted his having sequestered himself so much from the society of his former friends.

This conversation lasted a long while, for it was one upon which I could myself be voluble. I spared not for boasting of my dear daddy's kindness to me; and you can hardly imagine the pleasure, ease, and happiness it was to me, to talk of him to so elegant a judge, who so well knew I said nothing that was not true. She told me, also, the story of the poor Birmingham boy, and of the sketches which Mr Crisp, she said, had been so good as to give her.

In the course of this conversation I found her very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spirited; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

After this she asked me if I had seen Mrs. Siddons, and what I thought of her. I answered that I admired her very much.

"If Miss Burney approves her," said the Duchess, "no approbation, I am sure, can do her so much credit; for no one can so perfectly judge of characters or of human nature."

"Ah, Ma'am," cried Mrs. Delany, archly, "and does your Grace remember protesting you would never read 'Cecilia!'"

"Yes," said she, laughing; "I declared that five volumes could never be attacked; but since I began I have read it three times."

"O terrible!" cried I, "to make them out fifteen!"

"The reason," continued she, "I held out so long against reading them, was remembering the cry there was in favour of 'Clarissa,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' when they came out; and those I never could read. I was teased into trying both of them; but I was disgusted with their tediousness, and could not read eleven letters, with all the effort I could make: so much about my sisters and my brothers, and all my uncles and my aunts!"

"But if your Grace had gone on with 'Clarissa,'" said Mrs. Chapone, "the latter part must certainly have affected you, and charmed you."

"O, I hate anything so dismal! Everybody that did read it had melancholy faces for a week. 'Cecilia' is as pathetic as I can bear, and more sometimes; yet, in the midst of the sorrow, there is a spirit in the writing, a fire in the whole composition, that keep off that heavy depression given by Richardson. Cry, to be sure, we did. O Mrs. Delany, shall you ever forget how we cried? But then we had so much laughter to make us amends, we were never left to sink under our concern."

So much for the prattle of ladies sixty years since. It is not a little amusing to find these high-bred ladies taking to *Cecilia* and to Fielding, and decrying Richardson; while Johnson, by some perversity, not only detested the lax morality of Fielding's novels, but underrated his genius as much as he did that of Goldsmith.

From this period Miss Burney became a great favourite with the venerable Mrs. Delany, with whom she frequently spent a day.

Mrs. Delany was already a favourite with the King and Queen Charlotte: and when her friend the Duchess died without making any provision for her, his Majesty generously gave her a pension of £300 a-year, and a house at Windsor, which was furnished for her. By this time Miss Burney, who had attended the venerable lady during a feverish attack, was domesticated with her, and a very great stay and solace to an aged woman, who seems to have been lonely enough at heart, though surrounded by many powerful friends. When Mrs. Delany removed to Windsor, her good royal gossips, George and Charlotte, who often dropped in upon her of an evening for a cup of tea and a friendly chat, obtained that knowledge of the celebrated Miss Burney which speedily led her Majesty to select her to fill the place of one of her attendants who was returning to Germany.

But before getting to the royal personages, we must look back on some others more bright, eminent, and amusing, if less exalted in rank. And first of Burke, at the house of Reynolds, with whom lived a maiden sister,—a worthy soul, though not of the brightest,—and a niece, Miss Palmer.

Sir Joshua's house is delightfully situated, almost at the top of Richmond Hill. We walked till near dinner-time upon the terrace, and there met Mr. Richard Burke, the brother of the orator. Miss Palmer, stopping him, said,—

"Are you coming to dine with us?"

"No," he answered; "I shall dine at the Star and Garter."

"How did you come—with Mrs. Burke, or alone?"

"Alone."

"What, on horseback?"

"Ay, sure!" cried he, laughing; "*Up and ride!* Now's the time."

And he made a fine flourish with his hand, and passed us. He is just made under-secretary at the Treasury. He is a tall and handsome man, and seems to have much dry drollery; but we saw no more of him.

After our return to the house, and while Sir Joshua and I were *tête-à-tête*, Lord Corke and my father being still walking, and Miss Palmer having, I suppose, some orders to give about the dinner, the "Knight of Plympton" was desiring my opinion of the prospect from his window, and comparing it with Mr. Burke's, as he told me after I had spoken it,—when the Bishop of St. Asaph and his daughter, Miss Georgiana Shipley, were announced. Sir Joshua, to divert himself, in introducing me to the bishop, said, "Miss Burney, my lord; otherwise, 'Evelina.'"

The bishop is a well-looking man, and seemed grave, quiet, and sensible. I have heard much more of him; but nothing more appeared. Miss Georgiana, however, was showy enough for *two*. She is a very tall, and rather handsome girl; but the expression of her face is, to me, disagreeable. She has almost a constant smile, not of softness, nor of insipidity, but of self-sufficiency and internal satisfaction. . . . . Miss Palmer soon joined us; and in a short time, entered more company,—three gentlemen and one lady; but there was no more ceremony used of introductions. The lady, I concluded, was Mrs. Burke, wife of *the* Mr. Burke, and was not mistaken. One of the gentlemen I recollected to be young Burke, her son, whom I once met at Sir Joshua's in town, and another of them I knew for Mr. Gibbon: but the third I had never seen before. I had been told that *the* Burke was not expected; yet I could conclude this gentleman to be no other; he had just the air, the manner, the appearance, I had prepared myself to look for in him; and there was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanour, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man.

I could not get at Miss Palmer to satisfy my doubts, and we were soon called down-stairs to dinner. Sir Joshua and the *unknown* stopped to speak with one another upon the stairs; and, when they followed us, Sir Joshua, in taking his place at the table, asked me to sit next to him; I willingly complied. "And then," he added, "Mr. Burke shall sit on the other side of you."

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Miss Georgiana, who also had placed herself next Sir Joshua; "I won't consent to that; Mr. Burke must sit next *me;* I won't agree to part with him. Pray, come and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke,—for him it was,—smiled and obeyed.

"I only meant," said Sir Joshua, "to have made my peace with Mr. Burke, by giving him that place, because he has been scolding me for not introducing him to Miss Burney. However, I must do it now;—Mr. Burke!—Miss Burney!"

We both half rose, and Mr. Burke said,—

"I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity; however, it did not here deceive me."

"Oh dear, then," said Miss Georgiana, looking a little *consternated*, "perhaps you won't thank me for calling you to this place!"

Nothing was said, and so we all began dinner,—young Burke making himself my next neighbour.

Captain Phillips knows Mr. Burke. Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is? If he has not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy; if he has, pray ask if he will subscribe to my account of him, which herewith shall follow.

He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful: his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language is copious, various and eloquent; his manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful.

What says Captain Phillips? Have I chanced to see him in his happiest hour? or is he all this in common? Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting.

I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting

from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than the manner; all, therefore, that is related *from* him loses half its effect in not being related *by* him. Such little sketches as I can recollect take however.

From the window of the dining-parlour, Sir Joshua directed us to look at a pretty white house which belonged to Lady Di. Beauclerk.

"I am extremely glad," said Mr. Burke, "to see her at last so well housed; poor woman! the bowl has long rolled in misery; I rejoice that it has now found its balance. I never, myself, so much enjoyed the sight of happiness in another, as in that woman when I first saw her after the death of her husband. It was really enlivening to behold her placed in that sweet house, released from all her cares, a thousand pounds a-year at her own disposal, and—her husband was dead! Oh, it was pleasant, it was delightful to see her enjoyment of her situation!"

"But, without considering the circumstances," said Mr. Gibbon, "this may appear very strange; though, when they are fairly stated, it is perfectly rational and unavoidable."

"Very true," said Mr. Burke, if the circumstances are not considered, Lady Di. may seem highly reprehensible."

He then, addressing himself particularly to me, as the person least likely to be acquainted with the character of Mr. Beauclerk, drew it himself in strong and marked expressions, describing the misery he gave his wife, his singular ill-treatment of her, and the necessary relief the death of such a man must give.

This lady, the daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, was the divorced wife of Lord Bolingbroke, and apparently not happier when she had married her lover, the celebrated Topham Beauclerk, than in her first matrimonial connexion.

Shortly after this meeting, Burke sent Miss Burney a highly complimentary letter, dated *Whitehall*, upon her *Cecilia*. His criticisms, in an after conversation, if not so eulogistic, must have been more grateful to the author. One of his last acts in office was obtaining for Dr. Burney the place of Organist to the Chapel of Chelsea Hospital. This he announced in a courteous letter, and also personally. But no one ever questioned the benevolence and amiability of this great man in private life.

As a contrast to Burke, we select a countryman of his, who does credit to Miss Burney's pencil. He appears to have been on a visit to Mrs. Thrale after the death of Thrale:—

We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion,—Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure; is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolical; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong! And the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon, of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly!

Keep this character in your mind, and, contradictory as it seems, I will give you, from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

He was introduced into this house by Mr. Seward, with whom, and Mr. Graves of Worcester, he travelled into Italy: and some years ago he was extremely intimate here. But, before my acquaintance was made at Streatham, he had returned to Ireland; where, about a year since, he married Miss Cavendish. They are now, by mutual consent, parted. She is gone to a sister in France, and he is come to spend some time in England by way of diverting his chagrin.

Mrs. Thrale who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him; and he quite adores her, and quite worships Dr. Johnson—frequently declaring (for what he once says, he says continually) that he would spill his blood for him,—or clean his shoes,—or go to the East Indies to do him any good! "I am never," says he, "afraid of him; none but a fool or a rogue has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old lion (looking up at his picture) he is! Oh! I love him,—I honour him,—I reverence him! I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night's sleep!"

These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Mr. Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson's admirers.

The next great favourite he has in the world to our Doctor, and the person whom he talks *next most* of, is Mr. Jessop, who was his schoolmaster, and whose praise he is never tired of singing in terms the most vehement,—quoting his authority for every other thing he says, and lamenting our misfortune in not knowing him.

His third favourite topic, at present, is "The Life of Louis XV." in 4 vols. 8vo, lately translated from the French; and of this he is so extravagantly fond, that he talks of it as a man might talk of his mistress, provided he had so little wit as to talk of her at all.

Painting, music, all the fine arts in their turn, he also speaks of in raptures. He is himself very accomplished, plays the violin extremely well, is a very good linguist, and a very decent painter. But no subject in his hands fails to be ridiculous, as he is sure, by the abruptness of its introduction, the strange turn of his expressions, or the Hibernian twang of his pronunciation, to make everything he says, however usual or common, seem peculiar and absurd.

In the first year of her widowhood, and when they were all apparently good friends, Mrs. Thrale carried "little Burney" and Dr. Johnson to Brighton with her. To the Doctor this seems to have been an uncomfortable residence, for the ladies were generally invited without him. He had quarrelled with some people; and others "almost constantly omitted him either from too much respect, or too much fear." On these omissions the diarist remarks:—

I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself; and, having given vent to all his own occasional anger or ill-humour, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been "downed" by him, never can much covet so triumphant a visiter. In contests of wit, the victor is as ill off in future consequences as the vanquished in present ridicule.

Even to little Burney the philosopher was becoming a *bore*. He was *de trop* to everybody often in very bad humour, and had much better have been at Bolt Court. One morning they met a great deal of fine company, at a breakfast given by Mr. Swinerton, and she relates:—

I happened to be standing by Dr. Johnson when the ladies came in; but, as I dread him before strangers from the staring attention he attracts both for himself and all with whom he talks, I endeavoured to change my ground. However, he kept prating a sort of comic nonsense that detained me some minutes whether I would or not; but when we were all taking places at the breakfast-table I made another effort to escape. It proved vain; he drew his chair next to mine, and went rattling on in a humorous sort of comparison he was drawing of himself to me,—not one word of which could I enjoy or can I remember, from the hurry I was in to get out of his way. In short, I felt so awkward from being thus marked out, that I was reduced to whisper a request

Mr. Swinerton to put a chair between us, for which I presently made a space: for I have often known him stop all conversation with me, when he has ceased to have me for his next neighbour. Mr. Swinerton, who is an extremely good-natured young man, and so intimate here that I make no scruple with him, instantly complied, and placed himself between us.

But no sooner was this done, than Dr. Johnson, half seriously, and very loudly, took him to task.

"How now, Sir! what do you mean by this? Would you separate me from Miss Burney?"

Mr. Swinerton, a little startled, began some apologies, and Mrs. Thrale winked at him to give up the place; but he was willing to oblige me, though he grew more and more frightened every minute, and coloured violently as the Doctor continued his remonstrance, which he did with rather unmerciful raillery, upon his taking advantage of being in his own house to thus supplant him, and *crow*; but when he had borne it for about ten minutes, his face became so hot with the fear of hearing something worse, that he ran from the field, and took a chair between Lady De Ferrars and Mrs. Thrale. I think I shall take warning by this failure, to trust only to my own expedients for avoiding his public notice in future. . . . . .

THURSDAY.—Mr. Metcalf called upon Dr. Johnson, and took him out an airing. Mr. Hamilton is gone, and Mr. Metcalf is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. To me only I think he is now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than anybody. 'Tis very strange and very melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people. He likes Mr. Metcalf, however, and so do I, for he is very clever and entertaining when he pleases.

Poor old Doctor!

It was at this time that Miss Burney first saw a personage, who, until the other day, figured as a great celebrity; and who, first flourishing in this journal, has come down to us in the novels of Lady Morgan and the younger D'Israeli. This was Lady Corke, then the Hon. Miss Monckton, who only died last year.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10TH, brings in a new person. The Honourable Miss Monckton, who is here with her mother the Dowager Lady Galway, has sent various messages of her earnest desire to be acquainted with Mrs. Thrale and your humble servant to command. Dr. Johnson she already knew, for she is one of those who stand foremost in collecting all extraordinary or curious people to her London conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mix the rank and the literature, and exclude all beside. Well—after divers intimations of this sort, it was at last settled that Lady De Ferrars should bring her here this morning.

In the evening came Lady De Ferrars, Miss Monckton, and Miss Ellerker. Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror.

I can give you no account of the conversation, as it was broken, and not entertaining. Miss Monckton went early, having another engagement, but the other ladies stayed very late. She told us, however, one story extremely well worth recording. The Duke of Devonshire was standing near a very fine glass lustre in a corner of a room, at an assembly, and in a house of people who, Miss Monckton said, were by no means in a style of life to hold expense as immaterial; and by carelessly lolling back, he threw the lustre down and it was broke. He showed not, however, the smallest concern or confusion at the accident, but coolly said, "I wonder how I did that!" He then removed to the opposite corner, and to show, I suppose, he had forgotten what he had done, leaned his head in the same manner, and down came the opposite lustre! He looked at it very calmly, and, with a philosophical dryness, merely said, "This is singular enough!" and walked to another part of the room, without either distress or apology.

Nothing can be more characteristic of the order; nor is it quite clear that there might not have been a little *malice prepense* in thus punishing presumptuous upstarts who sported lustres. At least such things have been known. But we must not lose sight of the future Lady Corke after her return to town. Many of our readers can still "taste her."

TUESDAY.—Pacchierotti called in the morning, and was very sweet and amiable. I received, also, a most perfumed note, on French paper, gilt, bordered, glazed, enclosed in a finely decorated cover, and sealed with a miniken figure, from Miss Monckton, to invite me for the 8th, to meet Mrs. Thrale. I accepted the invitation with pleasure; her parties are the most brilliant in town, and she is acquainted with many people I wish to meet. In small parties, or intimate acquaintances, it is necessary to like the mistress of the house; but in large assemblies, it is but like going to a better regulated public place.

WEDNESDAY.—I called in the morning upon Miss Palmer, with whom I sat some time. Her uncle has been very dangerously ill, but is now quite recovered. I then went and spent all the day with sweet Mrs. Thrale, who shut out all company, and gave me herself to myself; and it was much the happiest time I have spent, away from my father, since I left Brighton. Dr. Johnson was at home, and in most excellent good humour and spirits.

The *at home* was no doubt one cause of the now good humour and good spirits. Pacchierotti was a celebrated singer of the day, quite the idol of a few young ladies and dilettanti, though John Bull was deaf and obdurate to the charmer. He seems, however, to have been an intelligent and amiable person. Miss Burney adored his talent, and even gave him a niche in her "Cecilia." The ladies of those days, it is some consolation to learn, were quite as absurd about singers, preachers, and all sorts of actors, as in our own younger, silly times.

THURSDAY, JULY 17TH.—I went with my dear father to-day to dine and spend the evening at Lady Mary Duncan's. How vexatious never to have made this visit till it was necessarily the last in which I could see Pacchierotti there! He was in good humour, and more tolerable spirits than I have lately seen him in. Lady Shaub, mother to Mrs. Locke, and Miss Shaub her sister, and Sir John Elliot, made all the dinner party. The two Miss Bulls came in the evening.

Pacchierotti did not sing one song accompanied, but he sang several little airs and ballads, English, Scotch, French, and Italian, most deliciously. I had a very agreeable day, and I saw he was quite delighted that I made one of the party, and that added to my delight almost its sum total,—though add is a little Irish there. Oh, how the Miss Bulls do idolize him! They profess thinking him quite angelic, and declared they should even look upon it as a favour to be beat by him! I laughed violently at this extravagance, and vowed I would tell him. They desired no better. We called him to us; but I was really ashamed myself when I found they were not. He leaned down his head very patiently for an explanation.

"Do tell him!" cried they, both together.

"What!" cried he; "what does the sweet Miss Burney say?"

"Oh, oh!" cried one—"Oh dear!" cried the other; "how he speaks to Miss Burney!"

"Miss Burney," cried he, quite warmly and undauntedly, "is a treasure!"

"Oh dear!—only hear him, Lady Mary!" exclaimed

Miss Catherine Bull; "he says Miss Burney is a treasure!"

"Well, and is it not true?" said she, graciously.

"Oh, yes!" answered she, half laughing, yet in a repining voice; "but I don't like to hear him say so."

This was our sort of chat almost all the evening, with various imitations, and light summer singing, from Pacchierotti. . . . . .

TUESDAY, NOV. 25TH,—I went this morning to Lady Mary Duncan, whose visit my father grew angry that I did not return. She admitted me, and kept me full two hours. She is really entertaining, very entertaining, though not very respectably always, as everything she says has some mixture of absurdity in the manner, even when the idea is faultless. She much invited me to frequent visits, and was excessively civil and courteous. Our talk was all of her late Sir William and Pacchierotti. She runs from one to the other with a most ludicrous facility, as if well content they should share her favour, divide her thoughts, and keep the use of her tongue wholly to themselves.

Miss Palmer's uncle, whose illness is referred to above, was Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had had a paralytic attack. He had long been talked of in relation to Miss Burney's matrimonial prospects, but the wishes of her friends and of her sister proved of no effect; nor does she seem to have been greatly disappointed, wealthy as he was. And—

Now for Miss Monckton's assembly.

I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and assistance upon my entrance. Miss Thrale came also. Everything was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a hall full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went up stairs, and when we arrived at a door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could we be sure we were going into the right apartment. I proposed our going up higher, till we met with somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door. This being done, we entered a room full of—tea-things, and one maid-servant!

"Well," cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "what is to be done now? I suppose we are come so early that nothing is ready."

The maid stared, but said,—"There's company in the next room."

Then we considered again how to make ourselves known; and then Mrs. Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She therefore opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no courtesy, concluded she was gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us.

Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent. There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire, and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little round white cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll, nor anything else but the little round cap, which was flat upon her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton.

Miss Monckton's own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say "How do do?" after which they found what accommodation they could for themselves.

As soon, however, as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, which was not till they had been some minutes in the room, she arose to welcome them, contrary to her general custom, and merely because it was their first visit. Our long trains making my entrance some time after theirs, gave me the advantage of being immediately seen by her, and she advanced to me with quickness, and very politely thanked me for coming, and said,—

"I fear you think me very rude for taking the liberty of sending to you."

"No, indeed, you did me much honour," quoth I.

Some new people now coming in, and placing themselves in a regular way, Miss Monckton exclaimed,—"My whole care is to prevent a circle;" and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see.

The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's and attired for that purpose. Just behind me sat Mrs. Hampden, still very beautiful, but insufferably affected. Another lady, in full dress, and very pretty, came in soon after, and got herself a chair just before me; and then a conversation began between her and Mrs. Hampden, of which I will give you a specimen.

"How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House—are you?"—"To be sure," said Mrs. Hampden; "what else, do you think, would make me bear this weight of dress? I can't bear a sacque."—"Why, I thought you said you should always wear them!"—"Oh, yes, but I have changed my mind since then—as many people do."—"Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed," said the other; "you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles!"—"Oh, I am quite oppressed with them," said Mrs. Hampden; "I can hardly bear myself up."—"And I dined in this way!" cried the other; "only think—dining in a sacque!"—"Oh," answered Mrs. Hampden, "it really puts me quite out of spirits."—Well, have you enough?—and has my daddy raved enough? . . . . .

Mrs. and Miss Thrale had other engagements, and soon went away. Miss Monckton then took a chair again next to me, which she kept till we both started at the same voice, and she cried out,—"Oh, it's Mr. Burke!" and she ran to him with as much joy as, if it had been our house, I should. Cause the second for liking her better.

I grew now in a violent fidget, both to have his notice and for what his notice would be; but I sat very still and he was seized upon by scores, and taken to another part of the room.

Then came in Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he soon drew a chair near mine, and from that time I was never without some friend at my elbow.

Miss Burney was fortunate enough in this party to get her share of Mr. Burke, who talked well and wisely about "Cecilia," and finished thus:—

"But," said he, "I have one other fault to find, and a far more material one than any I have mentioned."

"I am the more obliged to you. What is it?"

"The disposal of this book. I have much advice to offer to you upon that subject. Why did not you send for your own friend out of the city? he would have taken care you should not part with it so much below par."

He meant Mr. Briggs.

On the same topic of "solid pudding," Daddy Crisp writes her:—

"Now, Fannikin, I must remind you of your promise which was to come to your loving daddy when you could get loose. Look ye, Fanny, I don't mean to cajole you hither with the expectation of amusement or entertainment. You and I know better than to hum or be hummed in that manner. If you come here, come to work—work hard,—stick to it. This is the harvest-time of your life; your sun shines hot; lose not a moment, then, but make your hay directly. "Touch the yellow boys," as Briggs says,—"grow warm;" make the bookseller come down handsomely—count the ready—the chink.—

Do but secure this one point while it is in your power, and all things else shall be added unto thee.

I talked to your doctor daddy on the subject of disposing of your money; and we both agreed in the project of a well-secured annuity; and in the meantime, till that could be procured, that the ready should be vested in the three per cent annuities, that it might produce something; and he promised to advance, to make even money.

But we must go back to the rout and Burke:—

Sir Joshua Reynolds now joined us.

"Are you telling her," said he, "of our conversation with the old wits? I am glad you hear it from Mr. Burke, Miss Burney, for he can tell it so much better than I can, and remember their very words."

"Nothing else would they talk of for three whole hours," said he, "and we were there at the third reading of the bill."

"I believe I was in good hands," said I, "if they talked of it to you!"

"Why, yes," answered Sir Joshua, laughing, "we joined in from time to time. Gibbon says he read the whole five volumes in a day."

"'Tis impossible," cried Mr. Burke, "it cost me three days; and you know I never parted with it from the time I first opened it."

Here are laurels, Susy! My dear daddy and Kitty, are you not doubly glad you so kindly hurried me upstairs to write when at Chesington?

Mr. Burke then went to some other party, and Mr. Swinerton took his place, with whom I had a dawdling conversation upon dawdling subjects; and I was not a little enlivened, upon his quitting the chair, to have it filled by Mr. Metcalf, who, with much satire, but much entertainment, kept chattering with me till Dr. Johnson found me out, and brought a chair opposite to me.

Do you laugh, my Susan, or cry at your F. B.'s honours!

"So," said he to Mr. Metcalf, "it is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?"

"He's jealous," said Mr. Metcalf, drily.

"How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons!" said the Doctor. "I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear,—when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade, Mrs. Siddons! till, at last wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself Burney! Burney! Burney! Burney!"

"Ay, Sir," said Mr. Metcalf, "you should have carved it upon the trees."

"Sir, had there been any trees, so I should; but being here, I was content to carve it upon my heart."

Soon after the parties changed again, and young Mr. Burke came and sat by me. He is a very civil and obliging, and a sensible and agreeable young man. I was occasionally spoken to afterwards by strangers, both men and women, whom I could not find out, though they called me by my name as if they had known me all my life. Old Lady Galway trotted from her corner, in the middle of the evening, and leaning her hands upon the backs of two chairs, put her little round head through two fine high dressed ladies on purpose to peep at me, and then trotted back to her place! Ha, ha!

Miss Monckton now came to us again, and I congratulated her upon her power in making Dr. Johnson sit in a group; upon which she immediately said to him,—

"Sir, Miss Burney says you like best to sit in a circle."

"Does she!" said he, laughing; "Ay, never mind what she says. Don't you know she is a writer of romances!"

One quite rejoices to see the Doctor himself again; though he broke out against Mrs. Siddons, who was now become an idol of the coteries, but whose merits he did not yet understand. And players had never stood high in his good graces. On a subsequent evening at Miss Monckton's, Mrs. Siddons was again seen, and is thus graciously noticed:—

We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am very glad she is thus patronized, since Mrs. Abington, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said, —"Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! however, we shall soon gild it."

A lady who sat near me then began a dialogue with Mr. Erskine, who had placed himself exactly opposite to Mrs. Siddons; and they debated together upon her manner of studying her parts, disputing upon the point with great warmth, yet not only forbearing to ask Mrs. Siddons herself which was right, but quite overpowering her with their loquacity, when she attempted, unasked, to explain the matter.

This also is characteristic. Poor Mrs. Siddons not understanding the profession in which she was already allowed to excel, half so well as her patrons! But the same thing happens with all great artists, and at all times.

Passing Soame Jenyns, the Wartons, the Cambridges, and the whole body of the learned, we stick by the female portraits exhibited in this gallery, as not only the most entertaining, but the best painted. Here is Sir Joshua's simple sister.—What a delightful chat she and Goldsmith might have had together on her genteel perplexities:—

I had afterwards a whispering conversation with Mrs. Reynolds, which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chesington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass much more time there, as I know no place where I had had more, if so much, happiness.

"Well, bless me!" cried she, holding up her hands, "and all this variety comes from only one man! That's strange, indeed, for, by what I can make out, there's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there!"

Mr. *Crisp*," said I, "is, indeed, the only man: but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly."

"What! and they neither of them married that Mr.—that same gentleman?"

"No, they never married anybody; they are single, and so is he."

"Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable," said she, holding her finger up to her nose most significantly, "can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife in all this time?"

There was no answering this but by grinning; but I thought how my dear Kitty would again have called her the *old sifter*.

She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord.

"I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me," she said, "about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady. She did me the honour to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking such notice of anybody;—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill, and that, you know, made it quite improper to go to dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu; for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell

but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took the shilling I gave her for the chairman, and went to a green-shop, and bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her; so the green-woman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and, instead of sending a chairman, she sent her own errand-girl; and she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all; for, when the girl got to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu, and wait for an answer; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that! She must think it very odd of me, indeed, to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers!"

Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord:—

"You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed; so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose, I had no gown on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only showed the petticoat."

If this makes you grin as it did me, you will be glad of another specimen of her sorrows:—

"I am always," said she, "out of luck with Mrs. Ord; for, another time when she came, there happened to be a great slop on the table; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table; but as she got up-stairs before I had put it away, I popped a white handkerchief upon it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and, thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it very untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone,—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dish-clout in my pocket!"

I had several stories of the same sort, and I fear I have lost all reputation with her for dignity, as I laughed immoderately at her disasters.

Our next specimen is equally good of the kind. Lady Warren might, for high-bred, unconscious insolence, have been linked to the Duke of Devonshire coolly demolishing lustre after lustre:—

Lady Warren is immensely tall, and extremely beautiful: she is now but just nineteen, though she has been married two or three years. She is giddy, gay, chatty, good-humoured, and a little affected; she hazards all that occurs to her, seems to think the world at her feet, and is so young, and gay, and handsome, that she is not much mistaken. She is, in short, an inferior Lady Honoria Pemberton:* somewhat beneath her in parts and understanding, but strongly in that class of character. I had no conversation with her myself; but her voice is loud and deep, and all she said was for the whole room.

Take a trait or two, which I think will divert my daddy Crisp. Marriages being talked of.

"I'll tell you," cried she, "a story; that is, it sha'n't be a story, but a fact. A lady of my acquaintance, who had £50,000 fortune, ran away to Scotland with a gentleman she liked vastly; so she was a little doubtful of him, and had a mind to try him: so, when they stopped to dine, and change horses, and all that, she said, 'Now, as I have a great regard for you, I dare say you have for me; so I will tell you a secret: I have got no fortune at all, in reality, but only £5000; for all the rest is a mere pretence: but if you like me for myself, and not for my fortune, you won't mind that.' So the gentleman said, 'Oh, I don't regard it at all, and you are the same charming angel that ever you was,' and all those sort of things that people say to one, and then went out to see about the chaise. So he did not come back; but when dinner was ready, the lady said, 'Pray, where is he?' 'Lor, ma'am,' said they, 'why, that gentleman has been gone ever so long!' So she came back by herself; and now she's married to somebody else, and has her £50,000 fortune all safe.

Lady Warren was extremely smitten with Mrs. Thrale, and talked to her almost incessantly, though they had never before met; but in the end of the evening, when Mrs. T. mentioned that she was going the next morning to make a visit at Lewes ——

"Oh," cried her Ladyship, "I have a great mind to beg a favour of you then."

"Pray do, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale, "I shall think it an honour to grant it."

"Oh, but it's such an odd thing—its quite an odd request; but it is for a place in your coach."

"My coach shall be very much at your ladyship's service; I beg you will make what use of it you please."

"Why, you must know it is to carry a little dog for me to Lewes. It belongs to Dr. Poole, and he'll quite break his heart if I don't send it him; so I'll part with it at once before I grow too fond of it."

This was, indeed, an odd request to a new acquaintance, and to a Welchwoman, as Mrs. Thrale said afterwards. The look of her eye, the moment she heard it, made Lady Warren colour violently; but she answered with great good humour—

"Suppose your ladyship was to do me the honour to go too, and so carry your little dog yourself!"

Lady Warren evidently understood her, and began many apologies; but said she was engaged herself to spend the morning at Lady Dashwood's.

"I had hoped," said Mrs. Thrale, "your ladyship had meant your little boy; for I should have been very proud to have been trusted with him; but I suppose you could not spare him so long."

She has one child, of ten weeks old, of which she is doatingly fond.

"Oh, no," she answered eagerly, "not for half an hour. I shall never trust him away from me till he is eight years old, and then I shall send him to sea. He shall be true blue. I bring him up very stout. He sucked a hare bone for dinner to-day."

"A hare bone for a child of ten weeks old!"

"Oh, he liked it vastly. He laughed and crowed the whole time. I often have veal stewed into good strong broth for him."

Her husband, Sir John Borlase Warren, is in the navy.

This is the half-unconscious insolence, either of very high life, or of persons who have been bred among slaves.

The next specimen is less offensive. Lady Say and Sele is merely silly, and not ill-bred, unamiable and inconsiderate of the feelings of others; and her sister is equally good in her own style. They were met at a *rout*, to which Miss Burney had been attracted because "*The Pac*" was to sing, which he did delightfully:—

After this he went into another room, to try if it would be cooler; and Mrs. Paradise, leaning over the Kirwans and Charlotte, who hardly got a seat all night for the crowd, said she begged to speak to me. squeezed my great person out, and she then said,—

"Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele desires the honour of being introduced to you."

Her ladyship stood by her side. She seems pretty near fifty—at least turned forty; her head was full of feathers, flowers, jewels, and gew-gaws, and as high as Lady Archer's; her dress was trimmed with beads, silver, Persian sashes, and all sort of fine fancies; her face is thin and fiery, and her whole manner spoke a lady all alive.

* A character in *Cecilia*.

"Miss Burney," cried she, with great quickness, and a look all curiosity, "I am very happy to see you; I have longed to see you a great while; I have read your performance, and I am quite delighted with it. I think it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Such a style! I am quite surprised at it. I can't think where you got so much invention!"

You may believe this was a reception not to make me very loquacious. I did not know which way to turn my head.

"I must introduce you," continued her ladyship, "to my sister; she'll be quite delighted to see you. She has written a novel herself; so you are sister authoresses. A most elegant thing it is, I assure you; almost as pretty as yours, only not quite so elegant. She has written two novels, only one is not so pretty as the other. But I shall insist upon your seeing them. One is in letters, like yours, only yours is prettiest; it's called the 'Mausoleum of Julia!'"

What unfeeling things, thought I, are *my* sisters! I'm sure I never heard them go about thus praising *me!*

Mrs. Paradise then again came forward, and taking my hand, led me up to her ladyship's sister, Lady Hawke, saying aloud, and with a courteous smirk, "Miss Burney, ma'am, authoress of 'Evelina.'"—"Yes," cried my friend, Lady Say and Sele, who followed me close, "it's the authoress of 'Evelina;' so you are sister authoresses!"

Lady Hawke arose and curtsied. She is much younger than her sister, and rather pretty; extremely languishing, delicate, and pathetic; apparently accustomed to be reckoned the genius of her family, and well contented to be looked upon as a creature dropped from the clouds.

I was then seated between their ladyships, and Lady S. and S., drawing as near to me as possible, said,—"Well, and so you wrote this pretty book!—and pray, did your papa know of it?"—"No, ma'am; not till some months after the publication."—"So I've heard; it's surprising! I can't think how you invented it!—there's a vast deal of invention in it! And you've got so much humour, too! Now my sister has no humour—her's is all sentiment. You can't think how I was entertained with that old grandmother and her son!" I suppose she meant Tom Branghton for the son.—"How much pleasure you must have had in writing it; had not you?"—"Y—e—s, ma'am."—"So has my sister; she's never without a pen in her hand; she can't help writing for her life. When Lord Hawke is travelling about with her, she keeps writing all the way."—"Yes," said Lady Hawke; I really can't help writing. One has great pleasure in writing the things: has not one, Miss Burney?"—"Y—e—s, ma'am."—"But your novel," cried Lady Say and Sele, "is in such a style!—so elegant! I am vastly glad you made it end happily. I hate a novel that don't end happy."—"Yes," said Lady Hawke, with a languid smile, "I was vastly glad when she married Lord Orville. I was sadly afraid it would not have been."—"My sister intends," said Lady Say and Sele, "to print her 'Mausoleum,' just for her own friends and acquaintances."—"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I have never printed yet."—"I saw Lady Hawke's name," quoth I to my first friend, "ascribed to the play of 'Variety.'"—"Did you indeed?" cried Lady Say, in an ecstasy. "Sister! do you know Miss Burney saw your name in the newspapers, about the play!"—"Did she?" said Lady Hawke, smiling complacently. "But I really did not write it; I never wrote a play in my life."—"Well," cried Lady Say, "but do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of—you know what I mean; Miss Burney *must* hear it,—out of your novel, you know!" *Lady H.*—No, I can't; I have forgot it. *Lady S.*—Oh, no! I am sure you have not; I insist upon it. *Lady H.*—But I know you can repeat it yourself; you have so fine a memory; I am sure you can repeat it. *Lady S.*—Oh, but I should not do it justice! that's all,—I should not do it justice!

Lady Hawke then bent forward, and repeated—"'If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!'"

"And from what, ma'am," cried I, astonished, and imagining I had mistaken them, "is this taken?" "From my sister's novel!" answered the delighted Lady Say and Sele, expecting my raptures to be equal to her own; "it's in the 'Mausoleum,'—did not you know that? Well, I can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And it's all just like that part. Lord Hawke himself says it's all poetry. For my part, I'm sure I never could write so. I suppose, Miss Burney, you are producing another,—a'n't you?"—"No, ma'am."—"Oh, I dare say you are. I dare say you are writing one at this very minute!"

Mrs. Paradise now came up to me again, followed by a square man, middle-aged, and hum-drum, who, I found, was Lord Say and Sele, afterwards from the Kirwans; for though they introduced him to me, I was so confounded by their vehemence and their manners, that I did not hear his name.

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. P., presenting me to him, "authoress of 'Evelina.'"—"Yes," cried Lady Say and Sele, starting up, "'tis the authoress of 'Evelina!'"—"Of what?" cried he.—"Of 'Evelina.' You'd never think it,—she looks so young, to have so much invention, and such an elegant style! Well, I could write a play, I think, but I'm sure I could never write a novel."—"Oh, yes you could, if you would try," said Lady Hawke.—"Oh, no, I could not," answered she; "I could not get a style—that's the thing—I could not tell how to get a style! and a novel's nothing without a style, you know!"—"Why no," said Lady Hawke; "that's true. But then you write such charming letters, you know!"—"Letters!" repeated Lady S. and S. simpering; "do you think so? Do you know I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Ray just before I came here, this very afternoon—quite a long letter! I did, I assure you!"

Here Mrs. Paradise came forward with another gentleman, younger, slimmer, and smarter, and saying to me, "Sir Gregory Page Turner," said to him, "Miss Burney, authoress of 'Evelina.'"—At which Lady Say and Sele, in fresh transport, again rose, and rapturously again repeated, "Yes, she's authoress of 'Evelina!' Have you read it?"—"No; is it to be had?"—"Oh dear, yes! it's been printed these two years! You'd never think it! But it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Writ in such a style!"—"Certainly," said he, very civilly; "I have every inducement to get it. Pray where is it to be had? everywhere, I suppose?"—"Oh, nowhere, I hope!" cried I, wishing at that moment it had been never in human ken.

My *square* friend, Lord Say and Sele, then putting his head forward, said, very solemnly—"*I'll purchase it!*"

This is the climax. We stop here; and have left ourselves very little room for the royalties. Mrs. Delany, whose opinion and judgment deserved to have weight with the queen, must, no doubt, have spoken many good words for her young and celebrated friend, Miss Burney; and their majesties had learned the whole romantic history of the publication of her first novel from Dr. Burney. The story had tickled the king. The author, now rendered doubly famous by the publication of "Cecilia," was living at Windsor, with Mrs. Delany, and in daily perturbation at the idea of being surprised some evening by the king or queen, who often called unceremoniously to have a gossip with their ancient *protégé*. Several times had she escaped, but she was caught at length, and in this awful wise:—

After dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest,—for sleep it but seldom proves,—Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing-room. And here, while, to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with

teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion;—but she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forwards, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking.

A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P——, turning round, exclaimed, "The King!—Aunt, the King!"

O mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! which way shall I escape! and how pass him unnoticed! There is but the single door, at which he entered, in the room! Every one scampered out of the way: Miss P——, to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did.

He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here.

I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, "Is that Miss Burney!"—and on her answering "Yes, Sir," he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came close up to me.

A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat.

"How long have you been come back, Miss Burney!"

"Two days, Sir,"

Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know, but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delany.

After his Majesty had given the old lady an account of the illnesses of all the children, and the hooping-cough of the babies,—the other persons still remaining stuck up "respectful" in their several corners,—he relieved the general distress by going up to the table and looking at a book of prints:—

He turned over a leaf or two, and then said—

"Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too!"

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

"I believe not, Sir," answered Mrs. Delany; "at least she does not tell."—"Oh!" cried he laughing, "that's nothing! she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know!—Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her Evelina. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book!—he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment! I never can forget his face while I live!"

Then coming up close to me he said—

"But what!—what!—how was it!"—"Sir," cried I, not well understanding him.—"How came you—how happened it—what!—what!"—"I—I only wrote, Sir,—for my own amusement,—only in some odd, idle hours."

"But your publishing—your printing—how was that!"—"That was only, Sir,—only because—"

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions;—besides,—to say the truth, his own "what! what!" so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *What!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered—

"I thought—Sir—it would look very well in print!"

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made! I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself,—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out,

"Very fair, indeed! that's being very fair and honest!"

Then, returning to me again, he said,

"But your father—how came you not to show him what you wrote!"—"I was too much ashamed of it, Sir, seriously."

Literal truth that, I am sure.

"And how did he find it out!"—"I don't know myself, Sir. He never would tell me."

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

"But how did you get it printed!"—"I sent it, Sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hope by that means he never would hear of it."—"But how could you manage that!"—"By means of a brother, Sir."—"O!—you confided in a brother, then!"—"Yes, Sir—that is for the publication."—"What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures, before you were known! Do you remember any of them!"—"Yes, Sir, many."—"And what!"—"I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel."

This diverted him extremely.

This is quite enough of it. The conversation, however, passed off extremely well, and before it was ended,—

A violent thunder was made at the door. I was almost certain it was the queen. Once more I would have given anything to escape; but in vain. I had been informed that nobody ever quitted the royal presence after having been conversed with, till motioned to withdraw.

Miss P——, according to established etiquette on these occasions, opened the door, which she stood next by putting her hand behind her, and slid out, backwards into the hall, to light the queen in. The door soon opened again, and her majesty entered.

Immediately seeing the king, she made him a low courtsey, and cried—

"Oh, your majesty is here!"

"Yes," he cried, "I ran here, without speaking to anybody."

She then hastened up to Mrs. Delany, with both her hands held out, saying—

"My dear Mrs. Delany, how are you!"

Instantly after, I felt her eye on my face. I believe too, she curtsied to me; but though I saw the bend, was too near-sighted to be sure it was intended for me I was hardly ever in a situation more embarrassing; dared not return what I was not certain I had received yet considered myself as appearing quite a monster, t stand stiff-necked, if really meant.

Almost at the same moment, she spoke to Mr. Ber nard Dewes, and then nodded to my little clinging girl

I was now really ready to sink, with horrid uncer tainty of what I was doing, or what I should do—whe his majesty, who I fancy saw my distress, most goo humouredly said to the queen something, but I was to much flurried to remember what, except these words- "I have been telling Miss Burney—"

Relieved from so painful a dilemma, I immediatel dropped a curtsey. She made one to me in the sam moment, and, with a very smiling countenance, came t to me; but she could not speak, for the king went o talking, eagerly and very gaily, repeating to her ever word I had said during our conversation upon "Evelina its publication, &c. &c.

Then he told her of Baretti's wager, saying—"Bu she heard of a great many conjectures about the autho before it was known, and of Baretti, an admirabl thing!—he laid a bet it must be a man, as no woman, h said, could have kept her own counsel."

The queen, laughing a little, exclaimed—

"Oh, that is quite too bad an affront to us!—Don you think so!" addressing herself to me, with grea gentleness of voice and manner.

Their majesties had both intended to scrutinize Miss Burney well, and to ascertain the extent of her accomplishments. She did not draw. She did not play :—

"Are you sure you never play?—never touch the keys at all?"—"Never to acknowledge it, Sir."

"Oh! that's it!" cried he; and flying to the queen, cried, "She does play—but not to acknowledge it!"

I was now in a most horrible panic once more; pushed so very home, I could answer no other than I did, for these categorical questions almost constrain categorical answers; and here, at Windsor, it seems an absolute point that whatever they ask must be told, and whatever they desire must be done. Think but, then, of my consternation, in expecting their commands to perform! My dear father, pity me!

The eager air with which he returned to me fully explained what was to follow. I hastily, therefore, spoke first, in order to stop him, crying, "I never, Sir, played to anybody but myself—never!"—"No?" cried he, looking incredulous; "what, not to ——?"—"Not even to me, Sir?" cried my kind Mrs. Delany, who saw what was threatening me. "No?—are you sure?" cried he, disappointed; "but—but you'll——"—"I have never, Sir," cried, I very earnestly, "played in my life, but when I could hear nobody else—quite alone, and from a mere love of any musical sounds."

He repeated all this to the queen, whose answers I never heard; but when he once more came back, with a face that looked unwilling to give it up, in my fright I had recourse to dumb show, and raised my hands in a supplicating fold, with a most begging countenance, to be excused. This, luckily, succeeded; he understood me very readily, and laughed a little, but made a sort of desisting, or rather complying, little bow, and said no more about it.

I felt very much obliged to him, for I saw his curiosity was all alive.

The queen makes a much better figure in these conversations than the king. Of her majesty, at this first interview, it is reported :—

The Queen, indeed, is a most charming woman. She appears to me full of sense and graciousness, mingled with delicacy of mind and liveliness of temper. She speaks English almost perfectly well, with great choice and copiousness of language, though now and then with foreign idiom, and frequently with a foreign accent. Her manners have an easy dignity, with a most engaging simplicity; and she has all that fine high breeding which the mind, not the station, gives, of carefully avoiding to distress those who converse with her, or studiously removing the embarrassment she cannot prevent.

The King, however he may have power, in the cabinet, to command himself, has, in private, the appearance of a character the most open and sincere. He speaks his opinions without reserve, and seems to trust them intuitively to his hearers, from a belief they will make no ill use of them. His countenance is full of inquiry, to gain information without asking it, probably from believing that to be the nearest road to truth. All I saw of both was the most perfect good humour, good spirits, ease, and pleasantness.

These unceremonious calls, to tell Mrs. Delany how the children were, had, however, their own prescribed ceremonial :—

In the evening, while Mrs. Delany, Miss P——, and I were sitting and working together in the drawing-room, the door was opened, and the King entered.

We all started up; Miss P—— flew to her modest post by the door, and I to my more comfortable one opposite the fire, which caused me but a slight and gentle retreat, and Mrs. Delany he immediately commanded to take her own place again.

Our party being so small, he made all that passed general; for though he principally addressed himself to Mrs. Delany, he always looked round to see that we heard him, and frequently referred to us.

I should mention, though, the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters; and next, Miss P—— goes out, walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places upon the tables and pianoforte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty, upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream, and bread and butter, and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers.

When he has taken his tea, she returns to her station, where she waits till he has done, and then takes away his cup, and fetches more.

This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house; but here, neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it.

The conversation turned on literature, and Voltaire. The king condemned him strongly, and Miss Burney, as in duty bound, thought him a "monster;" and then they turned to Rousseau, who fared not quite so badly. Miss Burney was here able to say :—

"Some gratitude, Sir," said I, "he was not without. When my father was in Paris, which was after Rousseau had been in England, he visited him, in his garret, and the first thing he showed him was your Majesty's portrait over his chimney."

The King paused a little while upon this; but nothing more was said of Rousseau.

His Majesty declared himself an enthusiast for Mrs. Siddons; but as for Shakspeare!

"Was there ever," cried he, "such stuff as great part of Shakspeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—What?—Is there not sad stuff? What?—what?"

"Yes, indeed, I think so, Sir, though mixed with such excellencies, that—"

"O!" cried he, laughing good-humouredly, "I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakspeare, and nobody dare abuse him."

Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of plays that he objected to; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing, and exclaiming, "But one should be stoned for saying so!" . . .

His majesty stayed near two hours, and then wished Mrs. Delany good night, and having given me a bow, shut the door himself, to prevent Mrs. Delany, or even me, from attending him out, and, with only Miss P——to wait upon him, put on his own great coat in the passage, and walked away to the lower lodge, to see the Princess Elizabeth, without carriage or attendant. He is a pattern of modest, but manly superiority to rank.

So much for a king putting on his own great-coat. Next day the Queen talked of Madame de Genlis, who had not yet lost caste; and who was then and long afterwards a great authority in education. She sent the Queen of England all her books as they appeared. Her Majesty inquired if Madame de Genlis was about any new work.

"Yes, ma'am; one which she intends '*pour le peuple.*'"—"Ah, that will be a good work. Have you heard of—?" (mentioning some German book, of which I forget the name.)—"No, ma'am."—"O, it will be soon translated; very fine language,—very bad book. They translate all our worst! And they are so improved in language; they write so finely now, even for the most silly books, that it makes one read on, and one cannot help it. O, I am very angry sometimes at that! Do you like the 'Sorrows of Werter?"—"I—I have not read it, ma'am, only in part."—"No! Well, I don't know how it is translated, but it is very finely writ in German, and I can't bear it."—"I am very happy to hear that, for what I did look over made me determine never to read it. It seemed only writ as a deliberate defence of suicide."—"Yes; and what is worse, it is done by a bad man for revenge."

She then mentioned, with praise, another book, saying,

—"I wish I knew the translator."—"I wish the translator knew that!"—"O—it is not—I should not like to give my name, for fear I have judged ill; I picked it up on a stall. O, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls."—"It is amazing to me," said Mrs. Delany, "to hear that."—"Why, I don't pick them up myself; but I have a servant very clever; and if they are not to be had at the booksellers', they are not for me any more than for another."

She then spoke of Klopstock's "Messiah," saying it contained four lines most perfect on religion.

"How I should like to see it. Is it translated?" asked Mrs. Delany, turning to me. "Ill:" said her Majesty: "there is a story of Lazarus and the Centurion's daughter; and another young lady, Asyddel, he calls her; and Lazarus is in love; a very pretty scene—no stopping; but it is out of place;—I was quite angry to read it. And a long conversation between Christ and Lazarus—very strange!"—"Yet Milton does that."—"Yes."

And then she went on discussing Milton: this led to Wickliffe, and Cranmer; and she spoke of the Roman Catholic superstitions.

"O, so odd! Can it signify to God Almighty if I eat a piece of fish or a piece of meat? And, one of the Queen of France's sisters wears the heel of her shoe before, for a penance; as if God Almighty could care for that!"—"It is supposing in Him the caprice of a fine lady."—"Yes, just so. Yet it is amusing, and pretty too, how sincere the lower people are, of the Catholics."

And her Majesty told some anecdotes of the kindly superstitions of the Catholics. Would that ladies, as Protestant and as pious as Queen Charlotte, could be made to extend this "What can it signify," to other points in the creed of their neighbours and themselves, certainly not much more important, though they keep society in hot water.

In a few weeks Miss Burney received her flattering appointment, to the great delight of her father. Her own joy was chastened with fear, and a just apprehension of the nature of the splendid slavery upon which she was entering. Yet a salary of £200 a-year, a footman kept for her, apartments in the palace, a coach between her and her colleague, and "many comforts," were some compensation for the loss of liberty. The volume closes with her receiving the congratulation of the ladies of the household, on her appointment, so that the whole of her Court life is yet to come. Her idea of this enviable condition may be gathered from a letter to her sister:—

You would never believe—you, who, distant from courts and courtiers, know nothing of their ways,—the many things to be studied, for appearing with a proper propriety before crowned heads. Heads without crowns are quite other sort of rotundas.

Now, then, to the etiquette. I inquired into every particular, that no error might be committed. And as there is no saying what may happen in this mortal life, I shall give you those instructions I have received myself, that, should you find yourself in the royal presence, you may know how to comport yourself.

Directions for coughing, sneezing, or moving, before the King and Queen.

In the first place, you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough.

In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose-membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it, by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel—but not sneeze.

In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir either hand or foot. If, by chance, a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter. If the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy to think of making such a blurred appearance, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it. If, however, the agony is very great, you may, privately, bite the inside of your cheek, or of your lips, for a little relief; taking care, meanwhile, to do it so cautiously as to make no apparent dent outwardly. And, with that precaution, if you even gnaw a piece out, it will not be minded, only be sure either to swallow it, or commit it to a corner of the inside of your mouth till they are gone—for you must not spit.

I have many other directions, but no more paper; I will endeavour, however, to have them ready for you in time.

We are relieved of our fears of Madame D'Arblay's editor suppressing too much of her aunt's Court Journal. The truth seems, that there is little in her discreet records that requires either pruning or suppression. There is no scandal; and the general tone becomes even more honeyed than her early jottings.

Yet, from her Court Journal, discreet though it may be, we still anticipate great pleasure. One of the most amusing books in the French language was written by a lively woman in nearly the same position at Versailles, as that in which Miss Burney, with equal abilities and wit, was placed at the English Court. The book to which we refer, the Memoirs of Madame de Staël, is as instructive as it is witty. She was the very Gil Blas of waiting-gentlewomen.

We had marked out a great many little detached sketches and *mots* in the volume, but our space is already gone, and we must be content with the first that occurs. This is by Mrs. Thrale:—

Somebody told me (but not your father) that the opera singers would not be likely to get any money out of Sheridan this year. "Why, that fellow grows fat,' says I, "like Heliogabalus, upon the tongues of nightingales." Did I tell you that bright thing before! Ah Burney! if I was well I would make a little fun yet but I cannot get well.

This glance at past celebrities, is by Miss Burney:—

"I went afterwards, by long appointment, to Mr. Burrows's to meet Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Chapone carried me.

Mrs. Chapone herself is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agrémens* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love as well as admire and esteem her.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. IV.—THE SONG OF APRIL.

1.

In my harlequin jacket I come,
I come!
To the world's dance of folly I come.
Sunshine to the ardent, and snow to the cold,
Hail-sleet to the heartless, and warmth to the old;
To the innocent, blooming in manhood and youth,
A blending of beauties, a vision of truth.
A skip-jack withal; a sage, and a seer;
Of spring-flowers the cradle, of winter the bier.
Do *you* shake *your* bells at me? Be mum,
Be mum!
Lord! Lord! what a poor addled cerebellum!

2.

From feeble old age, to the tyro at school,
My natals are bruited the birth of a fool;
But I'll hold you my motley, and dagger,—a new one—
That I am but the sham fool, and you are the true one.
Now cherish that wisdom, 'tis better than pelf,
The pollen of knowledge, thou knowest thyself.
So our mummings must cease, for though fools can be merry,
And witty, and pointed, and politic, very!
I will doff my devices,—your fooling's so real,
'Tis bootless to beat you with bladders ideal!

3.

A sage am I, sometimes severe,
Chiding with storms, like Autumn sere;
But whoso feels my task of sorrow,
His my sunny balm shall be,
To-morrow—and again to-morrow,
In Love's fond continuity
Yes, an advent shall come when my anger is past,
Where the clouds shall be folded, and hushed be the blast;
For the moments are mine, when enraptured you trace
The cloud-islands float through the azure of space;
While Titans that people the shadowy clime
Pile mountain on mountain—the vast and sublime.
There, the Daughter of April shall summons her fays,
To build her an arch of Sol's delicate rays;
And her triumph shall be—while the Titans must weep,
Till their castles are hurled from their crags to the deep.

4.

A change in my bearing—a change
From daggled November to fervid July;
The swallow shall twitter, the butterfly range,
And the cuckoo enliven the woods with his cry:
And placid, serene,
As a midsummer e'en,
I will call you abroad my sweet mood to enjoy.
Apparel you lightly
When day has arisen,
And leave that unsightly,
Parched hearth of your prison.
I will smile like an angel as forward you roam,
And howl like a devil to hurry you home.
The keen North-east shall level
Your pride with his flail,
(How to thrash and to winnow, what peasant so well knows!)
In your joints he shall revel,
And pelt you with hail,
Till your carcass is sore from the heels to the elbows;
Pills, powders, and potions—phials, labels and physic,
Shall be your reward—with the ague or phthysick.

5.

Glen, garden, and wild wood
Shall smile as I tread,
And the light feet of childhood
Go weary to bed;
For no irksome dwelling
Their souls shall confine,
While I am compelling,
Sweet flowers, they are mine.
They are mine! for fair April hath o'er them a spell,
They love me! they love me! for me shall rebel:
They shall slink from your homesteads, and, truants for hours,
Return with my birds' nests, and baskets of flowers.
And those who are sinking
In haste to the grave,
Whose young hearts are drinking
The draught all must have:
When my breath is the blandest
That ushers the eve;
And my banners the grandest
That spring-tide can weave;
They shall ask for my blossoms
Once more, with a sigh,
And, while prest to their bosoms,
Shall kiss them, and die.
So April shall teach you that holiness blends
With the fool that you twit, and the truth that offends.

J. A. O.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Congregational Lecture. Eighth Series. The Theology of the Early Christian Church. By James Bennett, D.D. Jackson and Walford.

The institution of this Lecture was a notable step in advance taken by the Congregationalists. The several volumes of the printed Lectures have shown the world that the ministers of this denomination, who have long obtained all credit for piety and sincerity, have equal claims to sound theological and biblical learning.

From the nature of the subject, *The Theology of the first Ages of the Christian Church*, this series of Lectures abounds in rare and curious matter; the fruit of the most elaborate research. The selected opinions of the early Christian authorities on the various doctrines and points of theology and discipline are translated almost literally from the originals. In turning over the recorded authorities during the first three centuries of the Christian era, the first thing with which the reader is struck, is to find how soon those corruptions crept into the Christian system, both in doctrines and morals, from which it is yet far from being purified.

We should like much to give a few instructive specimens of this learned, and not abstruse, book; though we are, in a manner, limited to what is curious or entertaining in it, and not at liberty to select what might be more edifying. First, we shall cite the wild opinions held by the early Christian Fathers about the nature and condition of Angels.

These were supposed by some to be, like the forms presented to the patriarchs, produced for the occasion and then destroyed, which Justin, however, refutes. But he argues in a way that Trypho, if a real Jew, and acquainted with Hebrew, must have known to be very foolish. For Isaiah, xxx. 4, which we properly render

according to the original—"His princes were at Zoan, and his ambassadors came to Hanes;" Justin quotes according to the Septuagint:—"For there are in Tanes princes, evil angels;" which is made a proof that Egypt was inhabited by evil spirits. Justin, indeed, opens to us a mystery which, perhaps, he learned from Josephus and others, and in which not a few agreed with him, that the fall of angels was the effect of the beauty of women.

"The fruits of the earth are under the power of man; but man himself was placed under the providence of the angels, who, having fallen in love with women, begat from them children, who are called demons, who have enslaved the human race by magic writings, by terrors, and by doctrines concerning sacrifices, and incense, and libations; of which they have become greedy since their subjection to lust." Hence he accounts for the doctrine of the poets concerning the births and amours of the gods; as Lucian ludicrously exhibits the gods gaping to swallow the smoke from the altars, and like flies licking up the blood of the victims.

To this, which was no private opinion of Justin, but the Catholic doctrine of the day, Clement of Alexandria adds a very natural thought:—"That these seduced angels set Samson an example, by letting out their secrets to their mistresses; so that what the chaste angels wished to reserve to the coming of the Lord—*i. e.*, the doctrine of Providence, and the revelation of sublime things—had been already blabbed by the philosophers." . . . . . The same vile theology is found in Tertullian, and also in Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, and tutor to the sons of Constantine. Tillemont traces this to Josephus; but whether the fathers derived it from him, or the apocryphal book of Enoch, or from a misconception of Genesis, vi. 2, it was never questioned, and seems to have been the pillar, if not the basis, of their false doctrine of chastity. The saints, who were to be angels upon earth, were to guard against imitating the angels from heaven, who, seduced by women, let out their secrets to the uninitiated.

The Alexandrian, in his Pædagogue, tells the disciples, that "angels are an example of the consequences of lust; for, leaving the divine beauty for the sake of that which fadeth, they have been so long fallen from heaven to earth." We omit Origen's doctrine of angels, because it forms a part of the heresy with which he is charged; and as we have already observed that Athenagoras adopted Justin's theory, the words of the Athenian have not been transcribed. Tertullian, however, may be allowed to say, "I propose one thing—that they were angels which were those deserters of God, lovers of women, betrayers of this curiosity; therefore also condemned by God." Another occasion of introducing this doctrine will occur.

But the notion of a twofold fall of angels, though implied, is not clearly announced. As Justin understands the Apostle Paul to mean by "the prince of the power of the air" the angel to whom that element was committed; so Clement of Alexandria seems to think that the angel of gross matter was the author of the second fall; and in this Athenagoras agrees.

The demons that sprang from angels and women are supposed, of course, to be hybrid; so that it is difficult to describe their properties. They, however, inhabit heathen temples, animating the idols, dictating oracles, and feasting on the nidor of the sacrifices. This gave a double horror to idolatry; for, beside being an offence to God, it was almost a direct adoration of devils.

Origen, who seems mortified by his adversary's appeal to the fictions of the book of Enoch, is not satisfied with his own remark, that the book was not understood; for he also mentions some one who thought the text, "The sons of God saw the daughters of men," referred to souls, metaphorically called the sons of God, desiring to have a bodily life; which bodily life again must be metaphorically meant by the phrase, "daughters of men." But Origen dismisses this also, as a solution that he could not strongly recommend; a specimen of the uncertainty of the fathers, who are obtruded as the only expositors who can make us certain.

The character and functions of bishops in the early ages of Christianity—the true successors of the Apostles, if any class of men may be so called—are thus described:

As there was originally but one church formed in each place, whether city, or village; when they became too numerous for one congregation, they were naturally reluctant to separate into more, and the bishop, as naturally, wishing to keep the whole charge to himself, gave to separation the name of schism. Augustine was distinguished by his readiness to form new churches under their own bishops. But as in small villages there were bishops, they assembled by hundreds, as the list of the councils show. These chorepiscopi, or country bishops, were afterwards suppressed; for the avowed purpose of maintaining the honour of the episcopal title, by confining it to those who had the care of churches in large places, where population, with its wealth, could give dignity and importance to the bishop. The Council of Sardica thus decreed "that the name and authority of bishops should not be brought into contempt."

"Let him that readeth understand." Wherever there was a church, there was a bishop; and wherever there was a congregation, there was a church. There were as many bishops, therefore, as Christian congregations, and, consequently, many poor bishops; because pastors of village churches. Though this raised no blush on the cheeks of those who remembered that God had chosen the poor of this world; when, as religion declined, episcopal pride increased, the bishops of the cities, by their own decree, without any pretence to scriptural right, laid violent hands on hundreds or thousands of churches, and killed them outright. They were no longer independent churches with their own bishops, for these were unbishoped, pronounced in the ninth century no bishops at all; and their charges, or flocks, unchurched, become nondescript things, for which neither the Scriptures nor the earliest fathers furnish a name. From primaries, shining by their own light, they were made secondaries, reflecting the glory of some civic luminary, who boasted of being called of God as was Aaron, and, like him, possessing a rod that swallowed up all competitors. This aggrandizement of the episcopal rank it would be difficult to overrate; but with what face could the diocesan bishops afterwards complain of a patriarch, or pope, for attempting to swallow them up in their turn? Modern days have heard loud complaints of the presumption of parliaments in cutting up bishoprics, annihilating the old, and fabricating new ones; and on the right, or justice, we give no opinion; but ministers of state may say to bishops, "Who set us the example?" If these reply, "But we complain of it as an act of the state;" secular men may ask, "In what text of Scripture, or sentence from an early father, can you prove even the right of *bishops* to annihilate others?" Let both church and state remember that the power which can do this to one, can do it to all.

There is, however, one bright spot in this wholesale extinction of bishops and churches. It was honest. For this thing was not done in a corner. No hypocritical mask was worn by the actors; for they tell us plainly how and why they did the deed. By a synodical decree, to enhance the honour of the bishops, the poor ones were put out of the way. Here let the reader pause and meditate; for volumes of instruction lie open to his view. If a church and a bishop may be annihilated because they belong to a village, has not Rome advanced far towards the day when her church and bishop may cease to be? She is even now a village compared to her former self; and if Protestants, chiefly English, should cease to spend in her their gold, another council may decide that a chorepiscous ought no longer to exist.

The Elements of a Christian Church.

The materials of which the church is composed, or the qualities that constitute a genuine member, are thus expressed: "But the virtue which embraces the church, as the Shepherd (of Hermas) speaks, is faith, by which the elect of God are saved." Here is a reference to one *supposed* to be so early as the Hermas of Paul. Clement

of Rome addresses the church of the Corinthians as "elect, sanctified by the will of God." Polycarp, too, assumes that the church of Philippi was composed of such persons. Ignatius writes to the Trallians as "elect, having peace through the flesh and blood of Christ;" to the Romans as "illuminated through the will of God;" to the Philadelphians as "rejoicing in the sufferings of our Lord;" and to the Smyrnæans as "filled with faith and love."

Justin Martyr describes a Christian society as consisting of holy men. Irenæus says, "Where the church is, there is also the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God, there is the church and all grace, but the Spirit is truth." Origen tells Celsus, "There are everywhere instituted (arranged in polities) churches, (assemblies, or congregations,) opposite to the churches, or congregations, of the superstitious and wicked." "Many such are arranged everywhere in the churches of the cities. They are as lights in the world. Who would not confess that even the worst of those that are of the church are better than those assemblies among the people?"

A church, consisting of the indiscriminate mass of a nation, where the great majority have no semblance of Christian character, would have astounded the early fathers; though their successors were by degrees familiarized, but not always reconciled, to the mischievous perversion of terms. If we adopt the most moderate hypothesis, and give the name of a church to a society that has a majority of its members visibly answering to the scriptural description of a Christian, even though they should not excommunicate the wicked, which, however, would anciently have unchurched them; still we could not make the best nation upon earth and a Christian church commensurate; for no country has ever yet been able to show that a majority of its inhabitants were real Christians.

The Millenium.

The notion of a millenium sprung up early among the ancient Christian Fathers, though there is no identity nor even coherence in their extravagant notions of its nature. The idea appears to have been originally borrowed from the Jewish *Rabbies*. The theories of Justin, Papias, Tertullian, and Irenæus, differed from each other. The notions of Irenæus, on a single point, may serve for a sample of these extravagancies:—

Irenæus, after some puerile comments, derived from a false translation, proceeds thus: "These are in the times of the kingdom, on the seventh day, which is sanctified," meaning the seventh thousandth year. "Therefore, the benediction predicted, without contradiction, pertains to the times of the kingdom, when the just, rising from the dead, shall reign; when also, the creature, renovated and liberated, shall fructify abundance of food, by the dew of heaven and the fertility of the earth. The days shall come in which vines shall grow, each having ten thousand branches, and in one branch, ten thousand shoots; and in every shoot, ten thousand bunches; and in every bunch, ten thousand grapes; and every grape, expressed, will yield twenty-five metretas, or firkins of wine. And when any of the saints shall lay hold of a bunch, another will cry out, 'I am a better bunch; take me, and, by me, bless the Lord.'" Of the grain, also, a similar story is told, which it would be a waste of time to repeat.

"These things, Papias, an old man, a companion of Polycarp, testifies, by the Scripture, in the fourth of his books. These things are credible to believers." Irenæus attempts to prove them by the prophecy of Isaiah concerning "the lion lying down with the lamb."

He blames those who attempt to allegorize this; for fables must be taken literally; facts only are to be turned into allegories. He quotes the apocryphal Baruch in support of his theory. "A new Jerusalem shall come down out of heaven, of which that in Palestine was an image. Then, all the renovated shall dwell in the city of God, not allegorically, as we have shown."

We have not given the whole of this long and prosing fable, which was not the offspring of the author's own imagination, but came to him by tradition, not from the apostles, but from apocryphal writers, chiefly the fictitious Barnabas. But when Irenæus contended for the literal meaning of his millennial vine, did he include the speaking bunches of grapes that yield a firkin each? They were not water drinkers who revelled in these bacchanalian fancies; but were certainly open to the censure that Middleton is blamed for flinging upon Justin, as teaching a Millennium of sensual delights. It is unquestionable, that, with all the ultra-angelic spirituality of these fathers, and all their compulsory fasting, they hoped to make up for it in the New Jerusalem, as all pretences to soar above the divine rule, end in sinking far below.

The Authority of the Fathers.

It will be observed that Dr. Bennett has no overweening or superstitious reverence for these primitive Fathers. Passing even much higher authorities, from Augustine down to Owen and Edwards, he looks admiringly to the period when "the children of Time's old age will be the Fathers."

The following passage on the so-called authority of the Fathers is peculiarly apt at the present moment:—

What is now called the authority of the Fathers was, to the earliest of them, unknown, and is a modern doctrine palmed upon the world under a false name. Not one of them, whether early or late, ever mentions his own authority, which, if true, they should have taught, as the apostles asserted theirs; because it is due to Christ and to his church, to inform us who are the authoritative expositors of his will. The mere silence of the fathers on this point would be enough to degrade them from the throne; but they speak, and tell aloud their own want of authority, appealing to the Scriptures as the word of the Lord, which demands the study and obedience of the whole church. Here, with the two Clements, Polycarp, Ignatius, Justin, Irenæus, Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian, we take our stand, leaving to innovators the melancholy glory of venturing to abandon the ancient faith in the sole authority of the Word of God.

The earliest fathers attached the true idea to the Greek word ἐκκλησία, and always considered *a* church to be a congregation, or assembly, convoked or evoked out of a promiscuous mass. Those who belonged to this assembly were called by its name, even after its session had broken up, and its members were dispersed; and all *such* assemblies scattered over the whole world, were called the catholic churches, when their distinct localities were in view, but the church, when the identity of their faith was considered, and their relation to Christ, as one body, of which he was the sole head.

The phrase congregational church, then, is pleonastic, being little else than a church church; but such pleonasms become necessary, when time and events have deprived a noun of its radical signification, which must then be conveyed by an adjective, that originally, being unnecessary, would have appeared absurd. That the earliest fathers meant, by A church, a single worshipping assembly, and, by THE church, the aggregate of a number of complete churches, alike independent of each other's authority, and dependent upon Christ alone, can be demonstrated, if that word may ever be employed beyond the bounds of mathematics.

Having seen that what are now called congregational are the original churches, not only of the Scriptures, but of the first three hundred years, we may proceed to observe that even the most strenuous opponents of this truth, have not been able entirely to banish or abandon the idea of an independent church.

But this reasoning we cannot follow. Instead of it we copy out another isolated, but apt passage—apt to the present times of delusion. The lecturer has been describing the heresies of Tertullian, who was cast out of the Church, and comes to what he designates modern Tertullianism:—

There is a far better apology to be made for the Montanist, that, with all his fanaticism, he still regards the

Scriptures as the standard of faith and practice; for "this is the work of the Paraclete, that the Scriptures may be revealed." He supposed that they were imperfectly understood, which was, alas, too true. Yet the man who had the most extravagant notions of the inspiration of his new sect still considers that it was not to give additions to revelation, or make us independent of it; but was to reveal what was contained in Scripture, though not known to the church. This is less fanatical than the theory of unwritten traditions, which, by sharing, would supersede the authority of the word of God.

But they who set up a later age as the standard, the maturity of Christianity, share the common fate of error, to promote, in spite of themselves, the cause of truth. They declare that theirs is not the apostolic church, for they abandon this as too rude and simple; and when they talk of the fathers, they mean not those who are so by eminence, but such as are not even good sons; for they belonged to an age which they themselves pronounced so corrupt, that Antichrist might be immediately expected; and if we believe them, we should bless him who "determined the times before appointed, and fixed the bounds of our habitations," that he has not cast our lot on such days.

But we are witnessing the downward course of error. The Scriptures are first forsaken, as the records of an age too simple, the history of churches too pure and too independent to please a hierarchy; the apostolical fathers next are chosen, instead of the apostles; but it is soon found that the same objections again occur, and therefore the ground is changed again; the sons of those fathers are made the standard, but only to be abandoned for *their* sons again, till it is impossible to say what is meant by the church of the fathers.

Let not the student of the Scriptures, then, shrink from the contest concerning the opinions of the ancients. Antiquity is most to be dreaded by those who vaunt it most, for they would be the last to restore the primitive times. The sanctuary in which the fathers are enthroned is a crypt, for, like other antique idols, they cannot bear the light. Their theology is often so heterodox, their expositions of Scripture so absurd and contradictory, and their chastity so obscene, that he who would dethrone them has but to bring a blazing torch into their shrines, and show to the crouching multitude what it is they have adored. Their high priests, like the Chinese, offer *scraps* of gilded paper, but would not dare to publish in the vernacular tongue *all* that the fathers have written, nor consent to be bound by all that they have prescribed.

Mortality is never more cruelly mocked than when exalted to the throne of Deity. The attributes of humanity that might have been esteemed, or at least tolerated, among other men, are then contrasted with the perfections of the divinity assumed, and for a respectable man we have a ridiculous God. The misfortunes of the fathers demand our candour and our pity, but most unfortunate have they been in the worship they have received; for it has placed them on an elevation which they cannot bear, and has compelled those who would have apologized for their simple opinions to despise their pretended oracles. . . . . .

At the modern attempts to bring back the church to that period of her history when corruptions had become rampant, we may frown, because it is guilty; but we may smile, too, for it is futile. The conspirators may not choose to go higher than to Cyprian, or even the Nicene fathers, or may appeal to earlier writers, only to praise their blots; but who would let the foe dictate the tactics of both armies? Have they appealed to the fathers? To the fathers they shall go; to the fathers of those whom some delight to call *the* fathers. "He that taketh the wise in their own craftiness" will thus "teach them by the briars of the wilderness" that they have raised spirits which they cannot lay. "Truth," says Tertullian, "dreads nothing but concealment;" and we have only to tell the whole truth, in order to put down the attempt to bring us again into bondage to crafty priests. Let the fathers by eminence speak, and let the world, as well as the church, hear, if patience will hold out to the end. Translate; print; publish; explain; tell all.

It will then be seen that the world has been imposed upon by those who appealed to the fathers, to avoid the Scriptures, aware that the people could more easily study for themselves a single book translated into most tongues, than procure or read a library in the dead languages. But it must be shown that corruption can no more claim the fathers than the Scriptures. How the advocates for error shun the testimony of the divine Word is not sufficiently known.

What, then, can we think of those who . . seeking to bring back our countrymen, not as they pr . . the state of the primitive church, but to the days o. bewailed a degeneracy which is now, in spite . own counter testimony, set up as the standard of pu. To the fanaticism of another Shilo, and a preten. miraculous gift of tongues, has at length succeeded, not a new delusion, but a revival of the old, which, under the patronage of moderate learning and semi-asceticism, is making its boast of the fathers. Some, it is to be feared, know whither they are tending, and keep the dome of St. Peter's steadily in view; but others, hoodwinked, are pursuing the same course, without seeing their road, or their end. Have the fires of Smithfield burned in vain! Was not the horror of Popery which they created just and salutary, a merciful reaction produced by him who confounds the counsels of the ungodly? Can the system which introduced that blot on the Christian name, the burning of men for heretics, which Rome has never disavowed, any longer pretend to be the religion of the merciful Saviour, who told those that would call fire from heaven, that they knew not what spirit they were of? Can these be sincere men, who, eating the bread of a Protestant church, labour to undo the work of the Reformation, and, by Jesuitical expositions, supplant the articles they have subscribed? Would they, if successful in establishing their priestly domination, use it less cruelly than their predecessors? Would it not again be said, that "he who crept in like a fox ruled like a lion, till he was hated like a dog"?* Shall our countrymen be left to rush back to Egypt, unobstructed, unwarned? Our protest may be unheeded, perhaps unheard; but, at least, we should be able to say, "We have delivered our souls; their blood is on their own heads."

To those who are not deceivers, but deceived, especially the professors of evangelical truth, who have attempted to amalgamate it with the prevailing semi-popery, it is but a Christian duty to address a word of expostulatory warning. Your sincere concern for the salvation of the soul, and your reverence for the will of God, is abused by men who hate the doctrines you (once, at least) held dear. You know not whither you are tending; for the truths which awakened you from carelessness, or inspired you with peace, will be swallowed up in that false confidence in rites and forms from which you erst deemed it a mercy to have escaped. The regenerating grace of the Spirit, which made "the preaching of the cross the power of God to salvation," you are now learning to identify with baptism, which, you know, leaves millions to "live without God in the world." For justification by faith, which formerly was to you glad tidings, the leaders of your new party are openly substituting justification by the sacraments, never avowed till Trent employed it to countermine Luther. Once you saw Christ in heaven, as your only sacrifice, priest, and altar; and can you now bow down to an altar of stone, or wood; call ministers by the name of priests, which Christ never gave to them; and talk of offering again that sacrifice which "he offered once for all?" "Are ye so foolish? having begun in the spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" Are ye aware of the "beggarly elements to which you desire to be in bondage?" Are you ready to go all the way back to Rome, that you are adopting, one after another, her essential principles, till a crafty Jesuit, meeting you on your own ground, would draw you over the frontier, ere ever you were aware? And all this, under the false

* Laud, who hesitated whether he should not receive from the pope a cardinal's hat, and who devoutly gave thanks for the slitting of the nose and cutting off the ears of Leighton, is very significantly sainted by this school.

colours of the church of the fathers! Have you ever read the fathers? Are you so well acquainted with their voluminous writings as to secure yourselves from being imposed upon, by extracts obtruded upon you, in the hope that you will not be able to judge of them for yourselves? Can you suppose that, if this were the road to truth, the apostles would not have referred us to the fathers? Has not Christ charged you to "Search the Scriptures; for in them you have eternal life?"

Our readers must pardon this long, serious extract in a popular magazine; but its *ultra-Protestantism* was to us irresistible. They must have perceived that this is no common-place theological work, as well as that it is one peculiarly adapted to the times. As such, we recommend it to all who like to investigate for themselves.

The Daughters of England. By Mrs. Ellis. Fisher & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 396.

Those who are acquainted with Mrs. Ellis's popular work, The Women of England, will be at no loss to understand the plan, object, and tendencies of this volume. The books are in character the same, save that the new treatise is limited to unmarried women of the middle class. Mrs. Ellis sermonizes fluently and sensibly; dealing in safe common-places, and undeniable truisms: and while she teaches the women their duties, she also gains the suffrage of the men; for in this age of innovation, she shows the ladies what is their true place. "As women," they are told, "the first thing of importance is to be content to be inferior to men—inferior in mental power in the same proportion as in bodily strength." "Woman's strength is in her influence." This being the key to the social position of the sex, its duties may be the more easily understood. Yet Mrs. Ellis gives more scope to female faculties, and a wider range to the duties of women, than Fordyce, Gregory, or even Hannah More would have done. She permits them even some right to interest themselves in a certain kind of public affairs. She is "perfectly aware that there are intricate questions brought before our Senate which may require a masculine order of intellect fully to understand," and which must therefore be left to the Colonel Sibthorpes and Mr. Ferrands; "but there are others which may, and ought to engage the attention of every female mind; such as the extinction of slavery, the abolition of war in general, cruelty to animals, temperance, the punishment of death, and many more, on which neither to know nor to feel is almost equally disgraceful." The "many more" may, perhaps, include the taxes on food, in which the women, and particularly the ladies of Lancashire, have lately taken the liberty not merely "to know and to feel," but to act pretty decidedly. But Mrs. Ellis would keep all woman's knowledge in subservience to her moral excellence; and on this there can be no difference of opinion:—The rule, moreover, is quite as applicable to man. And if the Daughters of England study her precepts, and follow her counsels, they will be in the fair way to attain high moral excellence, and many useful acquirements and amiable qualities. Her discourse on *Cleverness*—meaning by cleverness, domestic inventiveness, handiness, and neat-handedness—on *Temper*, and on *Fashion*, are worthy of particular commendation. Many wise things are said about flirtation, too: or those little arts of attraction which are so unconscious, that they almost appear natural instincts. But young ladies will be young ladies; and Mrs. Ellis's test of what is flirtation, namely, whether, in mixed society, the damsel is "the same to women as to men," is, we fear, an impracticable, if not an unsound one. What would be the use of mixed society at all, why might not women associate only with women, men with men, if the refining influences of sex were to have no place in their intercourse? But the topic is intricate and delicate. We give Mrs. Ellis's deduction. "It is good for a woman to bear about with her even in early life, the conviction *that her only business with men in society is to learn of them*, and not to captivate or dazzle them." We hope the young ladies, when meditating mischief, will keep this in mind. One sentence we copy out, as it comes with especial propriety from the pen of Mrs. Ellis, herself a minister's wife. It refers to the conduct of young women with regard to "eloquent ministers of religion;" or such, it might have been added, as for the day and the hour are imagined to be so. Of "this extravagant and enthusiastic attachment," to popular ministers, she remarks: "There are others, [young women,] chiefly of enthusiastic temperament, who, under the impression that it is right to love and admire to the utmost of their power, whoever is worthy of admiration, give way to a style of expression when speaking of their favourite ministers, and a mode of behaviour towards them, which is not only peculiarly adapted to expose them as religious professors to the ridicule of the world, but which of itself too plainly betrays their want of reverence and right feeling on the subject of religion in general."

Time and Time-Keepers. By Adam Thomson. T. & W. Boone.

This is the production of a practical man, a London watchmaker. It treats of all sorts and sizes of time-keepers, whether clocks, watches, or chronometers; and of their several parts; and generally gives the history of their invention, with many other relative matters. As a specimen of the work, and a thing of general concernment, we copy out some of the precautions necessary to the care and safety of a watch.—Premising that the watch should be bought from a maker of character, and at a fair price, cheap watches being seldom good time-keepers,—we are told that "the watch should be regularly wound, as nearly at the same hour as possible; since few springs are so equably adjusted as to pull with the same force during the whole time of going. While being wound, the watch should be steadily held in one hand, so as to have no circular motion, which always produces variation in the vibration of the balance, and sometimes considerable derangement. For the same reason, also, when a watch is hung up, it should be perfectly at rest. If hung upon a round hook, without farther support, the motion of the balance will generate a pendulous motion in the watch, which will cause much variation in the time. Powerful watches ought not even to be laid horizontally, unless placed on a soft substance; for if put on a smooth flat surface, from the convexity of the glass and case, the watch can only rest on a point, and the vibration of the balance alone is frequently sufficient to produce motion in the watch." But the directions are too full and minute for our space. Watches, when exposed to variations of temperature, may have the hands set to time, but the regulator should not be touched; as we presume the watch will come right of itself in an equal temperature.

A watch regulated to keep time in the pocket, will, when not worn, gain a minute or two per day; the regulator must not, in this case, be altered, or the watch, when again worn, will lose as much as it had previously gained! . . . . . Particular care ought to be

taken to keep the works of a watch clean; even though perfectly free from dust, it ought to be taken to pieces and cleared of the dried oil, when required; as without this precaution the best watch would be spoiled; and as good watches will continue to go well, until friction and wear prevent their going longer, they are the most liable to be neglected.

Speeches of Lord Campbell, at the Bar, and in the House of Commons. 8vo, pp. 520. Adam & Charles Black, Edinburgh.

Lord Campbell has employed the earliest leisure afforded by temporary retirement from professional business, in the laudable, or, at all events, inoffensive task of arranging the best of his speeches for the press. They are not numerous, nor as pieces of forensic or parliamentary eloquence of any remarkable note, perhaps; yet they must rank respectably in the eyes of the legal profession; nor, as times go with crown lawyers, will any one dispute his Lordship's claim, "never to have abandoned his principles" or "his *party*." The first speech in the volume is that made for Lord Melbourne, in the famous, or infamous action of the Hon. George Norton; a case on which Lord Campbell says, "the eyes of all Europe were fixed. Couriers were ready to start to the principal courts on the continent with the news of the verdict." One would like to learn what effect the verdict pronounced has had upon the social position of the plaintiff and his brother, in the circles in which they move; if they occupy the selfsame place in high-minded aristocratic society as before that strange trial. The volume also contains the speech in the case of Medhurst, for stabbing his fellow-pupil; the elaborate speech on Parliamentary Privilege, in the case *Stockdale* versus *Hansard;* and several more speeches on public questions of moment.

The Great Commission. By the Rev. John Harris, D. D., Author of "Mammon," &c. Cloth, pp. 538. Ward & Co.

The GREAT COMMISSION was that given by our Saviour to his apostles, "Go ye into all nations, preaching the Gospel to every creature." Some time since a few friends to missionary enterprise, residing in Scotland, offered a prize of two hundred guineas for an Essay on Missions, which should be of more extensive design, and less ephemeral than the sermons, tracts, and pamphlets, which for forty years have appeared on the subject of missions to the heathen. Forty-two Essays were sent in to the five appointed judges, who were chosen from among the most numerous of all denominations of Protestants. They were the Rev. Dr. David Welsh of Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw of Glasgow, Mr. Melville of London, Jabez Bunting, and Thomas Crisp. Their verdict, by four out of five voices, was in favour of Dr. Harris; and there is every reason to believe that it was come to after due deliberation, and upon the purest grounds. Who was the solitary exception to unanimity we are not informed.

State of Education, Crime, &c. &c., and Proposed National Training Schools for all England and Wales, &c. &c. By Joseph Bentley. Longman & Co.

This work is respectable for its object, and wonderful for the perseverance and industry which it displays, and for what its author has accomplished, without, apparently, any adventitious aid. When very young, he set out as a Sunday-school teacher in his own neighbourhood, near Oldham. He afterwards established several more Sunday schools, and a Mechanics' Institution. Gradually the field of usefulness widened before him; and he at length seems to have devoted himself to the task of, in the first place, becoming "intimately conversant with the wants, wishes, tastes, and vices of the people," in a district where he imagined that his labours might be productive of good. His method was, selling little tracts and cheap periodicals among the decent poor, or giving them away. This was mainly done on the Saturday afternoons, when he found the work-people at home, and at leisure, to chat with him about their circumstances and modes of living. He afterwards became a traveller for a Manchester house, which greatly enlarged his sphere of inquiry; and, finally, he formed the idea of the present work. It is one which all must consider valuable, at least, as an attempt to promote the science of statistics; and as containing many curious facts and details, illustrating the connexion between early education and good conduct.

Greece, as a Kingdom: or, A Statistical Description of that Country, from the arrival of King Otho, in 1833, *to the present time.* By Frederick Strong, Esq., Consul at Athens, from Bavaria. 12mo, cloth, pp. 404. Longman & Co.

This work is unique of its kind. We have had a thousand and one descriptions of Modern Greece by travellers and letter-writers, but not one systematic account of that kingdom, its productions, resources, and institutions, by an intelligent resident. The work is ample and complete in matters of detail, and in tabular statements. Its author may have imagined that previous writers had said enough about the people, and their manners and customs; for that is the only thing he has omitted, save politics, and his own opinion of the interests and prospects of the country. These are blanks; but everything is not to be expected from a work professedly statistical.

Memoirs of the Rev. William Davidson, late of Barnbow, near Leeds. By James Everett. 12mo, pp. 525, cloth. Hamilton & Adams.

The Memoirs of this worthy man, which are chiefly compiled from a diary, that he kept from an early age, will, no doubt, be interesting to his congregation and immediate friends. To the rest of the world the volume will be less attractive, though it contains some homely wisdom, and original traits of manners, with abundant evidence of the piety of its subject.

A Treatise on the Application of Marine Surveying and Hydrometry to the Practice of Civil Engineering. By David Stevenson, Civil-Engineer; author of the "Civil Engineering of North America; with Charts, Plans, Diagrams, &c." 8vo, pp. 173. Adam & Charles Black.

This work is written for a particular class. Its purpose is expressed in the title.

Moral Agency; and Man as a Moral Agent. By William M'Combie. Seely, London.

This writer takes the orthodox and Protestant side of the question; and claims to range with those who receive their faith from the Bible and not from the Church.

SIX SERMONS on INTERESTING SUBJECTS, including the CONVERSION of the JEWS. By the Rev. John Robertson, Dunse. M. Paterson, Edinburgh.

NEW NOVELS.

Nothing has lately fallen under our observation in this department which we consider worthy of a particular introduction to our readers, save Mrs. Trollope's "BLUE BELLES OF ENGLAND;" and it, from having appeared piecemeal in a magazine, must be pretty well known. It displays all its author's shrewdness and talent; and makes us acquainted with some characters and groups that are really worth knowing. The entanglement of the heroine, a charming and true-hearted girl, with a young poet of the fastidious, exquisitely-selfish, sickly-sentiment class, is delicately traced. The "pink and white poet," and his dainty super-refined patroness and friend, are indeed exquisitely touched. Such family groups, as that of the Markhams, living in respectable and respected poverty, and yet richer in honour and content, and the general esteem, than their ambitious and fashionable neighbours, cannot be made too familiar to readers of fiction. Mrs. Trollope, like her contemporaries Mrs. Gore and Sir E. Bulwer, is, by the way, a sad libeller of the gay aristocratic world, if truth be libel. The veriest scold and cheat in Billingsgate Market is a respectable and honest woman, compared with her manœuvring mother and daughter in this novel.

THE TRADUCED. By N. Michell, author of "The Fatalist; or, The Fortunes of Godolphin." 3 volumes. T. and W. Boone.—This romance is founded upon the mysterious or questionable story of Joanna queen of Sicily, whose fortunes have been as tempting to imaginative writers as those of Mary queen of Scots. From the title, it may be inferred that the author adopts the side of the question favourable to Joanna, and which authentic history bears out, to the satisfaction of the charitable in judgment. The period chosen enables the author to enrich his pages by the introduction of several of those eminent characters of whom Joanna was the friend or patroness; and he has given it a home interest, by the introduction of gallant English soldiers. The romance, taken as a whole, is extremely pleasing.

PAMPHLETS.

THE PRESBYTERIAN EMPIRE, its ORIGIN, DECLINE, and FALL. By John Macfarlan, Esq.—To such of our Southern readers as wish to know the merits of that virulent dissension which is at present rending the Kirk of Scotland, and threatening its destruction, we recommend this able and temperate exposition of the causes of controversy.

OBSERVATIONS on the LAWS which PROHIBIT the FREE IMPORTATION of HUMAN FOOD, in a LETTER to the CONSTITUENTS of the HOUSE of COMMONS. By a Fellow-Elector.

PRIZE-ESSAY of the HIGHLAND SOCIETY; with an APPENDIX, on the CONDITION of FARM-SERVANTS in CERTAIN PARTS of SCOTLAND. By James Cowie.—This pamphlet deserves praise, so far as its object is to expose some of the evils of the Bothy-system, which, as our readers may remember, were noticed in the articles on the Poor-Laws of Scotland that have appeared in this Magazine. Has the Scottish Poor-Law agitation fallen asleep? Have the land-owners and the wrong-headed among the clergy quietly carried their point?

The GOVERNMENT of the METROPOLITAN POLICE of CANTON. By James Henry, Esq., M. D.—This seems a satire on the Dublin police; and is probably a well-merited chastisement of the organization and party-uses of that body.

Not OVER-PRODUCTION, but DEFICIENT CONSUMPTION, the SOURCE of our SUFFERINGS. By W. R. Greg, Esq.—The name of the writer is a guarantee for this being a clear and a moderate statement; and a satisfactory reply to the fallacies by which a half-clad and half-starved population are attempted to be humbugged. Recommending the pamphlet, we quote one or two sentences to show the nature of it:—

DEFICIENT CONSUMPTION.

While the production of the manufactured article has increased pretty steadily through all vicissitudes, *the proportion of our manufacture consumed at home, has, of late, rapidly diminished.* While for the fifteen years from 1824 to 1838, the home demand absorbed regularly from 40 to 50 per cent. (average 44) of the whole production, during the last three years it has only averaged 36 per cent., and in the last disastrous year only 28 per cent. Nay, more, in spite of a large increase in our population, the actual *quantity* of Cotton manufactures consumed at home, is less in the *last* three years than in the *preceding* three, by 14½ per cent.; and the quantity consumed in 1841, less than at any period since 1830, notwithstanding an augmented population of more than two millions.

It will be objected that, during the whole of this period our exports have increased. True, they have;—but these goods have, to a great extent, been sent abroad, because it was impossible to dispose of them at home; they have not been shipped in regular execution of orders received, but have been *consigned* for the chance of forcing a sale, by excessive lowness of price.

FALLACY OF WAGES RISING, AS FOOD RISES IN PRICE.

The total weekly income of seven families in Dukinfield, was, in 1836, £8, 0s. 0d. Their household expenditure was £5, 12s. 3d.; leaving a surplus of £2, 7s. 9d. for education, saving, and clothing. In 1841, their aggregate income was reduced to £5, 6s. 8d., while their necessary expenditure increased to £6, 8s. 1d.; leaving not only no surplus for clothing, but a heavy debt instead. In the former year, *food* formed 46 per cent. of their expenditure; in the latter year, 89 per cent.

THE REMEDY.

Perfect freedom of interchange, therefore,—willing and unburdened admission of the products of other countries,—must form the sole basis of our future prosperity, *because it is the sole condition on which we can obtain extended markets for our goods, and increased employment for our people.*

The same measures—complete commercial freedom—will, by reducing the price of the necessaries of life in England, (and still more by preventing those extreme fluctuations which have been so ruinous to all,) enable the mass of our citizens again to become extensive purchasers of articles of clothing, and thus restore the home demand to its natural and healthy state, and give us a right to anticipate its steady annual increase.

The same measures will, by raising the price of food abroad, tend to assimilate the wages of the continent to those of England. They will diminish the cost of manufacturing production at home, and augment it abroad;—and by lowering the rate of profit in continental manufactures, will lessen the inducement to invest capital therein;—while, by creating a demand for agricultural produce, they will divert capital, enterprise, and labour into that channel; *and thus employ in feeding us, those who are now busily occupied in ruining us.*

WEAL NOT PEEL. Letters by Richard Crutwell.

SABBATARIANISM NO PART OF CHRISTIANITY. A discourse lately preached in the Union Chapel, Glasgow. By John Taylor.

REASONS WHY *I*, A JEW, HAVE BECOME A CATHOLIC, AND NOT A *Roman* CATHOLIC. A letter in reply to the Rev. R. W. Sibthorpe. By Ridley H. Herschell.

UNION, THE PATRIOT'S WATCHWORD AT THE PRESENT CRISIS. By the Rev. Henry Edwards.

SERIAL WORKS.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, Vol. XXXII. MESOPOTAMIA, and ASSYRIA, from the earliest ages to the present time. By J. Baillie Fraser, Esq., author of "A Descriptive account of Persia," &c., &c. Pp. 383, with map and engravings by Jackson. Oliver and Boyd.—In composing this historical and descriptive account of these seats of ancient empire, and of some of the most momentous events in the annals of the human race, the author has had the great advantage of personal travel, and long familiarity with the manners of the East. In addition to this, he has consulted a host of old authorities and of modern travellers and geographers. The use Mr. Fraser has made of these, leaves nothing to regret save the narrowness of his limits, though he has managed to condense all that can interest the general reader, whether in the past history or modern aspects of the regions described. He has found some valuable original materials in the MS. journals of the late Mr. Elliot, with the perusal of which he was favoured by the intelligent and hospitable British Political Resident at Bagdad, Colonel Taylor, who had also the power of communicating much statistical and other information collected by himself. Yet no part of the work is of so much interest as the sketches of the author's own adventures among the Kurdish and Arab tribes; or rather the results of his own and Mr. Elliot's observation on their manners and usages, while travelling among them. One, in reading these adventures, may fancy himself among the Highland clans a hundred years since. As is the praiseworthy custom of all the volumes of the CABINET LIBRARY, a part of the work is devoted to the Natural History of the countries described. On the whole, Mesopotamia and Assyria will form a valuable and attractive addition to this popular Library.

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—SOUTHERN DIVISION. PART II. OF CORNWALL.: AND PART II. OF NORTHERN DIVISION: LANCASHIRE.—This gives fair promise of turning out a beautiful and an useful work, well deserving public favour. It amply fulfils all that we said and predicted on its first appearance. From some instinct or other, we involuntarily turned first to CORNWALL; but Lancashire, the Utilitarian division, will have numerous admirers. And even from the manufacturing districts, ancient legends and ballads, and romantic traditions are by no means excluded. In both Parts, the wood-engravings are numerous; and as beautiful and light as if traced by fairy artists.

THE LOCAL HISTORIAN'S TABLE-BOOK. By M. A. Richardson. Parts I. to V. A work devoted to the Border Land of England, and its northern towns; combining, in chronological order, remarkable occurrences, historical facts, ancient traditions, and legendary and descriptive ballads; in short, snatches of everything which may amuse and interest the Northumbrians, the good folks of Newcastle, and the inhabitants of the city and county of Durham. The numerous works of the local antiquaries, the Border county histories and memoirs, afford a rich field; and Mr. Richardson has been a diligent gleaner. Along with a good deal of curious antiquated matter, there is, no doubt, much that is trivial, or of merely local interest. The work is illustrated with good, if rough wood-cuts.

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL. New and Pictorial Series—volumes I. and II.—This is a work of about the size and of the class of *Chambers's Journal*, and of other Periodical Works of entertainment; but it is adorned with really clever wood-cuts. Whether we regard the designs or execution, they are capital; and, unlike the absurd caricatures and grotesque embellishments of the general run of such works, give faithful representations of London society in all its lower phases. Chelsea Pensioners, Hackney-coachmen, Draymen, Livery-stablemen, Porters, Jew Old-Clothesmen, Low Gamblers, are all excellent, and evidently from the life. The unnamed artist is equally happy in his representations of the middle class. The volumes make an entertaining table-book.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE. PARTS XL. and XLI. TITUS ANDRONICUS, and PERICLES.

THE SONGS OF DIBDIN, WITH THE MUSIC. PART VI.

BRANDE'S DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART. PART X.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. PART XI.

TYAS'S SHAKSPEARE. PART XXXIV. CORIOLANUS.

FACTS AND FIGURES. No. V.

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET. No. II. This new number is quite as genial and racy as its predecessor.

WINKLE'S CATHEDRALS. Nos. 41, 42.—Hereford Cathedral, containing six plates, and the customary quantity of letterpress, descriptive and historical.

THE CHRISTIAN DIARY WITH MORAL AND RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Hastings: London.

LE KEUX'S MEMORIALS OF CAMBRIDGE. No. XXII.—King's College; XXIII. Pembroke College; XXIV. Emmanuel College; XXV. Parish of St. Botolph, Addenbrooke's Hospital, &c.

M'CULLOCH'S GEOGRAPHICAL, STATISTICAL, and HISTORICAL DICTIONARY. Part XIV.

THE CASTLES and ABBEYS of ENGLAND. By Wm. Beattie, M.D. Part II.—This new embellished work looks well; but as we have not seen the first Part, we can neither speak as to its plan nor probable extent.

CUMMING'S FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. Part XI.

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

The PILGRIM of GLENCOE, and Other POEMS. By THOMAS CAMPBELL.—This new production of the Bard of Hope, as the learned call Mr. Campbell, has, at the very least, the beauty of unexpectedness. Nay, it has much more. Are not the gleaning-grapes of Edom better than the vintage of Bozrah?—The Pilgrim of Glencoe is a simple and homely tale of real life, and one illustrative of Highland manners, and of the graces and virtues of the mountaineer. In the olden time, it was often objected to Campbell, that he was too fastidious, too finical in style. Now, we suspect, the fault will be fancied to lie on the other side; and he will be found too familiar and colloquial. The poem seldom rises above the narrative style, yet we think that the hand which drew Outalissi, may be recognised in the portrait of the ancient Highlander:—

Old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage, even in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders,—each, though aged and lean,
Broad as the curled Herculean head between,—
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse.
Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge, and feudal strife.
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honour's right, and Nature's honest law.
First in the charge, and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot

match for stags,—still fleeter when the prey
'as man, in persecution's evil day;
eered to that chase by brutal, bold Dundee,
o Highland hound had lapped more blood than he.
ft had he changed the Covenanter's breath
rom howls of psalmody to howls of death.
nd though long bound to peace, it irked him still,
is dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill.
et Norman had fierce virtues, that would mock
old-blooded Tories of the modern stock,
'ho starve the breadless poor with fraud and cant,—
e slew, and saved them from the pangs of want.
This old hero has a son, remarkable for good, plain
nse, and calm blood; fond of books and knowledge;
rious, meditative, and sagacious, however he had come
y his un-Celtic character; and the very opposite of the
ery and irascible Norman, whose anger he provokes by
bjuring Jacobitism.
lo blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire
uick as these words lit up his father's ire,
Vho envied even old Abraham for his faith,
rdained to put his only son to death.
le started up in such a mood of soul
he white bear bites his showman's stirring-pole;
le damn'd too, and brought out with snarl and howl,
) Dia! Dia! and Dioul! Dioul!

Several minor pieces, more elegantly versified than he *Pilgrim*, fill up the volume; but as they have already appeared, and as Campell's poetry never remains long under a bushel, we need not specify what must already have been read in half the newspapers of the day.

ZACHARY COBBLE, a Rigmarole in Rhyme. Bull: London.—This is a rather clever satire, in Hudibrastic metres.

ZAIDA, A TALE OF GRANADA, AND MINOR POEMS. By Lewis Evans.

BROWNING'S BELLS AND POMEGRANATES. No. II. King Victor and King Charles: Moxon.—This production is rather dramatic dialogues of a tragic character, than a regular tragedy. Some of the dialogues possess great poetical and dramatic beauty.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PAINTERS, by Henry Reeve, Esq.: Murray.—A series of elegant and beautiful poetic sketches, in which the leading characteristics of each of the great masters of the Italian and Flemish school are felicitously and briefly portrayed.

THE DRUNKARD, a Poem, by John O'Niel, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.—This little poem, the production of an intelligent mechanic, well deserves the patronage of the friends of the Temperance cause.

SKETCHES OF BRITAIN, by James Howie, M.D., author of "Home," &c.—A descriptive poem, in somewhat halting blank verse, and framed on no definite plan.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE TORY BUDGET has at length made its appearance, and among some favourable features, it contains the appalling announcement, that an income-tax of 7d. per pound, or nearly three per cent., is to be imposed on all incomes, from whatever source derived, of above £150 a-year. Nothing, certainly, can be more unfair, than to tax an income derived from trade or professional exertions at the same rate as a similar income derived from land. An income arising from a trade or profession is, in few instances, worth more than two or three years' purchase; while a land rental is worth thirty years' purchase. It is quite plain, therefore, that, in common justice, a graduated scale, somewhat in proportion to the value of the income, ought to be applied. But besides, as is well known, it is impossible to levy a tax derived from trades and professions fairly. Few persons in these ranks of life know precisely what their incomes are; and suppose that, at the time the tax is imposed, and the first returns made, the tradesman has an unusually prosperous year, and honestly returns the amount of his income, he has the utmost difficulty, as was found formerly, in getting an abatement in subsequent years, when his trade is falling off; and it is only through an inquisitorial examination of his books, and the most humiliating exposure of his affairs to the myrmidons of the tax-gatherer, for whose secrecy he has no adequate security, that he has any chance of obtaining relief. Besides, an income-tax offers a direct bribe for fraud and dishonesty. Let a tradesman only keep his books in confusion, and he may defy all the inspectors of the income-tax to discover his income. An income-tax has been hitherto considered exclusively a war-tax; and that of five per cent., imposed by Pitt in 1798, was repealed immediately on the ratification of the treaty of Amiens: and the other tax of ten per cent., imposed by the Whigs, was, in spite of all the efforts of the Ministry to maintain it in a modified degree, repealed in 1816. Another great evil of an income-tax is the ease with which it may be increased, and the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer thrust deeper and deeper into the pockets of the subjects. We will venture to predict, that it wont long remain at three per cent.; but will soon be raised to five. Lord Brougham has moved resolutions condemnatory of the extension of the tax to incomes from trades, professions, &c.; and a movement to the same effect is making among the Liberal members of the House of Commons: but it is in vain to expect that a Parliament of landowners and sinecurists will ever consent to tax themselves and let other classes escape. This would be contrary to their whole policy throughout all history. But perhaps those who have most to complain of the manner in which the tax is to be levied are the farmers; and it shows how careless the landowners are of their tenants' interest, provided they get the rents. They are held out as men not to be trusted. Every other class is allowed to make a return of his income, in order to taxation, but the farmer. A rigid and inflexible rule is laid down for him, that his profits are one-half of his rent. By the application of this rule, during the last years of the late property-tax, farmers paid hundreds a-year of tax on an assumed income, while they not only had no income at all, but were, as the sequel proved, losing their whole capital.

The new Budget amounts, in fact, to a complete revision of the Tariff. Among its favourable features is the removal of a number of the prohibitions, especially those on cattle, sheep, &c. The duty on asses is very unnecessarily reduced from 10s. to 2s. 6d; oxen, £1; cows, 15s.; calves, 10s. The duty on calves is not proportioned to that on oxen. Sheep, 3s.; swine, 5s. These are at present prohibited. Bacon, hams, &c., from 28s. to 14s.; beef, fresh or slighty salted, at present prohibited, 8s.—all per cwt. All these are the duties from foreign countries. Tallow, from 3s. 2d. to 6d.; coffee, foreign, from 1s. 3d. to 8d.; and from British possessions, from 7d. to 4d.

The unpopular measure of an income-tax might have been avoided by merely doing justice to all classes; by imposing on the landed interest the taxes they ought to pay. As every one knows, the land-tax, when first imposed, was an assessment of 4s. per pound; so that, if now levied at that rate, it would yield a revenue of nearly eight millions. Then a tax on the succession of land should be imposed, similar to that on moveables, which would yield three or four millions more, so that all financial difficulties would be relieved. But what has rendered it necessary to impose an income-tax in time of peace? Merely the insane interference with the powers of Asia, so that there is not a single nation between Cabul and Pekin which is not ready to rise upon us at a moment's notice.

Peel's Corn-Law Bill is safe, having passed the second

reading by 284 to 176,—majority, 108. Mr. Villiers' motion for a total and immediate repeal, was supported only by ninety. So that our readers may judge what chance there is for a measure for total repeal being carried in the House as presently constituted. To continue to agitate for Corn-Law repeal by itself alone, is worse than useless. It is only by an extension of the suffrage, that beneficial reforms will ever be carried. For it is quite plain that the aristocracy hold, and, in fact, are entitled to hold, the agitation of the Corn-Law repealers, unsupported as it is by the working-classes, in utter contempt.

Emigration.—Among the proposals for remedying the distress, (*now* admitted to be general,) believed to be entertained by Ministers during the vacation, was emi gration on a large scale. In a former number we denounced the notion of transporting the people to the food, and not bringing the food to the people. We were, of course, fiercely attacked by a set of periodicals in this country in the interest of the inhabitants of our colonies, who wish to draw from us all the adult men and women of the working classes, leaving Britain, as a sort of grandmother, to rear up children to the transportable age for the benefit of our dependencies. As some of these periodicals are only yet a few weeks old, they cannot be expected to have come to their senses; but we may merely hint, that as we have uniformly opposed the Black Slave Trade in all its parts, we are equally determined to oppose *the White Slave Trade* now advocated by numerous "*philanthropic*" journals. The horrors of the "middle passage," short as it comparatively is, with a fair wind and calm sea, is nothing to a voyage to Australia, either by Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. We are, therefore, glad to observe that the Ministry has no intention of recommending any general system of emigration. On the contrary, they find the misery of the existing practice such, that they are to bring in a Bill *to render Emigration more difficult*—a bill to prevent emigrants from being starved or poisoned in their passage abroad with rotten provisions, or by the still more ingenious device of stinting them in their supply of water—dirty at the outset—so as to prevent them either cooking or eating the salt junk which has perhaps twice circumnavigated the globe, and been sold by government as useless stores. The passengers are also to have more room than at present. All this will raise the expense of emigrating, and operate as a check. With the single exception of a slave ship, an emigrant ship—and we have our information from living witnesses in this city—is the scene of the greatest human misery that is conceivable. There is plenty of land in this country yet unoccupied. The late Duke of Cleveland paid £600 a-year to his own tenants alone for fox coverts; that is to say, for places to breed vermin—not merely foxes to destroy the farmers' lambs and poultry, but rabbits to feed the other vermin, and to destroy the corn crops also. The same system is now, and has been for years, in operation in the Lothians. We know of two or three fox coverts ourselves, whence the tenants draw a greater return in the way of abatement of rent, and even in direct payment from the squirearchy, than from the best land on their farms. Perhaps some of our readers will assist us in making out "a Return of the number of fox coverts in Scotland, for which the tenant is paid *not to cultivate*, or depasture," that the foxes may not be disturbed. It is plain, we have not too little, but too much land in this country, when large portions of it are undeniably set aside for the purpose of rearing vermin. But to look to the moral, and it may be the religious aspect of emigration—what right have we, as a nation, to send out a body of men to plunder another body—to dispossess them of their lands, which the God of nature has given them? Is it anything more decent, to open a shop in London for selling the lands of the people at the antipodes, or borrowing money on the security of them—rather a bad security on this side of the Tweed, we opine—than it would be for Mumbo Jumbo to open a shop at Timbuctoo, for the sale of the lordship of Dalkeith?

The late Lord President Hope.—Lord John Russell brought on a discussion relative to the late Lord President's resignation, by moving for the letters of resignation sent in by his lordship, and Chief-Justice Bushe of the Irish Queen's Bench; both of whom had long been incapacitated from the active duties of their offices, and rather suspiciously, it must be admitted, retained office till the Tories came into power. The Whigs, however, undoubtedly touched upon rather a dangerous topic for them. The jobbing about Lord Corehouse's resignation is rather too recent to be entirely forgotten; and the notorious fact that, during the ten years they held office, they did not promote a single Tory to the Bench, or to any other office, cannot be overlooked. It is impossible, also, to keep out of view what sort of appointments they have made. We believe great part of the profession will agree with us when we state, that old and deaf as the late Lord President was, he was at least as efficient as some of the younger Whigs who have been placed on the bench, with whom doing nothing appears to be the rule and working the exception. It was rather an unfortunate period, also, for the Whigs to attack a Tory Judge, from alleged neglect of duty. We do not believe that the late President was, during his whole career, as long absent from his duty as some of the Judges appointed since 1832 have already been. How any one can reconcile it to his conscience—not having even the plea of poverty to plead—to accept of the public money, month after month, for doing nothing, while his table is filled with law processes, and the litigants in the suits starving from the law's delay, we know not. Certainly the eminent Judge we allude to would better consult his dignity, and his well-earned reputation, by an immediate resignation than continue to hold an office, the duties of which he is unable to discharge. We do not see that there is any probability of getting rid of superannuated Judges retaining their seat on the bench, till an imperative rule be laid down for the resignation of all Judges at a certain age. This would, no doubt, sometimes entail a retired allowance or two more on the country than at present; and it might even occasionally deprive the bench of an able Judge, who, though old, was in full possession of his faculties, to make way for one, who, though younger, was of less capacity; but we do not think these evils are at all comparable to that of allowing a worn-out Judge to retain his seat, after his faculties have been greatly deteriorated by age. After all the discussion, it appears, that the Whigs were mistaken, in asserting that the late President had not done his duty in presiding at Jury trials. Since 1830, he has only delegated the duty in three instances to his juniors. For our own parts, we think it would be much better if the Juniors were made to do the duty, either exclusively or in rotation, with the Chief. Nothing can be more awkward than bringing Bills of Exceptions against charges to a Jury, on account of misdirection before the Division in which he sits; thus making the juniors, or who ought, at least, to be juniors, or inferior in talent, sit as Judges on their own Chief. For these, as well as for other obvious reasons, we think that not the President of each Division, but the Junior Judge in the Inner House, should preside at all Jury trials; although we confess we never could see any good reason why the whole Court should not be present. Surely matters as important are tried by Jury in civil cases, as by the Court of Justiciary; yet three Judges must be present in it, to make a quorum, however paltry the case.

Affghanistan.—As we anticipated, the whole British force in Affghanistan, consisting of 5400 men, has been massacred. Of course, nothing but revenge is talked of; and when Sir Robert Peel announced that a large additional force was to be sent to India, he was cheered from all parts of the House. It is well worth consideration, however, whether it is becoming the dignity of a great nation like Britain to follow the example of barbarous nations, and take the savage sort of revenge which must be contemplated. What satisfaction will it be to the people in this country, in return for the income tax, that Affghanistan is laid waste with fire and sword,—that Cabul and other towns are burned, and that a parcel of miserable old men, women, and children, have perished in the

flames, or have been massacred by our soldiers? It is perfectly plain that we cannot now occupy the country; and such revenge as is talked of will only have the effect of rendering the Affghans more hostile, and more ready to assist the French or Russians in any invasion of India they may attempt. A savage revenge, such as is contemplated, will still farther irritate the neighbouring nations, and tend farther to facilitate an invasion of India at the proper moment. It should also be kept in view, that it was a British officer who set the example in massacring prisoners in cold blood; and there is little doubt that that atrocity was one of the chief incentives to the revolt.

CHINA.—Sir Henry Pottinger seems to be sailing backwards and forwards along the coast, without attempting anything decisive. He also requires additional troops and ships; and much human blood, and not a few millions of treasure, will be expended before this paltry and unjust opium war be terminated.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Recent proceedings in Parliament have had no effect in dispelling the gloom which has so long hung over the manufacturing districts, and the distress and destitution continue generally as great as ever. At Paisley, some symptoms of amendment are showing themselves. The number obtaining relief is diminishing weekly, and some of the old branches of manufactures are beginning to revive.

AGRICULTURE.

Owing to the very favourable state of the weather, a much larger breadth of spring wheat has been sown than usual, and in those districts adapted for the spring sowing of this kind of crop, the deficiency in the autumn sowing has been nearly supplied. The supplies of grain in the hands of farmers in this district (Edinburgh) seem fully as much as usual at this season; and as the price of grain has been falling slowly throughout the month, it would appear to be anticipated that there is a sufficient supply in the country till harvest, without any foreign importation. We have seldom known the corn speculators more at fault than they have been within the late few months. It was confidently expected in November, that the whole grain in bond would have been entered ere now at the shilling duty; whereas, the duty is now 26s. 8d., without much probability of any great reduction for some time. As was to be anticipated, the allowing the importation of foreign cattle has created a great sensation in the breeding districts; and it is even said that the proposal has already had the effect of reducing the price of cattle in Ireland. We have no doubt that in both Houses of Parliament an attempt will be made to throw out this part of the Budget,—the only real good part of it; and the manufacturing interest should be on their guard against such an attempt.

POSTCRIPT POLITICAL.

THE CROWNING MERCY OF THE TORIES.

THE Peel policy has reached the climax! Sir Robert has taken even his own warmest supporters by surprise. There were whispers of a Property-tax. To some that seemed a necessary, as it will always be, a just tax, if fairly levied. But the whole Income of the country suddenly brought within the sweep-net of the Minister, that was news! And as surely as that the landlord's clutch of the bread of the people will never be unloosed during his reign, it now is that every man belonging to the generally uneasy middle classes, every man striving to maintain his place in society, upon the lessening, or, in many cases, the almost extinguished profits of a trade or a profession, must not only be taxed, but rendered liable to the same ordeal, in the rigid scrutiny of his most sacred and private affairs, as if he were a bankrupt attempting to defraud his creditors.

Well, the existing constituencies sent those Members to Parliament who, having first adopted Peel's Sliding Scale, which is to mete the People's Food, will next sanction his Fixed Standard for mulcting every man's Income. A Sliding Scale for the purposes of the Landlord; a Procrustean bed for those of the Minister.

The Newspaper press, we rejoice to see, is nearly unanimous in denouncing an Income Tax on trades and professions; the country is already ringing from side to side with indignation; and no man can paint the gross injustice and the injurious and torturing operation of such a tax black enough. Even Sir Robert Peel, himself, though he cares little about its unequal pressure, admits its inquisitorial character. That seems, indeed, to be very generally understood, but not yet to the full extent. The Income Tax, with its Local Boards, Tory Commissioners, Tory understrappers, prying, espionage, and reckless exposure* of private affairs, was, in its day, one of the most envenomed weapons of party spite and political persecution that ever the minions of any Government wielded. Many men of liberal sentiments still alive must remember their own sufferings and the tender mercies of its inquisitorial machinery. And what it was in the beginning of the century, it will be again; for Peel's Budget will be carried, in substance, and in every important detail; and, whatever may be modified, the tax on the precarious incomes of trades and professions will assuredly not be spared, if there shall be a tax on property of any kind. A war tax,—never resorted to but in the last extremity and the most grievous and injurious in operation,—will be imposed upon that class of the community, which, with the exception of the actually half-starving manufacturers, are the least able to bear it. The country has been, for nearly thirty years, comparatively at peace, though the great majority of the class to be mulcted have been, and that for years, at war, in warding off poverty or pecuniary difficulty, in the midst of decaying trade, lessening and precarious profits, ruinous competition in all professions, and no foreign outlet for professional talent. And after a series of bad seasons, when the increased expense of living, of buying merely meat and bread, and common necessaries, has been seriously felt by every family, save the opulent few, it is proposed to impose this tax anew: and that without any cause satisfactorily shown, save the mere convenience of the Minister. Had this odious measure

* In Parliament, the secrecy, the delicacy, the *honour* of the persons intrusted to examine schedules and appeals, is paraded in answer to every objection. Now, in Scotland, it is well known that the statements and appeals of persons surcharged, were actually sold to the snuff-shops for waste paper. This might not take place everywhere, but it did take place, and made some noise at the time.

followed the Total Repeal of the Taxes on Food, there might have been some reason, or at least, some decent pretext for the course adopted. But to afford the mass of the community no redress for their master-grievance,—the Bread-Tax,—to give the manufactures of the country no substantial relief that can with certainty be calculated upon, and to impose fresh burdens, heaviest in amount to those least able to bear them, and made intolerable in the mode of exaction, is the Crowning Mercy of Sir Robert Peel's vigorous administration.

His real reason, after all, may have been fear that the Corn-Law Repealers would put their threats into execution, and force him to surrender, by starving themselves, in order to cut off his Excise and Customs resources. We give Sir Robert some credit for his sagacity. This must be the real reason. "You, Messrs. Cobden & Co.," thinks Sir Robert to himself, "threaten me with using no wine; you, Mrs. Brookes, and your ladies, with using no tea, coffee, and sugar: why, I will match you there—I will directly attack your pockets." He almost admits this view, when he says, "The middle class may save as much through the reduction of duties by the new Tariff, as they will have to pay in Income Tax." But, if so, where was the need of change, or of having recourse to this new, irritating tax? And, admitting that some changes for the better are made by his timid peddling with the Tariff, short is the way that the cautious, yet meddling Minister has ventured in the right direction; while with all his trimming and dexterity, and his evident anxiety to please those of whom he holds, while he attempts some small good, he has laid the foundation of many future difficulties to himself and his successors.

If Peel imagines that he will gain the working-classes by his policy, no mistake can be greater. Many of them can scrutinize his Tariff, with as much knowledge of its probable operation as himself; and then inquire what it promises to them. Increased employment? Doubtful. Cheaper food? Certainly not. The single alteration on the sugar duties, proposed by the late Government, would have afforded more actual relief and solace to the countless number of families in the Kingdom, whose income is under 15s. a-week, than all his proposed alterations of the Tariff. Bread and bread-stuffs, which at present swallow up two-thirds, and as often three-fourths, of their incomes, remain precisely as before. In cheese and butter we hear of no reduction; and as to the reduction which may take place in the price of fresh meat, it little concerns those who rarely see meat, and, while bread remains at its present exorbitant rate, cannot obtain meat in any form. Instead of dividing the working and the middle classes, Peel's Crowning Mercy will force them more rapidly into close alliance. *They* have the selfsame interests, however it may be with the aristocratic and non-producing classes. Whatever affects the employer, must soon and certainly affect the employed. Whatever lessens the means of the consumer, must soon be felt by the producer. All burthens ultimately press hardest on the lowest body. This has been very clearly stated in Parliament by Lord Brougham, and his lessons will not be lost. The working-men are already acquainted with the operation of taxation. They may escape the fiery ordeal of the Income Inquisition, but they must bear their share of the loss of money going to the tax-gatherer, instead of being employed in giving impulse to their industry.

And whither have vanished all those visions of the relief to trade, of the influx of prosperity, which were to follow in the wake of a Tory Administration? Are they to end in a new Sliding Scale, and an Income Tax falling on all incomes alike, from whatever source they may accrue, whether from the most permanent and well-secured, or the most uncertain and fluctuating? And what a wonderful man he is who has accomplished this!—what a mighty mind that, which, after seven months, devised the marvellous scheme! Why, Mehemet Ali would have done the same thing in seven hours,—and better. He could not have done worse. It is almost ludicrous to hear of the admiration of the Minister into which the House of Commons was thrown, when the mighty scheme was unfolded, and when Sir Robert Peel spoke his long-concocted pamphlet on Finance. What was wonderful in the only important part of his scheme, save the temerity of him that proposed it?

But since Sir Robert has carried his Landlords' Monopoly against the people, it is upon the whole, perhaps, not to be regretted, that he should also carry his Income Tax. It will prove the source of illumination on questions of Government and Finance to thousands; and will speedily recruit the ranks of the Suffrage Associations with many able and useful soldiers. It will be the means of immediate amalgamation. There is, we fear, a very slender chance of the working-class becoming in haste so easy and comfortable in their circumstances, notwithstanding the penny a pound reduction on the price of macaroni and vermicelli, as to be indifferent to public affairs. Sir Robert, by his vigorous measure, may temporarily galvanize the finances; but by what untried, unheard-of process is he to give healthful vigour to those exhausted powers upon which all permanent national prosperity must ultimately depend? The subject remains as dark, as perplexed as ever; and were the Income Tax made five or ten per cent. instead of three, without great retrenchment of the public expenditure, without immediate relief to trade and manufactures, the same causes which have been at work for twenty years, must ultimately undermine the country. Foreign nations already see *Ichabod* written upon our walls; the glory of rich, proud England departed. It is viewed as a humbled nation, plunged into desperate circumstances; and its Government compelled to have recourse to desperate remedies. Thus, the honour of the nation is tarnished abroad; while at home, much causeless suffering, mental and pecuniary, is entailed upon the whole middle-class, in addition to former hardships. There is, at present, little consolation, save in looking to the national movement for Radical Reform; to the intelligent men represented by such individuals as Lovett, Vincent, and Philips, voluntarily returning to their original confidence in their true and long-tried friends; in Brougham and Hume, and such new and potent auxiliaries as Joseph Sturge. The means of national salvation are still in our hands; and Sir Robert Peel's policy will quicken us to the use of them, and hasten the crisis.

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MAY, 1842.

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(Continued from page 215 of our April No.)

CHAPTER VII.

The humblest hovel of a village acquires temporary distinction from the periodical blossoming of the fine old honeysuckle adorning its crumbling walls, and investing the desolate place with beauty and fragrance;—and even into the miserable lodging of a gloomy city, momentary brightness may be infused by the chance introduction of a summer flower, whose rich perfumes bring tidings of a happier world elsewhere.

So was it with the humble abode of Verelst the painter. Nothing could be more dull, more dreary, more dispiriting, than the spot. The house, of which his lodgings occupied the first and second floors, was old and disjointed; and though an ancient stone mansion becomes picturesque when falling into ruins, the slight and ill-conditioned London houses, run up by bricklayers' contracts, degenerate, at the end of a century, into a collection of creaking boards, without a perpendicular line or right angle perceptible in the whole construction. Shrunken doors, and ill-fitting windows, admit eddies of air in all directions; while the sallow paint, dingy floors, smoky ceilings, and rickety stairs, present a miserable and dispiriting combination.

In Verelst's lodgings, selected for the advantage of the better light reaching the artist's chamber over the open space of a small burying-ground backing on North Audley Street, all was as clean as care and friction could make it. But the care applied to the burnishing of shabby furniture renders its inferiority only more prominent; and no person accustomed to the resorts of luxury, or even to habits of comfort, could have entered Verelst's apartments on the day they were first engaged by the poor painter, without experiencing the heavy depression arising from the survey of utter discomfort.

He had not been established three days, however, before those cheerless rooms had assumed the importance acquired by the roughest casket enshrining some precious object.—Two beings, more graceful of form and feature than even the imagination of the gifted painter could have supplied, were dispensing their charm over the place; and, in addition to the gentle presence of Esther and Salome, the rooms were brightened by a variety of those trivial but striking objects which betoken the presence of an artist,—intrinsically valueless, so as to be compatible with poverty,—yet indicative of superior intelligence and refinement.

On wooden brackets against the wall were placed two of the finest pictures of Verelst; which not only concealed the faded paper, but created an atmosphere of grace and poetry, where all before was matter of fact. Beside the fireplace, in a recess formed by the abutting chimney usual in old-fashioned houses, stood a curious carved cabinet; common enough in the quaint old cities of Holland and Germany, but acquiring a certain dignity amid the commonplace vulgarity of a London lodging-house. On the top of this, lay a thick, strange-looking volume, apparently as antiquated and curious as the cabinet itself; for its clumsy silver clasps were blackened with age, and the binding was of the dingy and solemn character peculiar to monastic libraries. This precious book was an object of all but idolatry to the painter. On removing to that wretched house from the abode in Bermondsey in which he had installed himself on his first arrival from Germany, Verelst carried it devoutly under his arm;—leaving the care of his goods and chattels, and even of his infirm wife, to the hands of his daughters. The utmost extremity of poverty would not have induced him to part with it;—in the first place, because it was a gift,—a token of gratitude from one of his scholars, the young Count of Ehrenstein, who, on quitting the University, had despatched it from his ancestral castle in the Odenwald to his old master;—in the second, because it was a treasure of no less magnitude than the sketch-book of Albert Durer!—

Great must have been the importance of any individual in the eyes of Verelst ere he admitted him to view the contents of that sacred volume; and, during the three years of his residence in England, Basil Annesley alone had beheld those venerable clasps unlocked in his honour!—

If the truth must be told, the favour was somewhat thrown away.—Those sublimer touches of art which it requires the eye of an artist to detect,—those curious insights into the mysteries of nature which demand initiation on the part of the spectator to whom they are demonstrated,—

were as much lost upon the young guardsman, as the beauties of a Phidian *torso* to the eye of a child, who sees only a headless trunk, defaced and time-worn, where the virtuoso beholds the breathing *chef d'œuvre* of the first of sculptors. Basil Annesley, however, though too frank for dissimulation on ordinary matters, was careful not to wound the pride of the sensitive artist, by exhibiting his indifference. He had conferred too many favours on Verelst, to mortify him by disparaging his only treasure. Even the weaknesses, moreover, of the father of Esther were sacred in his sight!

It would have afforded no consolation to the enthusiastic painter, to learn that any human being could be blind enough to appreciate what he estimated as his own puny efforts of art, far beyond the curious jottings and outlines, by which the quaint old master had attempted to lay by stores for the aid of future invention, in his mysterious repository;—snatches of the picturesque,—of striking effects,—of graceful combinations,—which displayed, in many instances to eyes profane, only uncouth blottings, and unmeaning devices. For nothing could exceed the contempt with which Verelst regarded the works to which the exigencies of his position compelled him to descend. The wants of his family obliged him to paint down to the taste of the most unimaginative nation in Europe; and the two noble works constantly before his eyes, for which he had never so much as received an offer, but which, during their composition and the two years devoted to their execution, had appeared to contain the germs of fame and fortune, nay, in his more enthusiastic moments, to foreshow glimmerings of immortality,—afforded a perpetual memento that subjects taken from the *Niebelungen Lied*, even if treated with the power of a Caravaggio and the grace of a Corregio, possess not half the charm in English eyes of a sporting scene in the Highlands, or some comicality of cockney life.

The bitter lesson was now learned. But it had required the contemptuous refusal of a dozen picture-dealers, to convince Verelst that the higher efforts of modern genius were valueless, unless when stamped as saleable by the prefix of a well-known name, accredited by the magic letters R.A.; —whereas for the humorous *Croquis* and sporting studies, such as Colonel Carrington had found so profitable a possession, a ready market was at command.

By the sale of these, the artist maintained his family; and he might have maintained them in opulence, could he have brought himself fully and entirely to the level of his position. But the mind of Verelst was pitched to a lofty key. To *him* it was as much an effort to descend to these profitable puerilities, as for other men to attain to the higher inspirations of art; and often, when engaged to complete for the trade some vulgar series of military groups or hunting adventures, he would fling away the pencil with disgust, and snatching the palette, in a fit of desperation, paint out some former picture, in order to give existence to a new design,—the faint shadowing of some poetical idea, —never, alas! to be fully developed. For there were no Roman princes, no luxurious cardinals, to give food to the family of the necessitous artist while abandoning himself to the nobler promptings of his genius. When mildly remonstrated with by his feeble wife, he replied by citing the victory he had already attained over himself, by producing for lucre' sake works revolting to his taste. But it was like converting a lance of polished steel into a homely instrument of husbandry, to abstract the soul of Verelst from the higher walks of his art.

It is true, that in his two girls he had unconscious flatterers, strongly inciting him to the cultivation of his nobler aspirations. Whenever, in irresistible moments of fervour, the poor artist gave the reins to his imagination, so as to produce anew some wild but exquisite design illustrative of the poetry of his native country, Salome and Esther, by their fond enthusiasm, not only stimulated his exertions, but almost repaid them. Nevertheless, their murmured applauses, their glistening eyes, their flushing cheeks,—grateful as was the tribute to his heart, not only as a token of affection, but as indicative of the possession of genius sympathetic with his own,—did not suffice to satisfy his weekly creditors, or defray the rent of even his inconsiderable lodging. The poor paralytic mother, whose sickness was the real source of their poverty, often entreated the two girls to be more sparing in their admiration. With the wisdom of experience, the infirm wife of Verelst recognised the futility of struggling against destiny. *She* knew, that to achieve the laurels of glory requires more than the mere possession of genius; that there must be favourable coincidences of time and place, and, above all, of national tastes and prosperity, to create a field for the triumph of art, and the renown of the artist.

Mrs. Verelst was a woman of no common order. Born of an opulent family, she had eloped in early girlhood from her father's house with the enthusiastic artist; and ill-prepared by habits or education for the life of privation she had embraced, her health had fallen a sacrifice, and increased the evil. From the period of her younger daughter's birth, in consequence of premature exertion, she had become crippled; a burthen upon the family, save for the pains she was enabled to bestow upon the education of the girls. Though enfeebled by infirmity, she was unwearied in imparting to her daughters the accomplishments in which she excelled; and even now, though confined at all times to an easy chair, and often to her bed, her industrious hands were constantly exercised for the benefit of the family.

Sore had been the trial to this patient invalid to uproot herself from the humble but cheerful home at Heidelberg to which she had been so long habituated; and exchange the view from her windows over the rippling waters of the Neckar, and the crowning heights of the green forests beyond, for the foggy, smoky, cheerless limitation of a narrow London street. Though of British extraction, she had never abided in England; and became as quickly conscious as any foreign visiter, of the oppressive cost of ordinary enjoyment in a city which supplies no gratuitous pleasures. If, how-

ever, either the mother or daughters pined after the purer atmosphere and franker sociability of Heidelberg, they were cautious not to afflict by their lamentations the inconsiderate man by whose want of caution they had been driven into exile.

The artist enjoyed in his family an impunity something between the reverence accorded to a prophet, and the indulgence conceded to an ailing child. His whims were studied, his foibles respected. Whatever evils befell them, it was the common care that they should fall lightest on the father. Among themselves, the disinterestedness of mind and exaltation of character which had reduced them to ruin, commanded a degree of respect that did them honour; and the two girls seemed to feel that they could not better testify their affection for their suffering mother, than by duty towards the improvident father she so dearly loved.

"How lonesome we have been, these four days past!" observed Verelst, as he stood retouching a picture upon the easel, the completion of which he had a thousand times forsworn.—"Not a single visiter the whole of this week!"—

The two girls, who sat working at the same embroidery-frame, waiting till their mother, who was reclining in her arm-chair, should feel disposed to resume the book she had been reading aloud to them the greater part of the morning, looked at each other and smiled,—or rather mutually refrained from a smile. For the only guests who ever crossed their threshold were Basil Annesley, and three or four printsellers and picture-dealers, by whom Verelst was occasionally employed.

"I want cheering up, for the continuation of my military groupings!" resumed the artist. "I have been obliged to take up the brush instead of the pencil to-day, for want of some one to advise me respecting that charge of Polish lancers."

"He is out of town, father. He is gone into Hampshire," said Esther, vaguely enough, if in reply to her father's observation.

"Besides," added the feeble voice of Mrs. Verelst, who, though sitting with her eyes closed, was not dozing, as they had supposed, "even if he *were* in town, Mr. Annesley has sense enough to know that it is not expedient for him to be a daily visiter in a house like ours,—that it must be injurious to *him*, and fatal to *us*."

"Why so?" inquired the painter, without raising his eyes from his work. "He used to come to us every day, at Heidelberg?"

"He was your pupil,—he was eagerly studying the German language, and society was an object to him."

"Not more an object to him there, than *his* society here to *me*."

"Besides, Mr. Annesley was then fifteen, and Esther and Salome children of eleven and twelve."

"And is there not precisely the same difference of age between them now?"

"Certainly! But there is a very great difference in the construction others might place upon their intimacy!"

"*Their* intimacy?—My dear wife, you are dreaming!" cried the painter, almost smiling at her simplicity, and not in the least suspecting his own. "*Their* intimacy?—Surely you do not suppose that this excellent young man, who, though I never was able to endue him with much artistic perception, made good progress under my hands, (as his *aquarelle* yonder of the old Castle of Heidelberg, pasted into the lid of Esther's workbox, can testify,) this promising scholar of mine, I say, who has been of such essential service to us during our sojourn in this inhospitable country, cannot come to visit his old master, and advise him in his compositions so as to adapt them to the vulgar appetites of his customers, without provoking remarks by his condescension?—At all events, what have my daughters to do with it?—It is not Salome's pencils he sits pointing. It is not Esther's drawings, of which he suggests the subjects."

"Mr. Annesley is gone down to visit his invalid mother, papa," interposed Esther, apprehensive, perhaps, that her father might take cognizance of her tingling cheeks, or his wife consider it necessary to inspire him with a more worldly view of their relative position.

"Has he a mother?" inquired the artist,—who took little heed of the ordinary business of life. "I always fancied from his independence that he was an orphan, and his own master."

"Do you not remember our first interest in him at Heidelberg originating in the letters he showed us from Lady Annesley?"

"True,—I remember!—Grave, cordial, heart-stirring letters.—But as he never mentioned her here, I thought she might have died in the interim. And so she is an invalid? the reason, perhaps, Rachael, why he interests himself so kindly in your illness,—and is always suggesting some comfort or relief for you.—It is such a kind-hearted creature!—I miss him, after a few days' absence, as I should miss one of *you*, were you to go away from me."

"Mr. Annesley is very kind,—very affable,—very condescending," said Mrs. Verelst, coldly, as if to give a discouraging view of their terms of friendship.

"But surely we are of as much service to HIM, mother, as he is to papa in the composition and sale of his drawings?"—observed Salome. "Mr. Annesley has a charming voice; but it is Esther's instructions which have enabled him to do it justice."

"So long as he comes as a pupil," persisted Mrs. Verelst, "he comes on appropriate terms. But highly born as he is, and, as I presume, of good hereditary fortune, there can be no equality, and, consequently, no real friendship between him and us. We are people earning our subsistence by our exertions. He is a gentleman,—a fine gentleman."

"He is a *man!*" cried Verelst, suddenly throwing down his brush, and assuming a tone of energy very unusual to him.—"He is my benefactor, too:—but I should hate myself, and despise *him*, if I thought *that* any obstacle to his being my friend."

His wife remained silent; aware of the hazard of introducing suspicion into that simplest of human hearts. A woman's tact forewarned her that, if made to feel the danger and delicacy of their position as regarded Basil Annesley, he would feel

it so acutely as to render all further intimacy between them impossible.

Before Verelst had resumed his brush or the girls recovered their apprehensions that some unpleasant explanation was about to ensue, a knock was heard at the street door, and a step on the stairs; but neither the one nor the other of a nature to agitate the daughters or rejoice the father by a hope of Annesley's arrival.

"So, Sir," cried an austere-looking man, whose complexion vied with that of one of the crackled china vases forming part of his stock in trade as a dealer in objects of *virtù*, "I have been expecting to hear news of you this week or more. How go on, pray, the pair of battle-pieces I ordered in November, and which were to be finished clean off by Christmas?"

"I told you, when I undertook them, that the completion must be uncertain," replied Verelst, resuming his work on recognising in his visiter the proprietor of a rococo shop, to whom he occasionally furnished cabinet pictures on given subjects, and at prices which rendered the connexion far from advantageous to himself.—"You may remember I informed you that I was occupied in a series of military illustrations, which is about to be lithographed for a periodical work; and which I must finish before I commence any new work."

"Yes! You said you had a job on hand for some printseller. But *this* thing, I conclude, does not form one of your military groups?" said the stranger, pointing to a design of the King of Thule, from Schiller's ballad, which was beginning to make some progress on the canvas of Verelst.

"No,—this is a work of imagination, executed for my own pleasure," replied the artist, coldly.

"So I should guess: least wise it's plaguy unlike to promote the pleasure of other people!" observed the facetious Mr. Stubbs; sinking deliberately into the chair which had been courteously placed for him by Salome, on his entrance. "It's a thousand pities, Mr. Thingumee, that you keep idling your time away in this fashion, and disapp'inting your empl'yers, when you might make a mint of money by sticking to business.—I call it business to paint picturs such as folks can understand, and such as folks is consequently likely to buy. What could *I* do, I should like to know, with such an outlandish piece of goods as you've afore you? Ask any man as has exper'ence of such things, what modern picturs have found the best market. He'll tell you out and out, those with good straight for'ard, intelligible subjects, such as Gainsborough's Pigs, or Holmes's Cut Finger, or Heaphy's Crossing the Brook, or such like. The English are sensible folks, Mr. Thingumee, and don't like to be asked to step up into the clouds, so long as they've their own tight little island to stand on."

"I have always heard, Sir," replied Verelst, (in English somewhat better than his own, for twenty years of wedded life had familiarized the artist with the native language of his wife,) "that there is no country where the higher branches of art are better estimated than in England; or where higher prices have been paid for the *chef d'œuvres* of the ancient masters."

"I grant you, Sir,—I grant you!—As a matter of trade,—as a safe investment. John Bull is a man of merchandize, and ready to buy up standard picturs, just as he used to buy toolips in Holland, when toolips was matter of spekilation. But if you fancy, that 'cause he gives two thousand guineas for a Claude which there's a good chance of selling to the Emperor of Russia for three, he is like to give a long price for such a rigmarole concern as the one you are wasting your time on, instead of finishing picturs you've contracted for, I can tell you you'll find yourself in the wrong box, and no mistake."

The girls looked up anxiously from their work, dreading lest their father's reply to this coarse apostrophe should be an angry one. It was some relief to them to find that he was smiling to himself, with the silent contempt of superiority.

Mr. Stubbs was evidently disappointed. Accustomed to wrangle with the persons in his employ, he had hoped to raise a breeze.

"There's *one* p'int on which I beg we may understand one another, my good friend," said he, with an insulting wag of the head, "and that is, that none of your designs for the lethography trade is to be reproduced in my picturs. I bargained, please to recollect, that my couple of battle-pieces was to be strictly original, and the copyright my own; and it won't suit my purpose to have 'em a figuring in black and white in every printseller's window."

"I understood, Sir, that the pictures you wanted were to be skirmishes in the time and costume of the middle ages,—something in the style of Salvator's battle-pieces. The drawings I am supplying, are to illustrate the military costume of the modern nations of Europe."

"Ay, some'hat in the style of Salvator!"—said the dealer, catching at the expression, and overlooking the argument of the painter. "Now, I tell ye what, Mr. What's-your-name,—If you've a mind to put out your strength in them here two picturs, why I'm prepared to do the thing handsome by you. I spoke of eight pounds, or thereabouts, for the pair"——

"You offered ten guineas," said Verelst, firmly, without removing his hand or eye from the canvas.

"Well, p'rhaps it *may* have been guineas,—I can't say, without casting my eye over my mem'randum-book, which I don't carry about me. But, as I was a saying, if you've a mind to make these picturs what they ought to be, I don't care if I go as far as fifteen pound for the pair:—provided I secure the copyright, and the picturs is high and dry in my house by the first of April."

"You have fixed upon a curious epoch, Sir, for the completion of such a bargain," observed Verelst, with a quiet smile. "But I can undertake no such limitation. When I bring you my pictures, you shall purchase them or not, as you think proper, and on such terms as we may then agree upon."

The indignant Mr. Stubbs, who had not often found the poor artist so cool at a bargain, now began to surmise that Verelst had fallen into the hands of some rival dealer, and was beginning to be better

acquainted with his own value. In order to satisfy himself on this point, he persisted in his bullying tone.

"This won't do for me, Sir!" said he, striking his stick upon the ground, with a vehemence that caused the poor invalid, whose nerves were so studiously respected in the family, to bound in her chair. "I've got my customers to satisfy; and when I've promised a gentleman to have some'hat ready for him by a certain day, why, I choose to be punctooal."

"My pictures, then, have been ordered of you?" said the artist coolly, arranging on his palette the colour prepared for the gray beard of the king of Thule.

"I said no sich thing, that I'm aware on!" retorted the dealer. "Gentlemen who is a furnishing their galleries, or their houses, comes to me and says, 'Stubbs, we want a pair o' pictures, for a dining-room, some'hat in the animal or battle line, three feet by two, or two-and-twenty inches by fourteen, as the case may be,—some'hat as 'll look well in an oak frame, or a Louis XIV. frame, according as it happens.' Well, Sir, I'm bound to answer: 'I've got nothing of the size by me, my lord, but if you'll look in next month, maybe I shall be able to satisfy you.' Sir, if his lordship looks in and finds nothing, he's a right to look elsewhere, and be displeased into the bargain."

The artist smiled. He was beginning to appreciate the line of business pursued by Mr. Stubbs.

"What I have to say, therefore," pursued the dealer, assuming a milder tone, "is, that if you've a mind to clench the bargain, I'm willing to leave a five-pound note or so with you, by way of earnest."

Verelst was just then so anxiously employed retouching the mouth of the king of Thule, that he paid no attention.

In another moment, Esther had stolen towards her father, and was whispering in his ear the offer made by his visiter; and perhaps suggesting motives for its acceptance. So, at least, Mr. Stubbs would probably have inferred, but that his whole attention was, at that moment, engrossed by the beautiful face thus suddenly presented to his admiration.

"Why, as sure as life, that's the original of the Gurl and Goat you sold me last Spring!" said he, unceremoniously contemplating the graceful form and beautiful countenance of the artist's daughter; who, unable to surmise that it was in *such* terms her father's exquisite picture of the Esmeralda, from Victor Hugo's romance of "Nôtre Dame," was likely to be qualified, stood regarding him with amazement. "A pretty plague that pictur' brought upon my shoulders!"—added the dealer, shrugging them, as if still conscious of the infliction.

"I thought you told me you had sold it?" said Verelst, calmly.

"Ay; but I didn't tell you who I'd sold it to;—and I know that, another time, I'd as lief drive a bargain with the devil! However, if ever he should come again for a companion, (as has once or twice happened, Mr. Thingumee, with picturs of your'n,) I'm glad, at least, to know I can get rid of him with noos of where the face is to be found, concerning which he made such a deuce's own to do in my shop."

The curiosity of Verelst was, by this time, sufficiently awakened to induce him to ask the questions anticipated by his visiter.

"Why, you're to know," resumed Mr. Stubbs in reply, (and as he spoke, both the mother and daughters suspended their needles to listen,) "you are to know, that, finding the pictur' hang on hand, and nowise taking, for not a soul of the nobs as deals at my shop, could make head or tail of the story with which it seemed to be connected,—I stuck it up one day in my window, along with the Nankin vases, and shells and minerals, and what not; as I always does with picturs I find unsaleable to the thorough-going ammytoors. Well, Sir! scarce was it on show, before a crowd was collected round the winders:—some laughing at the ideer of a goat with such horns and feet as them in the pictur'; but most on 'em attracted by seeing anything with fresh bright colours in a shop like mine, which seldom has anything in it but the meller tones and rich colouring o' the old masters. Well, Sir—among these starers, was an old gentleman, in a decent enough suit o' clothes, who stood there a matter of an hour a-staring at the pictur'. Thinks I to myself, 'a customer!' for though there was nothing about such a coat as his'n as looked as if it had a purse in its pocket, I've seen many a Jew dealer with thousands and thousands at command, go the length of a price in three figurs for a pictur',—yet with patches at his elbows. However, off marched the old fellow at last, without so much as a question asked in the shop! Somehow or another, I guessed I hadn't seen the last on him: and, next morning, having set up the Gurl and Goat in the winder, for a second chance, the boy a-watching the shop soon calls out to me, as I was a-breakfasting in the back parlour, 'Master, master, here's the old chap again, watching the winder as though he'd have a snatch at the gem-box.' Up I starts, Sir,—and seeing his eyes so fixed again upon the pictur', I stepped out on the pavement, as if I wanted to arrange the awning. 'A pretty thing *that*,' said I—as if by way of axing pardon for putting him aside;—and if you'll believe me, when the old feller looked up to answer me, his eyes was full o' tears!—I was nigh laughing outright, to think any one could find matter to cry at in a daub of a Gurl with a Goat. Upon which, instead of noticing my civility, the whimperer showed his manners by marching off. A good riddance, thinks I!—for I'm not one o' those who considers an idle crowd round a shop any advantage. Customers is seldom found in such assemblings."

"But I thought you told us this person had purchased the Esmeralda?" said Verelst.

"You'd have been a conjuror to have guessed as much, I can tell you, if you'd seen the individual as I sold it to!"—rejoined the dealer. "I thought no more, in course, o' the old chap; though my boy a'ter'ards told me, that not an evening passed, but, as soon as the lamps was lighted, he'd pass by

the shop, as if on his way elsewhere; but never without casting a longing look at the winder: and ten minutes a'ter'ards, back again, no doubt on the same errand; though he took care not to stand gaping, as he had at first. Well, Sir! 'twas autumn-time, and no bus'ness stirring: so I took the opportoonity, just then, of my annival visit to Margate. When I came back, the pictur' was gone,—within ten shillings, too, of the price I'd first set upon it:—and Mrs. Stubbs, who'd been left in charge o' the shop, informed me, that, one day an old Jew, with whom we'd often had dealings in the lapidary line, after making a deal with her for some engraved stones, hintalios, and cammyos, inquired, in a sort o' careless way, the price o' the Gurl and Goat. At first, he scouted it, at the price named; but seemed cur'ous to learn how it had come into our hands. Now, its a rule in our bus'ness, Mr. Thingumee, never to give explanations o' that natur' to nobody, 'specially to dealers. So my missus said that I was away on a scursion; and that she knowed no more than nothin' at all, about none o' the picturs, except the price marked on 'em. So, not to trouble you with more p'ticlars than necessary, at last they came to a deal: and a'ter he'd booked up for the lot, says the old Jew, 'I'd give a trifle,' says he, 'to know the artist as painted that pictur'!' My wife hinted as much as that maybe he was dead and gone—that the pictur' was p'rhaps an old 'un. 'How can that be,' says the Jew, 'when the romance itself is only of recent date?' My wife know'd nothing about romances—not she——"

"But I told you, Sir, that my picture represented a scene from the novel of Nôtre Dame!"—

"If you did, I've other matters to think of, than to stuff my head with the stories of novels! Well, Sir—a'ter the Jew had fairly made his bargain, my missus swears, that he stood a-looking at the pictur' with tears in his eyes, all as one as the gentleman I had noticed in the street: and she fancied she heard him a-muttering atween his teeth,—'I never thought to have had a sight o' that blessed face again!'—However, Mrs. Stubbs is a nervous, fanciful, stericky body, and apt to take conundrums into her head. 'Where shall I send the pictur' home to?' says she, by way o' putting an end to his vagaries.—'*Send?*' says he. 'I'll carry it myself!' 'The boy's got nothing to do, Sir,' says Mrs. Stubbs, purlitely; 'and I'm always glad to obleege a customer.'—'I'll carry it myself!' persisted the surly old fellow, without so much as a thank-ye. And without more ado, he hoisted the Gurl and Goat on his arm, and out he trudged! My missus, who was somewhat thrown aback by his p'remptory air, no sooner sees him out o' the shop, than she finds lying on the compter the packet of hintalios, for which the Jew had just paid down forty pounds odd on the nail: so, having a mind to know what became o' the pictur', she bid the boy hurry a'ter him, and be sure not to give him the packet till he'd followed him home. According to the lad's account——but maybe I'm a-tiring *you* ladies?" said Mr. Stubbs, interrupting himself, on perceiving the breathless attention he was exciting in the little family.

"On the contrary, Sir, we are deeply interested," replied Mrs. Verelst, with her usual well-bred gentleness.

"Well then, ma'am, as I was a saying, 'cording to the lad's account, the old chap hadn't perceeded many streets, which he did charily and cautiously, avoiding jostling with foot-passengers, as if he was a guarding a living Gurl and Goat he was fond of, instead of a pictur' o' no p'rticlar valooe, he looked round cautiously, as though he'd a guess at being watched.—Maybe he'd noticed the lad in the shop; for, having gone the length o' the street, and stopped again, and still found the young feller at his heels, he asked him short round in plain words, what was his bus'ness? The boy had nothin' for it, but to give up the parcel, expecting, maybe, a trifle for his pains,—the lot being of sich valooe. But the old feller gave nothin' but a grunt,—and having pocketed his packet, on again with the pictur'!"—

"And did he still follow him, Sir?" interrupted Esther, as Mr. Stubbs paused for breath; or perhaps, like other orators, to stimulate the curiosity of his hearers.

"He had his missus's orders, and that was enough!" said the dealer, fancying every one as well aware as himself of the absolute sceptre wielded by his helpmate. "More cautious than at first, he crept on at a distance, till he watched the old man into a house in Greek Street, Soho. But lord, what was the good o' *that?* When, on his return from this precious fox-chase, Mrs. Stubbs looked in B'yle's Guide and the D'rectory, one a'ter t'other, the number pointed out by the lad was missing in both. The house was all as one as uninhabited. H'wever, on hearing his story, it struck *me*, maybe the Jew, who seemed so mightily taken with the pictur' might have a fancy for a companion: so—the first idle day, off I set to the house. The shutters was all shut, Sir; and the doorway as dirty as if neither broom or scrubbing-brush had touched it for years!—H'wever, I knocked and rang, and rang and knocked; and hollow enough all sounded within!—But the hollow sound of my own rings and knocks was all the good I got; and a'ter half an hour wasted, I saw I might as well give up the bus'ness."

"You did *not* gain admittance, then?" inquired the artist, curious to learn the mode of the picture-dealer's proceedings in such cases.

"I did another day, Sir;—but only by management,—and plaguy bad management it was! A matter of six weeks a'ter'ards, I was passing through Greek Street, on bus'ness of my own, when what should I spy but a smart cab a-waiting at the door o' the old deserted house,—though for the matter o' that, it was just as much shut up as ever, and just as grimy and dull! Up I went, h'wever; and, by way o' not frighting the spiders if I turned out to be mistaken in s'posing the owner o' the cab admitted within, gave a very gentle ring. A dirty old 'oman—a fit match to the place—opened it in a *stanter*, as they say in French. 'I've business, Ma'am, with your master,' says I,—and immediately walked in so coolly, that no oppersition did she think of offering. The old cat made no move

to show me further; so I made bold to open the front parlour door. All dark as pitch, and smelling as mouldy as a family vault! Shutting the door gently, I thought I'd try my luck at the back 'un. Locked!—However, the n'ise I made, trying to open it, reached them as was within, just as their v'ices reached *me*;—and in a trice, the lock turned, and the door was placed ajar.——I just leave *you* to guess, Mrs. Thingumee, who was within!"

"I fear it would be wasting your time, Sir, as well as my own," replied Mrs. Verelst, to whom the inquiry appeared to be addressed.

"Why, neither more nor less than, as large as life, the old gentleman whom I had noticed so often at my winder, staring at the 'Gurl and the Goat!'"—

"But you said there were voices"——

"Ay—and t'other v'ice—'twas my business to have known without knocking,—so often as it had sounded in my shop!——T'other v'ice was that of my best customer—the Duke of Rochester;—to whom I've sold picturs and statooes to the amount of no matter how many thousands of pounds."

"You were admitted, then, into their presence?"

"Not I;—nor I hadn't no wish, when I saw I was an introoder—or at least was told so by the old fogrum who opened the door.——I hadn't a guess, then, what sort of treason they were locked-up a-hatching together;—and a'ter being unceremoniously walked out o' the house by the old chap, who wouldn't so much as listen to what I had to say in explanation, I didn't care to inquire. But a week ago, or so, I had an ugly money transaction with a fine lady customer of mine, who'd given me a bill of her husband's in payment, as required for me to follow up the parties;—and while so doing, I was sent from pillar to post, till at last I got referred to one A. O., in Greek Street, Soho. The murder was out, Sir!—the old Jew, who bought the pictur' of me, was neither more nor less than one o' the agents employed on such errands by the famous Money-lender!"

"I am sorry my picture should have been the means of exposing you to such a disagreeable adventure," observed Verelst. "It seems, however, to have been, in a great measure, one of your own seeking"——

"What do you mean by my own seeking, Sir?" cried Mr. Stubbs, again striking the point of his stick against the floor.——"For as little as you seem to understand, Mr. Thingumee, of the ways of carrying on bus'ness in England, I'd have you to know that——"

The loud and angry tones of the dealer were at that moment interrupted by the sudden entrance of a person whose ascent of the creaking stairs had been drowned in his vociferation. The voice of Mr. Stubbs now, however, became alone silent; while every other person in the room uttered an exclamation of delight to welcome the arrival of —Basil Annesley!

CHAPTER VIII.

No sooner did the picture-dealer notice the courteous familiarity with which the young guardsman accosted the artist, and the almost deferential tone in which he inquired after the health of Mrs. Verelst, than he rose instinctively from his seat. There was no mistaking the fact that the guest belonged to the order of society which he regarded as his customers; or that the painter's family lived with him on terms of intimacy amounting to friendship. Coarse as he was, Mr. Stubbs knew himself at that moment to be the inferior of the party.

"I will call about this little bus'ness, Sir, another time," said he, addressing Verelst, as he prepared to quit the room; and it was only as he moved slowly towards the door, that, incited perhaps by curiosity to ascertain what could have brought so fashionable-looking a young man to the fireside of a poor painter, he recognised the rare loveliness of Salome and her sister. A significant smile unconsciously overspread his features, on a discovery he considered so pregnant with evil-meaning. It was possibly the same perception that induced him, after having closed the door, and gained the staircase for departure, to return into the room, and by way of certifying the relative position of the parties, reapproach poor Verelst with a whispered request, that he would keep to himself the Greek Street secret.

"You'll oblige me, Sir," said he, in an audible whisper, very different from that of his preceding conversations, "by refraining from all mention of the story of the gurl's picture and A. O.!"—

Had Mr. Stubbs searched the world over for a word calculated to startle the feelings of the young stranger, he could not have been more successful! The face of Annesley became instantly crimsoned. Apprehending that the vulgar fellow who thus unceremoniously addressed the father of Esther, could have no other motive for his allusion than the discovery of the difficulties from which he had extricated himself by the aid of Abednego, in order to relieve his humble friend, Basil almost trembled lest the whole affair was about to be exposed before his face by the officiousness of a stranger. It was not till after Mr. Stubbs, after bowing facetiously around him, had again quitted the room, that Annesley breathed freely.

"That was one of my enlightened patrons, my dear Mr. Annesley," said Verelst, resuming his pencil under the cheering influence of Basil's presence;—"one of those who treat me like a clod of the earth, yet expect me to exhibit the instincts and inspiration of genius!"

Basil replied by an ejaculation of disgust.

"But my good Mr. Annesley—my dear young friend," resumed the painter, "these girls told me just now, you had been in the country nursing a sick relative. Are you quite sure you have not taken her disorder? I never saw you look so ill, since the time of your fever at Heidelberg, when we had you into our house for change of air!"

"You remind me of one of the happy epochs of my life!" cried Basil, suddenly acquiring all the bloom of which Verelst was quite justified in accusing him of being deficient.

"Ay—*now* you look somewhat more like yourself again!" cried the painter. "*Now* you are a fitter object for an artist's studio!——You cannot

imagine, my dear Sir, how I have wanted you!—The sketches cannot get on without you. If you had remained long in the country I should have been ruined!—I wanted spirits to proceed to business during your absence; but since you are here again, I will push back the King of Thule in disgrace into his corner.——Salome! bring forward the drawing-table!"

And while the young man was bending over the chair of the invalid, inquiring anxiously into the events of the four or five last days, without heeding the garrulity of his old master, the change was accomplished. On Basil's release from his almost filial attentions to the worn and wasted, yet still beautiful invalid, all was in readiness to be set in movement, by his advice touching the helmets of Prussian lancers, and the boots of Hungarian pandours.

Taking the chair placed for him by Salome close beside the artist, he proceeded, with patient good-humour, to play the critic on the spirited military groups, in which it was indeed difficult to point out a fault, save in trifling accessories of costume. So animated were the charges, so admirable the equestrian combinations, that Basil, instead of enlarging on a few errors of equipment, fell, as usual, into rhapsodies at the spirit and originality of the whole.

It was probably the stimulus of this very enthusiasm which had been wanting to Verelst; for in a moment his chalks were in full activity, and Basil at leisure to perceive that the seat provided for him by Salome commanded a view of the embroidery frame over which the graceful heads of the two girls were stooping together. It was only natural that he should thenceforward divide his attention between the withered hand, under which was growing into life a rude bridge over a mountain torrent, hotly defended by a legion of Tyrolese peasants, armed with the picturesque wildness of irregular warfare, against a trimly detachment of French light infantry, in all the studied equipment of military array,—and the fairy fingers of the sisters, as they flew over their work. Though the hands of the two girls were closely intertwined as they sat together, so that the slight form of the one almost effaced the still slenderer figure of the other, the eyes of Basil had no difficulty in detecting the hand so dear to him,—the hand which had trembled on his sudden entrance,—and which now, in the joy of his presence again in that chamber, was performing thrice the work effected by the less-interested Salome; who was sufficiently at her ease to contemplate, every now and then, at idle leisure, the venerable figure of her father, contrasted with that of the handsome young visiter bending over him while watching the efforts of his pencil. Placed as Salome was, she was, of course, enabled to see that, ever and anon, his eyes wandered furtively towards Esther; from the detection of whose downcast looks he knew himself to be secure.

"Do you happen to know anything, Mr. Annesley, of a family named Maitland?" suddenly inquired Mrs. Verelst, after exercising, perhaps, the same unnoticed scrutiny as Salome.

Annesley started, and looked confused.

"They live in Arlington Street," added Esther, in a low voice, taking this opportunity to lift her eyes to his face, and surprised, in her turn, to find it covered with conscious blushes.

"The son is a brother-officer of mine," replied he, gradually recovering his self-possession.

"It *is*, then, as we supposed, to *you* that Esther is indebted for her introduction to the family!" observed Mrs. Verelst.

"*Introduction?*" repeated Basil, in evident surprise.

"I received, an hour ago, a note, signed Lucy Maitland, begging to know my terms for tuition, and requesting me to be in Arlington Street at three o'clock to-morrow," said Esther in explanation.

The former confusion of countenance of Basil Annesley was now a thousand times augmented. The idea of Esther Verelst—*his* Esther—a singing mistress to those flighty girls,—in that showy, heartless house,—subjected to the gaze of the "string of puppies" frequenting it,—exposed to the silly impertinence of Lady Maitland,—condemned to all the ignominy inflicted on a teacher, by people of empty heads and callous hearts!

"And has Miss Verelst engaged herself?" said he, addressing the mother.

"She merely wrote accepting the appointment for to-morrow, when there will probably be little difficulty in adjusting the question of terms and hours," replied the invalid.

"You do me too much honour in supposing that the recommendation came from *me*," said Annesley, after a pause, in which he had been balancing the evils likely to arise to the beautiful Esther Verelst from such a connexion, against the advantage to the necessitous family of an additional guinea a-week earned by their exertions. "I should scarcely have suggested a place likely to expose a person so timid as Est——as Miss Verelst, to the constant notice and molestation of precisely the order of persons whose familiarity drove her from the rehearsals at the opera. The advantage to be derived would be dearly purchased by exposure to the habits of a house, of all others of my acquaintance the one into which I should be least disposed to introduce a sister of my own."

Esther was satisfied. The pang excited in her bosom by Basil's confusion at the first mention of the name of Maitland, was gradually subsiding.

"Surely," observed Salome, little suspecting the new vexation to which she was about to give rise, "Maitland was the name of the ladies with whom we saw you that night at the opera, when Madame Branzini was so good as to lend us her box?"—

"I scarcely recollect," stammered Basil, with some embarrassment.

"Oh! yes—we met you on the stairs with a beautiful fair girl on your arm—whom you hurried into a carriage, and returned to assist *us*. I remember hearing it announced as that of Lady Maitland."

"How can you recollect such trash, child!" interrupted Verelst. "Annesley! what think you of placing the stout fellow with the scythe, who is

striking down the standard of France, on the broken parapet of the bridge?"—

"Admirable!" cried Basil, glad to direct his eyes towards the drawing at which he had been hitherto only pretending to look. "It will make a modern edition of the famous battle of the Standard. But what a pity, Sir, to throw away this exquisite design on a series for which you are so miserably paid? Why not place it in the gorge of a mountain pass, and execute it in oils?"

"Ay, why not?"—cried the artist, recalling at that moment to mind his order for the two battle-pieces, and justly surmising that Mr. Stubbs had neither art nor learning enough to detect the anachronism, if such a study were made the companion to a skirmish of the *condottieri* of Sir John Hawkwood and the Cardinal de Bourbon; and little suspecting the anxiety of mind which this interruption of their conversation was causing to his favourite daughter.

"Esther has been setting to music, since you have been gone, those pretty words you brought her the last time you were here," observed Mrs. Verelst, after her husband and his guest had sufficiently debated together the question of the new Battle of the Standard, which was to rival that of Leonardo.

"I thought she would like them!" cried Basil, again raising his eyes, and meeting those of Esther with a degree of frankness that almost satisfied her he was not actuated by fear of exposing his own flirtations to her examination, in opposing her entrance into the Maitland family.

"And a fine melancholy ditty she has made of them!" added her father.

"They were appropriate only to a minor key," observed Esther, in an apologetic tone.

"Will you not let me hear the ballad, and judge for myself?" inquired Basil.

"I am so afraid of not satisfying your expectation!" said Esther, rising, however, instantly from her work. "I am sure they are favourite verses of yours, or you would not have been at the trouble of copying them."

"Show me the man who would like his favourite verses the less from hearing them sung by such a voice as yours, Esther!" said her father fondly. And it was, perhaps, the dread of further encomiums which hastened the blushing girl in her preparations for complying with Mr. Annesley's request, by throwing open the door of her mother's room, in which (in submission to the requirements of the artist's studio) stood the piano.

Sweet as it was expressive was the ritournelle that prefaced Esther Verelst's articulate and melodious recital of the following stanzas:—

BALLAD.

Yes! other eyes may brighten, love,
When gazing upon thine,
As gloomiest brooks run glittering where
The shedding sunbeams shine.
Oh! did I love thee less, be sure,
Mine own would brighter be;
Content thee, then, with smiles from them,
And bear with tears from me!

Yes! other tones may soften, love,
When to thine ear address't,
As breezes lulled the barque allure
O'er ocean's treacherous breast.
Oh! did I love thee less, be sure,
My words would smoother be;
Content thee, then, with praise from them,
And bear with truth from me!

Yes! other arms may bear thee, love,
O'er fortune's flowery way;
Mine, with unwearied fervent faith,
Abide the darker day.
Oh! did I love thee less, be sure,
My aid would prompter be!
Content thee, then, with pleasing them,
And keep thy love for me!

To the utter mortification of poor Esther, not a word of commendation broke from Annesley at the conclusion of her performance. Her father exclaimed—"Brava, my girl! charming, charming!"—but the voice of Annesley was mute. The piano commanded no view of the room in which her auditors were seated; and she had consequently no means of surmising that if her ungracious friend uttered no common phrase of compliment, it was because his feelings were far too deeply excited for words. Salome, who had watched his tearful eyes during the exquisite song of her sister, was satisfied.

"After all, this is a doleful ditty to salute a friend with on his return," observed the artist, also noticing the silence of Basil, and with a glance detecting the cause, which he justly attributed to the sensitiveness produced by a previous shock on the spirits. "You forget, my Esther, that Mr. Annesley is come to us from the sick-room of one he loves, and that he wants cheering."

"I am always cheered when I find myself so kindly welcomed to this fireside," said Basil, attempting to rally his spirits; "in the first place, by your cordiality; in the second, by the sight of your rational occupations. The do-nothing, good-for-nothing world *I* live in, contains few sights so pleasant."

"I fancied," said Salome, "that the ladies of England were highly enlightened and accomplished?"

"*Superficially* accomplished. They learn as much music and drawing and as many languages, as can be taught for money; but nothing is done to cultivate that intellectual sense which renders such acquirements available."

"And these Miss Maitlands, Esther's pupils?" demanded Salome, returning to the charge.

"Your sister has decided, then, on accepting their tuition?" demanded Basil, in a constrained tone, as Esther, after closing her instrument, returned into the sitting-room.

"I scarcely know what pretext I could find for refusing," she observed, in a timid voice, resuming her former place.

"Would you favour me with a sight of Miss Maitland's letter?" inquired Annesley.

"The letter?—Willingly!"—said Mrs. Verelst, producing it from a paper-rack on the table beside her chair.

"*This* is the handwriting of the brother, who is in the same regiment with myself," observed Basil, after examining the letter, having from the first surmised the possibility of a hoax on the part

of his brother officers. "If you permit me, I will make inquiries of Lady Maitland concerning her intentions; and bring you an exact account, before you give yourself the trouble and annoyance of a long walk this cold weather, for the sole purpose, perhaps, of gratifying unjustifiable curiosity."

"But what curiosity can poor Esther have excited among persons to whom she is known only by name?" observed Mrs. Verelst, mistrustfully.

"Pardon me,—she is personally known to Lady Maitland's son, who has probably mentioned her to his sisters. Surely," said he, turning suddenly to Esther for confirmation, "you remember the tall, fair, young man, so frequently with old Colonel Carrington, who accosted us at the stage-door on the day you made that hasty exit from rehearsal?"

"Perfectly!" replied Esther, now fully enlightened as to the origin of his objections, "and I am consequently certain that it would be disagreeable to me to give lessons to Lady Maitland's daughters."

"Still, before you give a decided negative, which will, of course, be ungraciously construed, allow me to institute some inquiry into the object of the parties," resumed Basil. "I see these people daily. I will even make a point of going there to-night. Nothing will be easier than for me to discover, without compromising *you*, whether the young ladies have any serious intention of improving themselves under your hands, and requiting your trouble. The girls are good-natured, though silly and trifling; and would not, I should imagine, lend themselves to unladylike mystification."

"*Must* you go there to-night?" inquired Esther, blushing crimson.

"Is there any obstacle?" inquired Basil, surprised at her remonstrance.

"Only that this is Twelfth Night," observed Salome, for once almost as much embarrassed as her sister. "Madame Branzini, who intends to *faire tirer les rois* at her house, has made us promise to join her family party; and begged us, should you return to town, to assure you how much honoured she should feel by your company."

"I accept with pleasure!" cried Basil. "But your friend, Madame Branzini, wisely adheres in England to your rational hours of the continent, and will expect her visiters before nine, and dismiss them at eleven; till which hour, Lady Maitland would be much surprised to see any evening guest enter her house. I shall, therefore, be able to reconcile both visits. I dine at the Club, and will be with your friend at——what hour did you say you were going?"—

"We shall be there soon after eight," replied Salome. We always return home, you know, to assist my mother at ten."

"I will not hear of being an obstacle to your pleasures to-night," said Mrs. Verelst, cheerfully. "It is so seldom you enjoy a pleasant party!—Twelfth Day comes but once a-year.—Do you remember, Mr. Annesley, how merrily we kept it, the winter you were at Heidelberg?"

Basil remembered only too well the joyous cordiality of his old professor's family party.

"Nay, surely *you* were *le roi de la fève*?—ay, and Esther yonder was your queen," cried the artist, laughing heartily at the recollection. "She was a mere child, then; and *you* little better than a boy. But I remember what a fanciful little majesty we made of her in her mother's brocaded dress, with pompons and powder, and old points, like a queen in one of Mademoiselle de Scudéri's novels! Little gipsy, that you were, Esther! you made your old father trick out your draperies and arrange your throne!"

"I wish we may amuse ourselves half so well to-night, at Madame Branzini's!" murmured Esther, with a sigh. "I was a child then—I feared nothing then,—*now* I seem to be afraid of everything and everybody!"

"You were then in your own home and country, Esther," said the artist, with a sigh far heavier than her own:—"a comfort, my poor child, of which your father's inconsideration has for ever deprived you!"—

"Not for *ever*, I trust," responded Mrs. Verelst, in a low tone.

"As we are to meet to-night, I will shorten my visit now," said Basil, rising from his seat, by way of interrupting these saddening retrospections; "but I must not go without accomplishing its real object. I have brought you a curiosity to look at, Sir," resumed he, addressing Verelst, after drawing a small volume from his pocket. "Something in your own way—a little book which I borrowed from my mother."

It was a scarce copy of Hollar's Engravings, after Holbein's Dance of Death, which was examined by Verelst with deliberation and enthusiasm.

"I know these designs," said he, "far better than I know any of my own! I spent a month at Basle, for the express purpose of studying the characteristics of that quaint old master. This is a curious copy, and seems enriched with original interleavings," he observed, scrutinizing the volume with the eye of a connoisseur. "But what have we here?—there is an Arabic inscription on the title-page—or Sanscrit—or, stay!—*you* Rachael, can help us here. Are not these Hebrew characters?"—

Basil Annesley took the open volume from the hands of Verelst, to convey it to his wife. On his way, he naturally glanced at the inscription, which was decidedly Hebrew, and written in ink almost invisible from age. But at the foot, in a modern handwriting, to his utter amazement, were inscribed the memorable initials of—A. O.!—

Before he had recovered the shock caused by this startling, though of course accidental coincidence, the whole attention of Basil was absorbed by the effect produced on Mrs. Verelst by the sight of the volume! Pale as death, with quivering lips, and suspended respiration, she sank back in her chair the moment the inscription was placed before her. Esther and Salome, whose attention was constantly directed towards the invalid, were by her side in a moment.

"Place a screen before the fire—I was afraid the room was too close for her!" faltered Esther,

opening a large green fan which lay constantly on her mother's table.

"The ether, father!—you will find it on the dressing-table within," cried Salome; nor had either of them leisure to notice that it was by Basil, by whom, as by a devoted son, the commission was executed. The eyes of Mrs. Verelst, however, even after the application of the ether to her temples, remained closed, and her hands cold as marble.

The book, a glance at which, young Annesley could not forbear regarding as the origin of her sudden seizure, had now fallen on the floor. The dispiriting nature of the frontispiece (which represented the grisly skeleton of Death beguiling an old man into the grave by the music of a dulcimer) had probably conveyed an insupportable shock to the sensitive mind of the enfeebled invalid.

Some minutes elapsed before Mrs. Verelst evinced the smallest token of consciousness;—a longer period than Basil, who had often seen her overcome by faintness, had ever known her remain thoroughly insensible to what was passing around her. At length she slowly unclosed her eyes, and a faint murmur broke from her lips. Esther instantly bent down her head to listen; but Annesley, without any such effort, distinctly heard her exclaim—"My father—*who* was it spoke to me of my father?"—

"Better wheel her into her own room," interposed the artist, who, during the swoon of his wife, had stood aloof, distressed and helpless. "It is nothing—the heat of the fire—the sulphur of those detestable coals!—Let us all be quiet, and she will be herself again in a moment."

Having assisted the girls to remove her into the adjoining chamber, Verelst returned to receive, with an air of stupefaction, the adieus of Basil; who, conscious that his presence at such a moment might be importunate, hastened to withdraw.

It was dusk when Basil emerged from the house; and a desolate winter rain was falling in torrents, splashing into the overflowing kennels, and almost obscuring the light of the lamps. As the young guardsman reached the junction of the small street in which Verelst's house was situated, with South Audley Street, in attempting to muffle himself in his cloak in resistance to the driving rain, he encountered what, at the first shock, he conceived to be the lamp-post! But on recoiling, he found that, in addition to the lamp-post, he had struck against an individual combating the gusts of wind with a disabled umbrella. Something irresistibly ludicrous in the dilemma of his brother in distress, attracted his attention to the struggling wayfarer; when lo! by the light of the lamp, he recognised the marked and well-remembered features of Abednego the Money-lender!—

The encounter was untimely; but Basil would not shrink from recognising the man by whom he had been so greatly obliged.

"We have untoward weather for our walk," said Annesley, lending his assistance to reverse the obstinate resistance of the reeking cotton umbrella.

"Unpleasant enough; and *you*, who walk for pleasure, might, I should think, spare your pains for a happier moment," rejoined the harsh voice of Abednego. "With *me*, the case is different."

"Different indeed! since you have the means of commanding any sort of equipage you please: while I have at my disposal only that enjoyed by our father Adam."

"And how long should I enjoy the means, pray, —were I to lavish them on costly equipages?" rejoined the Money-lender. "Not a year!—not a month, perhaps, were I tempted into such ridiculous prodigality. I might be reduced to the same beggarly shifts which bring so many fine gentlemen shuffling, nay, all but begging to my door! For whether people beg for a loan or beg for a gift, where lies the mighty difference? They are still beggars. Are you bound for St. James's, young Sir? If so, we may become a mutual benefit. Your arm is strong enough to hold up the umbrella; and by taking mine, we may share it between us. Don't be afraid!—In such weather as this, none of your fine friends will be astir. No one will recognise the gallant Mr. Basil Annesley cheek-by-jowl with A. O.!"—

"It is no such consideration—" Basil was beginning.

"Away with ye then, and make an end of the discussion," interrupted Abednego, practically enforcing his advice. "Satisfy your scruples by the certainty that you have a second time rendered service to a man who is more than ready to render service to you."

Partly carried away by his companion's impetuosity, and partly curious of further insight into his eccentric character, Basil suffered himself to be disposed of. In another minute, he found himself sole occupant of the wet flagstones with the mysterious Abednego.

"But surely, Sir, at your age," said he, by way of renewing the conversation, "the enjoyment of personal comfort must be a greater object than the amassment of mere wealth?"—

"Who is to determine a man's notions of personal comfort?" cried the Money-lender. "And what do you mean by mere wealth? My notion of personal comfort is independence of hirelings—whether man or beast; and as to wealth, what is there in this world beyond it?—What else controls the march of empires—the progress of civilisation —the development of science—the cultivation of art? What but money, causes the crucible to glow,—sinks the shaft,—launches the balloon into the sky—or plunges the diving-bell into the depths of the ocean? Of what metal is composed the key of the poet's imagination—the orator's eloquence—the physician's skill—the divine's zeal and fervour?—Of gold, Sir—of current gold!—He who hath *that*, commands kings on their thrones, or philosophers in their cabinets! Talk not to me of the refinements of art. If I want to enjoy them, I buy up both art and artists—an orchestra of musicians — a legion of sculptors or painters! Your capitalist, boy—your capitalist is the only solid sovereign of modern times!—'*Mere* wealth?' quotha. I knew that you were a boy, Basil Annesley, but I held you not for a child!"—

The young man could scarcely resist a smile at the impetuosity of his companion.

"I perfectly agree with you Sir," said he at last. "But it was by fully estimating the value of money as a means of commanding enjoyment, that I expressed my surprise at your preferring a wet walk to a luxurious carriage."

"Does the sportsman find the greater pleasure in the flavour of his game, or the pursuit of the chase?" demanded Abednego, in a sterner voice. "Have you not strength of mind to figure to yourself the intensity of enjoyment which a man, appreciating the true value of money, may find in the combinations by which he adds thousand to thousand,—ingot to ingot?—Even as the artist whose family you have just quitted" (Basil found it impossible to repress a start!) "finds exquisite delight in the progress of a picture by whose perfectionment he hopes to attain profit and fame, does the money-monger glory in the machinery by which his enrichment is accomplished. Even economy—even privation—has charms, when tending towards the achievement of the grand object of his life! Ay, stripling—abject as it may seem to you, the Money-lender's is a glorious calling!—Every minute of my life swells the amount of my possessions. Other men's property diminishes with their span of life;—mine, like the evening shadows, grows as the sun goes down. I am a wretch, eh?—a shabby threadbare wretch, with whom a smart officer like *you*, is ashamed to be seen arm in arm! Shabby and threadbare as I seem, I tell you I hold in subjection those of whose acquaintance you are proud—those to whose acquaintance you barely aspire! Your fine ladies come and beg of me,—cajole me—flatter me!—cajole and flatter A. O. in his cobweb-tapestried halls of State.—'*Mere* wealth!'—What, but the wealth I have amassed by trudging in the rain while others swelter in carriages, brings the Duke of Rochester cringing to my feet, lying and swindling for the means of keeping up his empty state! His covetings of A. O.'s 'mere wealth' have converted that man, created by nature for honour and refinement, into an equivocating pettifogger. Ay, Sir, you are shocked—you consider my tongue coarse and licentious!—You would plead privilege of peerage against the Money-lender, in favour of the uncle of your fribble acquaintance, young Wilberton." (Again Basil started.) "But when you have lived longer, you will come to the same conclusions. And now, good evening to you, Mr. Basil Annesley! for here we are, opposite to the Gloucester Coffee House, within hail of your out-at-elbows, discreditable friends, the Maitlands!—Good evening!—I should be as loth as yourself to expose you to the shame of being met skulking in the rain under the same ignominious umbrella with such a Barabbas as A. O.!"—

(*To be continued.*)

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. V.—THE SONG OF MAY.

1.

Where the snow lies cold
In his glacier hold,
Will I unseal the fountain;
And loosen the reins
Of his silver veins,
To prance down the lichen mountain.
And the agate cups of the lilies pale,
With their golden petals spreading,
Shall pout for his gush in the balmy vale,
As a virgin sighs for her wedding.
They shall meet—shall meet—
For his liquid feet
Shall yield to no long delay;
They shall wed;—and bless
With their loveliness
The wreath of the Poet May,

2.

Where the brown deer slake,
At the lonely lake,
By a glade through the forest peeping;
And bright with the dew
Of the mountains blue,
The weary river is creeping:
With an artful lure shall the fisher ply
His gentle craft, unheeded;
(A supple rod, and a cunning fly,
And a musing soul, are needed.)
While I scatter bloom,
And the Spring's perfume,
From wings of the heron gray,
As he wades, and flies,
Through the argosies
Of emerald-freighted May.

3.

Where steps but a span,
Yonder bow'd old man,
On well-worn crutches leaning;
The oak I will dress
In a wilderness
Of foliage, brightly preening.
And deep in the shade of his goodly boughs,
With lips like dew-bathed roses,
Sweet maidens shall sigh to their rustics' vows,
When the village revel closes;
While Age shall relate
How he danced and sate,
With those in the church-yard clay,
Once the fair and free,
'Neath that self-same tree,
In bright, incense-breathing May.

4.

Even cities dun
Shall partake my sun,
Through shattered casements streaming;
Where the son of toil,
With a ghastly smile,
Of his schoolboy days is dreaming.
And when he awakes to the conscious world,
The bright ideas haunting,
He shall think of the wilds where the woodbines curled,
And the poppies bright were flaunting,
And stricken and shrunk,
Like a blasted trunk
Still bare in the woodlands gay;
Shall forget his care,
In the bloom-charmed air,
Of the dainty Sylphide, May!

J. A. O.

IRISH TREASON IN PARIS.

MR. RICHARD O'HARA TO MR. BARNES O'HARA, GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

MY DEAR BARNES,—Here is what you wished me to do for you, after my allusions in conversation to the matter, during your last most welcome visit to Innismore. Make what use you like of it. But, for Heaven's sake, look well at it first, to convince yourself that there is no real treason in it. I can only assure you I meant none. And for your satisfaction, as well as for that of others, I volunteer another declaration. Apart from all the jocose mystifying of authors, I declare to you, on my word, that the character sketched for you, is closely drawn from the life; and also, that, as far as my memory serves me, at a distance of seven years, any remarkable sentiments reported by me of him, were uttered by him.—Ever your affectionate,
R. O'H.

WHEN I was last in Paris,—mind-stirring, heart-cheering Paris!—ay, and, let some people say what they will, social, and truly social Paris!—but this is too vivacious for a beginning; and, besides, it has nothing at all to do with the matter in hand.

Well, when I was last in Paris, in 1835, I believe I was more than half-spoiled, by the unmerited and unexpected attentions paid to me. One mode in which these attentions became manifested, consisted in visits received from celebrated persons, with whom I had been previously unacquainted, except by name and reputation. But of such individuals, it is not now my intention to indulge my vanity by speaking. There were others, less known to fame, who did me a similar honour; and of this class, I shall at present select one, who particularly interested me. I shall never forget even his very first appearance. He followed his presenting friend into the room, holding forward, between his finger and thumb, a great, broad-brimmed hat. He stepped timidly, and yet almost stridingly, towards me; his head and eyes drooped sideways to the floor. There seemed a foregone doubt, through his whole manner and mien, of his claims to self-appreciation, though at that time of day he need have entertained no such sentiment. His attire was also less costly than his present situation in the world ought to have conceded,—and, moreover, was worn very carelessly. And now I must come—though I know not how, with perfect politeness to him, I can pleasantly do so—to glance at his head and face. He was very, very like Socrates; quite bald, to the back of his head; his forehead high, broad, bony, knuckled, and shiny; his brows shaggy and protruding, and his eyes placed far in under them; his nose short, a little snubbed; and heavily visaged; in fact, as I said before, he was very, very like Socrates, and it follows, very, very ugly. And yet these very ugly Socratian head and features would beam with the expression of a perfectly beautiful mind and heart, whenever—and I soon found out that his habits in that way were not of rare occurrence—he spoke of persons whom he loved, esteemed, or honoured.

But it was the self-humiliating manners and expression, which, at a first glance, puzzled me. Alas, I could not have known, till he afterwards explained,—merely, however, by hinting, in a dislocated way, his own history,—I could not have known that they were the indelible marks, which, at a tender age, say eighteen or nineteen, persecution, terror, and wretchedness, had burned and branded into him. When I saw him, he was about sixty.

He sat down at my feet, on the sofa to which then, as well as now, I was chained, except when I went out in a carriage, or was carried to bed; folding his arms tight across his breast, and still inclining his head and eyes to the floor. Although nearly forty years out of Ireland, he had saluted me in a luscious brogue, which it did one's heart good to hear. A pause ensued. He began the conversation by paying me compliments. They were soon acknowledged and passed, for he by no means wanted the good taste of good feeling. He fell upon another introductory topic,—for evidently he would not yet approach some subjects, which he had come purposely to enter into. And a very strange introductory topic it was. He mentioned the name of a mutual acquaintance, a French gentleman: I admitted that I knew him.

"Yes, Sir; and you've lent him money," he said, still keeping his head and eyes turned to the carpet.—I will add here that he followed the exploded fashion of calling you "Sir," at the beginning and end of almost every sentence—another mark, I have since thought, of the effects of the early times of persecution; or else it might have been his quietly ironical imitation of a former necessitous habit and tone.

"You've lent him money, Sir; and you want it yourself now."

I thought it incumbent upon me to get offended; but, after looking at him, laughed out instead, and asked—

"How on earth could you guess that?"

"I guessed it, Sir, because I knew it, Sir; and I knew it, Sir, because I knew him, Sir; and I knew it, Sir, the very moment I heard he knew you, Sir; for that is a man, Sir, who, if the angel Gabriel came down and stood before him, Sir, would think, the very first thing, only how he could best contrive to get his hand into the archangel's breeches pocket, Sir."

I now laughed heartily.

"And I guess more than that, Sir," he continued, his features, his voice, and the shelving inclination of his head, still and still unaltered: "you've lent him a pretty considerable sum."

"Why," said I, thrown off my guard, "pretty well."

"And I can venture to guess even more than that, Sir; it continues due a long time after it has been promised to be repaid. Were you ever hungry, Sir?"—and here he uncrossed his folded arms, merely, however, to place the left arm over the right, in lieu of their former positions, of the right over the left: again hugging them hard—"Were you ever hungry, Sir? I don't mean, have

you ever been pleasantly piqued with an appetite for your dinner; but have you ever felt real hunger?—the gnawing, gnawing, gnawing of the unfed worm, which daily demands its bribe, to carry on the business of human vitality, and is daily refused its claim?"

"No, thank God!" said I.

"So I thought, Sir, or you would never have lent that man that money. He tried me, Sir; but I looked round about me, at my wife and children, and I recollected former times, and he didn't get a single halfpenny from me. For, Sir, *I* have experienced real hunger.

"Sir, I left *that country* in my eighteenth year. I absconded from it, I mean, in pure terror of the triangle and the gallows, after all hope for it was lost. It was in the year '98 I left it, Sir. And I left it without leaving behind me relation or friend,—father, brothers, uncles, or cousins alive,—or, at all events, able to assist me with a shilling,—though a few months before, they had all been alive, and in good circumstances. Castlereagh, Sir, with Reynolds' help, made quick work of them. Well, Sir, with a hue-and-cry hot after myself, changing my name, and well disguised, I got to Cove, and there went on board an English ship, bound for an English port. And, Sir, the baying bloodhounds were close on my track; and I myself was one of the men who held lights for them, about the vessel, when they came in the night time to search it for me. But they did not recognise me, keen-scented as they were; and so abandoning the land I *once* loved, I arrived safely, a friendless, relationless, portionless, pennyless stranger, in a land I hated—ay, and feared, in the marrow of my bones. Want soon came upon me; and as my father—God bless his memory for it!—had got plenty of Greek and Latin well flogged into me, I thought, by advertising, with my last funds, in a cheap newspaper,—one of those publican's papers, Sir,—to obtain some tuitions that would half fill my stomach with the poorest food. The first advertisement appeared, Sir; and I economized my few remaining sixpences, by trying to live on a pennyworth of bread per day,—and the loaf was very small that year, Sir,—and this allowance, with liberal contributions from the public pump, Sir, was all that the tall, raw-boned boy of eighteen, with a stomach like an ostrich's, had to keep body and soul together, while he waited, day after day, the golden results of his advertisement. But, Sir, there was no result at all from his advertisement; and so, Sir, I advertised again, now reducing my allowance of bread to a halfpenny-worth per day; and again I waited and waited. Sir, during this second waiting upon Providence, my last halfpenny was spent: and, Sir, I continued for days without a crumb of food of any kind, walking about the streets of London, and stamping, and spurning, and hating their very paving-stones,—the pumps now my only resource. Sir, it happened one day, somehow or other, some one gave me a shilling—stay, I think I earned it by holding a gentleman's horse—ay, Sir, you may start—but the Greek and Latin professor, with perhaps as much gentleman's blood in his veins as my generous benefactor, was brought down to that, Sir. To *that* do I say? Sir, I was brought down to anything. Before I earned the shilling, I used to spend a good part of the day, walking up and down the street that I lodged in—Little Windmill Street; and, of course, you know the aspect of that street, Sir. There are many mean houses in it, with their hall doors left open, and dirty little children sprawling on the steps ascending to the hall doors, and gnawing buttered crusts, and smearing their faces still more with the crust, which often slips through their little weak hands, and is as often picked up out of the street dust or puddle, to be gnawed again; and, Sir, I used to pass by many of these little creatures,—and as my yearning and abrading stomach sent its fumes into my head, and its raging, wild-beast hunger into my very heart, I could have snatched them up, and twisted their necks round and round, for that morsel of disgusting food. Sir, the fear of the hangman alone withheld me from doing some such violence on somebody. It wasn't philosophy, Sir,—it wasn't morality,—it wasn't religion, though I had been religiously brought up, and wasn't an irreligious, or an immoral lad;—it was not any one of these checks that kept my hands quiet. No, Sir; it was the mere animal dread of being hanged, which mastered even the brute instinct of hunger.

"But, Sir, I got the shilling; and clutching it hard in the palm of my hand, I ran straight to the next baker's shop, bought a shilling loaf with it, and then ran to my lodgings, to devour the bread in secret. Don't believe any one who tells you, Sir, that it is dangerous to put any considerable portion of food, at a time, into a perfectly empty and starving stomach. I have read such assertions, and I have heard them made, Sir; but my own experience proves that they are utterly false. 'Twas a public-house I lodged in, Sir; and my straw pallet was stretched under the very slates, at its tip-top—not its attic story, Sir, not in its garret—that would have been a palace, beyond my means—but, as I have said, literally under the slates, Sir; and, of course, higher up even than the garret. So my retreat was there; and as I went up all the flights of stairs to my chamber, I tore, with my skeleton fingers—my claws, my talons—I tore out of the sides of the loaf, handful after handful, all its soft portions—and I stuffed them so quickly down my throat, Sir, that by the time I got up to my private apartment, nothing but the two crusts were left; and then, Sir, after taking a long draught out of the large brown pitcher that stood at my bedside—'twas a quart draught at least, Sir—and after sitting down on my pallet, the crusts, too, soon disappeared. And then, Sir, nothing injurious happened to me. On the contrary, after I had lain some time on the broad of my back, I jumped up, like a young giant, and laughed out alone, to the slates and rafters above my head, and cried, ha, ha! like the war-horse in Job. I might have been a little mad, perhaps; but not a bit indisposed or inconvenienced in body or in limb.

"And so, Sir, the reason you see why I didn't

lend money to our 'mutual friend,' was because, as I have told you before, I had suffered, once in my life, real hunger."

Although during this recital he had scarce raised his eyes from the ground, strong emotions worked his countenance. Bitter contempt for "*that land*" which he had abandoned, worked it; bitter hatred for the land to which he had escaped, worked it; bitter irony, recollected suffering, recollected degradation, now placed under his feet, and trampled upon;—all these, and more, worked it: until, as I gazed upon him, I thought his ugly Socratian face grew almost hideous. But a little incident soon changed both my opinion of that face, and of the heart which governed its expression.

We were sitting in a back saloon, *au premier*, which looked out upon a garden. The windows of the room were open, for it was fine sunny weather. The flat, leaded roof of some small outbuilding, came up nearly to the level of the windows, and was enclosed by a wooden railing, which rendered it a perfectly safe play-ground for children; but the leaden roof could not be perceived by my new acquaintance, from the place which he occupied in the room. He had scarce uttered the last words, when a little fellow, between four and five —my only living son—raced into the saloon, beating a drum, then on to one of the open windows, and then, with a jump, disappeared from our sight. My visiter gave a piercing cry, clasped his hands together, and before I could explain to him how little cause for alarm was really in the case, rushed to the window, with a manner and features expressive, I thought, of the keenest sympathy and anxiety that human nature could exhibit. But he soon saw his mistake.

"*Qu'avez vous donc, Monsieur?*" cried the little fellow's small voice, as he laughed up at him, from the leads. By the way, he spoke no English.

The old man, as I may almost call him, stepped back, and—"Thank God!" he said, dropping his hands to his sides, as he trembled, and grew pale, from his recent excitement. "Your child, Sir?" he resumed, turning to me. "Come up here, you little rascal, until I punish you for having frightened me;" and, returning to the window, he stooped and chucked up, into the room, my poor little namesake; then hugged him, and kissed him, almost in tears—certainly in smiles of pure and fresh benevolence of feeling.

"I see you have some of them at home yourself," I said.

"I have, Sir," he answered; "four girls, and three boys—and all brought up," he added, somewhat strangely, "to hate and detest, and, if they could, to injure to the death, the land which destroyed their father's land, and made it the by-word it has become. But they are all bigger and older than this little fellow; and some of the girls full-grown. I came in to-day from Passy, to leave one of them, to get a lesson at Hertz's."

"But what says their mother to this bringing up of her daughters, in the way you say? I suppose she is as thorough-going a '98 Irishwoman, as you are a thorough-going '98 Irishman?"

"Indeed, and she is not, Sir," he replied, laughing a low mocking laugh, it seemed, at himself—"she isn't an Irishwoman at all, Sir—nor yet a Scotchwoman—nor yet a Frenchwoman; she is an Englishwoman, Sir—and English to the back-bone; and when she married me, she was as handsome as I'm ugly, Sir; and as good and as gentle, as I was evil, and soured, and ill-tempered."

And this is the man, thought I, who hates England, and everything English, and yet takes an Englishwoman to his bosom, and makes her the mother of his children; and this, too, is the man who, almost in the same breath in which he spoke of twisting the heads off various little children, in Little Windmill Street, betrays the emotion of a woman's heart, at a supposed prospect of injury to one little child in Paris.

I may as well mention in this place, how, still in reference to little Johnny, the nature of my new acquaintance became more fully unveiled to me. In a few months afterwards, I lost the child. He, who had never before known an hour's illness, and who was as lovely as a sunbeam, and as strong as a young Hercules, died from me, after about a day's struggle, in the clutch—the hangman clutch of "*La gripe.*" The blow stunned me; and perhaps until this day, I have not recovered from its effects. The little fellow died, too, in convulsions, rising up against death in his cradle-bed, erect on his limbs, and holding his clenched hand high above his head; and in my weakened, and, I suppose, unsound state of mind, I remember to have felt somehow that I despised the grim King of Terrors for his paltry and cowardly triumph over so sinless a little creature.

In my affliction, many friends and acquaintances called upon me, but Socrates *redivivus* did not come near me; and in the egotism of grief, this made me waver in my growing good opinion of him. In about five days, however, he did come. It was Sunday. I was in bed, but he would see me. I received him coldly.

"I see, Sir," he said, "that you resent a seeming neglect of mine. But it was only a seeming neglect. I could not come near you sooner. And it wasn't occupation that kept me away,—though, God knows, I have my share of labour from morning to night allotted to me. Still I couldn't come. I loved that little child, Sir, and I had also my own feelings towards its father; and 'tisn't my way, nor it isn't in my nature, to get the cold words of condolence by heart, and deal them out during a commonplace visit. In your first grief, I didn't know what to say to you; and I wouldn't come to say nothing to you. The time, since then, has naturally calmed you down a little; and I say to you now, Sir, may God enable you to overcome soon your father's sorrow for that boy, for your loss has been heavy. And I prayed the same prayer this morning before, Sir, in the fairyland cemetery of *Mont Martre*, while kneeling at the *entourrage*, that already surrounds his little grave, with its little patch of flower-beds, and after I had read the inscription on the little spotless marble monument, crowned by perhaps almost the only cross in the extensive and most beautiful church-yard.

"And after taking my leave of poor Johnny, I

came here, Sir, to see you, but still unable *to talk* comfort to you. I will, however, tell you a story. It is by contrast with other things that we know the real value of anything; it is by contrasting with the visitations dealt out to others, those which are dealt out to ourselves, that we can estimate the heaviness or the lightness of the latter. So listen to me, Sir.

"I have admitted to you that I had at home four girls and three boys. I did not say that I had any other child,—but I *have* another at home—a girl, Sir, and my first-born, and my most beautiful, though they are all, boys and girls, comely, and the most of them handsome. Why did I leave out *her* in mentioning the number of my little flock? Because, Sir, she can scarcely be said to be of it. Because, Sir, it has pleased the Almighty to send her from his hands without the slightest share of intellect or reason—reason, the only medium through which human nature can see or even become conscious of its very existence. Oh, that evening and that hour—she being then in her fifth year—when, sitting on her mother's lap, we became perfectly assured, by the sentence of a highly qualified professional man, that our darling was an idiot! Oh, the sickening qualms in which for years before we suspected the terrible truth! and oh, the agony that to this day she awakens, wandering through the house among us, and scarce addressing a word to us,—or else a word that has no meaning, and that shows no sympathy with family, or kind—with life itself! You are the first human being, Sir, out of my own family, to whom I have opened my lips on this subject. Hardly one but ourselves knows that the poor being breathes. Her case, Sir, is one of perfect idiotism—of cureless, hopeless idiotism; and of a moping, melancholy kind, too; and, Sir, she runs from the sight of a stranger, or the sound of a stranger's voice, as the blind mole runs to hide himself in the earth.

"And now, Sir, compare your visitation with that which I have described, and ask your heart which is the severer of the two? Your little pet suddenly taken from you, by the hand that gave him to you, almost as fresh as when he was given? or left with you to grow up, in mere animal beauty, day after day, year after year, to man's estate, without understanding you, without comprehending the words of your lips, or the tears that you weep over him,—without even the power of knowing that you love him,—without the power of loving you,—without an idea of your existence even, or of his own? Sir, think on my story and be comforted. I have told you, you are the first to whom I ever hinted it. And it has cost me a struggle to make up my mind to impart it even to you. But I said to myself, that it would help to lessen your great sorrow. God grant that it may!"

He walked out of the room, his deeply furrowed cheeks streaming tears, some of which fell on my hand as he took it at parting.

(To be continued.)

SABBATH PROFANATION.

BY A LADY.

Oh! call it not profane to wander forth
On Sabbath eve—to gaze, with gladden'd eye,
On all the beauties of the teeming earth,
The sea mysterious, and celestial sky.
Then sacred Meditation oft is nigh,
Prompting the heaven-ward hope—the holy thought
That leads to pray'r. Sometimes unwittingly
The careless Spirit is heart-worship taught,
And meek devotion comes, although unsought.

Sweet is the birds' song—lovely seems each flow'r
To toil-worn crowds who rove at Sabbath eve;
Some note the vast economy and pow'r
Display'd in all God's works—these will not leave
Nature with hearts untaught. Nor should we grieve
If lovers rove in quiet privacy;
A pure affection can from vice retrieve—
For virtuous love is heaven-born; and may be
A joy perfected in eternity.

Much "profanation" ev'rywhere takes place
When conscience sleeps. Bigots censoriously
Rail at their neighbours' want of Christian grace;
These in God's Temples but the creature see,
His creed they learn, *not* Christianity.
Some note the dress and looks of all around,
Yet seem to pray! What sinful thoughts would be
(Could we read hearts) in erring creatures found,
For Satan loves to tread on holy ground.

From faithful Pastors, of God's wondrous love,
In earthly Temples it is sweet to hear;
And then true Worshippers delight to rove
Far from the city—for they would be near
His works; and those of men appear
To keep them far from God—each sight and sound
Too common seem—mysterious but dear
This tie to nature! Thus worn hearts have found
New peace and beauty from fair scenes around.

Oft God is hidden from us,—and array'd
In robes of pride, poor frail Humanity
Feigns pow'r divine! By others war is made
On the few joys of toil-worn Penury:
All praise—few practise Christianity.
These few prize social love; they understand
That ev'ry man is God's own, nor should be
Harshly prejudg'd. Love was their Lord's command;
For "the good Shepherd" leads with gentle hand.

THE STORY OF THE MARQUISE DE GANGE.

A REAL TRAGEDY OF THE "GOOD OLD TIMES" IN FRANCE.

THE venture was made, in a late number of this Magazine, to claim for histories of real life a share of the interest lavished upon fiction. But it could not be expected that its especial prerogative, which is a power to move and to delight, would ever be seriously invaded by this concession. To say nothing of the privilege enjoyed by the poet alone, of throwing into one focus all the possibilities which are in reality scattered over the whole mass of life, —the historians have in general taken good care that invention should run no risk of being forsaken for their truth. They have seemed to think it a matter of dignity to avoid pleasing; instead of facts, they give us mere skeletons of facts; as if they deemed it frivolous to perceive, or had not the capacity to preserve those living elements of colour, expression, and speech, without which we only see half of an era or an event. The poet's fanciful creation, adorned with these vivid details, is therefore felt to contain a more essential part of truth than survives in the residuum of the chronicler. And in this way has arisen an unnatural idea of opposition between the different properties, the sum of which alone makes up truth; to be seriously regretted, when we think what history might become, if clothed with natural flesh and blood! For there is a power in the actual, quite peculiar to itself, and rooted in the deepest grounds of human sympathy. The knowledge that what I am now hearing was the real history of a living man, touches me with an emotion allied to personal feeling, and forces my imagination to complete a story that the narrator may have merely sketched. Far less active is the assistance given to the fabulist, who is seldom trusted for more than he himself exhibits. It is rarely that we attempt to pursue his invention beyond the limits which he has drawn around it. The Hall of Eblis, and the smoke of Padalon, we do not imagine with more terrors than the poet has described; we behold them with an awe which is passive, and not unpleasing: we mourn over the dying innocence of Cordelia, and take fire at Clarissa's wrongs; but when the book is closed, the spell is half dissolved at once. A totally different sensation overcomes one who kneels in the *Pozzi* to read the lines, often meagre enough, which their former tenants have scratched on the wainscot, or who crumbles over the rack lying in the gallery of the Audiencia in Toledo. These are impressions that sink deep into the heart, and cannot be effaced at will. From the crisis of the most tragical "*Romance of modern Life*," we escape with a sigh, as we start from a distressing dream; but the hand will tingle for days after touching the garment through which Gustavus was stabbed at a masquerade, or the ring that discovered the remains of a lovely Princess Schwartzenberg, amidst the ashes of the Pavilion.

Had they who told the history of the Marquise de Gange been aware of this, and filled up its dead outlines with the proper colouring, nothing would have been wanting in the tale to excite all the emotions that fiction commands, and all the interest which attaches itself to positive reality. But the records of French criminal law, voluminous as they are, do not abound in touches of nature; and it is now too late to restore them. The story, however, though but half told, cannot be heard with indifference, and the reader will therefore be requested to accept it in its present imperfect form. It will be recognised as an old acquaintance by those who are conversant with the obscurer literature of France; but we have never seen it alluded to in an English work, and therefore suppose that it may be new to a large class of general readers, as well as to those students of foreign letters whom curiosity has never induced to sift the twenty-two wordy volumes of M. Guyot de Pitaval.

It would be hard to name a story in which some of the prominent characters of the *ancien régime*, and of the social consequences of its faith and practice, appear more distinctly than in the present narrative. Meagre as it may be, it discloses the canker which even then was destroying the nation, better than a volume of generalities. It indicates to a thoughtful eye the relative positions of the high and low *noblesse*, beneath which nothing existed but a servile class: the ambition of the one to rise, the hunger of the other for gold to supply its pomp and waste; and what fruits were produced by the alliance of these elements. Another figure starts forward as a living impersonation of that vice of the French Church, the secular *Abbé:* ecclesiastic in name only, alike exempt from duties, restraints and religion—notable chiefly for the dissolute morals and profane acquirements which were each alike busy in the work of domestic mischief. A fearful glimpse is also shown of the power for evil, which the feudal noble still retained in the 17th century, when remote from the capital, and surrounded in his chateau by creatures who knew no law superior to his will:—while we see how slowly the foot of justice limped after the worst criminals of this dangerous rank. Of the manner in which these features are displayed, the story itself will apprize the reader.

There resided at Avignon, in 1636, a certain Sieur de Rossan, belonging to the lowest class of gentry, but more than commonly wealthy. His only child, a daughter, born in this year, was destined to inherit his riches, as well as the more considerable possessions of Sieur de Nochères, her maternal grandfather, from one of whose estates, by the custom of heiresses, she assumed the style of Mademoiselle de Chateaublanc. Thus she was one of the richest maids in Provence; but far richer in the gifts of a rare beauty, and of a disposition soft and equable, with talents, not dazzling

indeed, but sufficient to have rendered her engaging, even had her personal charms been less. These must have been extraordinary. The soberest writers are warmed into a kind of rapture in describing a loveliness which dazzled the eyes of Louis XIV., and which was celebrated at Versailles by the title of *La Belle Provençale*. Christina of Sweden, who had seen the beauties of all the courts of Europe, declared hers to be unrivalled.

The death of her father, while she was still young, left her to the guardianship of M. de Nochères. Before she had reached a marriageable age, proposals for her hand had already been made by many of the chief Provençal nobility,—far more covetous of the wealth she could bestow, than attracted by her beauty. Her grandfather had no idea that he could fulfil his duty of guardian better than by handing over his niece at once, young and ignorant as she was, to the suitor highest in rank, and with whom he could make the best terms; and, accordingly, chose the Marquis de Castellane. He was not too old, was handsome and good-natured; but De Nochères only accepted him as the grandson of the Duke de Villars. Mademoiselle de Chateaublanc became a wife at thirteen; an age in which even a Provençal maid, although her bloom comes early in that genial climate, has not reached the term of girlhood. But she was already remarkable for her beauty and gentle temper; to both of which maturer years brought embellishment and increase, but no change. She had inherited none of the feverish blood which generally belongs to the natives of Southern France; and seemed in every respect destined to a career as happy as it was possible for one in her condition to enjoy. A few years after their marriage, the Marquis conducted her to Paris; and she appeared at Versailles.

That a young beauty, married while a child, and thrown, on the threshold of womanhood, amidst the vanities of a court like Louis XIV.'s, could hardly avoid danger and suspicion, need not be said:—her husband thought little of this, and left her for the army. It is probable that at this time she did yield to the general example, and gave too willing an ear to the adulation that worshipped her wherever she appeared. But her name, at all events, was never publicly scandalized; and from the conduct of her maturer years, this early weakness, to which it was whispered that she stooped, may fairly be regarded as the error of extreme youth and inexperience, left without a guide. The expedition to Sicily was now in progress; her husband had not long been absent, when the tidings came of his shipwreck. Most of the French galleys had been destroyed by a tempest in the Mediterranean: and amongst those that perished was the Marquis de Castellane.

The young widow, left without children by a husband who had been far from attentive to her, was nevertheless much afflicted by his loss, and appears to have remembered it long. At first, she retired to the protection of Madame D'Ampus, her late husband's mother: but after some time, business, concerning her fortune, called her from this refuge to Avignon. Here she lived in a convent, in great seclusion, seeing none but her female friends, and men of business. But one so rich and charming, in the very sweetest bloom of her age, and now advanced in station by her late marriage, could not remain long unsought by wooers; nor is it reasonable to suppose that after a time she wished to be so: although she was not hasty in making a new engagement. She was now in a position to choose according to her own liking; which, unhappily, seems to have been chiefly led by the eye. At the age of twenty-two, she bestowed herself on M. de Lanide, Marquis de Gange; a youth of twenty, remarkably handsome, well-born, a baron of Languedoc, sufficiently rich, and owner of a military charge—the governorship of St. André. The match was one of reciprocal affection; and the exceeding beauty of the young couple, made all exclaim that a happier marriage could not have been imagined. It was, however, doomed to be far otherwise. The young pair resembled each other in nothing but personal comeliness. The Marquise, as we have said, was remarkable for the placidity of her disposition; the Marquis was a man of a fierce insolent nature, subject to sudden and boisterous fits of passion, and yet cursed with a jealous, distrustful temper, and a proneness to cruelty, which the least offence was sufficient to provoke.

With him the lover's rapture soon subsided; and the Marquis became a negligent husband. He resumed the gaiety of his earlier habits, and sought every kind of dissipation. For this indifference his wife not unnaturally sought compensation in society, where she was always the centre of admiration and homage. But if indiscreet in her girlhood, in this second marriage her conduct appears to have been irreproachable. In company she sought no more than a harmless recreation; and at once imposed silence on her admirers, if their worship appeared on the point of transgressing the bounds of innocent gallantry. But many were on the watch to injure her. Rivals, whom her beauty eclipsed; idle scandle-mongers, eager for employment; lovers, whom she had refused; parasites who sought to establish a merit with her husband; all were ready to report and exaggerate her blameless gaieties. The Marquis, disposed to suspicion became alarmed; but he had not the frankness of nature which might have put the wife on her guard and soon he abandoned himself to a furious, but secret jealousy. The fear of ridicule, and the absence of all real occasion of complaint, compelled him to repress its utterance in public; but at home it broke out in sullen reproaches, and rude and tyrannical behaviour. The gentleness of the Marquise seemed only to exasperate him;—they never met without bickering, and for many years the unfortunate lady was condemned to a species of domestic purgatory, which tried the passive sweetness of her nature to the uttermost. In the early years of her marriage she had given birth to a son and daughter; and her only moments of peace were those which she was permitted to spend in the company of her children. Yet we have every reason to believe that, in spite of this unmerciful and causeless persecution, she still inwardly loved the object of her unfortunate choice.

Such had long been the wretchedness of the Marquise's home, when it introduced to her two new inmates, destined to exercise a material influence on her fortunes. These were her husband's younger brothers, now arrived at man's estate;—who, having completed such studies as had been thought proper for each, were received as members of the Marquis's household, in which they soon became formidable. The elder of the two, nominally a churchman, bore the dubious title of *Abbé* de Gange;—it is likely that his superior talents and aptitude for intrigue had directed him to this profession, rather than his younger brother. He had, indeed, capacity sufficient for the worst designs, and every propensity which could lead him to conceive them: being imperious, dissolute, and revengeful; but a master of hypocrisy, of fascinating address, witty and eloquent in discourse,—a very painted sepulchre, with an outside that well covered the rottenness within. The Chevalier de Gange, his junior, was a more vulgar character, one of those rude, blind natures, born to be ruled by others, and destitute of any notable quality of their own; a selfish, thoughtless man, entirely under the sway of the Abbé, who had, indeed, such absolute influence over his mind, that the Chevalier obeyed his brother's commands without so much as asking the reason for them. This was an easy thing to master; but the restless Abbé was capable of a higher reach. He had not long been at the Marquis's board before he had dexterously obtained a command, nearly as absolute, of this brother also, although here the influence was concealed with the most cautious dissimulation. He succeeded by persuading the Marquis of his entire devotion to the family interests, and soon acquired the real control of all affairs, both abroad and at home. With this substantial power he was content; in appearance, the Marquis, while really a mere puppet of the Abbé's, was still, as heretofore, the master.

At the first sight of his lovely sister-in-law, the Abbé conceived a violent appetite for her person, and resolved to gratify it; which, taking all circumstances into account, he expected to accomplish easily. But he began with all the caution and cunning of his acquired character. While all his powers of seduction were covertly employed to captivate the lady, he laboured at the same time to soften the mind of her husband; and by address and persuasion actually succeeded in removing his suspicions, and turning his animosity towards the Marquise into indulgence and a show of regard. The change was most welcome to the ill-used wife: with a placability, which was not the least of her charms, she forgot the causeless sufferings of late years, and replied with tenderness to her husband's advances. For a while the morning of their love seemed to have returned.

The author of this revolution took care that his merit should not remain unknown. While with every art he tried to ensnare his sister-in-law's affections, he discovered to her, in confidence, by whose influence her husband had been so greatly changed; and hinted to her, in a manner that could not easily be misunderstood, that her happiness and character were at the mercy of one who could so control the dispositions of the Marquis.

Most creatures are gifted with an instinct that warns them, at the first moment, of the approach of anything noxious or deadly; and the weakest are often the most liberally endowed with this protective sense. On the first appearance of the Abbé, the Marquise had conceived a strong antipathy against him: she was now alarmed by his parade of an obligation that she believed him thoroughly capable of abusing, and her acknowledgments were paid with a coldness that betrayed how much she regretted the occasion which called for them. This was an effect the very opposite to that which the Abbé had looked for; but he was not to be dismayed by the first repulse. His attentions only became more pressing; and he besieged the Marquise with an eagerness, the meaning of which no woman ever long misunderstands. But she would not seem to understand it at all, and intrenched herself within a distant politeness, as cold as the intercourse between relations could decently allow. After he had been foiled in this manner for some time, the Abbé became impatient, and with the audacity natural to him, resolved to declare his intentions openly, and leave her no means of concealing hers. An occasion was soon found, in a visit which she paid to the country-house of a friend: the Abbé followed; and at once ingratiated himself with all the party, by the spirit and gaiety of his conversation. He wished that the Marquise should learn to value the attentions of one who was not accustomed to be treated with indifference. On the next day there was a party on horseback: the Abbé offered himself as her cavalier, and thus gained the fullest liberty of addressing her unheard. Without hesitation he avowed his passion, and vehemently besought her favour. The Marquise was seriously troubled by this attack, which she had long endeavoured to ward off. It was too urgent to be laughed aside as a mere flourish of gallantry; she found herself compelled to rebuke the proposal with the disdain which it merited.

With as much coldness as she could assume, she said, "M. L'Abbé, I need not tell you how a woman of my character should receive a compliment like this: you will please to give yourself the answer I ought to make, and spare me the unpleasant duty of uttering it." This was spoken with a tone of contempt that galled the Abbé to the quick: and changing his manner, he openly told her, that her peace was in his power; that a slight effort would serve to break the truce which he had made, and render her once more as wretched as she had formerly been; while it would be vain to denounce or oppose him in a quarter where his dominion was absolute. "Let us, therefore," he concluded, "consult our mutual repose without thwarting each other: make me happy, and preserve, in return, the calm and cheerfulness which you now enjoy." The Marquise replied with unaltered coldness: "If you have learned to love me, Sir, learn to respect me also; and know that the fears of the worst misery you threaten me with, will not alarm me into a course fatal to my virtue;" adding, with a burst of natural aversion, the imprudence

of which may well be excused, "And if I *were* capable of forgetting myself, *you* are the last man in the world who could tempt me to do so!" The Abbé, glowing with rage and chagrin, turned away, and rode homewards; and on the same evening abruptly took leave of the party, and repaired to Avignon.

A common seducer would have deemed such a repulse decisive: not so the Abbé. After some reflection, he determined to persevere in the attempt to overcome an aversion so pointedly shown towards him. He therefore refrained for a while from disturbing the peace between the married couple; not without hope that his threat would still have its effect on the Marquise. But time, and his endeavours to please, did not abate her antipathy; it rather seemed to increase: she was deaf to his compliments, and avoided being left alone with him for a moment. The Chevalier, who was, in secret, as warmly enamoured of her beauty as his brother, she had not learned to distrust: his easy temper pleased her, and led, on her part, to an affectionate familiarity, in which there was not a particle of love. In proportion as she more hated the one brother, she grew the more disposed, by contrast, to like the other, and her friendly treatment induced the latter to conceive hopes of success. This could not escape the jealous penetration of the Abbé: at first, he suspected that his brother had obtained favours which had been refused to him; but the most vigilant spy could not have detected in the Marquise a single deviation from the innocent kindness of a friendship that had nothing to conceal. But even thus, the rejected suitor could not bear to see his brother rival him; and seeing the passion grow stronger daily, he feared that it might soon overcome the influence he had hitherto possessed, and determined at once to deceive his brother, and, if possible, ruin the Marquise.

He took the Chevalier aside, and openly declaring his wishes, "We are both," he said, "in love with her: I do not wish to oppose you. Try, therefore, if you can carry your point. If not, retire, and I will see if I can succeed better. We are too good friends to quarrel for any woman's sake." The Chevalier, duped by this show of generosity, the real object of which was to lay a snare for the Marquise, offered to renounce his pursuit; but the Abbé insisted that it should proceed in the manner which he had proposed. The Chevalier, thus urged, began to offer a warmer courtship to his sister-in-law; and the Abbé insidiously kept in the back ground to favour its progress. He wished to try whether the virtue that had rejected him was really impregnable, or merely led by inclination. But no sooner did the Marquise perceive that the Chevalier had assumed the looks and hopes of a lover, than she at once drew back from all familiar intercourse with him also; and testified without disguise the perfect indifference with which she regarded him in this character. He was not so patient a suitor as the Abbé, nor so shameless in his approaches: he tried to win and please to the best of his power; but receiving no encouragement, he had not the boldness to make any declaration. In six months he was, if possible, farther from her favour than at his outset; indeed, the Marquise, to check his advances, did violence to her natural disposition, and affected to notice his empty remarks and ill-chosen expressions with a contempt that destroyed all his confidence. He resolved to subdue a hopeless passion; and told his intention to the Abbé, by whom it was applauded: mortified affection was succeeded by hatred, and he was ready to embrace any plan which should offer him a vengeance on the woman that had despised his love.

The Abbé thought it now time to execute his threat, and poison the husband's mind with doubts of his wife's virtue. During the attempts of his two brothers, seeing with the Abbé's eyes only, the Marquis had never for a moment suspected *them*, the only real foes of his honour: his jealousy was now to be revived by calumnies which their barbarous revenge alone had invented. In one cursed with a suspicious temper, it was easy to disturb the calm which the Abbé had for his own purposes maintained. He dropped hints that his confidence in the virtue of his sister-in-law had of late been repeatedly shaken: then pretended to notice levities, which no husband could approve of: after this came a more circumstantial story, built upon the single fact that the Marquise, one evening in company, had for some time remained conversing with a young gentleman, who had amused her by his good spirits. This wrought the intended mischief: the brutal temper of the Marquis was again unchained: he assailed his wife with violent reproaches; would not listen to her protestations of innocence, and insulted her openly. The Abbé secretly blew the flame he had kindled; it grew more intolerable daily, and to such an excess, that the unfortunate lady was even subjected to personal ill-treatment. She knew to whose influence this cruel change was owing: but suffered in silence, trusting that time might reveal the treachery practised against her: it was vain, she knew, to oppose her enemies at the moment. Under such circumstances, the Abbé had the cowardly insolence to renew his solicitations. In spite of her vigilance, he surprised her one day when alone in the garden. "Now, madam," he said, "are we to remain in this state of discord for ever?—will you force me to be your enemy?—and do not you see how much it concerns you to make me your friend? Do not persist in this severity, when you see how easily you can secure me, and rule your husband." To this shameless address she listened with an unmoved countenance and turned her back on the speaker, without a word of reply.

She had for some months endured this misery when an event occurred which, for a time, checked the extreme violence of her persecutors. M. De Nochères, her grandfather, died; and she succeeded to his great possessions, which were left at her absolute disposal. This was a prize worth securing at any cost. Some means must be found to induce the Marquise to relinquish her exclusive rights; and in order to this, it became necessary to treat her with some show of decency. The

Marquis repressed his cruel insults: the Abbé assumed a studied respect, and importuned and threatened no longer; the Chevalier, as usual, followed the example of his brothers. Again the unhappy Marquise enjoyed a short interval of repose.

It had been usual for the Marquis to reside alternately at Avignon and at his patrimonial château of Gange, a few leagues distant from the city, and nearly the same distance from Montpéllier. It was another benefit, arising from this inheritance, that the visits to Gange were for some time suspended, while the business detained the family at Avignon. The Marquise always dreaded the removal to Gange, where she led a cheerless life, surrounded by persons in absolute dependence upon her husband. The power of a seigneur on his family estates was still almost despotic; and it was unsafe for those whom he disliked to remain there too long. On a former visit to Avignon, the Marquise had met with an accident calculated to excite alarm. There had been arsenic conveyed into a cream of which she had partaken with some others; but as it was not in great quantity, the consequences were not fatal. At the time the circumstance created much speculation; but nothing was found out, and after a while it was apparently forgotten. The Marquise spoke of it with the utmost indifference, as a casual occurrence; but it is said that in reality she regarded it as the first warning of a malicious design against her life; and recurred to the prediction of an astrologer in Paris, who had long since foretold to her that she would perish by a violent death. But with nothing beyond mere apprehensions to allege, it would have been impossible for her to seek for protection from the danger that haunted her. The civility which had been affected since her new accession of fortune did not impose upon her; and she lived in watchfulness and anxiety, the more wretched, because there was no one to whom she could impart her fear, or apply for counsel.

A simple fact will disclose, more impressively than any description, what must have been the state of her feelings at this period. As soon as she learned her husband's intention to take her back to Gange for the autumn, she resolved, before departing from Avignon, to make her will. In this document her mother was made universal heir, with a provision that she might bequeath the property to either of the Marquise's children whom she should prefer. Moreover, she took the precaution of leaving in the hands of the magistracy a declaration *disavowing formally beforehand any will of later date that might subsequently be produced as hers*. This declaration was made in 1666, immediately before her departure for Gange: its meaning requires no explanation!

She also distributed a considerable sum in gold amongst various religious bodies, especially to the *Recollets*, for masses to be said on her behalf, *that she might not die without the sacraments of the church*; and the earnestness with which this office was besought and commended to them, was described as like that of one who stands in near expectation of death. From her friends she parted in a manner more serious and tender than usual; leaving few without shedding tears: and they who were attached to her could not observe without anxious feelings, the solemnity with which she bade them farewell, and begged them to remember her.

At Gange, she found her mother-in-law, who had come thither on a visit from Montpéllier. She was an excellent person, much loved by the Marquise, whose spirits were greatly raised by her presence. Everything seems to have been intended to banish apprehension from the victim's mind at this conjuncture. Her husband and brothers-in-law received her in the most affectionate manner; and, for some days, the château looked more cheerful than it had been for years. But Madame de Gange, after a short stay, returned to Montpéllier: and soon afterwards business recalled the Marquis to Avignon. It is certain that, before leaving Gange, he had concerted with the brothers what should be done in his absence. The unhappy lady was left in the hands of the only persons on earth who implacably hated her.

But they gave no sign of evil intentions throughout the winter and ensuing spring. Indeed, so artfully they dissembled, as to persuade the Marquise that their hostility to her was laid aside: and in one easily won from her just resentments, this belief produced a return of friendliness towards them, which was not overlooked. The Abbé, when he saw the deceit so far successful, began dexterously to approach the subject of the will which she had left at Avignon: suggesting, that the love of the Marquis, which she had now partly regained, would never fully return, while such an evidence of her distrust was extant; and urging her, for her own sake, to remove the only obstacle to a course of entire union and happiness; which all the family would vie, he said, in promoting. Induced by repeated persuasions in this tone, at length the Marquise yielded: revoked her previous will, and made another in favour of her husband. But the declaration still subsisted; and the Abbé was not aware, that while it remained, the new will was mere waste paper. He believed that half of his work was now performed; and the rest he proceeded to execute without delay. He had inflamed the vexation of the Chevalier into the most inveterate and cruel hatred of his victim; and found him a willing accomplice in any iniquity.

On the 17th of May, 1667, the Marquise had ordered some medicine to be prepared for her by the apothecary of the place; but the draught, when brought to her, had so unusual an appearance, that she threw it away, and instead of it took another sort of physic, of which she had brought some from Avignon. The draught had been poisoned: the brothers, not knowing that she had refused it, sent thrice during the forenoon to inquire how she felt herself; and could hardly conceal their surprise and vexation, when they were told that she was relieved by what she had taken. In the course of the day they discovered how they had been foiled; and thereupon determined to accomplish their purpose by other means of a more desperate kind.

The Marquise did not leave her bed that day, but invited some ladies of the neighbourhood to come and sit with her after dinner. The Abbé and his

brother were present as usual; but they spoke little, and sate gloomy and absent, looking restlessly on the company. The Marquise appeared in good spirits, and rallied them on this strange and unusual demeanour; which they attempted, when thus addressed, to put off by a forced gaiety; but the effort and its failure were apparent to all. The conversation became broken and constrained, and an impression of some concealed misfortune or danger, communicated itself to the whole party. The Marquise alone was not, or, more probably, would not seem to be, aware of it. A collation was served, of which she partook freely: the brothers tasted nothing. As soon as it was ended, the ladies withdrew; the Abbé, accompanying them to the door, left the Chevalier alone in the chamber with his sister-in-law. Amazed at his dogged silence, she urged him to say what it meant: but he only replied by looks which made her tremble. After an interval of fearful suspense, the Abbé returned, and the mystery was abruptly explained.

Although he had been only a few minutes absent, his countenance was so changed when he entered, that the Marquise cried out with alarm; and she afterwards declared that its expression was so ghastly and devilish, that in all this tragedy, nothing seemed so terrible to her as his aspect at that moment. In one hand he held a pistol, and in the other a glass filled with a dark-coloured liquid. Closing the door behind him, he advanced to the bedside, where he stood for a few seconds in silence, eyeing his victim with looks under which her heart turned cold and sank within her. At the same time the Chevalier drew his sword: for an instant she hoped, in her defence; a second glance at his countenance, which reflected the fury of the other, showed her that no mercy for her was there.

At length the Abbé spoke to her in a low voice, but with the most malicious emphasis and deliberation: "You must prepare to die, madam!—take your choice of fire, steel, or poison."—"Die!—wherefore must I die?" cried the unhappy lady. "What crime have I committed?—when did I injure you, that you both judge and execute me at once? how have I deserved your hatred?—cannot less than such horrible cruelty satisfy you?" But she saw that the Abbé was impenetrable: and turned to the Chevalier, whom she might well hope to find more easily moved. To say nothing of their former cordiality, she had long been his benefactress in many ways: and besides giving him handsome presents, had continually supplied his want of money from her own private purse. Nor had any open difference ever disturbed their friendship: in the name of which she now besought him to spare her, with the most plaintive and winning appeals to his recollection of her kindness. But not a motion of relenting could she excite in his depraved heart. He replied as briefly as the Abbé had spoken: "The thing is decided already: make your election—if not, we will for you."

In a strait so terrible, menaced suddenly by treachery and death in the most cruel and hideous forms, the Marquise displayed a self-possession of which few, of either sex, would have been capable. She said nothing further; but, after raising her eyes to heaven, as if in protest against th wickedness, she turned with a firm and indigna gaze to the Abbé; and, reaching out her han took from him the glass containing poison, whil the one assassin held a pistol to her throat, and th other pointed his weapon at her heart; and, wit the cold sweat bursting from her brow, swallowe the evil draught. It is said to have been made arsenic and sublimate dissolved in aquafortis. Fro what subsequently took place, we can hardly b lieve that it was all compounded of such destructi ingredients. But so corrosive it was, that a fe drops, falling from the edge of the glass on her boson instantly blackened the skin; and her lips, b the mere passage of the liquid over them, wer stained and scorched dreadfully. The Chevali seeing that a sediment was left at the bottom the glass, collected it on the edge with a silv bodkin, and forced it upon her, with a phrase to brutal to be recorded here. This must have bee the deadliest part of the poison: the Marquise too it into her mouth; but, at the same instant, fall ing back on the pillow with a cry, as if suddenl agonized, she turned her head round, and, withou being seen, spat the mouthful out again. Sh then besought them, in God's name, as they ha now satisfied their rage by killing her, not t wreak revenge on her soul, but send her a confe sor, that she might not die like an outcast. The retired; and, locking the door, went out to call th vicar of the place, a dependent on the family fo twenty-five years, to attend the Marquise, and se her die. It is likely that this man was already aware of the design: at all events, he was easil found, and at once ready to serve the crime to th utmost of his power.

The instant the assassins were gone, the Mar quise, whose spirit and judgment throughout wer admirable, instantly bethought her of escaping She was undressed to her shift, and had only tim to throw over it a taffeta skirt: thus, half-clad she ran to a window which looked down into th stable-yard, and flung herself out of it; the dis tance to the ground being more than twenty-fiv English feet. At this moment, the priest entered and seeing her escape, tried to hold her back; bu this only saved her from being dashed to pieces As she was falling, the miscreant caught hold o the skirt of her dress, and kept it long enough before it gave way in his hand, to guide her fal in a safe direction. She alighted on her bare feet with no other harm than the tearing of their deli cate skin by sharp points of the pavement. She had been for an instant suspended by the part o her dress that the priest had caught, and the fal was thus partially broken. Still he hoped to reach her; and seizing a large water-jar, which stood in another window, hurled it down after her: had the aim been true, she must have been crushed to death; but it passed a hair's-breadth from her. The instant that she reached the ground, she forced the ends of her long hair down her throat, and thus in a moment brought on the intended effect of vomiting: no deliberation could have chosen a more important remedy; when this was over, she sought how to pursue her flight. On all sides the yard was

hut up. She ran towards the stables, through hich a passage might be found; they were closed: he was a prisoner still, only in a wider space. At his moment she might well give up all hope, when he discovered the face of a groom looking at her om one of the eyelets. She called out to him, 'Mercy! help! Friend, save me from death! I m poisoned! open the door, and let me run to ek some relief!" The man was touched (as who ould not have been?) with the pitiful spectacle f his mistress—a woman, one of the loveliest in rance, half-naked, dishevelled, with bleeding et, wildly imploring help to fly from murder ursuing her in her husband's own walls! The room took her up in his arms, carried her through he offices, and until he met with some women in he highway; with whom, either from fear or a ense of decorum, he left her. It is probable that e dared not be seen openly to protect her flight.

The priest had hastened to inform his masters f the escape. They were furious; and, resolved t all hazards to pursue her to death, ran out after er, crying to the people, who had begun to gather n crowds at the extraordinary sight of the Marquise, in such disarray, seeking wildly for shelter —"She is mad! she is struck with hysteric enzy!" In truth, her appearance and looks of antic alarm, might well seem to confirm the eception. She had, however, reached the house f a Sieur Desprat, distant some three hundred ards from the château, when the Chevalier overook her, and forcing her in at the door, entered rith her, and closed it. The Abbé, who had now ome up, guarded the threshold, pistol in hand, hreatening to kill the first person that approached; nd crying that he would not suffer the madness f his sister-in-law to be made a show of. The bject was to take care that no medical help might each her, before the poison had had time to do its ork.

Unhappily the master of the house was absent; but his wife was there, and with her a company f several young ladies, but no man. The cries of the Marquise and of her pursuers, and the presence of these furious armed men from the château, overcame them with alarm. The Marquise, breathless, threw herself amongst them, crying, "Save me! send for help! I am dying, poisoned!" —but they could attempt nothing in defiance of the two brothers, who had possession of the house. It appears that they were not for a moment duped by the story of the Marquise's being mad; for while the Chevalier turned in the chamber, where he guarded her from escaping, one of the ladies conveyed into her hand a box of *orviétan*,* from which she contrived to swallow several pieces unseen. Another brought her some water, which she was about to drink eagerly, for the poison was burning her inwardly; but the savage broke the glass at her very lips, begging the ladies not to interfere and foster her complaint by such indulgence, but retire, and leave her to his care; adding that he would watch her himself, until the fit had passed over. The Marquise, now seeing that time was running from her, and that with none but female defenders, she was still at his mercy, made one effort more to soften the Chevalier, while away from his brother. She begged the ladies to pass into the next room; and when they were gone, fell at the murderer's feet, imploring him with the pathos of an innocent creature pleading for its life, to pity her, to let some relief be called for; or if not, at least to leave her the remains of life that still kept her on the threshold of the grave! This touching entreaty, the sight of the beauty he had so long worshipped, her promise to forgive all if he would only *now* relent, made no impression on the Chevalier; or rather seemed to exasperate his fury. He fell upon her with the short sword that he wore, using it as a dagger; and had already pierced her twice in the bosom, before she could cry out and rush to the door. As she fled, he stabbed her five times in the back; until the blade, breaking at the last blow, remained sticking in her shoulder. After this butchery, believing, as well he might, that his victim could not now survive, he ran out of the house, calling to the Abbé, "Come along: let us make our retreat; the affair is finished!"

The ladies, rushing into the chamber, were horror-struck to find the Marquise weltering in blood. She scarcely breathed, but some life still remained. While such violence was at hand, no woman dared to leave the house; but one of them cried from the window, to the crowd assembled without, begging that a surgeon might instantly be sent for. The Abbé heard this, and judging that the victim must still be alive, returned. He burst into the room, where the women were busied in reviving the Marquise, held his pistol to her side, and would have discharged it; but the piece missed fire, and a Demoiselle Brunel (the same who before had privily supplied the *orviétan*) seized his hand, turning the weapon from its aim. The Abbé replied by savagely striking the lady; and seizing the pistol, to use the butt as a truncheon, he would have beaten out the last remains of life in the Marquise: but the women, now forgetting their fear in the horror of this attempt, fell upon him in a body, and, with blows and outcries, drove him out of the house.

One of these heroines, fortunately, had some notion of surgery, and bound up the bleeding wounds; having first plucked out the broken blade from the shoulder of the Marquise; who had the fortitude to beg, that the operator, if she wanted strength, would aid herself by pressing her knee against the shoulder, and forcing the weapon out in this manner. None of the wounds, when searched, appeared to be mortal: the Chevalier's fury, if not an instinctive horror of the act, had disturbed his aim, and he had dealt the blows at random: the poison was the real danger that now threatened her life. At last, though tardily, help had arrived. The consuls of the burgh, hearing the alarm, repaired to the house, around which a guard was posted: and the best medical aid was summoned from Montpellier. The neighbouring noblesse, appalled

* This was a renowned antidote, prepared in Italy; and in former times esteemed so sovereign against poison, that few households in France were without a supply of it.

by the news of such a crime, crowded around the sufferer with offers of service. The tenth part of these succours might have saved her life a few hours earlier; now, they could only smooth her way to the grave.

As soon as it was dark, the Chevalier and the Abbé, whose crime had been too public for safety, fled. No one had dared to arrest them; and they retired, without hinderance, to an estate of the Marquis's, at Auberas, a league off. Here they remained together for some time: and it is difficult to conceive anything more frightful than the hours which they passed here in rage and mutual reproaches, each cursing the other for having left the victim alive; and half-disposed, at all hazards, to return, and despatch her outright! But their danger was now become pressing: the country in alarm; the Grand Prévôt already in pursuit of them: and instant flight was their only safety. They had barely time, before they were overtaken, to embark in a fishing-boat on the coast near Agde; and thus escaping, reached Venice in security.

All this time, where was the Marquis? He had received, at Avignon, an account of the will that had been extorted from his wife, and waited impatiently for the news of her death; when he was informed, apparently by some messenger from the Abbé, of the tragedy that had taken place. Soon afterwards, when public rumour brought the tale to Avignon, he affected the utmost grief and horror, and loudly execrated his brothers, vowing to avenge the crime upon them with his own hand. But he did not set out for Gange until the afternoon of the day following. As the first rumour declared that the Marquise was dead, he repaired to the magistracy; and, producing the second will, there learned, to his consternation, that it was of no effect, until the protest had been revoked. After this, he saw more than one acquaintance, to whom he discoursed of other things, never mentioning what had happened at Gange: and at length, hearing that the Marquise still survived, leisurely proceeded thither. A behaviour so callous and indecent, could only admit of one interpretation.

When he reached Gange, the Marquise received him with as much tenderness as a better husband could have deserved: if she suspected his knowledge of the crime, she did not betray her suspicions; and only reproached him gently for leaving her at the mercy of such enemies. The heart that could resolve to authorize their crime, was already dead to common feelings: but it must have been obdurate indeed, to bear, without burning shame and remorse, this demeanour of the Marquise. She even sought to soften the reproaches she had uttered, as if they had been extorted by the sharpness of her bodily sufferings. But the Marquis was not one to be touched by this forgiving softness: he only conceived from it a hope that he might yet deceive his victim, and reap the fruit of his crime. With hypocritical caresses, he besought her to revoke the protest, and confirm the will she had made in his favour. The Marquise met this audacious request by a calm refusal; and from this moment, at least, must have known that her husband was the real author of the conspiracy against her life. After this rebuff, he did not venture to renew the subject: and finding the transaction beginning to excite judicial inquiry, he deemed it prudent to feign the utmost solicitude for his dying wife. When Madame de Rossan, her own mother, hastened to her side, with several of her friends from Avignon, she was amazed to find the Marquis, of whose guilt *she* was firmly persuaded, in attendance at the house of Desprat. The horror of seeing him hourly in her daughter's presence was more than she could abide; after staying three days, it compelled her to quit the scene;—nor could she afterwards bring herself to endure, for more than a few hours at a time, the company of one whom she regarded as the chief assassin of her child.

At first, the Marquise had some hopes of recovery; although she demanded, after declaring her forgiveness of all her enemies, to take the sacrament. But even in this solemn act, her feelings were subjected to an abominable outrage. The priest, whom the Marquis summoned to perform the office, was no other than the wretch Perrette, who had lately endeavoured to kill her, when escaping from the château! Yet she had the self-command, or, say the Christian gentleness, to endure this last cruel insult; although she insisted that the priest, on giving her the host, should himself partake of it; believing, that even in this sacred mystery she was not secure from a renewed attempt to kill her by poison. This had been an unnecessary crime—the first draught had done its work too fatally. In a few days the hope of life vanished; the wounds healed rapidly, but nothing could arrest the ravages of the poison. She struggled long: the native soundness of her constitution was such, that it surprised her medical attendants; and the ladies who waited on her declared, that, in her fullest health, she had never looked more beautiful than now, while lying on a painful death-bed. A day before her decease, a Commissary from the Parliament of Toulouse was enabled to take, from her own lips, a full declaration; upon which that tribunal afterwards founded its judgment. On the evening of June 5th, after lingering for nearly twenty days, she expired in terrible suffering; but with the words of resignation and forgiveness on her lips. There was lamentation for her death over all Provence: and the people mourned, not in outward show only, for loveliness so excelling, and misfortunes so cruel and extraordinary.

The reader will hardly be satisfied to pause here, without inquiring what signal justice overtook the authors of this tragedy. The answer to be given is more suggestive of the character of the times than satisfactory to our indignant feelings: but the measure of retribution is not filled in this being only. On the death of the Marquise, the Commissary decreed a *caption of the person* against her husband, who was seized at the château, and carried a prisoner to Montpéllier. Though he arrived there at night, all the city was awake, and stationed at the lighted windows to see the crimi-

nal; whom the populace pursued, as he was led along, with hisses and execrations. Madame de Rossan, having taken the inheritance under her daughter's will, prosecuted the murderers with the utmost diligence; and the Marquis, after an examination in which there appeared a flagrant presumption of guilt, was sent for trial before the Parliament of Toulouse. The pleadings before this body were always written; the accuser's *factum*, (as the exhibition of a case was called,) related the story we have given here. The reply of the Marquis contained a few words only; admitting his brothers' guilt, denying his part in it, and defying any conclusion founded on mere presumptions. This, he felt confident, would save him; and for some time, indeed, the absence of any direct proof suspended the magistrate's decision. Their sentence, however, was at length pronounced against all the parties concerned. The Abbé and Chevalier were condemned to be broken alive on the wheel; the Marquis to be banished for life, degraded from the noblesse, and his possessions confiscated to the crown; the priest Perrette, after degradation by his ecclesiastical superiors, was sentenced for life to the galleys. This last was the only one of the criminals who appeared to die in a manner suited to his deserts. He was attached to the *chaine*, or convoy of culprits sent to the galleys, and expired of rough usage on the journey. The public, especially the female part of it, loudly condemned the lenity shown to the Marquis; but he was a considerable noble, and few would have dared, in those times, to venture on a more extreme punishment, even when supported by the popular feeling. The Abbé and Chevalier were already beyond the reach of their judges.

At Venice, the Marquis joined them; and he and the Chevalier offered, and were allowed, to take service under the Republic, which was then engaged in the memorable defence of Candia against the Turks. Both are said to have fought bravely at this siege, and both died there:—the Chevalier, blown to atoms by a bomb, shortly after his arrival; the Marquis, a few weeks later, buried in the explosion of a mine; a manner of death far too honourable for miscreants soiled by the cowardly and pitiless murder of a woman!

The Abbé lived longer; but we cannot suppose that the days of the architect of so much mischief were exempt from the secret misery which pursues the guilty. He fled, under an assumed name, to Holland, where a gentleman, in whom he confided, presented him, at Viane, to the Count de la Lippe, as a Frenchman of merit, who, having abjured the Catholic religion, had sought an asylum in a Protestant country. The Abbé thought it little to add to his other crimes the disgrace of renouncing his creed. The Count was pleased by the stranger's address and information, took him into his household, and made him tutor to his heir, a boy of nine or ten years old. This charge was executed with the utmost zeal and success; the pupil became a credit to his instructor, who thereby acquired the entire confidence of the Count and his lady. Still he was careful to conceal his origin; which made his patrons conclude that it must be an obscure one, never imagining that any other reason for secrecy could exist in one whose conduct appeared to be so exemplary. They forbore to urge him on the subject; but he lived in constant fear of detection, and shrunk from every encounter with those who might possibly have seen him in his own country. This appeared when, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, some Huguenot families sought to establish themselves at Viane. The right of granting this privilege belonged to the Count; and it was expected that M. de la Martellière, (as the Abbé now called himself,) being, like them, a Protestant and a refugee, would advocate their petition. But they were disappointed: the new convert, apprehensive of some discovery, wrought upon his patron to refuse them a settlement. His influence in the Count's family, still increasing, enabled him to win the affections of a young lady, of great beauty, and related to the Countess, to whom he made a proposal of marriage. The Countess, however, opposed it, on the ground of the obscurity which hung over the suitor's history; remarking, that a person of such merit could only conceal his real extraction from reluctance to confess that it was a mean one. But the lady was too much enamoured to yield, and related to her lover what the Countess had said. Upon this, as if an infatuation had seized him, he flattered himself that the time was now come when he might venture to reveal his secret; imagining that his interest with the family, and his uniform good conduct while attached to it, might procure him indulgence for his former crimes. He repaired to the Countess, and throwing himself at her feet, imploring her pity and favour, declared his noble birth, and confessed that he was the unfortunate Abbé de Gange, whose name had formerly been so notorious in his own country. Seeing that the Countess was thunderstruck by this confession, he used all the eloquence of which he was master, to implore her compassion, and awaken her sympathy. But she recoiled from him with horror; and shuddered at the idea that a wretch like this had so long been an inmate of her family, and the teacher of her son. The Count, when informed of the discovery, partook of her abhorrence; and, not content with compelling the offender to depart from Viane, would have had him arrested, but for the entreaties of his son, who was greatly attached to his tutor. The Sieur de la Martellière fled to Amsterdam, where he was soon afterwards joined by his mistress, and privately married to her. The young Count supplied him for some time, in secret, with the means of subsistence, until an inheritance, which fell to his wife, enabled him to live, without charity, in an humble manner. He afterwards became a member of the Protestant Consistory, was much respected for his learning and decorous conduct, and died amongst them at an advanced age, it is said, in the odour of sanctity!

But he told the friend, who was the depositary of his secret, that his private hours were full of remorse and dismay; and constantly haunted by the apparition of the Marquise, as she looked upon him at the moment when he commanded her to choose the manner of her death. He declared that

he could not escape from her appearance—that he saw it as distinctly as any living thing—and that words could not describe the torment that he endured in its presence; it was, he said, as if his very entrails were torn with horror!

So that, although he had escaped from the hand of temporal justice, a secret Nemesis pursued the criminal, with a doom of suffering more terrible and lasting than any that he had the power to inflict on his innocent victim! V.

SATIETY.

The Scotch lord look'd o'er his fair domain,
O'er forest and meadow, o'er hill and o'er plain:
The Summer noon sun was shining bright,
And gilding the river with floods of light;
And showing the course of the mountain rills,
As they stream'd like silver adown the hills;
And the young trees waved in the Summer air,
And the spirit of Beauty seem'd hovering there:
But not to their owner was loveliness seen
In the dark blue hills, or the forests green.
And he said, "Though glorious the prospect be,
With its mountains stern, and the silvery sea—
Though boundless wealth may my coffers fill,
Yet my heart is sad and restless still.
I must see the world, and my part must bear
On the crowded stage of life's theatre."

He has roam'd to the east, he has roam'd to the west,
In search of the things which might please him best;
He has tried all follies, one by one,
Till their life was past, and their zest was gone;
He has led the host of Pleasure's sons,
And the phalanx of Fashion's myrmidons;
And yet, in the midst of the world's gay throngs,
Amid wine and music, and laughter and songs,
He has said, "Though I strive regret to kill,
Yet my heart is sad and restless still;
From the cares of the world, its fever and strife,
I will fly to the charms of domestic life;
I will win a young heart before one thought
Has a scene of the world, or its pleasures sought—
Before one envious wish has sprung,
Or the toils of deceit o'er her soul been flung;
I will make her affections all my own—
I will honour and love but her alone;
And with her for ever at my side,
My days will as calmly and happily glide,
As the river that girdles the ancient woods
Of my mountain home's vast solitudes!".

He has chosen a bride from the fair array
Of the young, the beautiful, and the gay;
He has cull'd the fairest creature the sun
In his daily rounds has look'd upon;
In whose young, pure heart, the feelings had slept,
Till this dream of love o'er her spirit crept—
Awaking her thoughts from their secret cells,
And calling forth passion from purest wells,
Where it silent had lain till the mighty spell
Of the wizard Love o'er their still depths fell.
He has taken this lovely creature home
To his ancient seat, where the free winds roam—
Where the eagle builds his eyrie proud
On the cliff that o'ertops the bursting cloud;
Where the murmur of the distant sea
Alone breaks upon Nature's monotony;
And the mind must feel, in its lightest mood,
The awe that reigns over solitude.

This being is his—and her "heavenly grace
Hath a sunshine made in the shady place;"
And her children are round her a lovely band,
The flower of the beautiful of the land.

But the lord is sad, and his heart again
Is fill'd with restlessness and pain;
And he said with a sigh, "Must these bounded ties
The whole of my powers monopolize!
I will win a name, and my fame shall be
To my children their proudest legacy."

And his lamp through the midnight is burning now,
And shedding its light o'er his broad pale brow;
And his works, which betoken a master's hand,
Have traversed the length and the breadth of the land;
From confusion, have into expression brought
The strength and power of a nation's thought,
And have shaped its ideas, only half conceived,
Into solemn truths, which the world believed.
But though splendid his triumphs, and bright his career,
He must make them more varied, and bring them more near.

He is now in the Senate—his long-tried sense,
With the weight of his glorious eloquence—
"The thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn,"
As reason or passion takes its turn—
Have swept o'er the hearts of those who listen'd,
Till each pulse has throbb'd, and each eye has glisten'd;
And conviction has follow'd his flashing words,
As sweet sounds follow the touch of the chords.
He has felt in its fulness, again and again,
The power of swaying the passions of men;
And guiding their feelings, for good or for ill,
With the whelming force of a master will.
Applauses have rung, and laurels been flung,
And the voices of poets his praises have sung;
But the thrill of excitement which once led him on,
With the power of applause, o'er his spirit is gone!

From plan to plan does his fine mind range,
And yet his spirit sighs for change;
And still, in the midst of successful schemes,
His heart is haunted by troubled dreams;
And ever thus is he doom'd to sigh,
For his mind is o'erpower'd by satiety!
He has learn'd not the lesson so hard to reach,
Which nought but Religion itself could teach,
Of giving self-interest a portion—not whole,
Of the boundless love of the human soul;
From self, letting its energies fly as free
As the mighty winds or the restless sea,
Till it hold, in its wide and circling bands,
The natives of other and distant lands;
And embrace, in its kindly and Christian mood,
The whole of mankind in its brotherhood!

He must learn to direct his aspiring mind,
Which on earth is "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined,"
To a better cause than winning a name—
To a brighter future than that of fame!
For the restless yearning which urges him on,
Till his task is done and renown is won,
Is but one form of that mighty hope
Which, whatever our nature and being's scope,
Burns in all hearts—the desire to be
Existing still through eternity! S.

BUCKINGHAM'S TOUR IN THE SLAVE STATES OF AMERICA.*

Mr. Buckingham's Tour in the *Southern* and *Western* States, will prove much more generally attractive, than his account of the more familiar and hackneyed route to which his previous volumes were devoted. The field is not only more comprehensive, but more varied and fresh.

This portion of the voluminous work commences with Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, to which city Mr. Buckingham and his travelling companions, (his wife and his son,) made an exceedingly disagreeable voyage from New York, in a sailing vessel. In Charleston, Mr. Buckingham remained at this time for three weeks, delivering his customary course of Lectures on the East, and enjoying frequent friendly intercourse with the most intelligent inhabitants of the place. Charleston, which he afterwards revisited, seems to have left a pleasant impression upon his mind.

As in the first three volumes of the work, the author wherever he sojourns takes occasion to give a pretty full view of the history of the particular State; compiled from the best sources, and of value as a kind of General Survey of the United States, though of less interest to the British reader, and of little or none whatever to those who merely take up the work as a book of recent travels. Of all this weighty, and to us, extraneous matter, we shall therefore steer clear.

In point of appearance, in its public buildings and general air of prosperity, Charleston is inferior to the cities of the Northern States. It more resembles a West Indian than an American town, from the prevalence of wooden buildings painted white; verandas, porticoes, and Venetian blinds; and probably also from the numerous domestic slaves, in light or gaudy dresses. Charleston is considered peculiarly unhealthy, though some of its own physicians uphold it "as decidedly one of the healthiest cities on the face of the globe."

Slavery, the actual condition of slaves in all its bearings, was everywhere an important object to the Tourist; if it was not, next to his private affairs and the Temperance cause, the most important object of his journey. But instead of following his desultory remarks on slavery, in the course of his long, zig-zag ramble, we shall endeavour, at its conclusion, to give a brief summary of the information he collected, and of his personal observations. His next station after leaving Charleston, was Savannah, in Georgia, an *old* city containing about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom the one-half are "coloured people." In manners and institutions this place as closely resembles a West India town as does Charleston:—

> The white population are chiefly merchants, planters, bankers, and professional men; the laborious trades being all carried on by coloured persons, and nearly all the severe and menial labour is performed by slaves. Like the society of Charleston, this of Savannah is characterized by great elegance in all their deportment; the men are perfect gentlemen in their manners, and the women are accomplished ladies. A high sense of honour, and a freedom from all the little meannesses and tricks of trade, seem to prevail universally among the gentlemen, who are liberal, frank, and hospitable, without ostentation, or much pretence; while the ladies are not only well educated, but elegant in their manners, and mingle with the pleasures of the social circle, much of grace and dignity, blended with the greatest kindness and suavity.
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> The principal causes of this difference from the coldness, formality, and reserve of the north, is, no doubt, partly to be attributed to climate, partly to the different style of living, and a great deal to the circumstance, that as all persons of moderate fortunes live here upon a footing of equality with the wealthiest, there is not that straining after distinction, and the practice of various arts to obtain it, which prevail in cities where the aristocracy is composed of three or four grades, or castes, each anxious to outrival and overtop the other, which begets uneasiness, jealousy, suspicion, and an extraordinary degree of fastidiousness as to the acquaintances formed, the parties visited, and the guests entertained. The graceful ease and quiet elegance of the southern families, make their visiters feel that they are in the society of well-bred and recognised gentlemen and ladies; while in the north, the doubt and ambiguity as to relative rank, and position, and the overstrained efforts to be thought genteel, make the stranger feel that he is in the presence of persons new to the sphere of polished society, and labouring under an excessive anxiety about the opinion of others, which makes them a burthen to themselves.

There is inconsistency, more apparent perhaps than real, in the account which Mr. Buckingham gives of the character, manners, and attainments of the gentlemen of the South and the North; the former, under a thin crust, or exterior lackering of politeness, being in many other parts of the work described as irascible, arrogant, vindictive, and, in short, exactly such men as the masters of slaves, educated among slaves, must become, in spite of every countervailing influence. The complaint made by British travellers of the lax discipline of the North in the training of children and young people, appears to be still more applicable to the South; where the boys affect the *bravo*, carry bowie-knives, and sometimes marry at fourteen.

After visiting Augusta, the Tourists proceeded into the interior of Georgia, and passed through Alabama on their route to New Orleans. This journey, generally made in the wretched stage or mail-coaches of the South, abounds in interest and entertainment; though the complaints of disorder, filth, bad or scanty accommodation, horrid roads and miserable fare, become somewhat tiresome from their continual reiteration, not only here, but in the subsequent rambles in the Alleghanies. No doubt these privations must have been very distressing at the moment; but English travellers ought to remember that they cannot carry all "the comforts of the Saut Market at their tails," over the "corduroy roads," and into the Backwoods; and so make up their minds to two-pronged iron forks, coarse crockery, brass and tin candlesticks, and even worse afflictions, which the Americans

* Two thick volumes, 8vo. With numerous plates. Fisher & Son.

bear with perfect good-humour. A *taste* of these minor calamities of life may even be amusing; and they become in this narrative piquant to the malicious, from the amount of ludicrous distress so gravely and so often and solemnly described. At *Sparta*—no country in the world equal to Yankeeland for classic names—the Travellers going by the stage to Macon, stopped to dine; but alas! for the squeamish stomachs of people from the Old Country—

The sight of the public table prepared for the passengers, was so revolting, that, hungry as we were after our long and cold ride, early rising, and violent motion, we turned away in disgust from the table, and made our dinner in the coach on hard biscuits. There were three lines of coaches on this road, all leaving at the same hour, and arriving at the same time—the Mail line, the Telegraph line, and the People's line. The passengers from each of these took their seats at the table, and many of them appeared to dine as heartily as if they saw nothing unusual in the fare. But the dirty state of the room in which the table was laid, the filthy condition of the table-cloth, the coarse and broken plates, rusty knives and forks, and large junks of boiled pork, and various messes of corn and rancid butter, added to the coarse and vulgar appearance and manners of most of the guests, made the whole scene the most revolting we had yet witnessed in the country. . . . . .

We left Sparta at three o'clock; and after a cold, dreary, and tedious drive through thick woods and over broken roads, we reached Milledgeville about eight, having been assured before setting out that we should reach there at three. As this is the legislative capital of the State of Georgia, we had hoped to find a good hôtel here at least, as the legislatorial body consists of nearly 400 members, and these all reside here during the few months that the two houses are assembled in annual session. But our hopes were not realized. The inn at which the coach stopped was a wretched one; and though all we desired to have was a cup of tea and some cold meat for our party, we had the greatest difficulty in getting either. . . . . The tea was tardily and reluctantly prepared for us in a bed-room; and it may give some idea of the rudeness with which this was done, to say, that the dirty negress who made the tea, brought the stinted quantity required in the hollow of her hand, without any other receptacle for it—that the milk was placed on the table in a broken tea-cup, milk-cups not being in use—and that when a slop-basin was asked for, the thing was unknown, and a large salad-bowl was brought for that purpose.

The hôtels of the new and secondary towns of the South, are often little better than those above described; but that of *Macon* formed an exception. This is a city *rising* only fifteen, and already numbering 8000 inhabitants; of whom 3000 are slaves and free coloured people. In the year before Mr. Buckingham visited Macon, its exports in cotton alone amounted to 5,000,000 dollars, and its imports to 4,000,000; the surplus, which is stated at about 2,000,000 dollars, being expended in buildings, railroads, and other improvements. This is a good rate of progress; and one which will inevitably bring silver forks, toilet tables, and everything needful in its train. As the place is comparatively new ground, and a promising field, we copy out a part of the account of the town:—

It is very agreeably and advantageously situated on the western bank of the river Ocmulgee, which joins the river Oconee, farther south, and their junction makes the river Alatamaha, on which the town and port of Darien is situated, within a few miles of the sea. This river, in its windings, goes over a space of 600 miles between Macon and Darien, a length equal to that of all England and Scotland united! yet Macon is very nearly in the middle of the State of Georgia, it being quite as far from it to the Tennessee river, which is its north-western boundary, as it is to the river St. Mary, or Cumberland Sound, which is its south-eastern boundary on the Atlantic. This extensive area has not more than 600,000 persons yet settled on it, according to the census of the last year, though its fertility and general resources would, no doubt, be sufficient to maintain in comfort, if not in affluence, the whole population of England; and this will, no doubt, be its ultimate destiny, when its forests are cleared, and all its agricultural, mineral and manufacturing resources are fully developed.

The plan of Macon, like that of nearly all the towns in the United States, is remarkably regular; the streets run at right angles with each other, and are from 100 to 120 feet in breadth. The houses are mostly of wood; many of these are spacious and elegant; and some of the private dwellings are of brick, well built, and in good taste. The public edifices are large, well proportioned, and indicative of a rising and prosperous city. . . .

A neat market-house, with open colonnade and tower, occupies the middle of the same street, and near this is the Railroad Bank, with a fine Doric portico of fluted pillars; while the new Presbyterian Church, with its square tower, completes a very interesting architectural group.

On the west of the town is a rising ground terminating in a hill, about a hundred feet in height, overlooking the town on the east, and having behind it on the west, a pretty valley, beyond which are clusters of villas and cottages, to which the wealthy inhabitants retire in the hot season to sleep, coming into the city for business only. On this hill are several private mansions, as large and as handsome as any of those which excited our admiration at New Bedford. On this elevation is now constructing, and nearly completed, an extensive pile for the Female College of Macon. This edifice, which is built of brick and stone, is sufficiently capacious to accomodate 200 boarders, and to educate 200 day-scholars besides; in addition to this, it has ample accommodation in rooms, for study, recitations, and every other requisite for pupils, with an excellent private dwelling for the master and teachers. Though the building is not yet finished, there are already 150 young ladies, from 10 to 18 years of age, receiving their education there; and the style of tuition, and range of subjects taught, are not inferior to those of any of the Female Academies of the north. I had an opportunity of conversing with the head master; and enjoyed the advantages of the services of the Latin, French, and Spanish teachers for my son; and they appeared to me to be quite as competent to the discharge of their duties, as those of the best schools of Europe.

In front of the College is a space of six acres of sloping land, which, as well as the site for the building, was the gift of a Methodist minister, who is also a merchant in Macon, and which it is intended to lay out as a Botanical Garden for the recreation and improvement of the students. Instruments are also providing for giving them instruction in chemistry, mineralogy, and astronomy, so that the course of education will be solid and useful, while languages, music, and drawing, will make it also ornamental. The whole will be extremely cheap; the English literary and scientific course, including the French language, being only 50 dollars per annum, or £10 sterling.

In this manner new cities start up in the wilderness. A chartered State Bank is made to contribute to the building of the *College*, as the price of its exclusive privileges. Like every American town, Macon has already a competent number of Voluntary places of worship, of the usual kinds—namely, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Universalist. Roman Catholic and Unitarian chapels, though generally found in the towns of the South, have not yet made their way here.

The Baptists are of an order new to us. They are named *Hard-shelled;* though hard-shelled Christians may, we fear, be found of all denominations. They seem to be what is termed Antinomians. Mr. Buckingham has probably received his account of them from their religious *unfriends.*

The Baptists are of the order called here "Hard-shelled Baptists," a phrase which was new to me; and which was given to them, as I understood, from their being so impenetrable to all influences of a benevolent kind, and so hostile to all the auxiliary aids of missions, tract societies, temperance societies, peace societies, sick-visiting societies, and other charitable and philanthropic associations; against all of which they are said to set their faces, and to denounce them as interfering with the free operation of the gospel, and substituting human machinery for apostolic preaching. They are accordingly given to the pleasures of the table without restraint; and one of their veteran preachers here is said to have declared from the pulpit that he would never submit to be deprived of his "worldly comforts" by the fanatics of modern times; and among those comforts he numbered his "honey-dram before breakfast" and his "mint julep or sling, when the weather required it."

"Well now," as the Yankees say, "but don't you regard your own creature-comforts pretty considerable yourself, Mr. B.?" as witness many pages of your book; only yours are not exactly of the same kind with those of the honey-dram preacher, or the smoker. We hear of a worse distinction between the Hard-shelled and the Evangelical Baptists than Teetotalism. At a place named Talbotton, in this district, there is a small chapel by the road-side, which, on a particular Sunday evening, was refused to the Orthodox Baptists by the *Hard-shelled* sect, though not otherwise occupied, and for this bad reason:—

A fact was mentioned to us here, as of recent occurrence, which will sufficiently show the necessity of more churches and more preachers, to correct the present state of things. In this quarter there are two descriptions of Baptists: the orthodox or evangelical, who are practically as well as theoretically pious, and disposed to assist in all benevolent undertakings; and the Antinomians, or, as they are here called, "hard-shelled" Baptists, who preach the doctrines of unconditional election and reprobation in their severest forms, and whose practice shows how little importance they attach to good works. In the neighbourhood of the road between Knoxville and Talbotton, was a small chapel, which belonged to the latter; and one of the preachers of the former wanted to occupy it on a Sabbath evening, when the others had no service, but it was refused. There was then a great question agitating the public mind here, whether Christianity should be preached to the slaves, and missionaries be permitted to go among them for this purpose or not. The evangelical Baptists desired this; but the "hard-shelled" order opposed it. In this they were supported by the majority of the whites here, who conceived that preaching to slaves would only make them more dissatisfied with their condition, and encourage them to rebel against their masters. The "hard-shelled" minister denounced missions and missionaries, from his pulpit, and was applauded and caressed by his hearers. The evangelical minister commended missions and missionaries, from such elevated stumps as he could find among the trees to preach from, and he was insulted and driven off the ground; since which the "hard-shelled" Baptists are said to have had everything their own way, in this quarter.

Young as the city of Macon is, there have already been several attempts made by the slaves to set it on fire. Incendiarism seems quite a common crime among the blacks. Three different times in the course of this summer, the hôtels at which Mr. Buckingham and his family were stopping, were set on fire by incendiaries; and one of these times the conflagration was attended with serious consequences. The fires were, in every case, known to be the work of slaves, either domestics of the house or of the guests; but all inquiry was *prudently* suppressed, as only tending to make things worse. On one of these occasions, Mr. Buckingham's trunks were only saved by the activity and zeal of his faithful Irish servant; though he lost a good deal of property which he considered valuable. The motive of the slaves to commit this fearful and common crime, is sometimes the hope of plunder, but much oftener revenge.

The settlers, or country people around Macon, are a very primitive and rude race. Their home-spun costume is that of the petty farmers in the remote parts of England and Wales, a century ago. But this does not appear to hold of the ladies. On the journey from Macon to Columbus, in Alabama, the stage-coach stopped at a cottage to take in a lady passenger:—

She was apparently about 14 or 15, and, like almost all the American females at that age, was remarkably pretty, with as much feminine delicacy as would be seen in the highest circles in England, though with less of polish or of grace. Though coming from so humble a dwelling, her apparel was of silk, while the gold rings on her white and taper fingers, and the green veil hanging from her Leghorn bonnet, showed that her hands had not been much inured to labour, or her complexion much exposed to the sun.

There is a great difference between the condition and appearance of young females in the humbler ranks of life in England and America. In the former, they labour to assist their parents, by which they get an air of roughness, and rude health, accompanied with a plainness of attire, such as is thought becoming in persons of inferior station. Here, except it be among the emigrants and first settlers, who are mostly foreigners, few females assist their mothers in household or any other duties. They are brought up to be waited on by a negro girl, who does all that is required; and every white woman's daughter, begins from the earliest years to think herself a lady. Fine dress and delicate appearance, with an imitation of genteel manners, are the business of her life, until she gets married, which is here often at 14 and 15; and then her utter inefficiency as a mother may be readily conceived.

There is hereabouts hardly a dwelling with females in it, in which there is not a pianoforte; all the girls being taught to play "a little;"—a very little. The picture of the settlers here, at their earlier stages, is not inviting:—

It is difficult for any one living in England to appreciate the difficulties, toils, and privations which a settler and his family have to undergo in clearing land, and surrounding themselves with even the barest necessaries. Every member of the family must work hard, from daylight to dark, the women as well as the men, and the children as well as the grown people. We saw many boys and girls, of not more than six or seven years of age, some using small axes, others carrying wood, and others assisting in domestic duties. In general they were very dirty in their persons, the mother being too weary to wash them; ragged, and ill-fitted in their clothes, there being no tailor or dressmaker to make them; and some of the boys especially reminded me of Cruikshank's ludicrous sketch of a "boy wearing out his father's garments," for many of them had the coats and hats of grown men, so that the former came down below their ankles, and the latter covered their eyes,

and required constant lifting. They were all apparently unhealthy, parents and children looking pale and haggard, over-worked in body, and over-pressed with thought and anxiety in mind. What adds greatly to the disadvantage of their situation, is, that there are no schools, Sundays or weekdays, and very few places of worship; while dram-shops, under the name of confectionaries, exist in great numbers, where sweatmeats, cordials, and spirits are to be had so cheap, that the poison is abundant and the remedy scarce; so that the border population, surrounded by such circumstances, can hardly fail to be reckless and unprincipled.

The journey from Columbus to Montgomery proved tedious and fatiguing; but from the latter town the travellers were enabled to descend the Alabama river, by steam, to Mobile; going a distance of five hundred and eight miles in about forty-eight hours. The steamer does not set off until all the coaches from the East have arrived, and they are very irregular. Yet the wonder is not the irregularity of the conveyances, but the facilities for taking such journeys at all. The scenery on the Alabama is described as fine.

The steamer, the interior arrangements of which were comfortable, called at different places to take in bales of cotton for Mobile. Smoking, chewing tobacco, and spitting, flourished the whole way. The following are good specimens of the natives:—

Among the passengers was a planter from beyond the Mississippi, who evinced a great curiosity to become acquainted with us, as he stated that we were the first English persons he had ever yet seen. He seemed to be glad to find himself quite certain that he had now seen real people from the "Old Country," as he had passed his whole life in the interior, 200 miles beyond the great river, and would have something to say when he went back. Another of our passengers was a cotton planter, from the interior of Alabama, who was said to be worth 100,000 dollars, though his apparel certainly would not sell in any town of the United States, for five dollars. He was about seventy years of age, had lost one eye, had only three or four teeth left, a sunburnt and wrinkled countenance, like parchment, with white locks hanging over his shoulders, a pair of scarlet cotton trousers, crossed with bars of deep blue, snuff-brown cotton stockings, shoes without buckles or strings, a short buttonless waistcoat, no braces, a nondescript coat, between a jacket and a surtout, no neckcloth, and a low-crowned and broad-brimmed brown hat. He was of a merry disposition, and communicative as well as inquisitive. He was particularly impressed with the fresh and healthy appearance of myself and family, as contrasted with the generally pale complexions of his countrymen, and asked us if all the men, women, and children in England were as robust and rosy as we were. I told him that the greater number of those who lived temperately, and took a proper portion of exercise in the open air were so. . . . . He admitted that drinking, smoking, and chewing, were injurious, but thought it impossible to break the habit of either, when once contracted; and when I mentioned to him successful instances of abandoning them all, he seemed incredulous, and said he had never heard so much before. He thought it a great blessing that we had no negroes in England, as he believed they were enough to destroy any country. He was going down to Mobile, to receive money for cotton sold, and to make some purchases for his people; and when I said to him he would arrive in good time on Saturday night to go to church on the following morning, he said that he had never been in any church in all his life, and thought he was now too old to begin, though he had "heard a few preachings in the woods, but didn't much mind 'em."

Mobile, the principal town, and the port of the state of Alabama, has a population of 25,000, of whom the half are whites, and the remainder slaves, with some free coloured people. The manners of the better class of the inhabitants are nearly the same as those of the citizens of Charleston or Savannah; though the town seems as much to resemble New Orleans as the Atlantic towns of the South. Law is powerless at Mobile, and shocking outrages are frequent. The following sarcasm is fair:—

I had witnessed a Liverpool election for mayor, under the old suffrage of the freemen, and I had seen many other elections in England for members of parliament, in which drunkenness, riot, and disorder reigned; and I am bound to say that this municipal election for Mobile, was just as bad as any of them; worse would perhaps be impossible.

Mr. Buckingham was well received in Mobile, and his Lectures were numerously attended; so were they in New Orleans, in which city he remained for a month, and of which he has given the fullest account that has been published in any book of general travels. The party went by steam from Mobile to New Orleans, which thus picturesquely presented itself at dawn, as they advanced by the railroad cars, from the landing-place at Pontchartrain.

Going for about five miles over a perfect swamp or morass, through which the railroad ran, with impervious woods and thickets on either side, we reached, in half an hour, the outskirts of New Orleans. The avenue by which we entered the city was called Les Champs Elysées; and everything that caught our attention reminded us strongly of Paris. The lamps were hung from the centre of ropes passing across the streets, as in France women were seen walking abroad unbonneted, with gay aprons and caps; the names of all the streets and places we passed were French; the car-drivers, porters, and hackney-coachmen, spoke chiefly French; the shops signs, gateways, pavements, and passengers moving in the streets—all seemed so perfectly Parisian, that if a person could be transported here suddenly, without knowing the locality, it would be difficult for him to persuade himself that he was not in some city in France

After passing through the French quarter, we came to Canal Street, which divides it from the American and crossing this fine broad avenue, lined with trees on each side, the transition was as marked as between Calais and Dover.

His residence for a month in a hôtel in which there were about five hundred guests, gathered from all parts of the Union, enabled Mr. Buckingham to see a good deal of the American character. He was, besides, constantly in society; and a man who has bustled so much about the world, was sure, wherever he went, to meet with former acquaintances

From the account of this singular city we take the description of one of its most striking features:—

The most animated and bustling part of all the city is the Levée, or raised bank running along immediately in front of the river, and extending beyond the houses and streets, from 100 to 150 yards, for a length of at least three miles, from one end of the city to the other. Along the edge of this Levée, all the ships and vessels are anchored or moored in tiers of three or four deep. The largest and finest vessels are usually at the upper end of the city, near Lafayette, the steam-boats lie in the centre, and the smaller vessels and coasters occupy the bank at the lower end of the city. It may be doubted whether any river in the world can exhibit so magnificent a spectacle as the Mississippi in this respect. There are more ships in the Thames, but the largest and finest of these are usually in the various docks, while the

smaller kind are chiefly seen without, and the Thames has not half the ample breadth and sweep of the Mississippi. There are as many vessels, perhaps, in the Mersey, but these are nearly all in dock, and the river is comparatively bare. The Tagus is a broader stream, but its shipping are neither so numerous nor so fine; and even New York, splendid as is the array of ships presented by her wharfs, is not so striking as New Orleans, where a greater number of large, handsome, and fine vessels seemed to me to line the magnificent curve of the Mississippi, than I had ever before seen in any one port. The reflection that these are all congregated here to receive and convey away to other lands the produce of such mighty streams as the Missouri and the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Arkansa, and the Red River, including more than 20,000 miles of inland navigation, the sources of the principal streams being in the region of perpetual snows, and their outlet in the latitude of perpetual verdure, carries one's admiration to the verge of the sublime.

The Levée* itself, on the edge of which all these ships and vessels are anchored, is covered with bales of cotton and other merchandise; and in the busy season, such as that in which we were at New Orleans, in March and April, it is filled with buyers and sellers, from every part of the Union, and spectators from all parts of the world. There are no less than 1500 drays for the conveyance of this merchandise, licensed by the city; and they seem to be all in motion, flying to and fro on a brisk trot, whether laden or empty—the horses never walking, and the drivers never sitting, either on the shafts, or in the drays, as in Europe. The bales of cotton, on their arrival in the rafts or steam-boats, from the upper country, are carried off to the numerous establishments of steam-presses, where they are compressed into about half their original bulk, and repacked, in this reduced shape, for shipment to foreign ports. All this, with the arrival and departure every day of many hundreds of passengers up and down the river, from Cincinatti, Louisville, St Louis, and Pittsburg, to the Havannah, to New York, and to Texas, occasions such incessant bustle, that everybody and everything seems to be in perpetual motion.

The next scene is very characteristic of New Orleans. The *locale* is the splendid hôtel of St. Louis, where is the Exchange :—

In the outer hall, the meetings of the merchants take place in 'Change hours; and in the Rotunda, pictures are exhibited, and auctions are held for every description of goods. At the time of our visit, there were half a dozen auctioneers, each endeavouring to drown every voice but his own, and all straining their lungs, and distorting their countenances in a hideous manner. One was selling pictures, and dwelling on their merits; another was disposing of ground-lots in embryo cities, and expatiating on their capacities; and another was disposing of some slaves. These consisted of an unhappy negro family, who were all exposed to the hammer at the same time. Their good qualities were enumerated in English and in French, and their persons were carefully examined by intending purchasers, among whom they were ultimately disposed of, chiefly to Créole buyers; the husband at 750 dollars, the wife at 550, and the children at 220 each. The middle of the Rotunda was filled with casks, boxes, bales, and crates; and the negroes exposed for sale were put to stand on these, to be the better seen by persons attending the sale.

But public buildings, hôtels, churches, and Markets, are of less interest to those who are never to see them, than the varieties of the inhabitants of this strangely mixed city. Of these mingled tribes, those with whom we at home are least acquainted are the Creoles, who, out of the whole population of about 100,000, number 20,000. The Creoles are persons of pure race; born in Louisiana, but of French or Spanish ancestors; and still retaining, it would seem, many of the characteristics of their origin. They are almost all Roman Catholics; and they all speak the French language; though Mr. Buckingham ascribes to them much of the romance, generosity, and chivalrous bearing of Old Spain. They seem to be a people that will soon become secondary to the more energetic Anglo-American race :—

The men are generally small, and neither robust nor active, distinguished by no particular traits of character, except it be extreme sensitiveness on points of honour, and readiness to avenge an affront by appeal to arms; duels being much more frequent with them than even with the Americans, and almost always fought with swords till one or other of the combatants fall. There being no order of nobility or privileged class, and no great wealth possessed by individuals, there is a very general equality of condition among them; and though some few of the older inhabitants live on fixed incomes, derived from rents, investments in stocks and banks, and the labour of their slaves, yet by far the greatest number are engaged in business or professions, as merchants, shopkeepers, restaurateurs, and artisans, besides engaging in the liberal professions of medicine and the law. They are, in general, devoid of ambition, and deficient in energy, being content to live a quiet and an easy life, rather than incur the toil, anxiety, and wear and tear of body and mind, which they see the Americans endure to get rich. They are somewhat lax in their manners, which their religion and colonial origin may sufficiently account for; but they are upright in their dealings, faithful in all offices of trust, and remarkably docile and manageable with kindness in all subordinate offices, as clerks, assistants, &c.

The Créole women are not so pretty as the Americans, but their manners are more interesting. They are of the most delicate and graceful forms, with a roundness and beauty of shape, figure, and tournure, which contrasts very strikingly with the straitness and regularity of American female figures generally. Their complexions are like those of the women of Italy and the northern shores of the Mediterranean, approaching to brunette, of a rich marble-like smoothness, sometimes suffused with a glow of warmth indicative of the deepest feeling; large black eyes, full of langour and expression; jet-black hair, full, soft, and glossy; exquisite lips and teeth; and countenances beaming with amiability and tenderness. They combine, in short, the attractions of the women of Cadiz, Naples, and Marseilles; and notwithstanding the admiration they excite in strangers, they are said to make faithful as well as fond wives, and excellent mothers; except, indeed, that in this last capacity, their love for their children runs into such excess, as to cause them to be too indulgent to them, and thus to injure their future happiness by excessive kindness.

The Americans of New Orleans are said to be less keen in driving a bargain, and more profuse in their habits, than those of the North. In short, New Orleans is a place in which manners change not for the better, and morals relax with remarkable rapidity. There the young New-Englander soon becomes as dissipated as the Southern.

One of the female schools of New Orleans has an interesting history :—

There is one Protestant Female Academy recently established in New Orleans, the history of which is peculiarly interesting. A young American gentleman, of religious disposition, married the daughter of a Scotch merchant here; and after their marriage, which was one of pure affection, the father bestowed on his daughter a handsome fortune. Soon after their marriage-union, the young lady died; and as the husband had not married her for her wealth, he signified to the father that it was not his intention to use it, but caused it to be trans-

* In a late newspaper, we regret to notice, that a considerable extent of the *Levée* has been destroyed by a landslip.—*E. T. M.*

ferred back to her parents. This the father refused to accept, saying it was the husband's, by right of marriage, and should remain in his possession. The contest was at length ended by this honourable compromise. Neither would consent to accept the sum, which was considerable, amounting to 50,000 dollars. The young widower, therefore, purchased with it a piece of ground, built a Female Academy for the education of Protestant Young Ladies, endowed it with an annual income, and called it after the maiden name of his beloved and departed wife, "The M'Ghee Female Academy." I confess that I looked on this building with feelings of peculiar pleasure, and with great veneration for its amiable and pious founder.

The Scotch have thriven wonderfully in New Orleans. One Scotch settler named Henderson, said here to have once been a steward to the Duke of Gordon, left £50,000 for the support of an orphan asylum; and another named Milne, left 50,000 dollars to the same institution.

In New Orleans, Mr. Buckingham met with Mademoiselle or Signora America Vespucci, the magnificent beggar-woman, whom the ungallant Congress would have nothing to say to. He speaks of this new Corinne, in a strain of high-flown enthusiasm, which, contrasted with the cold caution of Mr. Combe, and the obduracy of the members of Congress, is somewhat diverting.

The party ascended the Mississippi, by steam, to Natchez, where Mr. Buckingham delivered his usual course of Lectures. Instead of going farther up the mighty river, and entering the Ohio, as he had proposed, he formed the determination of returning to Charleston by the route which he had already traversed, and thence to make an inland tour through the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and the back parts of Virginia. This was accomplished, and the narrative of the interior journey forms the most interesting part of the whole tour so far as it has yet been published.

It was now early summer, and the weather and scenery were delicious as the travellers proceeded by New Orleans, Mobile, and through the different places already described. The most remarkable event on the journey, was the danger Mr. Buckingham ran at Macon, of a "tarring and feathering," the usual punishment of the avowed, or even suspected *Abolitionists*. After remaining some time at Charleston, the party set forth on their tour through the Carolinas, Georgia, part of Tennessee, and finally Virginia. In those, and the other rambles recorded in the volumes, the remarks of Mr. Buckingham are rather corroborative of what has been observed by former travellers than strikingly original; though he contributes a liberal quota of new information.

The equality of rights in America seems, according to Mr. Buckingham's theory, to have produced a general uniformity even of stature among the citizens. There are no stately lords in contrast with stunted vassals.

The men are, in general, tall and slender. . . . . The arms are long, the legs small, the chest narrow, the form not so frequently erect, as slightly stooping, arising from carelessness of gait and hurry in walking; the head is small, but the features are long, the complexion pale, the eyes small and dark, the hair straight, the cheeks generally smooth, or without whiskers or beard, and the whole expression and deportment is grave and serious. The women of America are not so tall in stature as the women of Europe generally, being oftener below five feet four inches, than above it; of slender figure, without the fulness or rotundity and flowing lines of the Medicean statue, imperfect development of bust, small hands and feet, small and pretty features, pale complexions, dark eyes, a mincing gait, delicate health, and a grave rather than a gay or animated expression. If the men seem to be marked by a general uniformity of standard in personal appearance, the women are still more alike.

Mr. Buckingham adds his testimony to that of all travellers as to the beauty, or rather the prettiness of the women; though he denounces their thin, wiry voices, and drawling tones. Romantic love, the enthusiastic and impassioned devotion of Europe, is not more frequently found among the Anglo-Americans, than among the Aborigina race; and its absence is accounted for by the circumstances of a society, where there is no leisure for gallantry and the refined arts of courtship. Though the men of America are, in general, slender, very strong and very *fat* men are found in some localities. The robust Kentuckians have long been famed for height, strength, and bulk; but the farmers and yeomen of the interior parts of Georgia fully equal them.

Health, light labour, competency, content, and cheerfulness, are the probable agents in giving so remarkable a number of large, ruddy, and fat men to this section of the country, as I continually met with in my way. I heard, indeed, from others, that this was the case throughout the interior of the northern parts of Georgia; and I was assured that on a late occasion, in Sparta, near the capital of this State, a jury of twelve yeomen were so uniformly large, that they were weighed, as a matter of curiosity, and found to weigh thirty-six hundred weight, or, on the average, more than three hundred pounds for each person. In an amusing article in the Southern Whig of Athens, for July 5, published during our stay there, entitled "State Constitutions and Fat Men," it is alleged that the State Constitution for Florida was principally framed by "Jenckes, the fat man, of Florida, who weighed from 450 to 500 lbs.;" and the amended State Constitution of Georgia was chiefly carried by the influence of "Springer, the fat man of Georgia, who is fully as large as Jenckes." Dixon Lewis, the representative of Alabama, weighs nearly 600 lbs.

The inns in the interior parts of the southern States, and even those in places of considerable pretension, unite every kind of discomfort,—exorbitant charges too often included. At Sparta, in Georgia, one of the many Spartas, the new hôtel was not quite finished; but the national taste for show and finery was already conspicuous in all its appointments.

Though the rooms were small and mean, both in material and execution, the furniture was at once costly and tawdry; beautiful mahogany chairs, variegated marble tables, and rich mirrors, were seen in the same rooms with broken lamps, brass candlesticks, and common prints, in black frames, as pictures, such as might be had of hawkers and pedlars in England for a shilling a-piece. On what was called the ladies' drawing-room, though without a carpet, there was seen, on an Italian marble table, two gilded French lamps, a hair-brush "kept for the use of the company," and a dirty ivory small-tooth comb, for general use also, full of grease and hairs; yet the servant, a negress, when desired to remove it, said this was its proper place, as it was always left there with the brush for those who wanted it!

The Curraghee hôtel was not more inviting. The windows were without glass, and the greater part of the beds were placed in one large room,

where all the male guests slept, two or three in a bed. The servant did his work with one hand, lighting himself by carrying a piece of pitch-pine in the other :—

If some operation required the use of both hands, his lighted torch was deposited erect in some part of the room where he could fix it, and his hand relieved. As an especial favour to us, who were declared to be "mighty particular," a candle was *made* while we waited for it, some threads of cotton serving for a wick, and this being enveloped in a mass of bees' wax, was brought to us quite hot from the melting. Washstands and looking-glasses were luxuries here unknown ; and the travellers whom we saw in the house appeared neither to undress, shave, or wash, but simply to lie down just as they alighted, from their horses or carriages, and rise up in the same manner. In our confined cell, there was not room for a single trunk, and the smallest cabin of a ship at sea, was more comfortable than this for sleeping.

We rested but little, therefore, during the night, and were stirring with the earliest dawn ; there was a common wash-basin of tin-plate placed in the veranda, with a piece of coarse yellow soap, and a rough rolling-towel hung on a roller, for general use. To this some of the inmates repaired in succession for washing, but the greater number came to the breakfast-table, as early as six o'clock, as dirty as they went to bed, and the whole scene and establishment seemed hardly a single remove beyond the rudest condition of the Indians which these settlers had displaced.

When the travellers reached Talbotton, they found the whole community in a state of excitement, from an occurrence which resembles, in character, a border bridal foray of past ages :—

It appears that there was a lady who had been settled for a few months as a teacher of music at Talbotton, but not having obtained many pupils, she had contracted more debts than she could pay, and went on to Columbus, to seek better fortune there. At this place, she wished to hire or rent a house, but the owner would not let it without some guarantee for the payment of the rent; and some resident of Talbotton became her security for this. As it was not paid, however, in due time, and as other debts were also unliquidated, the lady was arrested at Columbus by process of law. This the inhabitants of Talbotton chose to interpret as an insult to their town, from whence she had come; and accordingly, a large number of the young men of Talbotton mounted their horses, armed themselves with weapons, and rode off to Columbus, where they effected her release, and assumed such an attitude, that it was thought at one time nothing short of a civil war between the two towns must follow. It had gradually cooled down, however, into a state of peace; but no legal authorities interfered to stay the proceedings of these young cavaliers, who carried their point, and made what they called "public opinion" completely triumph over the laws.

This is *Lynching* of its own kind. Dancing, "promiscuous dancing," which was not tolerated by several denominations of dissenters in Great Britain so late as about fifty or fewer years ago, is still under the ban of the ministers in Georgia ; but they must submit. Temporizing and compromise are creeping in, and the matter will soon end in the good people of Augusta, the town referred to below, being, in this respect, as great sinners as their neighbours. The clergy have an instinct when to stand out, and when to give way. Church members in Augusta must not only not dance, but

It is deemed their duty not to countenance this amusement, even by their presence. No members of churches, as heads of families, therefore, ever give a party for dancing; and if any such exercise is enjoyed, it can only be by the unmarried. But of late, a curious evasion of this prohibition has been practised with success in this manner :—The family give what is called "a social party," to which a large number are invited to take tea, and spend the evening. When tea is over, some young lady places herself at the piano, and strikes up a quadrille. Presently a few couples rise, and speedily a "spontaneous and unpremeditated dance" is got up, and continued with great spirit till midnight. This point has been submitted, it is said, to the judgment of the clergy; who have decided, that if the carpets were taken up, and violins employed, and ball-dresses used, then it would be unequivocally "a dance," and, as such, clearly sinful. But the carpets being down, no music used but that of a pianoforte, and the ladies not in ball-costume, it could not be considered anything more than a "social party," and in this all might innocently join.

On the subject of religious revivals, also, we heard some curious particulars. There are fixed periods of the year in which these are regularly got up, in Georgia and the Carolinas, as in a prescribed circuit. The periods chosen are those in which there is the least business doing in the towns or on the plantations. The ministers, among whom those of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions take the lead, then organize the proceedings in such a manner as to produce considerable effect; and thus add every year to the number of their communicants. It is said that this is sometimes done in schools and colleges, where youths of nine to fifteen are so wrought upon as to proclaim themselves converts, and make public profession of a new birth; but it is doubted by the less zealous and enthusiastic, whether the instances in which these conversions are permanent are so numerous as those in which the parties fall off, and, by a reaction, oscillate to the opposite extreme of indifference, or something worse.

Mr. Buckingham witnessed some *revivals*. Of one at Athens, in Georgia, he observed nothing remarkable. It did not, in short, succeed, and a lady present told him,

That the ministers, who took a lead in this matter, were not good "Revivalists ;" that is, not skilled in the art of drawing forth the vehement expressions and passionate exclamations, the tremblings, and sobbings, and struggles, which a true revival requires. There were many, indeed, both male and female, among my informants, who thought this a failure, and attributed it to imperfect or unskilful organization :—the time of the year was thought to be too early ; the elders and members had not exerted themselves sufficiently in the private circles of their acquaintance, to bring in hearers ; the members were too few ; the preachers were too cold, and the spark could not be fanned into a blaze. Other similar meetings in the town during the last year, and at a later period, were referred to as "better managed," and therefore more successful. That of the Methodist church lasted eighteen successive days and nights, with singing, preaching, and prayer, three times each day, without intermission; and fifty new members were added to the church by open profession of religion. The Presbyterian revival was nearly as long, and quite as productive of converts. The pastors and the elders usually determine the period at which it is proper to begin the work of a revival ; and everything is duly arranged, prepared, and organized, to make it as effective as possible.

However free from objection was all I saw or heard at the meetings here, I was assured, by members of the church, and persons of undoubted piety and veracity, that such meetings elsewhere were not always so. One gentleman mentioned to me, that in the State of New York a meeting had been held for forty days and nights in succession, in imitation of the fasting and temptation of the Saviour ; and that he had attended several of its sittings. But though the quarantine was observed, as to the number of its days, there was nothing else in which the resemblance was complete. The ministers employed in this revival were very numerous, and many of them young and handsome men. When they saw a female under excitement, they would leave the desk beneath the pulpit, and go to her in the pew, take her by the hand, and squeeze it with ardour, look steadfastly in her eyes,

stroke her on the neck, and head, and back, with the palm of the hand, give her spiritual consolation, and sometimes kneel down with her to pray on the same cushion. One of these was a married lady of great personal beauty, who was attending with her two daughters, but there was no husband or brother with them. The minister was so attracted by her beauty, and overwhelmed by her state of excitement, that after the prayer he placed his head beneath her bonnet, and attempted to "salute her with an holy kiss." She drew back, and refused his embrace. Her friend, my informant, saw this; and was in the act of rising to proclaim the offence, and to resent it on the spot; but the lady prudently prevented it, by a timely intimation with her hand, of her wish for him not to move or notice it; and assigned as her reason afterwards, that if made public at the time, it might have broken up the meeting, and brought a scandal on revivals generally, whereas this was but the offence of one man. The gentleman assured me, however, that this was not a solitary instance of such attempts, many of which were more successful, and that the moving of the ministers to and fro from pew to pew, their seizing the women by the hand, pressing and fondling various parts of their bodies, melting into tears with them, holding their hands together for a long period, and sometimes sustaining them in their arms from falling, were quite common.

By such means as these, many hundreds of converts were brought into the church, the chief portion of whom were females, some not more than seven or eight years old, but the greater number were between fifteen and twenty years of age. My informant further added, that not long after this, he was at Ballston Spa, near Saratoga, at which, towards the close of the gay season, there had been a Revival of more than usual intensity, both as to the time of its duration, and the fervour that existed through the whole period; and among the fruits of this excitement, he saw a public document in the hands of a legal gentleman, containing the affidavits of several young females, who had been prematurely made mothers of illegitimate children, some by clerical and some by lay-members of this great body of Revivalists! The churches of America, of course, no more approve of this, than do the churches of England the backslidings of her occasionally amatory preachers. There are, unhappily, wolves in sheep's clothing in all flocks; and "black sheep," as well as white, among the number.

It is quite true that Christianity should not be charged with the blame of these excesses; and equally true that its sincere and genuine disciples may preserve their integrity and chastity in the midst of such temptations. But that unprincipled men, and weak women, brought into close contact under such excitements as these, may and do create a great deal of suffering to themselves, and scandal and odium to the very cause of religion, no man can well doubt.

Mr. Buckingham, in short, is very doubtful about this kind of spiritual agency.

Our traveller repeatedly expresses surprise at the meekness, indifference, or insensibility, which the Americans display in the same circumstances which set an Englishman a-fretting and grumbling. At a watering-place in North Carolina, named Flat Rock, where fifty opulent persons of the best families in the State were residing for health or pleasure, the accommodation was, in every respect, of the most wretched kind. Mr. Buckingham has advanced, from "native authority," a theory for the ladies being so fond of gadding about, that they willingly submit to every inconvenience: this is, unhappy, or, at least, uncongenial marriages, which render every spot on earth more supportable than home. Or if not unhappy, yet listless and unoccupied, their idle life becomes a burthen; and thus, according to Mr. Buckingham,

They visit these springs and watering-places, where, as a gentleman truly observed to me, they do not "kill time," for that implies a battle with the enemy, or at least an active struggle, by energetic and lively amusement of some kind or other—but where they rather "lose time" in so complete a manner, by listlessness and trifling, that they are unable to give any account to themselves or others what has become of this, to them the most worthless of all possessions—since their great aim is to devise new modes to get rid of it.

This is miserable work, and much of it is to be attributed to the existence of slavery, the ill effects of which are visible in the domestic habits of all ranks. In North Carolina,—nor can the observation be limited to this State,——

In every farm-house you pass here, you see eight or ten lazy men and boys lounging idly in the veranda or piazza, in front of it, with their legs thrown up higher than their hips, their hats on, doing nothing, because the negro slaves can do the work; and what they do, though done badly, contents them. The white women are seen at the same time in groups of five or six at another part of the house, rocking in their chairs, with their loose cotton bonnets and deep hind-curtains hanging over their shoulders, wasting their time in the merest gossiping; their clothes dirty, their hair loose, and their whole persons most untidy; the children without shoes or stockings, filthy apparel, uncombed silvery hair, and unwashed pale faces; because the negresses do the household work, and look after the children; and what they do not do, is left undone, for the mothers seem to make no effort to assist them. The slave-system is, no doubt, one powerful cause of this general indolence and dirtiness of the whites, among the farmers and peasantry of the South; but we thought perpetually, that if an English farmer and his wife, with their sons and daughters, could be suddenly transported to some of these farm-houses, and told they were to be their homes, they would so change the face of things in a month, by their industry, cleanliness, and order, that the original occupants would hardly know them again in their improved dress; the English farm-houses, in general, being as superior to those of this part of America in cleanliness and comfort, as Mr. Baring's or Mr. Greig's beautiful dwellings are, to those of persons of similar wealth, but less love of order, and less taste, by whom they are surrounded.

The Mr. Baring referred to is a cousin of Lord Ashburton's. He has a pretty villa, or mansion, in this neighbourhood, of which the grounds are kept in trim order; though his English example seems to lead to no improvement among the slovenly natives. From Mr. Buckingham's work, many traits of manners, and various anecdotes, might be selected to show, that extreme niceness, or *prudery*, are no guarantee for real delicacy of mind and feeling, among the Americans, any more than among other folks; and also that long public prayers and graces are no proof of true religion. At the Warm Springs of Asheville, where, sometimes, so many as 500 visiters assemble, he saw, in the bar-room of the hôtel, persons

Playing at cards at ten o'clock in the morning, surrounded by others who were drinking spirits and water, and betting on the game. In this respect, there is the same inconsistency observable in the American people as in their affectation of extraordinary delicacy; for while they make professions of great piety, have public prayers, and say long graces over their meals, they, at the same time, often indulge in practices that in most other countries would be thought wholly inconsistent with the profession of religion.

In the advertisements, to attract visiters to this place, it is first announced, that there will be Divine Service on every Sunday: and then, "Sportsmen" are informed, "that the race-course

is the best in the State; and that horses will be in training for three months before the races commence. From a disgusting anecdote related, Mr. Buckingham draws the conclusion—

That though the Americans affect to be much more delicate in their horror of certain associations than the people of any other nation, and scrupulously avoid the utterance of certain words in common use in England in the best society, without the slightest idea of impurity being attached to them by us; yet that, in reality, the men, of the South especially, are more indelicate in their thoughts and tastes than any European people; and exhibit a disgusting mixture of prudery and licentiousness combined, which may be regarded as one of the effects of the system of Slavery, and the early familiarity with vicious intercourse, to which it invariably leads.

From among many *Trollopian* scenes we select the following, which occurred at Athens in Georgia, upon the occasion of the meeting of a Debating Club, consisting of the leading persons of the place:—

It was held in a spacious room over the Post-office, which served also for the reading-room of the club, and was amply supplied with newspapers from all parts of the Union. The meeting commenced at three o'clock, and continued till seven. The members in attendance were few, but they were all above forty years of age, and nearly all had titles, as general, colonel, major, &c. The appearance of the room when we entered it, was more like some of the scenes described by Mrs. Trollope in the West, than I had ever before seen. The floor was of newly-planed pine-wood, without mat or carpet, and it was covered with saliva and tobacco juice, from the chewers of the club, for whom no spitting-boxes appeared to have been provided, and, therefore, every minute at least, some member was seen and heard to project his contribution to the floor, which was spotted over like the leopard's skin.

The chair was taken by the President, a General, and the Secretary called the meeting to order, but this did not produce the least alteration in the aspect of the meeting. The few members who were scattered about the room, sat each after his own fashion. One gentleman placed his legs on the table, and exhibited the soles of his boots to the President. Another hung back in his chair, while it stood on its two hind legs only, with his feet placed on the upper front bar of the chair, in which attitude he rocked himself to and fro like a nurse hushing a baby to sleep, and everything was marked by the greatest indifference to decorum.

The question for debate was "Ought the State to have the right to educate the children of its citizens?" The first speaker was, by the rules of the club, the gentleman who placed the question on the books for discussion. He spoke for about an hour, in support of the affirmative of this question; and argued the case closely and well; but being a more than usually copious chewer of tobacco, he spit on the floor at the end of almost every sentence, rolling his quid from side to side in his mouth during the interval. Once, during his speech, he asked for a tumbler of water, which one of the members brought him from a wooden bucket, placed in the centre of the room, with a wooden ladle to drink and fill the glass with; and he then threw away his quid, stopped to rince out his mouth four or five times with the water, which he projected out of the window, near which he was speaking; he then took a fresh quid from a large black square mass of compactly pressed tobacco, which he carried in his waistcoat pocket, and resumed his discourse, spitting on the floor until a large pool had been formed before him; and at the close of his address, the rincing of the mouth, and the renewal of the quid, was repeated.

This gentleman, who we understood was a man of fortune and leisure, not engaged in any business or profession, was followed by three speakers in succession, who maintained the negative of the question; and, very much to my surprise, nearly the same arguments that are used against the adoption of any measures by the State for the promotion of general education in England, were repeated here. Each of these gentlemen spoke about half an hour, and delivered their sentiments with great force and in accurate language. They all copiously loaded the floor with tobacco-juice, so that the odour began to be extremely disagreeable, especially as the afternoon was warm; the thermometer being at 90° in the shade. The fifth speaker at length took up the affirmative of the proposition, as to the right and duty of the State to educate the children of its citizens, or, in other words, to provide funds, and establish a system of National Education, by which the children of all those who were either unable or unwilling to confer on them the advantage of primary instruction, at the expense of the State.

On the evening of the same day, Mr. Buckingham and his family attended a "very brilliant party," given by Dr. Church, the President of the University of this Athens, for there are many towns in the United States so named, to the principal families in the neighbourhood, and the senior students:

The party was very elegant, and highly intellectual. There were about 200 persons present, who remained together from eight o'clock till midnight. I do not remember ever to have seen a greater number of beautiful countenances than among the young ladies of this party; their ages ranging between fifteen and twenty. The style of beauty was like that of Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans: small delicate figures, fair complexions, but not so deadly pallid as at the North; great symmetry of features, brilliant black eyes, finely-arched eyebrows, and full dark hair. The style of dress was not so stiff and formal as at the North, and more quiet, or less showy: white muslin being almost the only material of their robes, and pearls and white ribbons, with here and there a few delicate flowers, being the only ornaments seen. A young bride of fifteen, with her husband, were of the party, though their marriage had only taken place three days before; and many were surprised when I stated that English brides rarely mingled with large parties till a few weeks after their nuptials.

No doubt, many, or all of the squirting orators of the morning were present; and private parties never seem, in any degree, to arrest the perennial flow of tobacco-juice:—

Each young man carries in his waistcoat pocket, not in a box, but open, a flattened square mass of black compressed tobacco, like a piece of Indian rubber. From this he cuts off, from time to time, whether in the company of ladies or not, a large piece, and, taking the expended quid from his mouth, he flings it out of the window, or in any near corner, and replaces it by the new one, which he forthwith begins to roll about like any ruminating animal. Their practice is literally that of "chewing the cud," though they want the "dividing the hoof," to take them out of the class of "unclean beasts."

Once more, the traveller, who is as intolerant of tobacco, as of spirits or opium, raises his "*counter blaste.*" But we have enough of it.

Mr. Buckingham has collected some of the peculiar phrases or idioms of the Americans; but we are now so familiar with "a pretty considerable fix"—a bad fix," "sun-up," and "sun-down," to "*tote* the *plunder*" of a passenger into his apartment, and so forth, that we prefer the following anecdote, which, in the revenge of the neglected young citizens, carries a deeper meaning than even the grand phrase used by the lady:—

Sometimes there is extreme reluctance to use particular words, because they are supposed to convey associations that ought to be avoided. For instance, I heard that on the night of the party given at the University, the president, Dr. Church, had received a slight injury

in the head, by a stone being thrown in the direction where he stood, by one of the younger class of students who were dissatisfied with their not being included in the invitation, though it was never usual to extend it beyond the seniors. But the lady who mentioned this incident to me, said, "The little boy threw a *rock* at the president;" on which I expressed my surprise, thinking he must be an infant Hercules to hurl a rock; when she replied, "Oh! no, it was a very small rock, and therefore the injury was very slight." I found afterwards that it is thought indelicate to use the word stone; and that they say a house is built of rock, the streets are paved with rock, and the boys throw rocks at sparrows, and break windows by throwing rocks. To speak of the tail of a horse, or any other animal, is deemed most indelicate, and the words hip and thigh must not be mentioned. This fastidiousness is carried to such a length, as to lead to alterations in the prayers of the Episcopalian service, and even in the language of the Bible. The passage in the Litany, "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb," is thought too shocking for the public ear; and the passage in which prayer is offered for "all women labouring with child," is also thought too gross to be uttered. In the mutilations of Scripture, these two cases were mentioned to me by a clergyman who had himself heard them. In the passage of Genesis, in which the curse is pronounced on the serpent, "On thy belly shalt thou go," the preacher read it, "On thy stomach shalt thou go;" and in the passage of the Evangelist, where the Saviour says to Peter, "Verily, before the cock shall crow, thou shalt deny me thrice," another preacher read it thus, "Before a *certain fowl* shall crow, thou shalt deny me thrice."

At their public celebrations the Americans are most gallant and ingenious in their *toasts* and *sentiments*. The following are happy specimens:—

"*By Oliver P. Copeland.*—The Ladies: The fairest part of God's creation—The mainspring that impels man to action: While our arms are able to bear arms, we will protect their charms."

"*Woman, lovely Woman.*—Ever useful and dear to us, whether in prosperity or in adversity. Without her, life would be insupportable."

"*The Fair.*—The beauty of a fine woman is the only tyranny to which a man should submit."

Sometimes, the ladies themselves send toasts, to be proposed by gentlemen present; and of these the two following will be regarded as curious, as well as the one by a bachelor which succeeds it.

"*By a Lady.*—Phrenology: May our children abound in bumps of discretion, and be free from all bumps of dissipation!"

"*Sent by a Lady.*—The Bachelor, 'solitary and alone in his glory.'"

"*By an Expectant Bachelor.*—Women and wine-presses: Sacred sources of sympathetic joy."

"*By O. P. Copeland.*—Success to Mulberryism, Silkism, and all other kinds of isms—except Abolitionism."

We have left ourselves little space to notice the specific facts illustrative of the teeming and complicated evils of Slavery, which Mr. Buckingham has diligently collected in the course of his travels. The arguments he held with the interested and prejudiced, always ended as might have been anticipated; but the reluctant admissions of those persons who acknowledged the evils of the system, while they were unable to devise any means of reformation, go in reality to the surrender of the entire question. In travelling from Charlotteville, in Virginia, to Richmond, the following conversation occurred:—

About five miles beyond this we passed the house and farm of Mr. W. C. Rives the Virginia senator. Nothing could be more slovenly than the state of the husbandry all along this road; and the neglected state of the farms gave evidence of great inferiority in their mode of management. We had with us in the coach a senator from Pennsylvania, who expatiated on the contrast presented by the appearance of the farms in his State; and I ventured to ask him what he considered to be the cause of so remarkable a difference in two districts or countries so nearly adjoining, with so great an equality of advantages in soil and climate. He replied, "There is no other intelligible cause for this difference, than that Pennsylvania is cultivated by freemen, and Virginia by slaves: the freemen have every motive to labour, because they enrich themselves by their toil, and enjoy what they produce; the slaves have every motive to be idle, because no toil enriches them, and nothing beyond bare subsistence ever rewards their exertions: therefore, the freemen do as much as possible, and the slaves do as little." He further expressed his belief, that there was many a farmer owning 500 acres in Pennsylvania, without a single slave, who was rich; while there were many planters in Virginia who were poor with 5000 acres, and as many slaves as were requisite to cultivate the whole; because the farmer of Pennsylvania, with such an estate, would lay by money every year, while the planter of Virginia, with so much ampler means, would get every year deeper and deeper into debt! Such is the difference in the results of freedom and slavery, according to the sober judgment of a native of the country. When I asked him, whether the Virginia planters were themselves aware of this difference, he replied, "The greater number of them undoubtedly are; but a spirit of false pride prevents them from acting on it." Many years ago, the Legislature of Virginia entertained the proposition of emancipating the slaves; and the public opinion of the majority of the State was in favour of such a step. Every one here, indeed, believes that if nothing had occurred to interrupt the progress of this sentiment, the abolition of slavery in this, and the adjoining State of Maryland, would have happened long ago. But they allege, that because the Abolitionists of the North wished to force them on faster than they chose to go, they would not move at all; and since these Abolitionists have increased their pressure, the slave-holders have actually receded backward, out of a sheer spirit of opposition, because they would not be driven even into the adoption of a measure which they approved. They seem, therefore, to be now in the position of a froward child, who takes delight in doing just the contrary of what he is desired to do—to show his independence.

It is remarked, that the *democratic* newspapers of the South, are uniformly those found the most violent against Abolition. To such a length does the tyranny of opinion go, that Mr. B. affirms:—

I feel assured that it would not be so dangerous for a man to preach the right of resistance to despotic authority in Petersburg or Vienna, to inveigh against Popery at Rome, or denounce Mohammedanism at Constantinople, as it would be for him to proclaim himself, either by his pen or by his tongue, an abolitionist in the slave-holding States south of the Potomac in America; and yet, to tell the Americans that they have neither freedom of the press nor freedom of speech, to the extent to which both are enjoyed in England, would greatly offend as well as surprise them, though nothing could be more true.

O'Connell is the object of the peculiar and violent hatred of the Slaveholders of the South.

Mr. Buckingham admits, that the condition of the domestic slaves in respectable or opulent families is, physically, exceedingly comfortable. The mere selfishness of their owners guarantees their comfort in food, dress, and appearance. As the influence of enlightened self-interest must ultimately be the main instrument in abolishing Slavery all over the world, arguments of the following kind cannot be made too familiar:—

Of the false economy of employing slave-labour in the

ultivation of land, everything I heard and saw confirmed me in the opinion, that it was most injurious to he interests of the planters; and that none would benefit more by a system of free labour than the very landowners themselves. At present, if a planter wishes to purchase an estate for cultivation, he can get 1000 acres of land for 10,000 dollars; and if he could obtain free labour to till his fields, hiring it by the day, and paying for such labour as he required, and no more, 5000 dollars would be ample for a reserved capital by which to procure his seed, labour, and stock. But as he must, according to the present system, buy his slaves as well as his land, it will require at least 500 dollars, or £100 sterling, for each working negro that he may need; and supposing only 100 negroes to be purchased, this would require 50,000 dollars to be laid out in the purchase of *prospective* labour, paying for it before he receives the slightest benefit, and under all the risks of sickness, desertion, and death. In this manner, according to the statement of Mr. Clay, in his recent anti-abolition speech in Congress, there is locked up, of dead capital, in the purchase and cost of the negro slaves of the United States, the enormous sum of twelve hundred millions of dollars, or about two hundred and fifty millions sterling! Now, if slavery had never been permitted to exist here, and labour could have been hired by the day, or week, or year, as in other free countries, this enormous amount of capital would have been available to devote to other purposes; and the whole country would have been advanced at least a century beyond its present condition.

It may be quite true that the African race can alone sustain the exposure to heat and labour combined, which the cultivation of rice, sugar, and cotton demand; but it is at the same time as true, that their labour might be hired and paid for only as it was employed, instead of the ruinously improvident system of buying up all the labour of their lives, and paying for it beforehand; thus sinking an immense capital in the very country where capital is more valuable, because more productive of wealth, than in any other country that can be named. If a large manufacturer in England, when he had built his mill and fitted his machinery, were required to buy all his working hands at £100 each, and then maintain them all their lives, sick or well, aged or infirm, with the risk of loss by desertion or death, he would be less able to work his mill with £100,000, than he is now with £20,000; and consequently not half or a fourth of the mills now in operation could be established. If a shipowner, when he had built, equipped, and provisioned his ship for her voyage, had to buy up all his seamen at £100 a-head, and maintain them all their lives afterwards, it would require four times the capital that is now necessary to send a large ship to sea, and consequently fewer persons could equip vessels. Thus the manufacturing and the shipping interests would both be retarded in their progress by this improvident and heavy burden of paying for a life of labour in advance, instead of paying for it by the week or month, as its benefits were reaped by them.

Exactly the same effects are produced in retarding the prosperity of agriculture; and thus it is that the old slave-states of Virginia and Maryland are already exhausted. The Carolinas and Georgia are already partially so; and in process of time this will be the fate of Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, and the other slave-states; while those who employ the cheaper, more vigorous, and more productive element of free labour, will outstrip them in the race, from the mere advantage of a better system of industry. While I believe, therefore, that the condition of the slaves would be much improved by their being placed under the influence of those higher and better motives to labour which the enjoyment of the reward of their own toil can alone create, I also believe that the planters would all benefit by the substitution of free-labour for slave-labour, because the former is cheaper and more productive than the latter can ever be made. The slave-owners are indeed their own enemies in opposing or retarding the emancipation of their labourers.

Besides encouraging idleness, recklessness, and all manner of extravagance, among the whites, Mr. Buckingham justly imputes the arrogant and tyrannical temper of the gentlemen of the South to Slavery. From it arises—

The universal irritability of temper, impatience of contradiction, and constant readiness to avenge every imaginary insult with instant and deadly punishment of the offender. Hence the frequent affrays, duels, street-fights, shootings, stabbings, and assassinations, of which every part of the South, but more especially the newer States, is so full—producing, it is believed, five times as large a proportion of these crimes to the population, as is witnessed in the North, and ten times as large a proportion as is seen in any of the free countries of Europe. So long, indeed, as the slaves continue to increase in numbers beyond their masters, and coercive measures towards them may seem to be more necessary, because of such increase augmenting the danger of their revolt, so long the state of things will get worse; and as fear is a prolific source of cruelty, the very fears of the whites, which are continually increasing every year, will cause a greater exercise of tyranny than ever. How these fears ooze out in almost everything they say or do, may be seen by the following circumstance. The most religious and moral of the Southern population, have been long awakened to the cause of Temperance, and are very desirous of promoting it in this State, but as almost all the Temperance publications are issued in the North, they are literally afraid of their encouraging their circulation here, lest, by any oversight or inadvertence on the part of the editor, some paragraph favourable to Abolition should appear.

Many of the Americans have got it into their heads, that the English abolished Slavery in the West Indies merely to encourage the negroes of the South to revolt; and thus revenge England upon America for having "*whipped*" her! That slaves are the happiest of God's creatures is the constant assertion, in the face of all the floggings, sales, and runnings away that the newspapers daily set forth.

A citizen of Georgia has got a new key to the mystical Book of Revelations, and asserts, that *the Beast*, the Great Beast spoken of, means neither Catholics nor Protestants, but black niggers; and that there will be no hope for America, until the whole of the descendants of Ham are expelled!

In a large American war-ship, the Brandywine, which Mr. Buckingham examined at Norfolk, 40 of the crew of 470 were free negroes. He says:—

I was much struck with the fine, and even noble appearance of these men; their erect and muscular forms no longer crouching under the influence of forced servitude, nor their heads hung down under a consciousness of inferiority, but leading a free, bold, independent, and active life, their appearance partook of these new influences, and they were among the finest-looking men in the ship. In answer to my inquiries of the first-lieutenant, who had been upwards of thirty years in the service, I learnt that they received exactly the same bounty, the same wages, the same rations, and the same privileges as the whites; and that in their arrangements and classification for duty, as forecastle-men, top-men, waisters, and after-guard, no distinction was made between black and white, but each were mingled indiscriminately, and classed only by their relative degrees of seamanship. In this, he said, the blacks were not at all inferior to the whites, either in their skill, readiness, or courage. Nor did the white seamen evince the slightest reluctance to be associated with them on terms of the most perfect equality in the discharge of their duties, or make their colour a subject of antipathy or reproach. The cooks and stewards were chiefly coloured men, because they stand the heat better, and fall into these occupations more readily; and from the negro sea-

men, the launch for wooding and watering, and for anchor duty, was generally manned, because the African constitution could stand the heat of the sun, and the atmosphere of swamps and marshes, better than the American. In point of health, however, they were quite equal; and while the service was rendered more efficient by this arrangement, neither party objected to the classification. It was really to me a most agreeable sight to see forty or fifty of these fine athletic Africans holding up their heads like men, and looking as if conscious of their independence and equality, though at the same time respectful, obedient, and less frequently subjected to punishment for neglect of duty, than their white brethren.

One of the most amusing traits of the American general character, is the national vanity, or vainglory, which breaks out with great *naïveté* on the most trifling occasions. A Yankee hearing an account read of the part which Lord Brougham had taken in an important debate, remarked :—

"Well, then, I expect that this Lord Brougham comes the nearest to our Daniel Webster, of any man the English can produce." To which the others signified their assent; but no one seemed to think that he did more than approach him "at a considerable distance." One of the party, and in his general conversation an intelligent man, said that Henry Clay had electrified the English Members of Parliament when he spoke before them in the House of Commons; and that Daniel Webster, who was now gone to England, would astonish them still more, and give them a sample of what true American oratory really was. I asked when Mr. Clay had spoken in the English House of Commons, and was told that it was when he was resident as American minister in London. I assured them that on no occasion did foreign ministers or ambassadors appear in either House of Parliament in England as speakers; but the gentleman who made this assertion really believed that in his diplomatic capacity he had appeared before the House, and excited the astonishment and admiration he described! He still thought that an opportunity would be afforded to Daniel Webster to do the same. When they were informed, that among the Tory peers, Lord Lyndhurst was the most equal match for Lord Brougham, they felt this to be a confirmation of their confidence in their national superiority, as they claimed Lord Lyndhurst as an American, though they would rather have had him to be a Virginian than a Bostonian.

An Albany paper, speaking of Mr. Webster, while he was in England, after indulging in a lofty strain of panegyric, says :—

Such a man is a *sublime spectacle*, in these days of political corruption and misrule. But such is Daniel Webster. Unlike some of our foreign functionaries, he knows no difference among his countrymen, so far as they have merit to recommend them. He is alike beloved and respected by all; and be he at the table of the rich, or on the floor of the House of Lords, he is the attraction, *the charm, and the admiration of all who behold him!*

Mr. Buckingham confirms what all travellers allege of the overweening admiration of fashion, connexion, and wealth, displayed by the sturdy Republicans of America :—

The talk about "old families," and being "highly connected," and "moving in the first circles of society;" and the looking down with contempt upon "people whom nobody knows," or who are "not in society;" is nowhere carried to a greater extent than here; and the very children are found making these distinctions. This will account for the amazing eagerness with which the greater number of Americans who go to England and France, seek to be introduced at Court, and affect to be patronized and received by the nobility and fashionable world there. This has been carried to such an extent of late, as to have become the subject of just ridicule among themselves; and especially since the "Victoria fever," as it is popularly called, has prevailed so extensively in this country, where the name of Victoria has been appended to almost everything, from Mr. Sully's portrait of the Queen, down to the last new oyster-shop opened in New York.

Notwithstanding the strong prejudice of colour which exists throughout the breadth and length of the land, and especially in the North,—where free people of colour are, from their intelligence and wealth, becoming marked objects of envy and hate,—the few families who can claim any admixture of Indian blood, are as proud of the distinction, as if it were old Norman blood that flowed in their veins, and probably with as good cause for pride.

These extracts will sufficiently indicate the nature of this addition to Mr Buckingham's voluminous work, and the kind of entertainment which may be expected from it. Our own opinion of its merit may be significantly understood from the circumstance of our having spoken of the first three volumes merely in general terms of commendation; and regretting that we cannot afford more space to a fuller analysis of the portion of the work now before us.

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

THE history of Scotland, as an independent kingdom, properly terminates at the Union of the Crowns, by the accession of James VI. as the legitimate heir of the throne of England on the death of Elizabeth. To this natural close of our national annals, Mr. Tytler's work is hastening on; great events accumulating, and interest deepening, as the end draws nigh. Another volume will finish what is by far the most comprehensive and elaborate examination of the Scottish national annals which the world has yet received, independently of the literary merits of the work.

The preceding volume was devoted to those momentous transactions of which the consequences are developed in this new volume; to the rise and progress of the Reformation; the reign of Mary queen of Scots, with its romance, vicissitude, and disaster; and the Regency of Murray. The flight and imprisonment of Mary by her jealous and vindictive kinswoman, and the assassination of the Regent, were included in the seventh volume.

The new portion of the History opens with the Regency of Morton, a period which, notwithstanding the many bad points in the character of the Regent, was, from the vigour and energy of his government, one of prosperity to the country. Faction had exhausted itself in the tumultuary period of the

* Volume VIII. of the original edition. 8vo. Tait, Edinburgh.

civil war, and the dawn of a new order of things —the commencement of another epoch in the social progress of the nation was becoming visible. When Killigrew, the envoy of the English court, visited Scotland, after a short interval of quiet, he remarked in a letter to Burghley—

I see the noblemen's great credit decay in this country, and the barons, burrows, and such like, take more upon them; the ministers and religion increase, and the desire in them to prevent the practices of the Papists; the number of able men for service very great, and well furnished both on horse and foot; their navy so augmented, as it is a thing almost incredible.

This great change had taken place between the year 1567 and 1572; for while the hand of the rapacious Morton fell heavy on many individuals, yet trade and commerce, the great springs of national prosperity, escaped his grasp. Of this period Mr. Tytler remarks—

Notwithstanding the miseries of the civil war, the general prosperity of the country had been progressive. Commerce and trade had increased; and whilst the power of the high feudal lords was visibly on the decay, the middle classes had risen in importance; and the great body of the people, instructed in their political duties by the sermons of the clergy, and acquiring from the institution of parish schools a larger share of education and intelligence, began to appreciate their rights, and to feel their own strength.

Though many of the early acts of Morton's government showed great vigour, and were popular, he soon began to lay the foundation of his ultimate ruin, in his perilous attack upon the patrimony of the Kirk. It was much easier for the avaricious Regent to seize the revenues of the Church, and to fine the wealthy merchants and burgesses of the towns, than to induce Elizabeth to relax her purse-strings to his clamorous importunity, notwithstanding her desire to maintain her ascendency in Scotland, and her dread of the intrigues of France, and of the incessant plans and projects of the captive Queen.

It is already well known that Mr. Tytler's work owes much of its popularity, as well as value, to its singular richness in such original letters and documents as have hitherto lain dormant, or been quite overlooked, in the State-paper Office, and in other collections of manuscripts, though these constitute the very pith and marrow of authentic history. From those fresh sources we have the following portrait, drawn by Killigrew, in a letter to Walsingham, of James in his seventh year. It is the first that has been given of him at so tender an age. The child seems to have given more of promise than the man fulfilled :—

Since my last unto you, I have been at Stirling to visit the King in her Majesty's name, and met by the way the Countess of Mar coming to Edinburgh, to whom I did her Majesty's commendations.

The King seemed to be very glad to hear from her Majesty, and could use pretty speeches: as, how much he was bound unto her Majesty, yea, more than to his own mother. And at my departure, he prayed me to thank her Majesty for the good remembrance she had of him; and further desired me to make his hearty commendations unto her Majesty. His Grace is well grown, both in body and spirit, since I was last here. He speaketh the French tongue marvellous well; and that which seems strange to me, he was able *extempore* (which he did before me) to read a chapter of the Bible out of Latin into French, and out of French after into English, so well, as few men could have added anything to his translation. His schoolmasters, Mr. George Buchanan and Mr. Peter Young, rare men, caused me to appoint the King what chapter I would, and so did I, whereby I perceived it was not studied for. They also made his Highness dance before me, which he likewise did with a very good grace; a Prince sure of great hope, if God send him life.

Though the ostensible object of the English ambassador, at this period, was to form a league for the better security of both the kingdoms, and for the protection of the Protestant religion, an object as near and dear to Elizabeth was the getting quietly rid of her troublesome rival, Mary, no matter by what means, so that she herself escaped the odium of putting "a crowned Queen," her own near relation, to death. Morton had not been withheld from accomplishing this guilty project by any feeling of honour or pity; but he was resolved not to accept of the assassin's office without receiving the assassin's hire. That secret negotiations were several times entered into by Elizabeth, for giving up the unfortunate Queen to those previously pledged to murder her, is made abundantly evident in these pages, and was not wholly unknown; but Mr. Tytler has dragged forth from their obscurity, fresh and damning proofs of the cold-blooded and crafty policy of Elizabeth though some links still seem wanting in the chain. In the language of Elizabeth's diplomacy, the project for the murder of Mary, who was to be given up to her own subjects for this special purpose, is usually termed "*the great matter.*" Often had Elizabeth and her counsellors been murderers in heart and intent before the final catastrophe. This new instance, brought forward by Mr. Tytler, is but one of many schemes, extending over many years :—

The Ambassador anxiously impressed upon Elizabeth and her ministers, that the Scots were no longer dependent upon England; and as to attempting to make any impression upon the Regent in "the great matter," which Leicester and Burghley were solicitous should be again secretly discussed, it seemed to him a vain idea at present. If Morton were to consent to put Mary to death on her delivery into his hands, it would only be, as he soon perceived, by the offer of a far higher bribe than Elizabeth was disposed to give; and by the settlement of large annuities on such of the nobles as were confidants to his cruel design. Killigrew was so assured of the backwardness of his royal mistress upon this point, and the determination of the Regent not to move without such inducement, that he begged to be allowed to return. "I see no cause," said he to Walsingham, "why I should remain here any longer; * * * especially if you resolve not upon the league, nor upon pensions, which is the surest ground I do see to build 'the great matter' upon, without which small assurance can be made. I pray God we prove not herein like those who refused the three volumes of Sibylla's prophecies, with the price which afterwards they were glad to give for one that was lost; for sure I left the market here better cheap than now I find it."

The Queen of England, however, was not to be so easily diverted from any object upon which she considered the safety of herself and her kingdom to depend, and she insisted that her Ambassador should remain and accompany the Regent in his Northern progress, upon which he was about to enter. "I think it not convenient," said Walsingham to him, in a letter of the 18th July, "that you be recalled till such time as you have advertised how you find the Regent affected touching

'the great matter' you had in commission to deal in; and therefore I think fit you accompany the Regent till you be revoked."

In the mean time, Elizabeth held a secret conference with Leicester, Burghley, and Walsingham, and appears to have herself suggested a new scheme for getting rid of Mary. It is unfortunately involved in much obscurity, owing to the letter in which it is alluded to being partly written in cipher; but it was disapproved of by Walsingham, apparently on the ground that it would be dangerous to send the Scottish Queen into Scotland, without an absolute certainty that she should be put to death.

The English Queen was evidently distracted between the fear of two dangers—one, the retaining Mary within her dominions, which experience had taught her was the cause of constant plots and practices against her; the other, the delivering her to the Scots, an expedient which, unless it were carried through in the way proposed by Burghley and Leicester, in 1572—that is, under a positive agreement that she should be put to death, was, as they justly thought, full of peril. Morton, however, although he had shown himself perfectly willing to receive Mary under this atrocious condition, continued firm in his resolution not to sell his services for mere words. He, too, insisted on certain terms; especially an advance in money, and pensions to his friends. But the Queen deemed his demands exorbitant; and, as was not unfrequent with her when pressed by a difficulty from which she saw no immediate escape, she dismissed the subject from her mind, and unwisely took refuge in delay. In this manner "the great matter" for the present was allowed to sleep; and Mary owed her life to the *parsimony* of Elizabeth, and the *avarice* of the Scottish Regent.

Even here, Elizabeth does not appear in so odious a light as when, after Mary had been tried and condemned, she shrank, with selfish cowardice, from carrying the sentence into execution, and eagerly instigated her own servants privately to murder the condemned Princess. Of the scenes behind the curtain, connected with the tragedy at Fotheringay, Mr. Tytler has given an account replete with dramatic interest, and one which must imprint an indelible stain on the memory of the English Queen, who, in heart and spirit, comes out, in the case of Mary, more black than some Princes whose reigns have been marked by more violent and atrocious crimes.

The Regent Morton's confiscations of the property of the Kirk, and attempts to establish the Episcopal form of religion, which, together with his violence and rapacity, led to the conspiracy which issued in his destruction, furnish matter for speculations which will, at the present moment, have an especial interest, at least with Scottish readers; though, when the wealth, intelligence, and numerical strength of the modern Dissenters of Scotland are taken into account, it would be a capital mistake to imagine the ministers of the Kirk, of this day, either so popular or powerful as their predecessors were in those times, and continued until much later days. The conspiracy or coalition of Argyle and Athole, which overthrew the power of the Regent, and emancipated the young King from one master only to place him under another, was welcome to the ministers, who, though suspicious of Athole as an avowed Catholic, were yet opposed to Morton, who had introduced Episcopacy, and crushed and pillaged their body. The complicated intrigues, plots and counterplots, and feuds, of this troubled period, are lucidly represented in the narrative, while tl secret springs of action are unveiled in its pr gress. But events so crowd upon each other, th we must be contented to notice only results, ar these briefly. Before the final overthrow of tl regent occurred, Lennox, the friend if not tl emissary of France, and the first favourite of king ever afterwards addicted to inordinate favou itism, had crept into the affections of the boyis James. The passage we select not so much for th events recorded, as a specimen of the narrativ style of the work.

The favour shown to Lennox, the friend c emissary of France, had exasperated and alienate Elizabeth, who had angrily withdrawn Sir Robe Bowes her ambassador to Scotland :—

This retirement of Bowes greatly strengthened D'Au bigny. The young King became more attached to th interests of France: he entered into communication wit his mother, the imprisoned Queen; and whilst the cour of Rome, Paris, and Madrid, united their endeavours t procure her liberty, Lennox persuaded James to secon their efforts, and to overwhelm their opponents by mighty stroke. This was the destruction of Morton, th bitterest enemy of the Scottish Queen, and whose recen intrigues with the English Ambassador had shown tha although his power was diminished, his will to wor their ruin was as active as before. Their plot again him, which had been in preparation for some time, wa now ripe for execution. . . . . .

For this purpose many things then assisted. Morto had quarrelled with the Kirk, and lost the confidence o its ministers; he was hated by the people for his avaric and severe exactions during his regency; and his stead adherence to England had made him odious to the friend of the imprisoned Queen, and the party of France. Len nox, therefore, had every hope of success; and to effe his purpose, he employed a man well calculated to cop with such an antagonist. This was James Stewar Captain of the Royal Guard, and second son of Lor Ochiltree, who had already risen into great favour wit the King, and was afterwards destined to act a noted par in the history of the country. Stewart had received learned education; and from the principles of his fathe and his near connexion with Knox, who had married h sister, was probably destined for the Church. But h daring and ambitious character threw him into activ life: he embraced the profession of arms, served as soldier of fortune in the wars of France and Swede visited Russia, and afterwards returned to his own cou try, where he soon won the confidence of the young Kin and the Duke of Lennox, by his noble presence and el gant accomplishments. Beneath these lighter attra tions, however, he concealed a mind utterly reckless an licentious in its principles, confident and courageous t excess, intolerant of the opinions of other men, and u scrupulous as to the means he adopted to raise himse into power.

To this man, then only beginning to develop the qualities, was committed the bold task of arraignin Morton; and to obtain complete proof of his guilt, it wa arranged that Sir James Balfour, who was believed t have in his possession the bond for Darnley's murde and who was himself a principal assassin, should con secretly from France, and exhibit this paper with Mo ton's signature attached to it.

In this last scene of his life, the ex-Regent exhibite the hereditary pride and courage of the house of Dou glas. He had been warned of the danger he in curred, and the storm which was about to burst over hi head, two days before, when hunting with the King But he derided it; and on the last of December, th day on which he fell into the toils, took his place, a usual, at the Council table, where the King presided After some unimportant business, the usher suddenl entered and declared that Captain James Stewart wa

at the door, and earnestly craved an audience. The request was immediately granted ; and Stewart advancing to the table, fell on his knees, and instantly accused Morton of the King's murder. "My duty to your Highness," said he, addressing the King, "has brought me here to reveal a wickedness that has been too long obscured. It was that man (pointing to the Earl) now sitting at this table, a place he is unworthy to occupy, that conspired your royal father's death. Let him be committed for trial, and I shall make good my words."

Amidst the amazement and confusion occasioned by this sudden and bold impeachment, the only person unmoved was Morton himself. Rising from his seat, he cast a momentary and disdainful glance upon his accuser, and then firmly regarding the King, "I know not," he said, "by whom this informer has been set on, and it were easy for one of my rank to refuse all reply to so mean a person ; but I stand upon my innocence—I fear no trial. The rigour with which I have prosecuted all suspected of that murder is well known ; and when I have cleared myself, it will be for your Majesty to determine what they deserve who have sent this perjured tool of theirs to accuse me!" These bitter terms Stewart threw back upon the Earl with equal contempt and acrimony. "It is false, utterly false," he replied, "that any one has instigated me to make this accusation. A horror for the crime, and zeal for the safety of my Sovereign, have been my only counsellors ; and as to his pretended zeal against the guilty, let me ask him, where has he placed Archibald Douglas his cousin ? That most infamous of men, who was an actor in the tragedy, is now a Senator, promoted to the highest seat of justice, and suffered to pollute that tribunal before which he ought to have been arraigned as the murderer of his Prince."

This scene had begun calmly ; but as these last words were uttered, Stewart had sprung upon his feet, and Morton laid his hand upon his sword, when Lords Lindsay and Cathcart threw themselves between them, and prevented a personal encounter. The King then commanded both to be removed ; and, after a brief consultation, the Justice-clerk, who sat at the Council table, having declared that, on a charge of treason, the accused must instantly be warded, Morton was first shut up in the palace, and after one day's interval, committed to the castle of Edinburgh. Even there, however, he was not deemed secure from a rescue ; and his enemies were not contented till they had lodged him within the strong fortress of Dumbarton, of which Lennox, his great enemy, was governor.

On the same day that the ex-Regent was committed, the Council ordered his cousin, Archibald Douglas, to be seized ; and Hume of Manderston, with a party of horse, rode furiously all night to his castle of Morham : but Douglas had escaped, a few hours before, across the English Border, having received warning from his friend the Laird of Long-Niddry, who rode two horses to death in bringing him the news. Lennox and his faction, however, had made sure of their principal victim ; and all was now headlong haste to hurry on his trial, and have the tragedy completed, before any interruption could be made, or any succour arrive. Yet this was not easily accomplished. The story of his seizure had effectually roused Elizabeth. Randolph was despatched on the spur of the moment, to carry a violent remonstrance to the King ; and Lord Hunsdon, her cousin, a proud and fiery soldier, received orders to raise the power of the north, and lead an army into Scotland.

But we must hasten to the close of the scene. Elizabeth and her counsellors talked big and threatened, but did not proceed to decided action ; and the death of Morton was sealed. The open remonstrances of Randolph, and the secret intrigues of the English officials were alike inefficacious ; and the abortive conspiracy against Lennox only hastened the death of Morton, whose ruin was completed by Elizabeth coldly abandoning him, as soon as she lost the hope that he could longer be of use to her,—her undeviating policy.

His enemies were powerful and clamorous against him. Captain James Stewart, the accuser of the ex-Regent, had openly declared, if they by whom he had been urged to this daring enterprise, did not make an end of the old tyrant, he would soon make an end of them. The confession of Whittingham, and of Morton's confidential servants, had furnished his enemies with evidence sufficient to bring him to the scaffold ; and although Angus, Randolph, and Hunsdon still continued their plots, it was found impossible to carry them into execution. One by one the various Earls and Barons, whose assistance had been bought by Elizabeth, dropped off, and made their peace with the stronger party ; till at last Morton was left alone, and nothing remained to be done but to sacrifice the victim.

For this purpose, Stewart, his accuser, and Montrose, were commissioned to bring him from Dumbarton to the capital. In those dark days many prophetic warnings hung over ancient houses ; and among the rest, was one which predicted that the bloody heart, the emblem of the house of Douglas, would fall by Arran. This saying Morton affected to despise ; for the Earl of Arran was dead, and the Hamiltons, his enemies, in whose family this title was hereditary, were now banished and broken men. But Stewart, his implacable foe, had recently procured from the King the gift of the vacant earldom, though the news of his promotion had never reached the captive in his prison at Dumbarton. When Morton, therefore, read the name of Arran in the commission, he started, exclaiming, "Arran ! who is that ? the Earl of Arran is dead." "Not so," said the attendant ; that title is now held by Captain James Stewart." "And is it so ?" said he—the prediction flashing across his memory. "Then, indeed, all is over ; and I know what I must look for."

Yet, although hopeless as to the result, nothing could be more calm or undaunted than the temper in which he met it. During his long imprisonment, he had expressed contrition for his sinful courses ; deplored the many crimes into which ambition and the insatiable love of power had plunged him ; and sought for rest in the consolations of religion, and the constant study of the Holy Scriptures. At the same time, his preparations for the worst had not prevented him from taking as active a part against his enemies as his captivity would allow.

The trial of the ex-regent took place after he had suffered an imprisonment of five months. He denied that he had been implicated in the murder of Darnley ; but admitted that he previously knew that such an attempt was to be made ; and upon this confession he was found guilty. His last moments display much of the self-deceptive nature of a man, whose moral feelings, imperfectly educated, are farther depraved and warped by an evil course of life. When he was found guilty *art and part* of the murder of Darnley, it is said—

The Earl, who had maintained the greatest calmness and temper during the trial, became deeply agitated. "Art and part !" said he, with great vehemence, and striking the table repeatedly with a little baton or staff which he usually carried. "Art and part ! God knoweth the contrary." It is evident that he drew the distinction between an active contrivance and approval, and a passive knowledge and concealment of the plot for Darnley's assassination.

On the morning of the day on which he suffered, some of the leading ministers of the Kirk, with whom he had been much at variance on the subject of Episcopacy, breakfasted with him in the prison, and a long and interesting conference took place, of which the particulars have been preserved, in a narrative drawn up by those who were present. It is difficult for any one who reads

this account, and who is acquainted with the dark and horrid crimes which stained the life of Morton, not to be painfully struck with the disproportion between his expressions of contrition, and his certain anticipations of immediate glory and felicity. The compunction for his many crimes—murder, tyranny, avarice, cruelty, lust, and all the sins which were the ministers of his exorbitant ambition and pride—is so slight, that we feel perplexed as to the sincerity of a repentance which seems to sit so easily. He speaks of the murder of Riccio, or as he terms it, "the slaughter of Davie," in which he acted so prominent a part, without an expression of regret; and appears to have lost almost every recollection of his former life, in his prospect of instant admission into the society of the blessed. Yet all may have been, nay, let us hope all was sincere; and whilst it is vain to speculate upon a state of mind known only to Him who sees the heart, allowance must be made for the character of an age familiar with blood; for the peculiar, and almost ultra-Calvinistic theology of the divines who ministered to him in his last moments; and the possibility of inaccuracy in the narrative itself, which was not read over to him before his death. In speaking of the assassination of the King, he distinctly repeated his admissions made at the trial; affirming that he, in common with many others, knew that Darnley was to be cut off, but did not dare to forewarn him; and adding, that the Queen was the contriver of the whole plot.

These conferences took place on the day in which he suffered; and his friends amongst the clergy had scarcely left him, when his keeper entered his room, and desired him to come forth to the scaffold. He appeared surprised, and observed, that having been so much troubled that day with worldly matters, he had hoped that one night at least would have been allowed him to have advised ripely with his God. "But, my Lord," said the keeper, "they will not wait, and all things are ready." "If it be so," answered he, "I praise God I am ready also;" and, after a short prayer, he passed down to the gate of the palace to go to the scaffold. Here another interruption took place; for Arran, his mortal enemy, was waiting on the steps, and requested him to tarry till his confession, which had been made to the ministers, had been written down, and brought to him for his signature. But this reimmersion into worldly affairs he entreated to be spared. "Bethink you, my Lord," said he, "that I have far other things now to advise upon. I am about to die: I must prepare for my God. Ask me not to write now; all these good men (pointing to the ministers) can testify what I have spoken in that matter." With this Arran professed himself satisfied; but his importunity was not at an end; for he added that Morton must be reconciled to him before he proceeded farther. To this the Earl willingly agreed; observing, that now was no time to reckon quarrels, and that he forgave him and all, as he himself hoped for forgiveness. He then proceeded to the scaffold, which he ascended with a firm step; and turning to the people, repeated, shortly, his confession of the foreknowledge of the King's murder, only suppressing the name of his near relative, Mr Archibald Douglas. He declared that he died in the profession of the gospel as it was at that day taught and established in Scotland; and exhorted the people, if they hoped for the favour of Heaven, to hold fast the same. Mr. James Lawson, one of the ministers, then prayed aloud; and, during this act of devotion, Morton, who had thrown himself, with his face on the ground, before the block on which he was to suffer, was observed to be deeply affected. In his agitation, his whole frame was convulsed with sighs and sobs bursting from his bosom; and his body rebounded from the earth on which he lay along. On rising up, however, his face was calm and cheerful; he shook his friends by the hand, bidding them farewell with many expressions of kindness; and having declined to have his hands bound, knelt down, and laid his neck upon the block. At this awful moment, Mr. James Lawson, stooping forward to his ear, read some verses from the Scripture, which Morton repeated with a firm voice. As he pronounced the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" the axe descended, and the imperfect sentence died upon the lips, which quivered and were silent for ever. The execution took place about four o'clock on the evening of Friday the 2d of June. It was remarked that Fernyhirst, who was known to have been acquainted with the murder of the King, stood in a window opposite the scaffold. He was recognised by a conspicuous feature in his dress—his large ruffles; and seemed to take delight in the spectacle. The people also remarked that Lord Seton and his two sons had taken great care to secure a good view of all that passed, by pulling down a stair which would have intercepted their view of the scaffold.

We have had the less scruple in citing this long and striking passage, as the facts detailed so graphically are very little known, save to the few readers or porers over the historical antiquities of Scotland. The dying words of Morton bring another heavy proof against Queen Mary. With all his self-delusion, and desire to extenuate his own guilt, the false accusation of the captive Queen could not at such a moment serve him. His meditated crimes against her were then known only to himself, and to Elizabeth and her ministers.

French, or in other words, Popish influence revived with the death of Morton; and though Lennox had embraced the Protestant faith, he, with Arran, warmly supported the king's design with regard to Episcopacy, which the ministers of the Kirk regarded as a sort of bastard Popery. This was, in fact, their own project. Nor was this the worst. The king was now secretly intriguing with his mother; and the matter went so far that *mass* was to be restored under French influence. This much is necessary to be told, to introduce some extracts which have aptitude to the present state of things in Scotland, as well as intrinsic interest:—

Mr. John Durie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, sounded a fearful note of alarm, in a sermon which he delivered in the High Church of the city. "The King," he said, "had been moved by certain courtiers, who now ruled all at their will, to send a private message to the King of France and the Duke of Guise, and to seek his mother's blessing. He knew this, he declared, from the very man who was employed in the message—George Douglas, Mary's sworn servant; and he painted in strong colours the deplorable effects which might be anticipated from such a coalition. It was proposed, in these dark counsels, that the King should resign the Crown to his mother, and she convey it again to him, with an assurance, that he should then be acknowledged as King by France, and by the powers of Europe, which, up to this time, had refused him the royal title. And what must inevitably follow from all this? If the transaction were completed, it would be argued, that the establishment of religion, and all other public transactions since the coronation, were null; that the King's friends were traitors, and their adversaries his only true subjects." After the sermon, a remarkable conference took place between the Earls of Argyle and Ruthven, and the ministers, Durie, Lawson, and Davison, in the Council-house. On being pressed as to the French intrigues, Argyle confessed that he had gone too far; but affirmed, that if he saw anything intended against religion, he would forsake his friends, and oppose it to his utmost. To Ruthven, Davison the minister of Libberton, in alluding to the murder of Riccio, used a still stronger argument—"If things," said he, "go forward as they are intended, your head, my Lord, will pay for Davie's slaughter. But Scottish nobles now are utterly unworthy of the place they hold: they would not, in other times, have suffered the King to lie alone at Dalkeith with a stranger, [Lennox,] whilst the whole realm is

going to confusion ; and yet the matter (they significantly added) might be reformed well enough with quietness, if the noblemen would do their duty."

Nor were these warnings and denunciations confined to the nobility. The young King, when sitting in his private chamber in the Palace of Stirling, received an admonition quite as solemn as any delivered to his subjects. It was entered by Mr. John Davison, along with Duncanson, the royal chaplain, and Mr. Peter Young : and Davison, after pointing out the dreadful state of the country, exhorted him to put away those evil councillors who were so fast bringing ruin upon the commonweal, and his own soul. "My liege," said he, "at this present, there are three jewels in this realm precious to all good men—Religion, the Commonweal, and your Grace's person. Into what a horrible confusion the two first have entered, all men are witness ; but as to the third, your Grace hath need to beware, not only of the common hypocrites and flatterers, but more especially of two sorts of men. First ; such as opposed themselves to your Grace in your minority : whereby they have committed offences for which they must yet answer to the laws ; and, therefore, must needs fear the King. Remember the saying, '*Multis terribilis, caveto multos.*' The second sort, are those who are conjured enemies to religion. If (he concluded) your Grace would call to you such godly men as I could name, they would soon show you whom they think to be included in these two ranks." It had been arranged beforehand, that should the young King exhibit any desire to profit by this counsel, Davison was to name the Lairds of Dun, Lundie, and Braid, with Mr. Robert Pont and Mr. James Lawson, two of the leading ministers ; but James, after hearing the exordium, and observing, hurriedly, that it was good counsel, started off from the subject, and broke up the interview. . . . . .

The Kirk at this time possessed, amongst its ministers, some men of distinguished learning, and of the greatest courage. Durie, Lawson, Craig, Lindsay, Andrew Melvil, Thomas Smeton, Pont, Davison, and many others, presided over its councils ; and *formed a spiritual conclave which, in the infallibility they claimed, and the obedience they demanded, was a hierarchy in everything but the name.* Eloquent, intrepid, and indefatigable, they had gained the affections of the lower classes of the people ; and were supported, also, by the increasing influence of the burghs and the commercial classes. Animated by such feelings, wielding such powers, and backed by such an influence, it was not to be expected that they would be easily put down. The great cause of Episcopacy, on the other hand, was supported by the young King, who was himself no contemptible theologian ; by the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Arran, and a large portion of the old nobility.

While the ministers of the Kirk were in a high state of exasperation at the attempt made to install Montgomery in the Bishoprick of Glasgow, to which he had been appointed by the influence of Lennox, who was to pocket the greater part of the revenues of the See, a messenger arrived from the Duke of Guise, ostensibly with a present of horses for the young king, though it was suspected that he had a deeper errand. It was besides alleged that this Signor Paul had been one of the most active and remorseless murderers at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is not, therefore, wonderful that he was peculiarly obnoxious to the Protestant ministers. John Durie, mentioned above, instantly rode to Kinneil, now Arran's castle, to remonstrate with the king, who was then living there, and to dissuade him from receiving the envoy of the Guises :—

Meeting Signor Paul in the garden, the minister hastily drew his cap over his eyes, declaring he would not pollute them by looking on the devil's ambassador ; and, turning to the King, rebuked him sharply for receiving gifts from so odious a quarter. "Is it with the Guise," said he, "that your Grace will interchange presents—with that cruel murderer of the saints ? Beware my liege, I implore you, (he continued,) beware with whom you ally yourself in marriage ; and remember John Knox's last words unto your Highness—remember that good man's warning, that so long as you maintained God's holy Gospel, and kept your body unpolluted, you would prosper. Listen not, then, to those ambassadors of the devil, who are sent hither to allure you from your religion." To this indignant sally, James, overawed by the vehement tone of the remonstrant, quietly answered, "that his body was pure ; and that he would have no woman for his wife who did not fear God and love the Evangell."

From Kinneil, Durie returned to Edinburgh, where his zeal flamed up to the highest pitch ; and, transforming the pulpit, as was the practice of those times, into a political rostrum for the discussion of the measures of the Government, he exposed the intrigues of Lennox, the schemes of the Queen-mother, and the profligacy of the Court, in such cutting and indignant terms, that he was immediately summoned before the Council, and ordered to quit the city.

Lennox carried matters with a high hand against the Kirk ; but instead of intimidating, his rigorous proceedings only stimulated the ministers to bolder resistance, and even to retaliation. It must be acknowledged that the clergy then had somewhat stronger grounds of opposition than a "Strathbogie case." Mr. Tytler thus describes this singular epoch :—

The country, at this moment, must have presented an extraordinary picture : the pulpits rang with alternate strains of lamentation and defiance. Patrick Simpson, alluding to the fate of Durie, declared, that the principal link in the golden chain of the ministry was already broken. Davison, a firmer spirit, whose small figure and undaunted courage had procured him from Lennox the *sobriquet* of the "*petit diable*," exhorted his auditors to take courage, for God would dash the devil in his own devices ; and, on the 27th of June, an extraordinary Assembly of the Church was convened in the capital, to meet the crisis which, in the language of the times, threatened destruction to their Zion.

The proceedings were opened by a remarkable sermon, or lecture, which Andrew Melvil delivered from the pulpit of the New Kirk. He chose for its subject the 4th chapter of the first Epistle to Timothy ; and, in speaking of the fearful trials and heresies of the "latter days," inveighed, in no gentle terms, against the audacious proceedings of the Court. The weapon now raised against them, he described as the "bloody gully of absolute power." And whence, said he, "came this gully ? —From the Pope.—And against whom was it used ?—Against Christ himself : from whose divine head these daring and wicked men would fain pluck the crown, and from whose hands they would wrench the sceptre. These might be deemed strong expressions, he added, but did not every day verify his words, and give new ground for alarm ? Need he point out to them the King's intended demission of the crown to his mother ? Was not the palpable object of this scheme, which had been concocting these eight years past, the resumption of her lost power, and with it the reëstablishment of her idolatrous worship ? Who were its authors ? Beaton Bishop of Glasgow, and Lesly Bishop of Ross. And by what devices did this last-named prelate explain their intentions to the imprisoned Princess ? To the letters which he sent, he had added a painting of a Queen, with a little boy kneeling at her feet and imploring her blessing ; whilst she extended one hand to her son, and with the other pointed to his ancestors, as if she exhorted him to walk in their footsteps, and follow their faith.

At this Assembly, it was warmly debated whether Durie was bound to obey the sentence of banishment—a point upon which opinions were much divided. The Provost and Magistrates contended that they must exe-

cute the law which had pronounced the sentence, or become amenable to its penalties. One party of the ministers, taking a middle course, advised that two of their brethren, Mr. David Ferguson and Mr. Thomas Buchanan, should be sent to remonstrate with the King. But from this the fiery Davison loudly dissented. "Ye talk," said he, "of reponing John Durie. Will ye become suppliants for reinstating him whom the King had *no power* to displace; albeit, his foolish flock have yielded!" At this, Sir James Balfour started to his feet, and fixed his eyes sternly on the speaker. Balfour was notorious as one of the murderers of Darnley; yet, having been acquitted of that crime by a packed jury, he had resumed his functions as an elder of the Kirk. Such a man was not likely to overawe the bold minister; and he undauntedly continued. "Tell me what flesh may or can displace the great King's ambassador, so long as he keeps within the bounds of his commission!" Saying this, he left the Assembly in great heat, perceiving that the question would be carried against him, which accordingly happened; for, on the resumption of the debate, it was determined that Durie should submit, if the Magistrates, who belonged to his flock, insisted. They did so: and that very evening, he was charged not only to depart from the town, but not to reside within the freedom and bounds of the city. About nine o'clock the same night, he was seen taking his way through the principal street of the city, accompanied by two notaries, and a small band of his brethren; among whom were Lawson, Balcanquel, and Davison. On reaching the Market-cross, he directed the notaries to read a written protestation, which attested the sincerity of his life and doctrine; and declared, that although he obeyed the sentence of banishment, no mortal power should prevent him from preaching the Word. Upon this, placing a piece of money in the hands of the notaries, he took instruments, as it was termed; and, during the ceremony, Davison, who stood by his side, broke into threats and lamentation. "I too must take instruments," cried he; "and this, I protest, is the most sorrowful sight these eyes ever rested on: a shepherd removed by his own flock, to pleasure flesh and blood, and because he has spoken the truth. But plague, and fearful judgments, will yet light on the inventors." All this, however, passed away quietly, except on the part of the speakers; and the denunciations of the minister appear to have met with little sympathy. A shoemaker's wife in the crowd cried out, if any would cast stones at him, she would help. A bystander, also, was heard to whisper to his neighbour, looking with scorn on the two protesters, "If I durst, I would take instruments that ye are both knaves."

Mr. Tytler's authority for this is Calderwood's MS. History. This virago, who with her own party merits to rival the fame of Jenny Geddes, was named Urquhart. She had been "a sore troubler of the Kirk" in Morton's time.

While the conflict between the Kirk and the King, or rather Lennox, raged at the highest, the Gowrie Conspiracy, known in Scottish annals as the *Raid of Ruthven*, burst like a thunder-clap upon the nation, and was hailed by the ministers as a signal deliverance for the Kirk. The king was at length rescued from his evil counsellors, and in Protestant hands; and Mr. John Durie was brought back in triumph to the capital as the first-fruits of victory. Two thousand of the citizens walked in procession before him, singing the 124th Psalm; while Lennox, looking on from a high window, tore his beard for anger. The leaders of the Kirk were already in active communication with Gowrie, who if not immaculate either in principles or conduct, was in the meanwhile recommended to them by reasons of expediency. These scenes are all fresh in Mr. Tytler's pages.

In the midst of these events occurred the death of Buchanan, to whom one modern party will think that Mr. Tytler has done scanty justice, while another may allege that he has over-strained charity in judging of the most noted republican and leveller of an age which Buchanan's penetrating spirit had far outrun; both in speculating upon the principles of civil government, and on ecclesiastical affairs. Mr. Tytler's eloquent testimony to the great mental qualities of this eminent man, will, however, not affect the character which he has generally obtained for nice discrimination and dispassionate judgment:—

In the midst of the commotions which followed the Raid of Ruthven, occurred the death of Buchanan, a man justly entitled to the epithet great, if the true criteria of such a character are originality of genius, and the impression left by it upon his age. His intellect, naturally fearless and inquisitive, caught an early and eager hold of the principles of the Reformation; and having gone abroad, and fallen into the toils of the inquisition, persecution completed what nature had begun. In politics he was a republican; and his famous treatise "De Jure Regni apud Scotos," was the first work which boldly and eloquently advocated those principles of popular liberty, then almost new, and now so familiar to Europe. In religion he was at first a leveller, and with the keen and vindictive temper which distinguished him, exerted every effort to overthrow the Roman Catholic Church; but, in his later years, when the struggle took place between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, his sentiments became more moderate or indifferent; and latterly he took no part in those busy intrigues of the Kirk and its supporters, which terminated in the Raid of Ruthven. Of his poetical works, so varied in style and so excellent in execution, it is difficult to speak too highly; for seldom did a finer and more impassioned vein of poetry flow through a Latinity that, without servile imitation, approached so near to the Augustan age. In his history of his native country he is great, but unequal: his was not the age of severe and critical investigation; the school in which he studied was that of Livy and the historians of ancient Rome, in which individuality and truth is often lost in the breadth and generality of its pictures. But in their excellencies, he has equalled and sometimes surpassed them. The calm flow of his narrative, his lucid arrangement, the strong sense, originality, and depth of his reflections, and the ease and vigour of his unshackled style, need not dread a comparison with the best authors of the ancient world. The point where he fails is that where they too are weakest—the cardinal virtue of truth. It is melancholy to find so much fable embalmed and made attractive in his earlier annals; and when he descends later, and writes as a contemporary, it is easy to detect that party spirit and unhappy obliquity of vision, which distorts or will not see the truth.

In an interesting letter quoted by the best of his biographers, and written not long before his death, he tells his friend, that having reached his seventy-fifth year, and struck upon that rock beyond which nothing remains for man but labour and sorrow, it was his only care to remove out of the world with as little noise as possible. With this view he abstracted himself from all public business; left the Court at Stirling, and retired to Edinburgh; where, on the 28th September, 1582, his wishes were almost too literally fulfilled: for amid the tumult and agitation which succeeded the Raid of Ruthven, his death took place in his 76th year, unnoticed, unrecorded, and accompanied by such destitution, that he left not enough to defray his funeral. He was buried at the public expense in the cemetery of the Grey Friars: but his country gave him no monument; and at this day the spot is unknown where rest the ashes of one of the greatest of her sons.

The arts of dissimulation, the political hypocrisy,

which circumstances almost compelled James to adopt, even in childhood, and on which he came to take pride, while he dignified paltry deceit and gross insincerity by the gentle name of "Kingcraft," are more fully traced by Mr. Tytler in their minuter ramifications than by any previous Scottish historian. James made great progress in kingcraft while in the hands of Gowrie, and daily besieged by the Kirk ministers; who could not slip so favourable an occasion to mould the young monarch to their wishes. He pretended to be perfectly reconciled to the expulsion of his favourite, Lennox, who had repaired to the English court; but when it became a matter of debate whether an ambassador ought to be received from the French king,—"the bloody Tiger" and "Idolater,"—James demurred, and in one of the formal debates, then so much in vogue, fairly confuted the divines sent to instruct him in international law. James contended, that—

> Should an envoy come from the Pope, or even from the Turk, still he must receive him. This Lawson stoutly controverted; but the King not only maintained his point, but took occasion to blame the abuse with which this minister had assailed the French monarch. "As for that," said they, "the priests speak worse of your Grace in France, than we of the King of France in Scotland."—"And must ye imitate them in evil?" retorted James.—"Not in evil," was their answer, "but in liberty. It is as fair for us to speak the truth boldly, as they boldly speak lees [lies]; and if we were silent, the chronicles would speak and reprove it."—"Chronicles," said James, "ye write not histories, when ye preach." Upon which Davison whispered in Lawson's ear, that preachers had more authority to declare the truth in preaching, than any historiographer in the world. Gowrie then observed, that as hasty a riddance as might be, should be got of the French Ambassadors; and the ministers took their leave, but Davison lingered for a moment behind his brethren, craved a private word in the King's ear, and remonstrated *sotto voce* against his profane custom of swearing in the course of his argument. "Sir," said he, "I thought good to advertise you, but not before the rest, that ye swore and took God's name in vain too often in your speeches." James was nowise displeased with this honest freedom; but, accompanying the reverend monitor to the door of the Cabinet, put his hand lovingly upon his shoulder, expressed his thanks for the reproof, and, above all, lauded him for the unusually quiet manner in which it had been administered.
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> No such reserve or delicacy, however, was shown by the ministers to the French Ambassadors; and Monsieur de Menainville—a man of great spirit—was compelled to vindicate their privileges in his first public audience. It had been debated by the Kirk, with a reference to their arrival, whether private *masses should be permitted under any circumstances;* and aware of this, he had scarcely risen from kissing the King's hand, when he put on his cap, and boldly claimed the privileges which belonged to his office. "I am come," said he, "from the most Christian King of France, my Sovereign, to offer all aid to the establishment of quietness; and being an Ambassador, and not a subject, I crave to be treated as such; and as I have food allotted for my body, so do I require to be allowed the food of my soul,—I mean the Mass; which if it is denied me, I may not stay and suffer a Christian Prince's authority and embassy to be violated in my person." This spirited address made much noise at the time; and drew from Mr. James Lawson, on the succeeding Sabbath, a counterblast of defiance, in which, seizing the opportunity of elucidating the mission of the King of Babylon, he "pointed out the French ambassage," and denounced Mons. de Menainville as the counterpart of the blasphemous and railing Rabshakeh. Nor was this all: the indignation of the Kirk was roused to a still higher pitch, when the King commanded the magistrates of the capital to give (as had been usual in such cases) a farewell banquet to De la Motte Fenelon. This Ambassador now proposed to return to France, leaving his colleague, Monsieur de Menainville, to watch over the interests of that kingdom in Scotland; and nothing could equal the abuse and opprobrious terms which were employed, to convince men of the horror of such a proposal. Even the sacred ornament of the Cross, which La Motte, who was a Knight of the Order of "Saint Esprit," wore upon his mantle, was described as the badge of Antichrist; and when the influence of the ministers was found insufficient to stay the feast, a solemn fast was proclaimed for the same day, to continue as long as the alleged profane entertainment was enacting. At this moment, the scene presented by the capital was extraordinary. On one side the King and his courtiers indulging in mirth and festive carousal; whilst, on the other, was heard the thunder of the Kirk, and its ministers "crying out all evil, slanderous, and injurious words that could be spoken against France;" and threatening with anathema and excommunication the citizens who had dared to countenance the unhallowed feast.

The pealing of the bells of St. George's, to summon Kirk-Defence meetings, or to hurl defiance at the Court of Session, is but child's-play to this. After the death of Lennox, which happened in France, and the emancipation of the king from the hands of Gowrie, James published a vindication of the memory of his favourite, who, he affirmed, had died steadfastly adhering to the reformed doctrines, which, after living for some time in Scotland, he had embraced. But the dying professions of Lennox did not satisfy the ministers; and the following graphic scene occurred in consequence of their unchristian aspersions of the king's favourite:—

> One of them affirmed that, as he thirsted for blood in his lifetime, so he died in blood: an allusion to the disease of which he was reported to have fallen the victim. This harsh attack upon his favourite justly and deeply offended the King; and Lawson, the author of the calumny, having been commanded to appear at Court, he, and a small company of his brother ministers, repaired to Dunfermline, and were carried into the presence chamber. Here, owing to the recent changes, they found themselves surrounded with the strange faces of a new Court. Soon after the King entered, and, whilst they rose and made their obeisance, James, to their astonishment, took not the slightest notice, but passing the throne, which all expected he was to occupy, sat down familiarly upon a little coffer, and "eyed them all marvellous gravely, and they him, for the space of a quarter of an hour; none speaking a word; to the admiration of all the beholders." The scene, intended to have been tragic and awful, was singularly comic; and this was increased when the monarch, without uttering a syllable, jumped up from his coffer, and, "glooming" upon them, walked out of the room. It was now difficult to say what should be done. The ministers had come with a determination to remonstrate with their sovereign against the recent changes; and he, it was evident, enraged at their late conduct, had resolved to dismiss them unheard; but, whilst they debated in perplexity, he relented in the Cabinet, to which he had retired, and called them in. Pont then said they had come to warn him against alterations. "I see none," quickly rejoined the King; "but there were some this time twelvemonth, (alluding to his seizure at Ruthven:) where were your warnings then?"—"Did we not admonish you at St. Johnston?" answered Pont. "And, were it not for our love to your Grace," interrupted Mr. David Ferguson, "could we not easily have found another place to have spoken our minds than here?" This allusion to their license in the pulpit made the

King bite his lip; and the storm was about to break out, when the same speaker threw oil upon the waters, by casting in some merry speeches. His wit was of a homely and peculiar character. James, he said, ought to hear him, if any; for he had demitted the Crown in his favour. Was he not Ferguson, the son of Fergus the first Scottish King? and had he not cheerfully resigned his title to his Grace, as he was an honest man and had possession? "Well," said James, "no other King in Europe would have borne at your hands what I have." —"God forbid you should be like other European Kings!" was the reply; "what are they but murderers of the saints?—ye have had another sort of upbringing: but beware whom you choose to be about you; for, helpless as ye were in your cradle, you are in deeper danger now."—"I am a Catholic King," replied the monarch, "and may choose my own advisers." The word Catholic was more than some of the ministers could digest, and would have led to an angry altercation, had not Ferguson again adroitly allayed their excited feelings. "Yes, brethren," said he, turning to them, "he is a Catholic, that is, a universal King; and may choose his company as King David did, in the hundred and first psalm." This was a master-stroke; for the King had very recently translated this psalm into English metre, and Ferguson took occasion to commend his verses in the highest terms. They then again warned him against his present Councillors; and one of the ministers, stooping down, had the boldness to whisper in his ear, that there was no great wisdom in keeping his father's murderers, or their posterity, so near his person. Their last words were stern and solemn. "Think not lightly, Sir," said they, "of our commission; and look well that your deeds agree with your promises, for we must damn sin in whoever it be found: nor is that face upon flesh that we may spare, in case we find rebellion to our God, whose ambassadors we are. Disregard not our threatening; for there was never one yet in this realm, in the place where your Grace is, who prospered after the ministers began to threaten him." At this, the king was observed to smile, probably ironically, but he said nothing; and, as they took their leave, he laid his hand familiarly on each. Colonel Stewart then made them drink, and they left the Court. I have given this interview at some length, as it is strikingly characteristic both of the Prince and the ministers of the Kirk.

It is the many fresh incidents thus related which give vitality to the pages of this history; and instead of dry, meagre narrative, convert its records into a dramatic representation of facts.

The overthrow and execution of Gowrie, the punishment of his friends, and the ascendency of Arran, upon which events a new light is thrown, were followed by those sweeping forfeitures and confiscations, the hope of which was, generally, as much as the love of power or thirst of vengeance, the moving-spring of so many of the conspiracies and revolutions attending the early period of the reign of James. The following passage affords a vivid picture of the scramble for plunder which usually took place in Scotland after such convulsions:—

Nothing was heard of, from day to day, but prosecutions, arrests, forfeitures, and imprisonments; whilst Arran, and the nobles and barons who had joined his party, exultingly divided the spoil. The immense estates of the family of Douglas were eagerly sought after: and Davison, in a letter to Walsingham, conveyed a striking picture of the general scramble, "with the misery and confusion of the country. . . . . .

"Bothwell hath been an earnest suitor for Coldingknowes; but hath yet obtained no grace: he hath gotten the grant of Cockburnspeth; Sir William Stewart hath Douglas; the Secretary Maitland, Boncle; and the Colonel, Tantallon: all belonging to Angus, whose lady doth yet retain her dowry. The Colonel hath, besides, the tutory of Glammis, with the Master's living. Huntley hath gotten Paisley and Buquhan's lands; Montrose, Balmanno, belonging to George Fleck; Crawford hath gotten the Abbey of Scone; Montrose the office of Treasurer and the Lordship of Ruthven; Arran, Dirleton, Cowsland, and Newton: all some time belonging to Gowrie, whose wife and children are very extremely dealt withal. Athole stands on terms of interdicting, for that it is suspected he will relieve and support them. Glencairn hath taken the castle of Erskine; the Laird of Clackmannan hath spoiled Alloa; both belonging to the Earl of Mar, whose living is yet undistributed, save the Lordship of Brechin, which is given to Huntley. The Laird of Johnston hath gotten Locharnell, belonging to George Douglas. The living of the rest in exile being like to follow the same course."

The incessant plots and intrigues of the unfortunate Queen Mary, if the schemes, to regain power, of one who still considered herself a sovereign princess,—the longings of a captive to recover liberty,—deserve such harsh epithets, had, during much of this interval, kept Elizabeth in a ferment of doubt and apprehension, which produced their natural consequences, distrust and hatred. The crooked, yet deep and dexterous policy with which Elizabeth at this critical period played off parties against each other, alike false to them all, and true only to her own interests as these varied with the hour, is very forcibly set before the reader; and the "three modes of policy" carried on at the same instant by the English Queen are elucidated, for the first time, by the correspondence preserved in the State-Paper Office. In pursuance of one of these lines of policy, Elizabeth had sent her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, to have a personal interview with the now powerful and insolent Arran; which was held in Foulden Kirk, on the borders of the kingdoms. What passed at this long private conference we must leave unnoticed, to usher in a new personage, destined to act an important part in the drama, and one whose perfidy and turpitude have never before been revealed to the world in all their diabolical blackness. This was the Master of Gray, a young nobleman at this time in the suite of Arran, and already as high in favour with the king as with the patron whom he was scheming to supplant:—

On coming out of the church, Arran called for the Master of Gray, a young nobleman of his suite, and introduced him to Hunsdon. It was impossible not to be struck with the handsome countenance and graceful manners of this youth. He had spent some time at the Court of France; and, having been bred up in the Roman Catholic faith, had been courted by the house of Guise, and employed by them as a confidential envoy in their negotiations with the captive Queen of Scots. He had always professed the deepest attachment to this unhappy Princess; and the young King had, within the last year, become so captivated with his society, that Mary, who had too rapidly trusted him with much of her secret correspondence, sanguinely hoped that his influence would be of the highest service to her, in regaining a hold over the affections of her son. But Gray, under an exterior which was preëminently beautiful, though too feminine to please some tastes, carried a heart as black and treacherous as any in this profligate age; and, instead of advocating, was prepared to betray the cause of the imprisoned Queen. To her son the young King, and the Earl of Arran, he had already revealed all he knew; and he now presented a letter from James his master, to Hunsdon. Its contents were of a secret and confidential kind, and related to the conspiracies against

Elizabeth, which gave this Princess such perpetual disquiet. After enjoining on Hunsdon the strictest concealment of all he was about to communicate from every living being, except his royal mistress, Gray informed him that the King of Scots meant to send him speedily as Ambassador to England, with some public and open message to Elizabeth; under colour of which, he was to be intrusted with the commission of disclosing all the secret practices of Mary. Had Hunsdon kept his promise, we should have known nothing of all this; but, next morning, he communicated it to Burghley, in a letter meant only for his private eye. It is to the preservation of this letter, that we owe our knowledge of a transaction which brings the young King, and his favourite, the Master of Gray, before us in the degrading light of informers: the one betraying his mother; the other selling, for his own gain, the secrets with which he had been intrusted by his sovereign. This is so dark an accusation, that I must substantiate it by an extract from the letter in question: "Now, my Lord," said Hunsdon, addressing Burghley, "for the principal point of such conspiracies as are in hand against her Majesty, I am only to make her Majesty acquainted withal by what means she shall know it—yet will I acquaint your lordship with all. The King did send the Master of Gray, at this meeting, to me, with a letter of commendation, under the King's own hand, whom he means presently to send to her Majesty, as though it were for some other matters; but it is he that must discover all these practices, as one better acquainted with them than either the King or the Earl, (but by him.) He is very young, but wise and secret, as Arran doth assure me. He is, no doubt, very inward with the Scottish Queen, and all her affairs, both in England and France; yea, and with the Pope, for he is accounted a Papist; but for his religion, your lordship will judge when you see him; but her Majesty must use him as Arran will prescribe unto her; and so shall she reap profit by him.

The farther development of the Master of Gray's character and practices, are worthy of so hopeful a commencement. Nor was he solitary in villany, though unmatched in treachery and perfidy. Those who then ruled the country, and the instruments ready and willing by the foulest means to work their pleasure, exhibit Scotland in a more hideous moral aspect than it is seen even in times the most barbarous. The great and prominent actor at this period was the Earl of Arran, whose daring and ambitious career has never before been so ably and fully traced:—

On his return from the conference at Foulden Kirk, he was welcomed with cannon by the castle; a ceremony, as it was remarked, never used but in time of Parliament, and to the King or Regents: and when, soon after, summonses were issued for the meeting of the three Estates, all the country looked forward with alarm to a renewal of the proscriptions and plunder which had already commenced against the exiled lords. But the reality even outran their anticipation. Arran, assisted by his lady, a woman whose pride and insolence exceeded his own, domineered over the deliberations of Parliament; and, to the scandal of all, insisted on those Acts, which they had previously prepared, being passed at once without reasoning. Sixty persons were forfeited; many were driven to purchase pardons at a high ransom; and the unhappy Countess of Gowrie was treated with a cruelty and brutality which excited the utmost commiseration in all who witnessed it. This lady, a daughter of Henry Stewart, Lord Methven, on the last day of the Parliament, had obtained admission to an antechamber, where, as the King passed, she hoped to have an opportunity of pleading for herself and her children; but, by Arran's orders, she was driven into the open street. Here she patiently awaited the King's return, and cast herself, in an agony of tears, at his feet, attempting to clasp his knees: but Arran, who walked at James's hand, hastily pulled him past, and pushing the miserable suppliant aside, not only threw her down, but brutally trode upon her as the cavalcade moved forward, leaving her in a faint on the pavement. Can we wonder that the sons of this injured woman, bred up in the recollection of wrongs like these, should, in later years, have cherished in their hearts the deepest appetite for revenge?

Immediately after the Parliament, the King repaired to his palace at Falkland; whilst Arran, Montrose, and the other lords of his party, now all-powerful, remained in Edinburgh, engaged in pressing on the execution of the late Acts, for the confiscation and ruin of their opponents. Of these, by far the most formidable was the Earl of Angus; who, although banished, and now at Newcastle, retained a great influence in Scotland. He was the head of the Presbyterian faction in that country, the great support of the exiled ministers; and it was his authority with Walsingham, that traversed Arran's and James's schemes for a league between England and Scotland, on the broad basis of the establishment of Episcopacy. It was resolved, therefore, to cut off this baron; and Arran, and his colleague Montrose, the head of the powerful house of Graham, made no scruple of looking out for some desperate retainer, or hired villain to whom they might commit the task. Nor, in these dark times, was such a search likely to prove either long or difficult. They accordingly soon pitched upon Jock or John Graham of Peartree, whom Montrose knew to have a blood feud with Angus; sent a little page called Mouse to bring the Borderer to Edinburgh; feasted and caressed him during the time of the Parliament, and carried him afterwards to Falkland, where the two Earls, and the King, proposed to him not only to assassinate their hated enemy, but to make away with Mar and Cambuskenneth, his brother exiles, at the same time. Jock at once agreed to murder Angus, and was promised a high reward by the young monarch; but he declined having anything to do with Mar or Cambuskenneth, with whom he had no quarrel; and he left the palace, after receiving from Montrose a short matchlock, or riding-piece, which was deemed serviceable for the purpose in hand. But this atrocious design was not destined to succeed. The villain, who was probably lurking about in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, was detected and seized, carried before Lord Scrope, compelled to confess his intention; and information of the whole plot was immediately transmitted by Scrope to Walsingham. The English Secretary recommended, that the discovery should be kept a secret from all, except Angus and Mar, who were privately warned of the practices against them; and it is from the confession of the Borderer himself, which he made before Scrope, that these particulars are given. The intended assassin thus described his interview with the King: After stating that he had arrived late at night at the palace, they brought him, he said, into the King's gallery, where he [the King] was alone by himself: and only he, Montrose, and Arran, and this examinant, being together, the King himself did move him, as the other two had done, for the killing of Angus, Mar, and Cambuskenneth: to whom he answered, that for Mar and Cambuskenneth, he would not meddle with them; but for Angus, he would well be contented to do that, so as the King would well reward him for that. And the King said, he would presently give him sixty French crowns, and twenty Scottish pound land to him and his for ever, lying in Strathern, near Montrose.

These facts are so distinctly and minutely recorded in the manuscript history of Calderwood, who has given the whole of Graham's declaration, that it was impossible to omit them; but although there is little doubt of the truth of the intended murder, as far as Arran and Montrose are concerned, it would be, perhaps, unfair to believe in the full implication of the young King, on the single evidence of this Border assassin. To return, however, from this digression to Arran's headlong career. His hand, which had recently fallen so heavily on the nobility, was now lifted against the Kirk. Proclamation was made that all ministers should give up the rental of their benefices; and that none should receive

stipend but such as had subscribed the new-framed policy, by which Presbytery was abrogated and Episcopacy established. As was to be expected, many of the clergy resisted, and were commanded to quit the country within twenty days: nor were they permitted, as before, to take refuge with their banished brethren in England or Ireland.

The people, very naturally, both from principle and sympathy, took the part of the oppressed ministers, of whom some remained in their livings, openly braving the court, and preaching resistance; and there is a rough honesty in the rudest of their homilies, which, together with their indomitable courage, entitle these successors of John Knox to respect. The tyrannical policy of Arran and the king, so far as the latter may be regarded as a free agent; and their violation of the laws and the rights of conscience, had made the resistance of the ministers a duty and a virtue. Yet comparatively few of them withstood the arbitary acts by which the Episcopal form of religion was thrust upon the country; the hour of trial found many of their number faltering. A letter written by an exile named Hume, describing the deplorable condition of the Kirk and the country at this time, states that "the ministers betwixt Stirling and Berwick had submitted with only ten exceptions." And it is also stated,—

That the Laird of Dun, the most venerable champion of the Kirk, had so far receded from his primitive faith as to have become a pest to the ministry in the north; that John Durie, who had so long resisted, had "*cracked his curple*" at last, and closed his mouth; that John Craig, so long the coadjutor of Knox, and John Brande, his colleague, had submitted; that the pulpits in Edinburgh were nearly silent—so fearful had been the defection—except, said he, a very few, who sigh and sob under the Cross. His own estates, he added, had been forfeited, his wife and children beggared; and yet he might be grateful he was alive, though in exile, for at home terror occupied all hearts. No man, said he in conclusion, while he lieth down, is sure of his life till day.

One of Elizabeth's three modes of policy had been to flatter the captive Queen with hopes of release from her long imprisonment. But if Mary was dangerous and dreaded while in confinement in England, she must have been much more dangerous if at liberty, whether in England, in Scotland, or in France; and no very serious intention of restoring her to freedom seems at any time to have been entertained.

No long period intervened ere Babington's Conspiracy was organized, and detected; and Elizabeth's minister, Walsingham, by means of his spies, and by intercepting Mary's letters, was craftily possessing himself of that evidence which, by proving her treason against his royal mistress and the commonwealth of England, was to justify her being brought to the scaffold. The participation which Mary actually and directly had in that foul plot, and the authenticity of some of the documents brought forward at her trial, as proofs of her guilt, are examined by Mr. Tytler carefully, critically, and at great length; both in the body of his history and in an elaborate note, which if it may not carry complete conviction to every mind, must at least raise doubts as to the guilt of the Queen of Scots in the main fact of being an instigator, or privy to the design, of Elizabeth's assassination. He however pronounces Mary's connexion with Babington's Conspiracy one of the most involved and intricate portions of the history of the two kingdoms. That it had ramifications in Scotland, and was favoured by Mary's partisans there, is not attempted to be denied; and many circumstances tend to show, that though not personally or directly connected with those atrocious designs, Mary must have been suspicious if not aware of them. Her daring scheme of instigating the King of Spain to invade England, dethrone Elizabeth, and re-establish the Catholic religion in Great Britain, is detailed at length in her own words. That design is not denied; nor that to carry it into execution the unhappy queen, long tantalized with the hope of freedom, and now in the nineteenth year of her captivity, proposed to give up her son to the King of Spain or the Pope; make her partisan, Lord Claud Hamilton, Regent of Scotland, and compel James either to embrace the Roman Catholic faith, or forfeit his right to the crown. Her correspondence on this her final design, with her emissaries and the Spanish ambassador, proves that the captive queen had become as dangerous to the King of Scotland as to the Queen of England and the Protestant religion. Of this plan of Mary's to regain her liberty, and also sovereign power, Mr. Tytler remarks:—

Here, then, was Mary's plan minutely detailed by herself; in which Spain was to "set on England," as she expressed it; Lord Claud Hamilton to be made Regent in Scotland; her son, in the event of his refusal to turn Catholic and combine against Elizabeth, to be seized, imprisoned, and coerced into obedience.

The vigour and ability with which the whole is laid down, needs no comment; and the Scottish Queen omitted no opportunity to encourage her friends in that great enterprise which was now regarded as the forlorn hope for the recovery of her liberty, and the restoration of the Catholic faith in Britain. All this time, however, Mary had no communication with Ballard.

Ballard was a seminary priest, who, with several other individuals, had undertaken to murder Elizabeth; or, in other words, to be the agents in accomplishing Babington's plot. Previously warned, though she must have had a shrewd guess of what was going forward, Mary "prudently" abstained from communicating with Ballard. Whether she was equally prudent in the case of Babington must, after all that Mr. Tytler has ingeniously and acutely urged, remain, and probably for ever, a matter of controversy—a question of conflicting evidence; since the implication of Walsingham and his agent Phelipps, does by no means fully clear Mary. Her plot for the invasion of England, with all its fearful consequences, was, at all events, simultaneous with Babington's and Ballard's plan of assassinating Elizabeth; and if Mary alone remained ignorant of that design, many of her most trusted adherents were cognizant of it. Her agent Morgan, who had taken refuge in France on the detection of Throckmorton's plot, with which both he and his mistress were connected, and who, though not given up to Elizabeth, was thrown into prison by the King of France, busily continued his intrigues in behalf of Mary, and must have been perfectly aware of the nefarious designs of Ballard. Ballard, as a

measure of caution, and for her safety, was warned not to attempt to hold any communication with Mary, nor to compromise her; but Mr. Tytler states —and it is not easy to reconcile the notion of Mary's entire ignorance with such an admission—that,

She had been informed by Morgan, in a letter written from his prison, that such an agent was in England labouring busily in her behalf, but that there were strong reasons why she should avoid, for the present, all communication with him. "He followeth (said he) some matters of consequence, the issue whereof is uncertain; wherefore, as long as these labours of his and matters do continue, it is not for your Majesty's service to hold any intelligence with him at all, lest he, or his partners, be discovered, and they, by pains or other accidents, discover your Majesty afterwards to have had intelligence with them, which I would not should fall out for any good in the world. And I have specially warned the said Ballard (he continued) not to deal at any hand with your Majesty, as long as he followeth the affairs that he and others have in hand, which tend to do good, which I pray God may come to pass; and so shall your Majesty be relieved by the power of God.

In a postscript of a letter of Morgan's to Curle, Mary's French secretary, written on the same, which was intercepted and deciphered by Phelipps, an indirect allusion was made to these practices of Ballard against the life of Elizabeth. "I am not unoccupied (said he) although I be in prison, to think of her Majesty's state, and yours that endure with her, to your honours; and there be many means in hand to *remove the beast that troubleth all the world.*"

Mary therefore entered into no correspondence, at least with Ballard; though her correspondence on the subject of "the great enterprise"—namely, the invasion of the kingdom by Spain—was actively carried on with Morgan, Paget, Mendoza the Spanish ambassador, and others. But Walsingham had long been weaving his snares around her, and the unhappy Queen was, by this time, completely meshed. Mr. Tytler speaks with just reprehension of the base system of espionage employed by the English minister; and yet he acquits Walsingham of the heavier charge of having, by a stratagem, drawn Mary on to renew her correspondence with Babington, that he might obtain fresh proofs of her guilt. As to the rest, if dangerous and treasonable plots are hatched, they must be detected. Walsingham had corrupted the principal person, Gilbert Gifford, through whom Mary transmitted her letters to her partisans. They were by these means regularly intercepted, deciphered, copied by Phelipps, and the originals forwarded to their destination. Mr. Tytler endeavours to establish the fact of Mary's letters having been tampered with, and added to, in order to draw information from Babington about the individuals connected with him; and he has successfully shown that Phelipps, the decipherer, was a man quite capable, "for State reasons," of writing spurious letters. Yet it is not easy to imagine any motive that he could have had for committing a villany that was to be confined entirely to his own bosom, and do him no advantage; and this leaves us to the alternative of the connivance of Walsingham and Paulet, who, if not actual parties to Phelipps' fraud, must, at least, have winked very hard. That the originals of Mary's alleged letters to Babington were not produced on her trial, does not quite establish the fact that they never existed; and her denial, in the circumstances in which she was placed, scarcely carries conviction, since she at first attempted also to deny the authenticity of other letters, regarding the plan of Spain invading England, and giving up James to the King of Spain or the Pope, which she afterwards tacitly admitted. Mr. Tytler has embraced the favourable side of the controversy, and supported it with great ingenuity. He has, besides, the authority of Lingard, and the assumption of Robertson, to strengthen his case; and yet the matter remains doubtful.

But whatever had been the secret practices of the Queen of Scots with foreign powers, with her former subjects of Scotland, or with Elizabeth's Roman Catholic subjects, and whatever the extent of her guilt, the hour of heavy retribution was drawing nigh, and that, as we have seen, while the poor victim was in full security.

There is no part of Mr. Tytler's work more effective than the pathetic record of the last days of Queen Mary; her arrest, trial, and execution. We fear that he may, with some persons, lay himself open to the grave charge which Burghley brought against the unhappy Queen on her trial, of "intending, by long artificial speeches, to move pity; and to lay all blame on the Queen's [Elizabeth's] majesty." He has certainly written from the heart; and, with all her frailties and all her crimes, the sad story of the Queen of Scots is one to move to pity and ruth the most severe of her judges; since, at the last, it was not as a guilty woman that Mary suffered, but as a political victim,—as the martyr of a cruel State necessity, sacrificed on the most forced or insufficient evidence. If our object were merely to select a popular extract, we should now copy out the trial scene of the deserted Princess, or the pathetic narrative of her last hours. But the part acted by Elizabeth, at this juncture, is of deeper interest to the historical reader, and to the student of the human heart; and it offers more novelty. Whatever doubts rest upon the degree of knowledge which Mary had of the scheme to assassinate "*the Beast that troubled all the world;*" there is no doubt whatever about the eagerness of Elizabeth to procure the death, by secret practices, of the condemned Queen. Elizabeth foresaw both danger to her own life, and the greatest odium in a public execution; though the spirit generally evinced in England, and especially in London, at this period, gave little apparent cause for apprehension. To Mary's appeals the Queen paid no attention; and the interposition of James, and the remonstrances of the King of France through a special ambassador, excited her hottest ire. The French ambassador—

After many affected delays, Elizabeth received in unusual state upon her throne, and heard his message with a flashing eye and flushed and angry countenance. She restrained her feelings, however, sufficiently to make a laboured reply, pronounced a high encomium upon her own forbearance, promised a speedy and definite answer, protracted the time for more than a month, by the most frivolous excuses, and, at last, drove the Ambassador to declare, that if Mary was executed, his master must resent it. The English Queen, fired at this threat, demanded whether his master had empowered him to use such language; and having found that it was war-

ranted by Bellievre's instructions, wrote a letter of lofty defiance to Henry, and dismissed his envoy.

James, who had been made acquainted by Elizabeth's ministers with the kindnesses which his mother had intended for himself, was not, at first disposed to interfere.

Monsieur de Courcelles, who was then in Scotland, received instructions from the French King to incite the young monarch to interfere for Mary; but he replied, that his mother was in no danger, and as for the conspiracy, she must be contented, he said, to drink the ale she had brewed. He loved her as much as nature and duty bound him; but he knew well she bore him as little good will as she did the Queen of England: her practices had already nearly cost him his crown, and he could be well content she would meddle with nothing but prayer and serving of God.

But when the danger of his mother became imminent, he was somewhat moved, and sent, first Sir William Keith, and afterwards Sir Robert Melvil and the Master of Gray, to intercede for her and appease Elizabeth. The selection of the last individual leads Mr. Tytler to doubt of the sincerity of James's desire to save his mother; nor can it be questioned that the peril of his own succession to the English crown lay nearer his heart than the life of a parent whom he had had no great reason either to love or to respect. We make the less scruple to cite the following passages, as they are in substance new in any Scottish history hitherto published:—

"On Keith's arrival at the English Court, Elizabeth and her ministers attempted to frustrate the object of his mission, by the usual weapons of delay and dissimulation. When at last admitted, the Queen affected the utmost solicitude for Mary's life; but represented herself as driven to extremities by the remonstrances of her ministers and the fears of her people. "And yet," said she, turning to the Ambassador, "I swear by the living God, that I would give one of my own arms to be cut off, so that any means could be found for us both to live in assurance. I have already," she continued, "saved her life, when even her own subjects craved her death; and now, judge for yourselves, which is most just, that I who am innocent, or she who is guilty, should suffer!" Repeated interviews took place, and Elizabeth, on one occasion declared, that no human power should ever persuade her to sign the warrant for Mary's execution. But in the mean time, the sentence against her had been made public. Leicester, Burghley, and Walsingham advised her death. The people, alarmed by reports of the meditated invasion by Spain, and new plots against their Princess, became clamorous on the same subject; and James, agitated by the ill success of Keith, sent him new instructions, with a private letter written in passionate and threatening terms. On communicating it to the English Queen, she broke into one of those sudden and tremendous paroxysms of rage, which sometimes shook the Council-room, and made the hearts of her ministers quail before her. It was with the greatest difficulty that she was prevented from chasing Keith, who had spoken with great boldness, from her presence. But Leicester her favourite at last appeased her; and, on the succeeding day, she dictated a more temperate reply to the young King.

His next messengers were instructed to say, that their master's meaning "was modest, not menacing:"—

In her first interview with these new Ambassadors, Elizabeth received their offers with her characteristic violence. They proposed, that Mary should demit her right of succession to the English Crown to her son. "How is that possible?" said the Queen; "she is declared 'inhabil,' and can convey nothing." "If she have no rights," replied Gray, "your Majesty need not fear her; if she have, let her assign them to her son, in whom will then be placed the full title of succession to your Highness." "What," said Elizabeth, with a loud voice and great oath; "get rid of one, and have a worse in her place! Nay, then I put myself in a more miserable case than before. By God's Passion, that were to cut mine own throat; and for a duchy or an earldom to yourself, you, or such as you, would cause some of your desperate knaves to kill me. No, by God! your master shall never be in that place." Gray then craved, that Mary's life might at least be spared for fifteen days, to give them time to communicate with the King: but this she peremptorily refused. Melvil implored her to give a respite, were it only for eight days. No," said Elizabeth, rising up, and impatiently flinging out of the apartment, "not for an hour."

While the fate of Mary was thus hastening to a close, James ordered the ministers of the Kirk to pray for his unhappy mother, and received a peremptory refusal. This we notice, as Mr. Tytler appears to mistake the principle of their refusal, which could not have been to deny to any dying sinner, to the vilest condemned criminal, the benefit of their prayers, but to deny the king's right to issue any mandate assuming a spiritual jurisdiction over the Kirk. On the selfsame principle, when George the Fourth and the Privy Council, having first erased the name of another unhappy queen from the English Liturgy, next commanded the ministers of the Kirk of Scotland to omit the name of Queen Caroline in their public prayers, some of the best and ablest of the body resisted this encroachment upon the spiritual independence of the Kirk, and regularly prayed for the Queen. This much explained, we give the curious, and we admit very indecent scene; though we can no more admire the interference of the Royal Guard, than the folly or audacity of the minister, who might, after his violent "intrusion," have done all that was necessary to maintain the independence of the Kirk, without outraging the natural feelings of mankind, and his Christian duty.

It was at this time that the Scottish King, having required the ministers of the Kirk to pray for his unhappy mother, then in the toils of her enemies and daily expecting death, received a peremptory refusal. This was the more extraordinary, since James had carefully worded his request so as to remove, as he thought, every possibility of opposition; but finding himself deceived, he directed Archbishop Adamson to offer up his prayers for the Queen, in the High Church of the capital. To his astonishment he found, on entering his seat, that one of the recusant ministers, named Cowper, had preoccupied the pulpit. The King addressed him from the gallery, told him that the place had been intended for another; but added, that if he would pray for his mother, he might remain where he was. To this, Cowper answered, that he would do as the Spirit of God directed him; a significant reply to all who knew the history of the times, and certainly amounting to a refusal. A scene of confusion ensued. James commanded Cowper to come down from the pulpit: he resisted. The royal guard sprang forward to pull out the intruder; and he descended, denouncing woe and wrath on all who held back; declaring too, that this hour would rise up in witness against the King, in the great day of the Lord. Adamson then preached on the Christian duty of prayer for all men, with such pathetic eloquence, and so powerfully offered up his intercession for their unfortunate Queen, that the congregation separated in tears, lamenting the obstinacy of their pastors.

To return to Elizabeth,—to Henry the Eighth's

own daughter, whom Mr. Tytler has so vividly painted:—Whilst "reports," diligently spread, performed the modern office of a ministerial press, and kept alive alarm in the public mind—

The Privy-council held repeated meetings, and pressed Elizabeth to give her warrant for the execution; Leicester, Burghley, and Walsingham, entreated, argued, and remonstrated, but she continued distracted and irresolute between the odium which must follow the deed and its necessity; at last, amid her half sentences and dark hints, they perceived that their mistress wished Mary to be put to death, but had conceived a hope they would spare her the cruelty of commanding it, and find some secret way of despatching her; she even seemed to think, that if their oath to "the association" for her protection did not lead to this, they had promised much, but actually done nothing. From such an interpretation of their engagement however they all shrunk. The idea of private assassination was abhorrent, no doubt, to their feelings; but they suspected, also, that Elizabeth's only object was to shift the responsibility of Mary's death from her shoulders to theirs; and that nothing was more likely than that, the moment they had fulfilled her wishes, she should turn round, and accuse them of acting without orders. Meanwhile, she became hourly more unquiet, forsook her wonted amusements, courted solitude, and often was heard muttering to herself a Latin sentence taken from some of those books of Emblemata, or Aphorisms, which were the fashion of the day: *Aut fer aut feri; ne feriare, feri.* [Either strike or be stricken; strike lest thou be stricken.] This continued till the 1st of February, when the Queen sent for Mr. Davison the Secretary, at ten in the morning. On arriving at the Palace, he found that the Lord Admiral Howard had been conversing with Elizabeth on the old point, the Scottish Queen's execution; and had received orders to send Secretary Davison to her with the warrant, which had already been drawn up by Burghley the Lord Treasurer, and lay in his possession unsigned. Davison hasted to his chamber, and coming instantly back with it and some other papers in his hand, was called in by Elizabeth, who, after some talk on indifferent topics, asked him what papers he had with him. He replied, divers warrants for her signature. She then inquired whether he had seen the Lord Admiral, and had brought the warrant for the Scottish Queen's execution. He declared he had, and delivered it into the Queen's hand; upon which she read it over, called for pen and ink, deliberately signed it, and then looking up asked him whether he was not heartily sorry she had done so. To this bantering question he replied gravely, that he preferred the death of the guilty before that of the innocent, and could not be sorry that her Majesty took the only course to protect her person from imminent danger. Elizabeth then commanded him to take the warrant to the Chancellor and have it sealed, with her orders that it should be used as secretly as possible; and by the way, said she, relapsing again into a jocular tone, "you may call on Walsingham and show it him: I fear the shock will kill him outright." She added that a public execution must be avoided. It should be done, she said, not in the open green or court of the castle, but in the hall. In conclusion, she forbade him absolutely to trouble her any farther or let her hear any more till it was done; she, for her part, having performed all that in law or reason could be required.

The secretary now gathered up his papers, and was taking his leave, when Elizabeth stayed him for a short space; and complained of Paulet and others, who might have eased her of this burden. Even now, said she, it might be so done, that the blame might be removed from myself, would you and Walsingham write jointly, and sound Sir Amias and Sir Drew Drury upon it. To this Davison consented, promising to let Sir Amias know what she expected at his hands; and the Queen, having again repeated in an earnest tone, that the matter must *be closely handled*, dismissed him.

All this took place on the morning of the 1st of February. In the afternoon of that day, Davison visited Walsingham, showed him the warrant with Elizabeth's signature, consulted with him on the horrid communication to be made to Paulet and Drury; and repairing to the Chancellor, had the Great Seal affixed to the warrant.

Their joint letter to Paulet was accordingly written. It concludes in these terms, having previously dwelt upon the guilt and the sentence of Mary, and the "indisposition of one of the sex and quality" of Elizabeth "to shed blood so near her" as that of the Queen of Scots:—

"These respects we find do greatly trouble her Majesty, who, we assure you, has sundry times protested, that if the regard of the danger of her good subjects and faithful servants did not more move her than her own peril, she would never be drawn to assent to the shedding her blood. We thought it very meet to acquaint you [with] these speeches lately passed from her Majesty, referring the same to your good judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty.—Your most assured friends,

"Francis Walsingham.
"William Davison.

"London, February 1st, 1586."

Sir Amias Paulet was the Sir Hudson Lowe of his day. He had harsh and onerous duties to perform; nor can he, like the men of later times, be supposed to have viewed his troublesome and wayward charge through the softening medium of her beauty, her misfortunes, her tragic fate, and the lapse of three centuries. Mr. Tytler thinks of what Paulet was to his royal prisoner, "cruel and morose;" but he forgets, in telling the story, what his restless and intriguing prisoner was to Paulet. There is, however, no letter in the volume which does human nature, and the individual in question, more credit, than the reply of Paulet, the dogged Puritan, to the epistle of Elizabeth's subservient ministers:—

With the letter, Davison sent an earnest injunction that it should be committed to the flames; promising for his part to burn, or, as he styled it, "make a heretic" of the answer. Cruel and morose, however, as Paulet had undoubtedly been to Mary, he was not the common murderer which Elizabeth took him to be, and refused peremptorily, to have any hand in her horrid purpose. He received the letter on the 2d of February, at five in the afternoon, and at six the same evening, having communicated it to Drury, returned this answer to Walsingham.

"Your letters of yesterday, coming to my hands this present day at five in the afternoon, I would not fail, according to your directions, to return my answer with all possible speed; which [I] shall deliver unto you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy to have liven to see this unhappy day, in the which I am required, by direction from my most gracious Sovereign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. My good livings and life are at her Majesty's disposition, and I am ready to lose them this next morrow, if it shall so please her: acknowledging that I hold them as of her mere and gracious favour. I do not desire them to enjoy them but with her Highness' good liking; but God forbid that I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, to shed blood without law and warrant. Trusting that her Majesty, of her accustomed clemency, will take this my dutiful answer in good part."

This refusal, as we have seen, was written on the 2d February, in the evening, at Fotheringay; and, next morning, (the 3d, Friday,) Davison received an early and hasty summons from Elizabeth, who called him into her chamber, and inquired if he had been with the warrant to the Chancellor's. He said he had; and she asked

sharply why he had made such haste. "I obeyed your Majesty's commands," was his reply; "and deemed it no matter to be dallied with."—"True," said she, "yet methinks the best and safest way would be to have it otherwise handled." He answered to this, that, if it was to be done at all, the honourable way was the safest; and the Queen dismissed him. But by this time the warrant, with the royal signature, was in the hands of the Council; and on that day they addressed a letter, enclosing it, to the Earl of Shrewsbury. This letter was signed by Burghley the Lord Treasurer, Leicester, Hunsdon, Knollys, Walsingham, Derby, Howard, Cobham, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Davison himself. Yet some fears as to the responsibility of sending it away without the Queen's knowledge, made them still hesitate to despatch it. In this interval, Paulet's answer arrived; and as Walsingham, to whom he had addressed it, was sick, (or, as some said, pretended illness,) the task of communicating it to Elizabeth fell on Davison. She read it with symptoms of great impatience; and, breaking out into passionate expressions, declared that she hated those dainty, nice, precise fellows, who promised much, but performed nothing: casting all the burden on her. But, she added, she would have it done without him, by Wingfield. Who this new assassin was, to whom the Queen alluded, does not appear.

The volume closes with the execution of Mary; and often as that tragic tale has been repeated, it loses nothing of interest or pathos in the elegant narrative of Mr. Tytler. This touching incident ends the scene:—

An affecting incident now occurred. On removing the dead body, and the clothes and mantle which lay beside it, Mary's favourite little dog, which had followed its mistress to the scaffold unperceived, was found nestling under them. No entreaty could prevail on it to quit the spot; and it remained lying beside the corpse, and stained in the blood, till forcibly carried away by the attendants.

A copious Appendix, consisting of Proofs and Illustrations of important facts in the volume, and drawn from manuscripts in the State-paper Office, and from other collections hitherto unprinted, to which Mr. Tytler has obtained access, besides stamping the work with authenticity, reveals many curious traits of individual character and national manners.

We have left ourselves little space to notice what we consider the peculiar merits of Mr. Tytler as an historian. These are of no ordinary kind. Shakespeare taught his countrymen a lesson in the art of writing History, by which few of them have yet profited. The English historical style was by many considered to have reached perfection in the stately march of the periods of Robertson; while others preferred the lucid and easy undulating narrative of Hume. Neither of these eminent writers have, like Mr. Tytler, as it were dramatized the great events they recorded, and placed the leading characters of history on the scene before us, surrounded by their natural accessories, and all in action,—each speaking his own very words, and unreservedly expressing the varied and conflicting passions and motives by which he was actuated while these things actually passed. This achievement, which Mr. Tytler has accomplished by ransacking their private and most confidential correspondence,—eaves-dropping, as it were, at their secret conferences and councils, and thus laying bare every throb of their hearts before the spectator,—was, we presume, thought below the dignity of legitimate or classic history; which only dealt in lofty generalities and sweeping results, without seeking to trace or display those great or more minute springs which guided the complex movement. For laboured descriptions, cold, however graceful, he has, in brief, substituted action and vitality.——What we, therefore, consider the peculiar and very decided superiority of Mr. Tytler, is, claiming ampler scope and verge for his narrative; applying, in short, the true principle to the composition of history,—resuscitating its mouldering remains—bidding the dry bones live; and yet, while thus boldly innovating, never once giving the rein to imagination; but, on the contrary, accomplishing his end by a more direct appeal to truth and reality, and to the primary and authentic sources of information and knowledge, than his eminent predecessors, who were contented to walk in the trammels which custom had prescribed. He has in every case gone to the fountain-head; taking nothing for granted, nothing at second-hand, and leaving nothing unexamined. This argues a degree of perseverance and of actual time-consuming drudgery, through which nothing save ardent enthusiasm in the pursuit could have carried an author. The results are corresponding. We have a work valuable for the primary quality of all history,—authenticity, and accuracy, and fulness in the detail of facts; while with the strict fidelity of the portraiture are combined beauty, expression, individuality, and whatever gives assurance that such was the real person—such the very scene.

TO MISS ELLEN TREE, AS "JULIET."

"I never thought before my death to see
Youth's vision thus made perfect."
SHELLEY.

O, LADY! for one glance of Shakspeare's eyes,
From their eternity, upon thee now!
That *he*, e'en here on earth, might recognise
His youthful vision once again, and bow
Before it with youth's fervour. And art thou
But feigning passions which thou mak'st us feel,
As if each tear and vow to love were real?
Thy eloquence of face and "trumpet-tongue,"
Plead with our grosser senses to unseal
Sources of admiration, that belong,
Not merely to the abstract and ideal,
But to our proper nature—to the strong
Of heart, whom neither gold nor steel
Have power to alienate from hopes of human weal.

L. D.

DUGGINS'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY BON GAULTIER.

In my travels up and down the world, I have met with not a few unexpected coincidences; but one more pleasant than my meeting with my old friend, Charles Duggins, on the banks of the Upper Missouri, I certainly never encountered. The last time I had seen him was over the mahogany at my friend Briefless's chambers in the Temple, where, with Sam Lover, Theodore Hook, George Cruickshank, and a few more such spirits, we contrived to produce a very remarkable impression, or rather depression, upon a butt of our host's best Bordeaux. I had a faint recollection of having parted from him near the foot of St. Martin's Lane in the following singular fashion.—We had fallen into the hands of a couple of cabmen, who, seeing us somewhat lively, though not more so than gentlemen ought to be, snapped us up, and, depositing us in the interior of one of Hanson's Patent Safeties, drove us helter skelter down the Strand, till the upsetting of the Patent Safety projected its driver into the window of an oyster shop, and my friend and myself into a gutter unctuous with the mud of three weeks of rain. When I recovered from the stun of my fall, I discovered my friend embracing the curb stone in a very passionate manner,—a living illustration of Virgil's "*procumbit humi bos*;" but I had no opportunity of observing his further movements, as at this moment my hat was knocked over my eyes, and I felt my watch take flight from my fob. Having, with some difficulty, restored my D'Orsay to its position, I rushed after the thief in pursuit,—I need hardly say without effect,—and before I returned to the spot where I had left my friend, he was gone, some good Samaritan having, I presume, set him on his legs, and sent him home in a hackney coach.

Soon after this I left England, and had been wandering to and fro upon the face of the vast earth, till I found myself one fine morning at the most remote hunting-fort of the North American Fur Company upon the Upper Missouri. It was about the end of March when I arrived there; and as the hunters were about to descend the river with their returns of buffalo robes and other peltries, I availed myself of the opportunity of returning in one of their boats to the confines of civilisation.

We had been descending the river for several days, a task of difficulty and danger, which those only who have performed it can appreciate. What between hostile Indians, snags, sunken rocks, rapids, and frost and snow that cut into the bones, the *voyageur's* life presents to the eye of the town-bred man as many *desagrémens* as can well be congregated into a compact space. But the fatigues and sufferings of the day once over, the boat drawn up on shore, the fire kindled, and plenty to eat, you will rarely see a happier fellow than the *voyageur*. Hear his broad laugh ringing among the gigantic rocks, or through the silent forest,—his hearty carol echoing in the moonlight across the onward flowing river, and you would never think that this was the man who all day long had been wrestling with danger and privation, that to a man sitting over his parlour fire would seem to carry certain destruction to the sturdiest frame. Inured as my travels had made me to every species of privation, I was soon familiarized to this mode of life, and enjoyed the wonderful scenery, through which the river swept, with a relish to which your Cockney tourist, who carries, like Dogberry, "everything handsome about him," must be for ever a stranger.

It was early morning, and we had just emerged from a bend in the river where, on either side, precipices rose high above the water, shaped in fantastic forms, like huge monuments, terraces, and cathedral spires; and, turning a creek, came in sight of a stretch of the river where the country was more level, and covered with timber to the water's edge. The sun, which had hitherto been concealed from us by the steepness of the banks, now broke upon our view, suffusing hill, forest, and river with one broad glittering haze of gold, and almost blinding us for a time by the sudden brightness. As the eye became more familiar to the blaze, and better able to discriminate the features of the landscape, I descried, in the deep shadow of the forest on the left bank of the stream, a thin streak of blue smoke rising from the bank, and two figures standing near the point from which it rose.

I pointed them out to my companions; and lest they should prove to belong to a war party of the Indians, who, at this part of the river, are well known to be troublesome, we saw that our guns were in order, and got our ball-pouches ready, in case of a brush. As we neared the figures, they made signs to us to approach, and their gestures soon satisfied us that they did not belong to the Red Men, but came of the same stock as ourselves. Our boat pulled to the shore of the river, which at this point might be about two hundred and thirty yards broad; and never shall I forget the exultation of the poor devils as they hailed us, and we responded in good English to their appeal. The railway traveller who, after a collision, counts his limbs, and finds none of them amissing,—the mariner picked from his raft on the wild and wasteful ocean,—the ironed felon when he is reprieved,—the much-enduring husband when his termagant wife pays the debt of nature—the only debt she ever paid,—these may feel a thrill of transport; but their transport is nothing to that of the man who sees relief approach in the vast solitude, whose silence is broken only by the beatings of his own heart,—where he has, for hours on hours, heard, in imagination, the savage yell of the Indian

ringing in his ears, as the Red Man flourishes the tomahawk over his doomed and defenceless head.

The outward man of my friends and myself was not remarkable for its elegance or refinement; but that of our new acquaintances was a good many degrees less so. The taller of the two had on a red flannel jacket, while his lower extremities were encased in a pair of deer-skin smalls of the amplest dimensions, with fringes about a foot long, sewed by way of ornament into the outside seams. A pair of mocassins, and a round white hat completed his attire. His friend was even more primitively arrayed; his vestments, saving and excepting a short buffalo robe round his loins, and a pair of mocassins, being rigorously limited to those with which nature had endowed him. His skin was agreeably diversified, much after the fashion of a painter's apron, with a variety of ochres of the coarsest kind; and from these, and the feathers stuck into his hair, it was apparent that an attempt had been made to ornament his person upon the Indian model, which had only imperfectly succeeded. I thought that I had seen the faces of our friends before; but when it is considered that one of them was fearfully gashed upon the cheek and brow, and that the other had been partially tatooed, I think I may be forgiven if I did not at once recognise in the former of these forlorn wanderers the immortal N. P. Willis, nor detect in the other the engaging smile of the peerless Duggins.

The first congratulations over, our friends applied themselves vigorously to the provisions which we set before them; and before they had finished their third pound of buffalo steak each, and washed it down with an extra draught of grog, one of them was apostrophizing a lady of the name of "Melanie," while the other muttered something about a child, a very little child, who rejoiced in the name of "little Nell." Hilloah! thought I, whom have we here? and I took a narrower view of the strangers.

"Willis, my boy," I exclaimed, in breathless surprise, as my scrutiny satisfied me of the identity of one of them with the illustrious Penciller, "what the devil brought you into the Far West? Ecod, my fine fellow, you seem to have picked up Pummelings by the Way, in place of Pencillings, this time?"

"Eh, what?" retorted N. P., arresting his molars in the act of mastification, and gazing at me with all his eyes, "Bon Gaultier? No! Is it you? Well, I never!"

"Don't stand gaping there, man, like a stuck pig. Thank your stars I'm not Gibson Lockhart."

"Bon Gaultier? Willis, did you say, Bon Gaultier?" exclaimed the shorter stranger, eyeing me with his large intelligent orbs.

"To be sure I did! I hope you have no fault to find with my pronunciation," responded the bard of "Melanie, and other Poems," bolting a mouthful in a pet, and nearly choking as he did so.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" exclaimed his friend; and, starting from his haunches, he rushed forward, and grasped me warmly by the hand. "You remember Duggins?"

"What!—Charles Duggins?" I replied, "Remember the Author of 'Chuckleby' and 'The Sketches?' Do I remember St. Paul's, or the Aldgate Pump? How can you be so superfluous, my dear fellow, as to ask me if I remember you? By the by, how did you get home that night you and I were spilt from the cab in the Strand—what have you been doing since—and, finally, what in the name of all that is absurd and incomprehensible, brought you to this quarter of the globe? To think of meeting such a pair of shepherds as you and Willis upon the Missouri, and in such toggery as this! Why, your mothers wouldn't know you. You have been getting yourselves into a pretty particular vicious fix, I calculate, as the Yankees say."

"Yankees, Sir,—what do you mean by that?" shouted Willis, reddening up in the face like a turkey-cock in a thunder storm. "The man, Sir, that insults my nation, Sir—"

"Oh, confound your nation!—we all know they speak purer English than the natives in the old country—ay, purer than my friends of Cockaigne themselves," interjected Duggins, in a bland and pacific tone, that operated like oil upon the tempest in a teapot, which our friend N. P. had been getting up on his own account. He cooled down in a moment, and commenced an assault upon the leg of a roast goose.

"Our friend, the Penciller, like all people that have no regard for other people's feelings, is absurdly sensitive," whispered Duggins to me, "in fact, he is one universal raw. You can hardly touch him, but he winces, ever since that merciless scourging he got in the *Quarterly*. But he is really not a bad fellow, though be does bore one dreadfully with that 'Melanie, and other Poems,' of his. Hear him!—there he is at them already, though not half an hour out of the very jaws of death!"

And, true enough, the author of "Musings under a Bridge" was vociferating the following lines *ore rotundo*, while he polished off the thigh bone of the goose, and gazed with glowing eyes upon the scenery before him:—

> "The mountains that enfold
> In their wide sweep the coloured landscape round,
> Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and in gold,
> That guard the enchanted ground."

"Is it not delightful to see such elasticity of mind?" continued Duggins, testifying his delight, by tossing off another sneaker of gin and water. "It is not often that we see such playful outbursts in the world-worn man, rising in the sunshine of fancy, like the glittering jet of some fairy fountain far hid in the gloom of an enchanted garden. The spectre of wishes, hopes, and loves, decaying or decayed, is too apt to fling its shadow across the weary heart. Its bloom, its first dewy freshness is dimmed and trodden away. Our tears are the consuming lava that scars the green mountain side, —not the bright April shower that gemmed the saddest moments of our infancy. When I was a young boy, a very little child;—"

"For mercy's sake, Duggins," exclaimed Willis, bursting into a cold sweat, "don't come that everlasting 'little child' over us just now. Deuce the

hing else have you talked about since we left New ork."

"When I was a young boy—a very little child," ontinued Duggins, with an air of offended dignity—

"A little child, a rosy elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fair round thing, with chubby cheeks,
In jacket blue, and nankeen breeks,

uppose," I chimed in. "Go a-head, Duggins. When you were a very little child—"

"Really, gentlemen, this is too bad. I did not xpect to have the tender vein of sentiment which he retrospect of a bright joyous infancy always uggests to a gentle nature treated with this air of evity."

"Levity! my dear Duggins," replied the Penciller, "I can assure you, these same blessed abies of yours are no laughing matter. There's Smike—poor Smike, and the schoolmaster's boy, he very young boy, quite a little child—and little Nell, not to mention a host of minor fry, that have kept your readers weeping for the last three years like gum trees in the autumn time. Its an almighty shame, it is, to make the public your pocket-handkerchief in this way. You know it's all gammon, and that these same very little children of yours were a set of as greasy, wheasy, puking, puling, dirty-faced little vermin, as ever broke the hearts of their over-wrought mothers, or scorned the familiar use of a pocket-handkerchief. If you want genuine poetry, the sentiment of a Sappho with the eloquence of a Euripides—there's my 'Melanie.'—"

"Not to mention the 'Other Poems.' Not a doubt of it," said I. "By the by, did you ever hear that distich of Fitzgreen Halleck's upon your book? It runs something this way:—

Would you know the last stretch of poetical villany,
Just read, if you can, N. P. Willis's Melanie."

"The everlasting nigger," roared the American Euripides, starting to his feet, and looking as though his skin wouldn't hold him. "Wait till I catch him in Broadway; and if it's a fair fight, and no gouging, burn my old shoes, if I don't beat him to the other end of eternity."

It was fortunate that it was now time for us to pursue our course, otherwise the excitement of the Penciller might have led him to commit some monstrous extravagance. As it was, he merely picked up his rifle, which, by the way, he had christened by the name of "Melanie," and levelled it twice or thrice at an imaginary Halleck, with a very ferocious air. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,"—for N. P. was at that moment the three gentlemen in one,—did no mischief, however, and we all jumped into our keel-boat, and pushed off. The boatmen began to sing one of their songs,—not the washy-washy affair, that Moore has palmed off upon the boarding-schools as "The Canadian Boat Song," —but a vigorous chant, manly in words and music, that chimed well with the wild magnificence of the forest solitudes through which we were sweeping; and away we went, beneath a bright blue sky, right merrily.

A pleasant time we had of it during the next fortnight, which it took us to reach St. Louis. Willis, Duggins, and myself took our share of the work at the boats, whenever we could be of service; and when we were forced to put on shore by the severity of the weather, the high wind, or any other cause, I found my friends no bad hands at bringing down an antelope, an elk, or a bighorn, and even a buffalo upon occasion, in the course of a forenoon's sport. And when we would lay up for the night, and the *voyageurs* were sleeping off the fatigues of the day, and the surfeit with which they invariably wound it up,—for a *voyageur* "beats all nature" at eating,—my literary friends and myself would pile fresh billets on the fire, and laying ourselves down beside it, on our buffalo skins, beguile the darkness with tales of our adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes. Willis would sometimes slop us with his poetry, and Duggins maunder about flowers and the glad sunshine, and young creatures, young and full of hope, stricken down and gathered to their graves; but I threatened the former with Fitzgreen Halleck's distich, and interrupted the other with the familiar carol of "Bye Babby Bunting," and by so doing rarely failed to bring them to their senses.

"This is indeed enjoyment," exclaimed Duggins, on one of these occasions, "a perfectly new sensation, that hopeless *desideratum* of the civilized world! Here, with the broad heavens, and the silent majesty of the stars, canopying our heads, the old primeval forests around us, and the river rolling at our feet, as it has rolled from the beginning and will roll to the end of time,—here, with the vast hush of boundless solitudes awing the heart into devotion too intense for words ——"

"Go a-head upon that figure!" said I, yawning, while the Penciller began to quote—

"Its my delight, on a shiny night,
When my Melanie peeps from her lattice light."

"Here, as I was saying, laid upon the banks of this vast river, by the wolf-scaring faggot," continued the imperturbable Duggins, "and couched upon the shaggy hide of the tremendous bison, that but yesterday shook the prairie with the thunder of his tread——"

"Oh did you not hear of a jolly young buffalo,
That kicked up his heels at the Indian's gruff hallo!"

struck in the incorrigible "Muser under a Bridge."

"Here, as I was saying, in this pathless desert, I know not how it is, but somehow there rise before me bright visions of the homes of men, and all the soft humanities that impart a grace to life. I see fire-lit rooms, with happy faces smiling into the cheerful blaze: the father, his day's anxieties thrown by, and near him the young blossoms of his love,—his children, young boys and girls, very little children—— "

"These infernal children again! Really, Duggins, this is too bad. I'm chawed catawampously, if I stand it," exclaimed Willis, in a state of violent excitement.

"Green lanes, too, smile out before me in the cheerful sunshine, and flowers are springing there, and maids are singing there, in the gladness of their dawning love, and a world of all bright and beautiful things——"

"Oh, confound it, Duggins, keep all that for your next book. May I be shot, if I see any of these bright and beautiful things that you have been palavering about. It's desperately cold, and I feel as if I could pay my addresses to that flask which you've been sucking at for the last quarter of an hour; so pass the rosy, my friend, and give us something in your lively vein. That's all right," I continued, as I caught the flask which he threw across the fire to me; "and now, my fine fellow, fire away!"

"Very well, I confess I was growing sentimental. So here goes.

"I told you," said he, "last night, how the dinner went off, that they gave me on my arrival at New York. The dishes were excellent, the wine undeniable, and the speakers managed to soft-sawder me and themselves with the utmost dexterity,—taking care, though, to let me understand, that though I was a deucedly clever fellow, their own writers were all to nothing a cleverer set, 'by a long chalk,' than I was. I had had a taste of this sort of thing at Edinburgh, however; so I didn't feel much put about. Christopher North had told me in so many words that my works, beside Sir Walter's, and half a dozen other novelists of the north, were very small ale indeed; and a succession of orators, who spoke in strong gutturals, had thrown a man that they called Burns, I think, in my teeth, till I felt about as perplexed as a fly in a treacle-pot, and didn't know how to look. So, you see, when they came to telling me, at New York, to take lessons from Cooper, Fay, Flint, Bird, Sedgwick, *et hoc genus omne*, I did not feel at all strange, but took it rather as a compliment than otherwise. And so, seeing how the land lay, I talked to them about their everlasting fine country, which had given birth to the most everlasting lot of fine writers that ever dirtied paper; and told them how immortal proud I was to see such illustrious men as Halleck, and Bryan, and Peleg Longfellow, and Brown, and Smortolk around me; and then they cheered, and the band struck up 'Yankee Doodle,' and they all looked as lively as skinned eels. But the fancy ball at the Park Theatre, a few nights after, beat the dinner all hollow. Fill your pipes; and, Willis, mind you don't interrupt me with any of these verses of yours, but listen 'with an attent ear,' and I shall give you a full, true, and particular account of

THE DUGGINS FANCY BALL.

"The importunity of our kind friends detained us (nothing loath) so long at the festive board, that our preparations for appearing in fancy costume at this great national fête were necessarily curtailed. For my own part, I acknowledge that the copious draughts of American admiration forced upon me during that memorable evening, not to mention the champagne, were not without their effects. I felt, upon retiring to my apartment, slightly elevated, and would gladly, had it been possible, have pled the excuse of indisposition, and absented myself altogether. But I was conscious that, without me, that vast lamp-lit Transatlantic hall would appear to the mental vision of the spectators, as dark and dreary as the midnigh heaven without the cheerful moon; and mine i not the nature to inflict one pang of disappoint ment upon a single kindly heart, when any sacri fice of my own comfort or convenience can preven the sickly spasm. These reflections, and a coupl of soda powders, restored my equanimity, and proceeded forthwith to array myself in the dre which I had previously selected as the most appro priate for the occasion.

"I was intuitively aware that the extreme goo taste of the company would induce them in man instances to embody in a palpable form those char acters which have emanated with some little feli city from my humble pen. Such marked atten tion I was determined should be met upon my par with reciprocal delicacy: accordingly, as a com pliment to the characteristic features of the grea Republic, I had borrowed the dress and semblanc of one of their most distinguished citizens, and slight appliance of oil and lamp-black, togethe with a becoming disarrangement of the lowe garments, completed the transmutation of Charle Duggins into Mr. James Crow. I had persuade my poetical friends, Mr. Fitzgreen Halleck an Mr. Mullins Bryan, to countenance me in thi scheme, by adopting characters drawn from th unsurpassable fictions of the immortal Cooper and, accordingly, on my return to the drawing room, I was much gratified to find those gentle men attired with surprising fidelity,—the first a Natty Bumppo, the well-known Leather-stocking of the American Scott, and the other as Chingach gook, the Sagamore, with several fathoms of wam pum twisted round his waist, a tomahawk, as large as a coal-hatchet, in his belt, and as many scalps dangling about him as would have made the for tune of a London hairdresser.

"Ain't this the sort of thing, gentlemen?" said I, as, after performing several gyrations round the apartment in imitation of a whirling Derveesh, I struck, with elevated toe and depressed heel, the crowning attitude of the Columbian fakir, as I had seen it performed by Mr. Rice at the Adelphi.

"For I turn about, and wheel about, and do just so,
And every time I turn about, I jump Jim Crow."

"'Tarnal death to me, Bosh," replied Mr. Halleck, in convulsions, "if you a'n't enough to smother a 'possum—you are! But come, be spry! I'm chawed catawampously, if we won't be too late to see the gals splitting their toe-nails by the bushel—we will!"

"O yes!" added Mr. Mullins Bryan, affirmatively, in the strong nasal accent, characteristic of the true Columbian; whereupon we stepped into a coach, and drove straight to the place of festive expectation—the great theatre of New York.

"What pen shall describe the spectacle that awaited us there! How intensely gratifying to him who was the sole theme and object of a nation's homage! The pit of the enormous theatre was boarded over from the centre box to the back scenes, and crowded with animated figures, attired in every variety of gay and glittering costume. The boxes themselves were filled with the *élite* of the American nobility and gentry—all the high

lood, all the intellect, all the beauty of Columbia as there! On one side sate the stately Virginian, ith wide-flowing nankeen pantaloons; his raven-lack glossy hair standing out in unpruned beauty ke a bush of funereal cypress, his sun-burnt heek as brown as the Havannah cigar which he eld within his finely chiselled lips. Beside him as the woodsman from far Kentucky, too sincere f heart to conceal his native forest manners be-eath the high military honours to which he had een self-elected. No! primitive and coatless, in ll the dignified and airy coolness of shirt sleeves, e sate with his Herculean legs thrown carelessly ver the front of the box; his checked shirt un-uttoned, so as to discover the shaggy redundance f a tawny chest, which, from the frequent sidelong lances of bright eyes, seemed to have a *capillary* ttraction for the ladies. The fragment of a pumpkin ie graced one of his hands, and a mighty bumper f gin-sling sparkled in the other. As I gazed n him, I felt my heart stirred with memories of ome, and my eyes moist with sweetest tears; for efore me there rose visions of the polished denizens f the shilling gallery at the Surrey, and the com-ination of refined enjoyment, and gay *abandon*, hich throws such a charm over the audience at Rous's Eagle Tavern, New City Road. Opposite the Kentuckian was the inhabitant of Arkansas, dis-ncumbering his brilliant teeth from dietetic frag-ments with the point of an enormous bowie-knife; nd in conversation with him the more refined D'Orsay of the Broadway, ever and anon ejecting rom his mouth, with careless grace, a jet of saliva inged with the hue of the cherished quid. And he women——but in mercy to myself, I must forbear describing them. Enough to say (and the words fall short of the reality) that all Paradise and New York were there.

"A general shout was raised at our entrance, and the rush towards us was so great, that I, though considerably above the average height of humanity, was in some danger of being over-whelmed. However, my friends, Natty Bumppo and the Sagamore, both men of extraordinary strength, set back to back, and by dint of vigorous kicks administered to the shins of the foremost of the throng, preserved something like breathing room. Halleck was the most emphatic.

"Darn your gander shanks, you cornshucking son of a crocodile!" said he, to a tall gentleman in a leather hunting-shirt, who was pressing pre-cipitately forward, "if you don't stand back from Squire Bosh, I'll be down upon you like a night-hawk on a June bug! Burn my old shoes, you 'tarnal nigger, do you hear me? Sheer off in some-thing less than no time, or I'll be too wrathy for my shirt to hold me; I will!"

"As my friend Mullins Bryan likewise announ-ced his intention of 'gouging' any individual, whose curiosity might overbalance his politeness, and with great liberality volunteered 'to whip his weight in wild-cats,' the ardour of the crowd con-siderably abated; and it was at length agreed that I should make the circle of the hall mounted on the shoulders of my friends, in order that proud America might behold her guest.

"On we went, the crowd gathering around us; bright, burning, blistering eyes darting lightning into mine—music, ringing in my ears, mingled with the shouts of admiration; a human ovation, probably without parallel since the days of Washington.

"Wherever I turned, I was stunned with cries of 'That's Bosh, is it?' 'Who's Bosh?' 'I'm blistered if I know.' 'Ain't he a ring-tailed squeal-ler? Darned if he don't beat all natur!'—'Crikey, which is him?' 'Him berry lubly, Missey Dinah! —I guess, him arn't bigger than a 'coon cub.' 'Garamighty, dat not Bosh; dat Massa Crow!' 'Him much too handsome!' 'Lively, I guess, as a Dutch cheese in the dog-days.'——''Tarnal death! straunger, stand off my corns.' 'Oh, you nigger, open the door and let the lady's heel out!' —'Isn't he the true breed, half horse, half alliga-tor, with a sprinkling of the steam-boat?' 'May I be shot, if he isn't.' 'O wake snakes and walk your chalks!'—'Three cheers for Duggins and independence!'—'That's your sort, old Loco-foco!'—'Take an ideer of drink, straunger?' 'Go a-head, Squire Bosh!' 'Liquor him, and he'll jump Jim Crow!' &c. &c.

"Amidst these and other gratifying exclama-tions, we made the tour of the theatre, when my friends set me down in a state bordering on suffo-cation, and I was formally introduced to the chief dignitaries of the place. This ceremony concluded, the dancing commenced with great spirit, and an elegance truly American, in minute spaces of five feet by four, dug out of the crowd by a *posse* of Kentuckians, who volunteered the assistance of their elbows for the occasion. I felt so much ex-hilarated, that I yielded to the request of some of my fair companions, and jumped 'Jim Crow,' and 'Sich a getting up stairs,' with a vivacity which surprised even myself. I was forced to re-peat this exhibition at various parts of the theatre; for when it became known generally that I danced these national figures, my entertainers were in such ecstasies, that they insisted on my going through them at every corner of the immense ball-room, that every person present might enjoy the sight. It was a fatiguing operation; but I am not one of those who can refuse to gratify the wishes of kindly hearts—"

"Get along, and never mind what you are!" I exclaimed.

"I can give no description of the brilliant scene in language vivid enough to convey the faintest idea of the reality. Even now, it flits before me like the disjointed fragments of those fairy visions which haunt the sleep of children—*very* little chil-dren, in the first bloom of innocence——"

"At these children again," screamed the Penciller!

Duggins continued—"those tender buds sprouting upon the tree of life. My heart is not seared; but yet it has survived its freshness!"

"And no mistake!" remarked Willis, paren-thetically.

"Between the intervals of the dance, I was highly gratified to observe the peculiar talent which many of the company exhibited in their personification of character. Of course, those drawn from my own works were most familiar to

me; and I do not hesitate to say, that the performances, as a whole, were most creditable to the Transatlantic taste and feeling. Here two Messrs. Beerible, undeniable twins, brothers in love and in liquor, fraternally concocted a double sneaker of mint-julep: there, a Sniveller, with stentorian voice, demanded more fluid from the bar, or called upon a congenial Chuckster to circulate the rosy; and there, a John Browdie was making love to a blooming Kate Chuckleby in the choicest accents, and highly figurative language of Tennessee. On one side stood Mr. Winkin, arrayed for metropolitan sport, perfect even to the check of his unapproachable tie, with the sallow neck of a dead gosling depending from his shooting-bag: on the other, a Dolly Farden tripped bewitchingly along, casting sidelong glances of fascination at a representative of the great sea-serpent, who 'swinged the scaly horror of his folded tail' along half the floor of the theatre. But the most distinguished humourist of all was a Barnaby Fudge, who appeared with a real live turkey in his basket, an amazing animal, whose accomplishments fell little short of those possessed by the visionary Gripes. He accosted me thus:

"Ho, straunger! don't you know Barnaby, poor silly Barnaby, who can grin the bark off a gum-tree? You'll liquor us, master, won't you, for it's dry talking?—Eh heh?—Won't he, Gripes? won't he, you 'tarnal critter?"

"Gobble! gobble! gobble!—gone 'coon! gone 'coon! gone 'coon! Duggins, stand a sherry cobler; mix a julep up, we'll all have mint!" vociferated the bibulous bird.

"Well said, Gripes! brave Gripes!—Gripes is a knowing one, I calculate," said the fictitious Barnaby, placing his finger on the side of his nose, and edging me towards a side-table. "Mint's the word, eh? I'm from Natchez, where no man dare refuse grog before breakfast, and the pump-water is three-parts rum. Darn your wattles, Gripes! take them out of my tumbler, or I'll switch your tail with a coppersnake; I will!"

"Never say die! Drink's the thing!—Give Gripes a drink!—I'm a julep, I'm a julep, I'm a julep!" screamed the astounding turkey, every feather in its neck standing up like whalebone as it ineffectually pecked at the glass. Exhausted at length, it drew in its head to the basket, and issued copious orders for the immediate preparation of scores of juleps.

"Now straunger, take your change out of that," said Barnaby, shouldering his cudgel. "You won't grudge a dollar to stand treat for a rale genuine rough-neck, I calculate. I'll just step over to Namby-pamby Willis yonder, and bush-whack the old Adam out of the skeary critter, in less time than you'd skin a cockatoo!" So saying, he departed on his mission of mercy.

"By this time Willis had dropt asleep, or there is no saying how fatal the consequences of these personalities might have been.

"I was about to follow," continued Duggins, "when my eye was arrested by an interesting group, which I could not for a moment mistake. It was my fair-haired Nell, the most beautiful of my creations, my own peculiar dream-child, wi her old grandfather!—Yes! there they stood i living, glowing reality, eating macaroons in t lighted theatre of New York!—My heart yearn towards them.

"Come away, dear, do!" said the child, seizi the old man by the arm, "I have had a dreadf dream, and you musn't drink any more gin-sling —Come, and away with me!"

"Yes, but I will though, Nelly," said the o man, "for I'm thirsty—very thirsty.—Wh money have you about you, Nelly dear?"

"Don't now, dear!" said the child. "You' more than three-quarters corned already, and yo old head will be splitting to-morrow like a hicko nut."

"Look a-head for spontaneous combustion said Mr. Chuckster, swaggering up to the table "I'm a gray squirrel, if I won't stand brandy cock tails all round; I will. Straunger—let's liquor.

"I was on the point of complying with this cou teous invitation, when my attention was drawn t a gouging match between two gentlemen of th bar, which was decided in favour of the junio member, who plunged his thumb into the head the senior, and succeeded in forcing the eye fro its socket. This little incident over, dancing n commenced with great spirit: but it is really im possible to describe, with anything like accuracy all the events of this delicious evening. I migh did my modesty not forbid, descant upon the m dallions and decorations, of which the principa was a huge transparency representing the genius of Columbia in the act of crowning a certain indi vidual, and in large letters beneath,

"AMERICA'S WELCOME TO BOSH!"

But I shall forbear, and merely add, that I wen home about two o'clock of the morning, very suffi ciently in beer; that the harmony of the meetin was uninterrupted, save by a few bouts with th bowie-knife, (only five of which proved ultimately fatal;) and that in the words of my illustrious friend, James Langton Bennett: "*It was a nigh long to be remembered*—PERFECTLY PICKWICKIAN."

"Bravo, Duggins," I exclaimed, "that wil make a famous chapter in your forthcoming work on this country. You mean to publish your Im pressions of course?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, with illustrations, by my accomplished friend, Phiz, who, as he has never been in this glorious land, will do it admirably—his imagination being wholly unfettered by reality."

"A decided advantage. And what, pray, was your impression of the New Yorkers upon the whole?"

"Why, between ourselves, they are all very well, so far as dress and looks go, and hospitable enough, no doubt; but may I be whipped, if a more ill-bred, inquisitive, obtrusive set of bores ever worried a poor devil's life out of him. Wherever I went, I was stared at like a mountebank. If I walked abroad, I was not allowed to use my eyes for the crowds that pressed about me; and if I staid at home, I was not allowed a moment's

ace by people calling, that I knew no more of an I do of the New Zealanders. At last I gave t that I was sick—dying—got a day's rest, cked up my traps, and started for Niagara!"

"Well, and what is your opinion of the famous lls?"

"Why, as to that," replied Duggins, "I have d some experience of cascades. That, for inance, at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, has ways appeared to me a triumph of art. The sh of water occasioned by the opening of a cad lock, has ever struck me as one of the sublimest stures in nature; and no external object remains ore vividly impressed upon my mind, than the eat fall of the Water of Leith at Bell's Mills, ow visible from the Dean Bridge at Edinburgh, hich I visited when a young boy, a very little hild,—and again saw during my late visit. Notithstanding, I must confess, that the first view of Niagara took me by surprise. I was, in fact, not repared for it. The enormous volume of water—very ocean—rolling over the stupendous precice, the deafening sullen roar, and the drenching tmosphere of spray, do certainly form objects of ore than common interest. At the same time, the ir is decidedly damp and unpleasant, the temperare considerably below forty of Fahrenheit's scale, nd the Table Rock so sloppy, as to penetrate the hickest shoe."

"Excellent critic!" I exclaimed; calling to mind Yorick's exclamation in a well-known passage.

"I possess," continued Duggins, with a philosophical air, "a strong feeling of the sublime; but I have taken some pains to repress it: for, as a man dwelling among men, I consider the promotion of kindly and social emotions the first duty of existence; and experience has convinced me, that convivial hilarity is rarely to be found coupled with the more majestic attributes of savage nature."

"Spoken like an Aristotle!" cried I; as I blew a lengthened cloud from my calumet.

"*Hongcore!*" vociferated the Penciller, who was dreaming that he was listening to Mrs. Wood from the front seat of the shilling gallery at the Park Theatre, with his own Melanie by his side.

"Fancy Dick Swiveller at Niagara!" continued Duggins, rising in his tone. "Could that gorgeous spectacle awaken in his generous bosom any of the agreeable sensations which the sign of the Goat and Gridiron would inspire? No! Of him it might be said with Byron,

> "He heard it, but he heeded not. His eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away;
> The simple element he did despise—
> But where the tap-room in Whitechapel lay,
> *There* were his pot companions all the day,
> *There* sate the social Chucksters—

"My own feeling, I am not ashamed to say, is much the same."

"Duggins, you're a trump!" was all that I could find power to say, as in speechless emotion I handed him the flask of rum. He took an able-bodied pull at the generous fluid, and resumed.

"And yet I *was* overpowered—very much so, indeed, and so was my companion. *My* first exclamation was—'My eyes!' *Hers* was—'Well, did you ever?' and I believe we both felt the force of the sentiment. If I were asked to give a comparison of Niagara, I should certainly say, that it was like nothing in the world so much as a stupendous green stage-curtain flowing over an unbounded proscenium;—only I should rather think, that no sane spectator would care about a peep at what was going on behind.

"We were gazing at the Falls, when we heard a full musical voice below us, reciting some such verses as these:—

> "Seething with serpent hiss, that might appal
> The mightiest soul, the hell of water's hurl'd
> In thunder o'er the steep, as if that all
> The gods had set their seal, to give the world
> Assurance of a glorious water-fall!"

"There's no snakes," exclaimed our friend Willis, who was with us, in his usual highly figurative style, "if that ain't Mullins Bryan spouting his own verses, the conceited nigger." "And so it was. Mullins Bryan, like myself, had fled the crowd, the hum, and shock of men, to wash off some of the dry dust of weary life in Nature's baptism; and we all returned to the hôtel together, where we made a jolly night of it, and projected that mad-cap expedition, which has landed me here, and left the bones of my poetical friend to whiten upon the prairies. Poor Bryan, thou wert as gentle a heart as ever dined upon roast chicken, or fanned the cheerful flame of sociality with a tumbler of thin negus."

"But what," I inquired, "put you upon making an expedition into the prairies among the savages and men of Inde?"

"You may indeed ask that!" replied Duggins. "I don't know how it was, but we got talking of the state of nature, and poor Bryan grew so eloquent about the prairies, and the rivers, and the mountains, and the buffaloes, and all that sort of thing, that I, who thought of them only as Leigh Hunt did of a withering lampoon, as something pleasant to read of in a book, conceived it might not be a bad idea to see something of the reality. And when Bryan reached the climax of his eloquence, and exclaimed,

> "And then to mark the lord of all,
> The forest hero trained to wars,
> Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
> And seamed with glorious scars,
> Walk forth amid his reign, to dare
> The wolf, and grapple with the bear,

I felt satisfied that they must be a set of very fine fellows, these Indians, and resolved to make their acquaintance. Besides, what knew I but I might find a Pickwick among the Siouxes,—a Tim Linkinwater among the Pawnees,—a Mulberry Hawk among the Crows,—or a Swiveller among the Assinaboins? Bryan, too, wanted some ideas for his poems, and sure enough he stood direfully in need of them; and our friend the Penciller thought he might make a taking book by prying into the domestic secrets of the wigwam, and chronicling the small scandal of the smoking party in the *New York Mirror*. So we resolved to make a start of it, and accordingly off we set for the Indian country.

"We got on uncommonly well for a time, and I dare say should have managed to return home in a whole skin, but for that restless curiosity which, you know, is the besetting sin of our friend. We had spent a day or two with a party of the Blackfeet, with whom we had fallen in, and I had got into high favour with the chiefs, by making sketches of them; my friend Catlin had been among them before, and had inoculated them with a taste for the fine arts. I was looked upon as a great *medicine* man, and my friends and myself were treated with the utmost respect accordingly. But our friend there, not content with observing the manners of the Indians, as they showed themselves openly to us, resolved to take a sly peep of what went on within doors. He watched the moment when a *brave* entered his wigwam with his four young wives; and, creeping in, ensconced himself behind a pile of buffalo robes. What he heard or saw I suppose we shall learn one day from the *New York Mirror*. I never asked him. Suffice it that he had been outwitted in his eaves-dropping for once; for, while he was busy pencilling his observations, he felt himself grasped from behind, and on looking round, a fierce old Indian met his view, flourishing a grisly tomahawk in a playful but ominous manner above his head. Willis, who is a strong-boned fellow, and used to rough work, knocked him over and bolted. Bryan and myself were roused a few seconds afterwards by his calling to us to fly for dear life. In a twinkling we were on our horses' backs, and scouring along the prairie, while the howl of the infuriated Indians in pursuit lent new wings to our fear. However, we contrived to distance them; and morning's dawn, by the best of luck, brought us in sight of one of the Fur Company's forts, where we were admitted, and most hospitably entertained.

"We had not been long there when a host of our pursuers dashed up to to the palisades of the fort, flourishing their tomahawks and daggers, and filling the air with the most unearthly cries of vengeance. Finding that our fortification, however, was too strong for them, they retired. But the Indian, though foiled for a time, forgets not his revenge except in death; and of this we soon had experience.

"My friends and myself were sitting in one of the bastions of the fort one evening, smoking and chatting comfortably about things in general. The evening had been oppressively hot, and I had noticed that the sky was in some places as black as pitch. In a short time the whole firmament round and round was one mass of darkness. The clouds descended till they appeared almost to touch the ground,—the atmosphere was close and suffocating. I remarked to my friends, that, if I mistook not, we were going to have a fearful night. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when we heard a low moaning sound among the ravines. Presently the hurricane commenced, accompanied by the loudest thunder, the most vivid lightning, and the heaviest rain I ever saw. The bastion shook to its foundation. We ran down with all our speed. I lost my hat in crossing the fort; and by the lightning I could see the flagstaff bending like a willow. We reached our apartment in the fort with difficulty, and had scarcely done so when we heard something fall with a loud crash. We thought it was the old bastion, where we had been sitting, and the master of the fort tried to get out to see. After being fairly driven back four times by the wind and rain, he got out, and found the whole range of picquets on one side of the fort laid flat upon the ground.

"Here was a pretty business. The Indians, we knew, were close in the neighbourhood, and our party, which consisted of only eight men in all, besides my friends and myself, could present no opposition to their formidable numbers. So soon as we discovered the calamity, we seized our arms and rushed to occupy the trenches. The hurricane continued. The thunder pealed around us; and the occasional flash of the forked lightning served to add new terrors to the gloom. In about an hour the tempest abated; but not with it did our fears abate, for the crack of half-a-dozen rifles from the forest told us that the Indians were upon us. There was a pause of a moment, and you might have heard a pin fall along our line.

"Save your fire till you can get a view of the rascals," whispered the master of the fort. We did not require to economize it long; for, with a hideous whoop, the Indians dashed from the brake, and in a trice they were within a few yards of us. We fired, and not a ball but did its duty. The foremost *brave* received in his forehead the contents of our friend Bryan's rifle, and, jumping high in air, fell like a log to the earth. What followed is chaos—I saw Willis cutting about him like a Berserkar, giving and receiving gashes on every hand; and I warrant me, many a Blackfoot will carry his mark with him to the grave. Never could I have supposed the author of "Melanie and Other Poems," to have had so much mettle in him. I laid about me in all directions, and was growing faint with wounds, when a sudden blaze flashed out upon the midnight sky.—The fort was in flames! and the blazing pile lighted up the gashed and gory bodies of its unfortunate denizens. I sunk to the ground, alongside of my poor friend Bryan, who had been brought to the embraces of mother Earth by the blow of a club, some minutes before it bestowed a similar compliment upon myself.

"The dying groans of the unfortunate victims had scarcely sunk into the silence of death, when the Indians, hastily collecting their booty, placed my poor comrade, Mullins Bryan, and myself, who were the only survivors, upon two of the wild prairie horses, in the very centre of the cavalcade, and with ferocious yells of triumph, dashed at full speed into the heart of the boundless wilderness. Fettered, wounded, weary, and heart-broken as I was, the rapid motion and violent plunging of the animal which I rode somewhat recalled my energies, and enabled me with more attention to note the singular and terrific aspect of the savage tribe into whose hands I had fallen. Of a truth the survey was by no means encouraging. Conceive sixty or seventy tall, copper-coloured figures, half-naked, streaked over with seams of red and yellow paint, their

faces tattoed with the most grotesque and hideous figures, gory scalps suspended from their waists, porcupine quills thrust through their noses and their ears, and mounted on a troop of infuriated horses as wild and frantic as though possessed by the demoniac spirit of their riders. Such was the ghastly troop that surrounded us,—the terrible and remorseless Blackfeet of the Chip-chow-cherry-chow river!

"With yell, and whoop, and eldritch laughter, we sped through the far Savannah, startling the gray wolf from his lair, and driving furiously through herds of astounded buffaloes. No rest, no refreshment,—not even a drop of water to moisten our parched lips, and allay the burning thirst that was gnawing at our vitals. Morning dawned; the sun glared upon us with intolerable vehemence.—Oh, that ever the blessed sun should become a weariness to man! Huge clouds of dust choked our feeble respiration,—my brain grew dark and dizzy, and I fell into a swoon.

"It was evening when I awoke. We had encamped for the night in a small ravine by the side of a murmuring stream. The clear stars already began to glitter in the dark-blue empyrean. The cool wind breathed upon my fevered brow with more than Elysian freshness. I raised my head with difficulty, and looked round. Our captors were seated by a huge fire, smoking their calumets, and circulating, with remarkable rapidity, several bottles of rum, part of the plunder from the fort. Near me lay Mullins Bryan, bound and shackled, his fine eye fixed with an expression of deadly hatred upon the savage group, and his hands convulsively clenched, as if clutching the fatal bowie-knife. I coughed slightly to attract his attention, and he turned his head.

"'Tarnal death to me, Duggins," said my friend, "if this a'nt a vicious fix, it is! Them bloodthirsty niggers will make mincemeat of us before long, or there's no snakes in Virginny, I reckon."

"Gracious heaven!" said I, "is there no possibility of escape?"

"Ax a 'possum to jump out of his skin!" replied Bryan. "It's as little use trying it as pumping for thunder in dry weather. I know the critters well. They're the bloodiest murdering set of savages in the prairies; and Lord help man, woman, or child, that falls into their hands,—gouging's a joke to it."

"An Indian advanced from the fire, and touched my shoulder. "Is the pale-face sad?" said he, in a tone of playful irony, "will he not drink fire-water with his red brother?" and he put a bottle to my lips.

"I drank, but not eagerly. The Indian observed me narrowly, and continued.

"The pale-face is a great medicine. Is not the fire-water good?"

"It is good," said I, "but I like it better half-and-half, and warm with."

"My brother is foolish," said the savage, with a chuckling laugh. "Fire and water no good together, better plain. Let the pale-face wait. He shall have it 'warm with' soon enough." Then turning to my companion, he ran his hand over his glossy locks, and said laconically,—

"My brother has a fine scalp."

"Darn your mocassins, you tarnation nigger!" shouted Bryan. "Take your obstumpulous fingers from my comb-box, or I'll make an expectoratoon of your gimlet-eye,—I will!"

"The Yenghese is angry. Anger is not good. My brother has a loud voice. Let us hear how he will sing his death-song at the stake."

"I cannot linger on these details. Even now the recollection of what I endured on that most fearful journey unmans me. I feel as if the tragedy were again reacting before me, and my blood curdles at the thought. In mercy to myself I must be short.

"On the evening of the second day we reached the Indian village. It was a hideous place. A circle of wretched, squalid wigwams formed a sort of arena, in the midst of which was planted the terrible war-post, with a heap of resinous faggots at its base. Round it were gathered the squaws of the tribe; lean, cadaverous hags, than whom Alecto must have been less revolting, and Hecate more humane. Children,—very, *very* little children (!) quite naked, like imps of darkness, crawled to and fro, contesting the possession of bones and half-gnawed morsels with the surly and ravenous dogs. Impotent old men, too, sate cowering at the entrance of their huts, shaking their withered hands and muttering curses at us, as, bound and helpless in the middle of the braves, we were led into the middle space, and made to lie down upon the ground, whilst a war-council was held around the pile.

"I'm a gone 'coon, I know," said Mullins Bryan. "They marked me when I shot their chief, the great Bull-turtle, as they called him, and my life isn't worth one of Willis's copyrights. But it's a huckleberry above my persimmon as to what they'll do with you; and so, Duggins, if you get off and return safe to New York, don't forget to tell Congress, that Mullins Bryan died like the American Byron he is, true to the rale principles of freedom, and an uncompromising enemy of all emancipation!"

"I will! I will!" said I, fervently; "and I'll write your epitaph——"

"You'll do it, Bosh,—you'll do it," interrupted Bryan, mournfully. "But you'll not do it well,—half so well as I could have written your'n; but that's past praying for. Only, if you should, just keep out all mention of the *very* little children, will you? in respect that there's a 'tarnation black little imp at this moment a-biting of my leg, and I cant't heel him no how."

"Great men will have their prejudices!

"At last the savages rose. Brandishing their tomahawks and scalping-knives, they rushed towards us, and, joining hands, executed an extempore war-dance around us, to the music of the hideous whoop. That over, an aged, scarred, skeleton figure, father of the fallen chief, stood forth, and spoke as follows:—

"Children of the Chip-chow-cherry-chow! listen to the voice of your Sachem. Seven times ten

summers have past since Smack-whack-girnigo was young; tall as a warpost; spry as the mountain cat. His hand was on the scalp of the Yenghese: his foot on the trail of the buffalo. When the squaws cried for meat he gave it them; his wigwam was full of rum. But years came upon him, and his sinews were as weak as the skunk's. The 'coon sate upon the gum-tree, and laughed as he went by, and the father of the beavers was glad—

"But Smack-whack-girnigo had a son, and he was of the braves. Who was so swift as Calipash-awash, the great Bull-turtle of his tribe? When he smoked the calumet of peace, his breath was like the cloud of the morning; when he raised the war-whoop, the leaves of the forest fell. He filled his father's mouth with food. He gave him the roasted rattlesnake, and the baked opossum to eat, and he made his heart glad with the strong fire-water of the pale-face. But the Yenghese came to the crooked river, and drove the deer from the prairies; the beaver heard them and fled. The redskins dug up the war-hatchet; they threw fire into the fort and took the scalps of their enemies. They came back to the wigwams of their fathers, but Calipashawash was not with them, and Smack-whack-girnigo has a son no more!"

"Here the old savage paused, and the Indians yelled revengefully, with a dissonance more fearful than that of a chorus at Drury Lane.

"But the great Spirit is good. He loves the Chip-chow-cherry-chow. My young men have brought two pale-faces; and Calipashawash shall not go to the far hunting-grounds alone. The death-song of the Yenghese shall cheer him on his way. Let my young men light the pile."

"Swift as lightning this horrid mandate was obeyed. Thick jets of smoke began to rise from the crackling faggots, when the old man turned to us.

"The pale-faces are two," said he, "and death is slow. My young men love to look upon the burning of the brave, and the moon is but newly risen. Which of you will go first to the war-post and sing his death-song, that the ears of the other may be glad?"

"Before I had time to speak, Mullins Bryan burst out:—

"If my hands were free and a bowie-knife in them, you 'tarnation 'coon-faced nigger, I'd tickle your ribs without laughing. Howsomd'ever, I'm shot if I don't die like a free American; and since the best singer's to go first, I'm the man to break the heart of a nightingale. So kindle up your fires, you bloody critters, and do your worst. Duggins, my lad, I'm sorrier for you than myself. This is sort o' nat'ral to a down-Easter like me; but you're a straunger, and can't cotton to the business, no how you can fix it. There'll be talk o' this on Broadway, I reckon, anyhow. One comfort is, the President will be as wrathy as a painter. His shirt won't hold him, and he'll have them 'tarnal *Injines* lynched before six weeks are over, or there's no gougers in Hoboken."

"They tied Bryan to the stake, drew the lighted faggots in a circle round him, that the flames might scorch but not consume him, for the vengeance of the Indian is not easily slaked, and hand in hand resumed their horrid dance, like demons exulting over a fallen seraph.

"Firm and erect, in the midst of the fire, stood the dauntless and indomitable Bryan, no muscle moving, no nerve quivering, in the extremest agony. Pall-like, a huge cloud of smoke soon settled round his head, herald of the martyr's crown of fire, that was soon to envelop it; but from the middle of that funereal canopy, I could hear his manly voice, pouring forth the last impassioned accents of his soul—a dying swan, but alas! perishing in a fiercer element.

The Death-Song of Mullins Bryan.

"Come on, you 'tarnal Mingo!
I'll make you walk your chalks—
D'ye think I care, by Jingo,
For all your tomahawks?
Heap sticks upon your brander
Still higher if you can,
I'm more of salamander,
And less of mortal man;
You cannot shake my dander—
I'm rale American!

"My father was from Boston,
My uncle was Judge Lynch;
So, darn your fire and roasting,
You'll never see me flinch.
Come, pile the faggots bigger!
It's seldom you will see
A fellow of my figure
A-standing at your tree—
You darn'd 'tarnation nigger!
D'ye show your teeth at me?

"'Stir up your bloody natur';
You'll find me very soon
Half horse, half alligator—
With a sprinkling of the 'coon!
I've heard 'tis *Injine* fashions
To look a little spry;
So come, you black assassins,
And heap the faggots high;
And—'Burn your old mocassins,
You bloody imps,' say I."

"So ended the song—and with it, alas! ended the life of the intrepid Bryan. The chief, Smack-whack-girnigo, who had been for some time with difficulty restrained by his braves, now stung almost to madness by the opprobrious epithets lavished upon his race, sprung forward into the fire, and buried his tomahawk in the brain of the brave American. Mullins Bryan fell lifeless among the flames.

"It was now my turn for the sacrifice.—Strange as it may appear, every instant that brought me nearer to that burning pile seemed to give additional calmness and fortitude to my mind. I felt, as a martyr might do, superior to the fiery trial which awaited me, and determined that my bearing, in the last extremity, should not be unworthy of the noble example displayed by the American Byron. I had even (so lucid was my understanding) selected a little poem of my own, entitled 'The Ivy Green,' for my dirge; and doubt not that the wild Indians would have received it *at least* as favourably as an enlightened British public had done before them. But my destiny had decreed that my vocal powers should not be put to the test upon this occasion.

"The cold serpent-like fingers of the savages were already twining round my neck—already the death-damp stood in thick drops upon my brow—when a loud shriek was heard from one of the nearest wigwams. The Indians paused. A child—a very *very* little child—rushed to where I lay, and, flinging her arms around me, exclaimed—

"No, no!—you shall not kill him! He is my father!"

"It was the orphan daughter of Calipashawash, who, moved by a beautiful natural impulse, and perhaps by some indefinable resemblance between her deceased parent and myself, had interposed to save me from the murderous tomahawk. The Indians are a strange people. Another council was held, and, after the consumption of innumerable calumets, and all the remaining rum, it was unanimously agreed that the suggestion of the young lady should be ratified, and the stranger received into the tribe. I see you are getting drowsy, and shall not trouble you with the details of the interesting ceremony which ensued; suffice it to say, that, after a severe tattooing, I was raised to the distinguished rank of chief, under the title of Mastarumfri, or the Great Teller of Stories. A light supper of buffalo's liver, and a warm couch of polecat skins, in the Sachem's wigwam, awaited me, after the fatigue and agitation of the day."

"You don't believe that everlasting nonsense of his, about the very little child, do you?" exclaimed Willis, who had woke up at the mention of Calipashawash's daughter. "That dodge won't fit. But he's got into such a way of talking about young children, that he makes them the *deus ex machina* upon all occasions. I'm clear it was some young squaw took a fancy to him."

"'Pon honour," said Duggins, in a deprecating tone.

"Well, settle it between you," said I. "But, pray, how did you fall in with one another again?"

"Why," said the Penciller, "finding how the fate of our brush with the Indians was likely to go, I remembered me of the saw—

> That he who fights, and runs away,
> May live to fight another day,

and, in the confusion occasioned by the burning of the fort, made my escape, seized one of the horses, and retreated into the wood, where I remained all night. In the morning, I crept to the fort, and found nothing but the blackened timbers, and the bleeding bodies of our friends. Among these, I saw no traces of Duggins there, or poor Bryan; so I concluded they must have been carried off by the Indians. I resolved to follow upon their trail, to gain tidings of them if I could, and, if possible, aid them to escape. At last I came upon the Indian village to which they had been taken, and while hovering about its outskirts, fell in with a young squaw, whom I had purchased, as a temporary wife, from her affectionate parent for half a pound of beads, during the visit which led to such fatal results. Would you believe it? The benighted savage actually preferred the glass to a dozen copies of 'Melanie,' my original tender! You all know the tenderness of the female heart. When she saw me,

> She rose, she flew, she clung to my embrace;

and after I had ascertained that Duggins still survived, I availed myself of her fondness for me, to procure another horse, and to drop a hint to my friend, that I was waiting for him in the neighbourhood. He contrived to give the Indians the slip, joined me, and a couple of days of hard riding brought us to where you found us; and mortal glad were we to see you, you may be sure—for we had been living upon *pomme blanche*, a root that St. Anthony himself would have sickened on, all the time."

"And heartly rejoiced am I, I can assure you, that I should have tumbled over two such pleasant fellows in this outlandish region. But it is wearing late, and we are to start with the dawn. So, let us drain a bumper to the memory of poor Mullins Bryan, double ourselves up in our deerskins, and dream of fresh chapters for our friend Duggins's

'IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.'"

SANDYHOOK, 1*st April*, 1842.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Miss Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, &c. &c. Volume IV. With frontispiece and vignette. Colburn.

THE present volume of this attractive work does not lack for matter. Elizabeth of York, the heiress of the Plantagenet Kings, the "Good Queen" of Henry VII., leads the way to five of the six wives of the royal Blue-Beard, Elizabeth's son. The characters and fortunes of these distinguished women, such as they were, it has been Miss Strickland's object to exhibit unencumbered by public history, or those irrelative details which might interrupt the continuous interest of the several memoirs. "Their sayings, their doings, their manners, their dress, and such of their letters as have been preserved," are faithfully given; and, in order to do this, information has been gathered, both from the public muniments, and private MS. collections of old families and antiquarian collectors. It appears that many of the papers connected with, in particular, the personal expenditure of royalty, have disappeared. We should have hoped that this might have been caused by shame of that profligate expenditure; but Miss Strickland tells an extraordinary story of some *tons* of precious parchments having been boiled up into isinglass, to make jellies, and blancmange—probably, for the City feasts!

It gives a favourable impression of the spirit in which these Lives are composed, to find the author condemning the partial or party views of many historians, and their sycophantic manner of stating facts. "It was not thus," she remarks, "that the historians of Holy Writ performed their office. The sins of David and of Solomon are recorded by them with stern fidelity; for, with the

sacred analists, there is no compromise between truth and expediency." In like manner has she dealt with Henry the Eighth, extenuating nothing. To heighten his vileness, to deepen the shades of his cruel and brutal character, was impossible even to a woman, inspired by the feelings of her sex. But if Miss Strickland has not concealed the frailties and vices of the personages of her narrative, she has dealt with them in a spirit of generous indulgence; allowing for the weakness of humanity, the force of untoward circumstances, and the many temptations which ensnare the fair favourites of princes. The "Good Queen," Elizabeth of York, she loves; Katharine of Arragon, she venerates and admires with enthusiasm; she can view with much indulgence the ambitious career of the wayward, accomplished, and unhappy Anne Boleyn; and Katharine Howard has never before, among her own sex, found so eloquent an advocate or so lenient a judge. The volume is full of Court anecdote, illustrative of manners; and abounds in lively traits of character, painted in the words of the individual described. The abundance bewilders choice; but the following detached passages may convey an idea of the lighter parts of the several narratives. Henry's passion for Anne Boleyn had, by this time, alarmed his delicate conscience as to his marriage with Katharine; and he had resolved to be divorced from his Queen, whom he now called his brother's wife; but the pear was not yet ripe; and——

Henry soothed the poor queen by hypocritical dissimulation, persuading her that the scruple of the Bishop of Tarbes was the sole cause of the point being mooted, and that the ecclesiastical inquiry respecting the validity of her marriage was only instituted that it might never be questioned to the prejudice of their child. With such plausible explanation, Katharine, after a "short tragedy," rested tolerably well satisfied, and waited patiently for the good result promised by the king. To her rival (who was now well known at court to be such) she behaved with invariable sweetness. Once only she gave her an intimation, that she was aware of her ambitious views. The queen was playing at cards with Anne Boleyn, when she thus addressed her,—

"My lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none."

By this gentle reproach, Queen Katharine, in some degree, vindicates the honour of her rival, intimating that Anne Boleyn would be the king's wife or nothing to him. Cavendish, who records this pretty anecdote, likewise bears witness that the queen at this trying crisis "behaved like a very patient Grissel."

While matters remained in this state at court, a dismal pestilence broke out in the metropolis, and several of the royal household dying suddenly, the king, who had made such pathetic harangues regarding the pains he had in his conscience arising from his marriage with the queen, was now seized with a true fit of compunction. Its symptoms were indicated by his sending Anne Boleyn home to her friends, and returning to the company and conversation of his queen, and sharing in her devout exercises. His recreations during this quarantine, were compounding, with his physician Dr. Butts, spasmodic plasters, ointments, decoctions, and lotions. The recipe for one of these precious compositions was made public for the benefit of England, under the name of "the king's own plaster." Moreover the king made thirty-nine wills; and confessed his sins every day.

Henry's penitence was precisely of the same nature as that described in some oft-quoted lines relative to his sable-majesty, "when sick;" the pest abated, the king's jovial spirits returned, he wrote love letters perpetually to his beautiful favourite, and huffed away his wife. The cardinal legate Campeggio having arrived to hold the court of inquiry regarding the validity of his marriage, he was once more elate with hope of long life and a new bridal.

ANNE BOLEYN'S BIRTH-PLACE.

To Blickling was decreed the honour of Anne Boleyn's birth. As Sir Henry Spelman was a Norfolk man, and the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, we think his testimony, borne out as it is by the opinion of the late noble owner of the domain, is conclusive. No fairer spot than Blickling is to be seen in the county of Norfolk. Those magnificent arcaded avenues of stately oaks and giant chestnut trees, whose majestic vistas stretch across the velvet verdure of the widely extended park, reminding us as we walk beneath their solemn shades, of green cathedral aisles, were in their meridian glory three hundred and forty years ago, when Anne Boleyn first saw the light in the adjacent mansion.

The room where she was born was shown, till that portion of the venerable abode of the Boleyns was demolished to make way for modern improvements. Some relics of the ancient edifice have been evidently united to the new building, and the servants were formerly in fear of a domestic spectre, whom they call "Old Bullen." One room in the old house was shut up, on account of the supernatural terrors of the household. It is called "old Bullen's study." There are gigantic statues of Anne Boleyn and queen Elizabeth on the staircase. Gog and Magog in Guildhall are pigmies in comparison to these sculptured queens, yet their proportions are graceful. They are of wainscot, painted white. I saw them when very young, and was much impressed with the fashion of their robes, which are truly royal in amplitude and length. The head-dress of Anne Boleyn's statue is not the coif edged with pearls which bears her name, but is a small bangled hat. The full sleeves are confined to the arm, at regular distances, with strings of pearls.

The first years of Anne Boleyn's life were spent at Blickling with her sister Mary and her brother George, afterwards the unfortunate Viscount Rochford. Thomas Wyatt, the celebrated poet, was in all probability her playfellow; for his father, Sir Henry Wyatt, was her father's coadjutor in the government of Norwich castle, and when the Boleyns removed to Hever castle, in Kent, the Wyatts were still their neighbours, residing at Allington in the same county.

PORTRAIT OF ANNE BOLEYN.

"There was at this time presented to the eye of the court," says the poet Wyatt, "the rare and admirable beauty of the fresh and young lady Anne Boleyn, to be attending upon the queen. In this noble imp, the graces of nature, adorned by gracious education, seemed even at the first to have promised bliss unto her in after times. She was taken at that time to have a beauty, not so *whitely*, as clear and fresh above all we may esteem; which appeared much more excellent by her favour, passing sweet and cheerful, and was enhanced by her noble presence of shape and fashion, representing both mildness and majesty, more than can be expressed." Wyatt is rapturous in his commendations of her musical skill, and the exquisite sweetness of her voice, both in singing and in speaking. In the true spirit of a lover, the courtly poet, when he mentions the malformation of the little finger of the left hand, on which there was a double nail, with something like an indication of a sixth finger, says, "but that which in others might have been regarded as a defect, was to her an occasion of additional grace, by the skilful manner in which she concealed it from observation." On this account Anne always wore the hanging sleeves, previously mentioned by Chateaubriant as her peculiar fashion when in France. This mode, which was introduced by her into the court of Katharine of Arragon, was eagerly copied by the other ladies. Her taste and skill in dress are mentioned even by Sanders, who tells us "she was unrivalled in the gracefulness of her attire, and the fertility of her invention in devising new patterns, which were imitated by all the court belles, by whom she was regarded as the glass of fashion." The same author gives us the following description of her person from a contemporary, not quite so enthusiastic in his ideas of her personal charms as her admirer the poetical Wyatt.

"Anne Boleyn was in stature rather tall and slender,

with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow; one of her upper teeth projected a little. She appeared at times to suffer from asthma. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat there was a protuberance, which Chateaubriant describes as a disagreeably large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamented collar-band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids of honour, though they had never before thought of wearing anything of the kind. Her face and figure were in other respects symmetrical," continues Sanders; "beauty and sprightliness sat on her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing on the lute, she was unsurpassed."

Having thus placed before our readers the testimony of friend and foe, as to the charms and accomplishments of the fair Boleyn, we will proceed to describe the allowance and rules that were observed with regard to the table of the ladies in the household of Queen Katharine, to which Anne was now attached.

Each maid of honour was allowed a woman servant and a spaniel as her attendants; the *bouche* of court afforded ample sustenance not only to the lady herself but her retainers, both biped and quadruped, were their appetites ever so voracious. A chine of beef, a manchet, and a *chet* loaf, offered a plentiful breakfast for the three; to these viands was added a gallon of ale, which could only be discussed by two of the party. The brewer was enjoined to put neither hops nor brimstone into their ale, the first being deemed as horrible an adulteration as the last. The maids of honour, like officers in the army and navy at the present day, dined at mess, a circumstance which shows how very ancient that familiar term is. To the honour of the ladies we have nothing to record of their squabbles at mess. "Seven messes of ladies dined at the same table in the great chamber. Manchets, beef, mutton, ale, and wine, were served them in abundance, to which were added hens, pigeons, and rabbits. On fast days their mess was supplied with salt salmon, salted eels, whitings, gurnet, plaice, and flounders. Such of the ladies as were peers' daughters had stabling allowed them."

Miss Strickland contends, that both Anne Boleyn, and Anne of Cleves, who came to England a Lutheran, and who, for a time, was the hope of the Reformed cause, died Roman Catholics.

Luther, a Poem. By Robert Montgomery, M.A., Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," "The Messiah," "Satan," &c., &c.

Whether is it more desirable for a man to have his writings almost universally abused by the critics and criticlings, and yet to be exceedingly popular in his day and generation; or to be lauded above measure by the press, and neglected by the public? This query comprehends the exact position of Mr. Montgomery. No living author is more heartily abused, and, if we may judge by the number of editions of his works that are sold, no contemporary poet is more generally read. There is in this, to any reasonable rhymer, abundant consolation for ill-natured criticism; and we make no doubt that Mr. Montgomery is perfectly satisfied.

Abused as we understand LUTHER has been, it is nevertheless its author's greatest work; his masterpiece. The subject is among the most lofty that remains in our day to a poet's choice; and if the author has not made the most of that which had been a task for Milton, he has shown, with a generous ambition, no despicable ability in realizing his aspirations. The due concoction of a design so comprehensive, and involving so many minute parts, might have taken much longer time than has apparently been bestowed upon the voluminous epic; and there is certainly abundant scope for the pruning-knife, in its desultory luxuriance. But with all this, there is mingled great excellence, and that copiously. If we do not always feel the power of the poet, then that of the rhetorician, the eloquent declaimer, must be confessed. Though Mr. Montgomery views Luther as the author of a finished work, rather than in what we consider the true light—namely, as a brave pioneer in the march of ecclesiastical and religious Reformations—the attention which his poem will draw to the manly character, and to the genuine Protestantism of the great Reformer, must, at this particular crisis, be productive of much good. It is not possible for the most zealous priest of the Church of England, as by law established, to conjure a Puseyite or a Formalist out of Martin Luther.

An elaborate prose Introduction, giving a sketch of the character and career of Luther, is prefixed to the Poem, for which it is a fitting preparative. Luther is written in blank verse, and divided into sundry sections, or paragraphs, according to a *scheme* announced at the opening. Our specimen is of the level manner of the work, and taken from that division of it entitled "*Characteristics*,"—of Luther, of course.

Genius hath faults, and Luther's none o'erveil.
A brave restorer of departed truth,
No hollow semblance, and no heartless shade,
Came he on earth to manifest or preach.
Manful but rugged; to the centre bold,
His heart beat fiercely, and his blood ran fire,
When Right divine, or diabolic Wrong
Challenged his faith, or forced his feeling out
In action; then the soul's tornado raged,
And shook the spirit to its moral roots!
Stormful and strong, and gusty in his moods,—
Oft the black whirlwind from some ireful cloud
Roused his rent bosom with disturbing rush,
And hurled propriety from off its throne
Amazed and o'er-mastered! His was battle-life—
Great-hearted being! with a lion plunge
Full on the foe, with all his living fire,
Leapt his free soul, magnanimously firm—
And—no surrender!—for the truth must fight,
And faith prove conflict if it stand sincere!
. . . . Like some burly oak,
Whose boughs wage battle with the tearing winds,
And bend, but never break,—his fighting heart
Contended with all mutinies that came
From Prince or Pope; from circumstance or creed,
And grappled with them; or with Samson force
Subdued them,—or himself with glorious fall
Laid prostrate. Sinful oft his moody ire,
And hot afflatus of o'er-heated faith
Betrayed him; unadvised words he spake;
And sometimes when his furnace heart o'er-boiled,
Scattered both friend and foe, with burning froth
And scalding fury! Like a soul on fire,
Intensely real, with his raging glow.
The gentle wondered, and the wise condemned,
To see him thus by evil lightnings rent,
And harrowed; but how soon the tempest died,
And the broad sunshine of forgiving love
Blazed o'er his spirit, like a summer noon
Settled and bright. Not always hot and harsh
Did Nature find him; playful he could be;
For oft that smiting earnestness of tone
Priestly or papal, with a forcing might,
That scorned the false, and cleaved all Faction through,
That flashed with fierceness, like a sword's descent,
Melted away; and like an infant lulled,
Pathetic Luther, all the poet-life
Of purest feeling testified and taught.
Witness ye tears that dropt o'er Tetzel's bed
When reft and dying; and o'er thine that fell
Beloved and lost, and beauteous Madaline!
. . . . . .
Luther had faults,—but can this feeble Age,
When Forms Heroic, such as olden life

Admired and moulded, are to faith and fact
No more,—where little-hearted Truths prevail,—
Where Mammon chiefly is the standard used,
And God's own world (where angel-wings yet play
In secret motion o'er the homes of men)
Is made an Engine, whose mechanic force
A mill may work, a manufacture sway,—
Oh! can this age, so derogate and dead,
The mighty passion, and majestic heart
Of Luther rightly, and with reverence, weigh?

. . . . . .

"Luther had faults,"—but, Oh, ye little Minds,
Less in your faith, and lesser still in deeds
That make the hero, or the man unfold
In full-soul daring, while the outer life
Ye ponder, have ye pierced the core within?
A fool can censure where a prophet weeps,
When life is only by its faults and falls
Reviewed; but underneath what noble tears,
What pangs remorseful, penitence, and prayers,
What struggles mute, what passionate regrets,
Deep in the bosom—there begins the fight!
And there the battle-scene 'tween flesh and faith
Unfold its grandeur; all without appears
The moral echo of that inward din,—
The mere reflection of internal strife,
In fitful shadows thrown on human eyes;
Yet, these are chiefly what adjudging sense
Accredits; character from these is drawn,
And so with Luther; bold as blazing fact
The failings of his outer life advance
To catch the censure of prosaic eyes,
And hearts that never with emotion rocked
Themselves or others; but the secret fight
Internal, when the wild and wasted heart
Struggled and strove, contending with the fiends
Of darkness,—baffled oft, bleeding, and faint,—
But yet right upward through eclipsing gloom,
Through storm and danger, and disastrous wrong,
From famished boyhood e'en to fearless man,
Advancing, with a most unconquered will,
To Heaven and virtue—who hath laurelled *this*?
Or wreathed the record with a just renown?

The *Childhood* of Luther, and several other of the heads, might have furnished us with samples more purely poetical than the above; but none that, within the same bounds, gives a more complete idea of the work. The Roman Catholics may, and with justice, affirm that Mr. Montgomery has dealt severely by them; but, with the subject in hand, it was not easy to spare the corruptions of the Church of Rome.

SERIAL WORKS.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art. Part XI.—This valuable work, whether for information or easy reference, will be completed in another Part. Of it we may affirm, that there is not one word superfluous, nor any important fact omitted. It is composed upon the high-pressure principle, and compresses a vast deal of excellent matter into wonderfully little space.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspere. Part XLII.—*The Three Noble Kinsmen*, with a critical notice on the authorship of the drama.

England in the Nineteenth Century. Part IV. Southern Division—Cornwall; and Northern Division—Lancashire.

The Gaberlunzie's Wallet. Part IV.—These sketches, but above all the verses interspersed with them, fully sustain the high character which this work received on its appearance. Dot the artist, is now fairly entitled to divide laurels with Jot the poet and fictionist; or, more correctly, each must, from their conjoint labours, increase the other's share of fame. The illustrations are quite in the spirit of the work.

Waterston's Cyclopedia of Commerce, Mercantile Law, and Finance. Part IV.—This Part contains, among other articles, the important ones to commercial men of Insolvency, Insurance, and Interest.

Canadian Scenery. Part XXIV.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Part XIII.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

Income Tax.—As was generally anticipated, the Income Tax has passed the House of Commons—not without a great deal of talk, but without any real opposition. Lord John Russell's resolutions caused a debate of four nights; and the division being 202 for the amendment, and 308 against it, gave a majority of 106 in favour of the Ministry—a result which shows that the Tories maintain their power unbroken in the House of Commons.

Right of Petitioning.—A rather unexpected victory was, however, gained over Sir Robert Peel, with regard to the right of petitioning against a pending measure of taxation. Sir Robert Peel contended that it had been the practice for 150 years not to receive such petitions. The question was first raised on a motion by Mr. Thomas Duncombe; but was negatived by a majority of 167 to 136, leaving a majority of 31. Mr. Duncombe, however, declared his determination to present every petition that was sent to him, leaving the House to reject it, if they were so disposed. Accordingly, a day or two after his first motion had been disposed of, he presented a petition against the Income Tax; and although called to order by the Speaker, he insisted on his right to address the House. Thereupon a lengthened debate ensued, and he intimated his intention of persevering from night to night if the motion were rejected; and it was only lost by a majority of one in favour of Ministers, the numbers being 222 and 221. It was, no doubt, felt to be too serious a matter to exclude, by a solemn resolution of the House, the people from petitioning at the very time at which, above all others, it is their interest that petitions should be received. For example, in the present case of the Income Tax, had petitions not been allowed to be received during the discussion of the bill in the House of Commons, (and to say the truth, we don't see what harm would arise had none of them been presented,) there was no opportunity of remonstrating against the tax till the bill reached the House of Lords, where, of course, any measure of the Ministry for the time being is always safe.

The New Corn Bill.—The new Corn Bill is making the same sort of progress through Parliament as the Income Tax; that is to say, opposed and growled at by all classes, particularly the landed interest, whom Peel drags at his heels; and reluctantly supported by them, lest the loss of it lead to his resignation, and the ousting of the Tory party from office. The landlords have, no doubt, also the fear of the Anti-Corn Law League before their eyes, and are glad to take what they can get, lest worse befall them. They will also benefit greatly,—though they either don't know, or pretend not to be sensible of it,—by the addition of the 150 towns to those from which the averages are at present taken. The best grain, like the best of every other commodity, always finds its way to the best markets; while the inferior is in general sold and consumed in the locality of its produce. Hence there will be practically a large return of grain of inferior quality, and dressed in an in-

ferior manner, thereby causing a considerable increase of the duty, particularly in the lower parts of the scale. Joseph Sturge of Birmingham, one of the greatest corn-merchants in Britain, calculates this increase at 8s. a quarter; and if he be correct in his calculation, even to a limited extent, it will be seen how serious a tax is imposed on the country for the benefit of the landed interest. Mr. Hawes maintained that the new list of towns would have a strong effect on the averages. He had made inquiries among persons long and extensively engaged in the corn trade, and the answers he had received had convinced him of the fact. Some persons estimate the reduction of the averages at from 2s. to 4s. And sedulous care had been taken to include districts growing wheat of inferior quality, while districts growing wheat of the best quality were excluded. Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone contended that the addition of the 150 towns would have no influence on the averages. Why, therefore, make any change? We may be sure that the trouble and additional expense of procuring accurate returns from so great a number of towns, dispersed all over England, would not have been incurred without some object in view.

Petitions against the Tariff.—Nothing is more amusing than to read the petitions of, we believe, every trade, against either an increase or a decrease of the existing duties. Every trade seems thoroughly resolved to shift the burden from its own shoulders, and put it on its neighbours', and leave it to get quit of it as it best may. Such is the morality of the present religious age.—We have the heads of 160 firms in the city petitioning against the reduction of the duty on coffee, and suggesting a scale of their own.—"Above half the mining interests of the country" have adopted a series of resolutions, condemning the measures proposed by Ministers, with respect to copper, tin, and the ores, and preparations in those metals; declaring, with the usual exaggeration, that such alteration would be a total destruction of the property invested in mines; not forgetting the injuries sustained by the parties supplying the iron, timber, ropes, powder, and tallow candles.—The glove trade is also up in arms; as well as the boot and shoemakers: and, to quiet the alarms of these persons, it is proposed, by the revised tariff, to increase the duty about a third.—The cork-cutters, however, have not been so fortunate; for instead of being prohibitory, as heretofore, the duty is to be reduced one shilling or two a hundred weight; by which it is gravely pretended "by persons having authority," and engaged in the trade, that 30,000 men will be thrown out of employment; a greater number than in all probability there are employed in the trade in Europe. But the most extraordinary part of the tariff, is the reduction of the timber duties, by which £600,000 of the revenue is given up, apparently for no purpose whatever.

The Agricultural Interest has, as usual, been opposing any change by which they anticipate that the food of the people will be lowered in price. The farmers in the North of Scotland are objecting to the removal of the present prohibition on the importation of cattle, sheep, &c.; those of the midland counties of Great Britain are exclaiming against the new Corn Bill, and the increase on the duties of rape and oil-cake; and the southern counties of England, against the reduction of the duty on clover-seed from £1 to 10s. a hundred weight. The proposed duties on cattle and meat have evidently been constructed without any principle at all, and with the view of enabling the landed interest to *amend* them according to their own fancy. What proportion is there between charging £1 of duty on a full-grown ox of forty stone, for example, and 10s. on a calf, which is probably not worth that sum? Suppose, again, an ox of the above weight brought in the shape of salted meat, the duty would be 56s., so that by bringing it in *a live* state a saving of £1, 16s. would be made. It is evident that so rickety a scale will not stand the assault of the House of Landlords. It is the more unnecessary to resort to any such arbitrary duties, as there is a mode of measuring live cattle, sheep, &c., by which their weight within a few pounds can be ascertained. With regard to the duty on rape and oil cake, we cannot but think that the raising of the duty would be no great harm; for the beef of oxen fed principally on this food, however rich and oily, is of very inferior quality to that fed on the ordinary food, such as grass and turnips. Whenever any alteration is proposed in the laws regarding the importation of agricultural produce, the farmers get out with a howl, that, if it be carried through, they will be unable to pay their rents; as if the public had ever agreed to guarantee their engagements to their landlords. Had duties been increased, we do not suppose that they would be selling their produce at ten or twenty per cent. under the market price, for the benefit of the public. Why, therefore, if they are to run all the chance of gain by the change of the law, are they to run no risk of loss? The obvious remedy, if the rents are too high, is to reduce them; and if the landlords, from the extravagance in which they have indulged, are unable to meet their engagements, they must just do what other people do in the circumstance—give up their estates to their creditors. The agitation got up, on this occasion, by the East Lothian, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire agriculturists, is particularly ill-founded. The farms in these counties are almost entirely let on leases of nineteen or twenty-one years; so that nearly one-third of the present leases must have been taken before the passing of the existing Corn Law in 1828, and when an impending change of the law was inevitable. Besides, it is in vain for any one to pretend, in a country like this, that he ever calculated on any law being immutable. It ought also to be kept in view, for our readers will not learn from the proceedings at the agricultural meetings, that in arable farms the reduction on the duty of clover seed will go far to pay the tenant's Income Tax; so that there is no more danger of the farmers being utterly ruined, and the land thrown out of cultivation just now, than there has been since the end of the war, during all which time the agricultural interest never ceased to complain.

SCOTLAND.

The Kirk.—The principal object of attention here, for some time past, has been the proceedings of the clergy, which have astonished every person of common sense; and seem to indicate that the downfall of the Establishment is not far distant. Every care has been taken to pack the ensuing General Assembly, by returning, almost exclusively, Non-Intrusionists from the Presbyteries: so that the other party will have no chance in any contest that may take place in the Assembly. It is said that Professor Welsh is to be Moderator; and Viscount Strathallan, or Lord Arbuthnot, Commissioner. We think that it is a pity that a younger man than either should not have been appointed. Whether held out as a mere empty threat or not, we cannot tell; but circulars have been published under the authority of Drs. Chalmers, Candlish, and others of the highflying party, in which it is proposed that, at the ensuing Assembly, the whole minority of the Church should be deposed; the parishes declared vacant, preparatory to their being supplied with new Ministers, to be appointed by the Presbyteries. A company is to be formed on the model of the Wesleyan Methodists, for the payment of their salaries, at the rate of from £150 to £200 per annum. It will be easier to form a company than to get the money; for, suppose only 200 or 300 of the parishes out of the 1100 in Scotland are declared vacant, this will require from £40,000 to £50,000 a-year. The new Kirks, however, are to be built upon a scale of unparalleled economy. They are to be of wood: and Dr. Candlish states, that for £100 a wooden kirk can be built, which will accommodate from 600 to 700 people. We have no doubt, that on the first windy day the whole fabric will be blown down about the ears of the hearers. This is, no doubt, a bugbear held out to annoy Government, and will be treated with the contempt it deserves. But were it carried into effect, it would only be following out the Church Extension Scheme, which has been so unaccountably allowed to drop since the schism in the

Kirk broke out. We think that some subscriber to the Schemes of the Church should call for an account of the investment and expenditure of the subscriptions; for there is great reason to believe that part of these funds has been expended for very different purposes from those for which they were intended. We are glad to observe, that, notwithstandinding all the threatened attempt a second time to stop the travelling of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway on the Sunday, public breakfasts, &c., the whole affair ended in smoke; for at the meeting of the shareholders, on the 15th April, they did not venture even to bring forward their motion. On the contrary, Sir Andrew Agnew made an apology, for advertising so long and loudly their intention again to bring forward the motion, thereby causing unnecessarily many shareholders to attend who would not otherwise have been present.

Mr. Hume and the Montrose Burghs.—The people have much cause to rejoice that the most faithful and efficient representative they ever had in the House of Commons has again been sent there; and at a time when his services will be particularly valuable. After much intriguing to keep him out, in which the Honourable Fox Maule had as usual his full share, Mr. Hume has succeeded in securing his return for the Montrose Burghs. We are surprised that a gentleman like Mr. Carnegy of Craigo, a good Reformer, and of considerable local influence, could be induced to allow himself to be made a cat's-paw by the late Home Secretary, for the purpose of endeavouring to secure the election of Mr. Stanley; he having gone the length of writing to Mr. Hume that he was a candidate, when it would appear from the whole proceedings that he never had any such intention. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Carnegy has damaged his character considerably by lending himself as a party to the Stanley Plot. All's well, however, that ends well; and the return of Mr. Hume, in the present state of the House, is of more consequence than the election of a score of Whigs.—Mr. T. Duncombe will now have an able coadjutor in carrying on the war against the factions in the House.

Affghanistan.—Although the reports from Affghanistan are still vague, there seems no reason to doubt that the whole Anglo-Indian force, with the exception of a few of the officers, has been annihilated. Great blame is attached to General Elphinstone, and loud demands are made for an inquiry into his conduct. It will be some time before it can be possible to hold such an inquiry, for there is little doubt that Dost Mahommed will take good care not to deliver up the prisoners till he makes favourable terms of capitulation. A loud call is made in many quarters for signal punishment of Dost Mahommed, and laying his country waste with fire and sword. But how this is to be accomplished, without sacrificing the lives of the prisoners, is not easily seen. We deprecate the intended vengeance, as wasteful, cruel, and unchristian. The sufferers would be chiefly our own troops, and the women, children, and helpless old men of the offending country; for the real perpetrators of the late sanguinary outrages would retire to their mountain fastnesses, on the approach of the invading force. Why do not the Scottish pulpits ring with anathemas against the wars—the notoriously unjust wars, in which we are engaged? Is the Sixth Commandment less sacred in the eyes of the Ministers of the Gospel of Peace, than the Fourth?

China.—Notwithstanding the boasted activity of the new Commander-in-Chief, he is doing a great deal less than his predecessor Elliot, by his exaction of the ransom-money for Canton, at least helped to make the war pay its own expenses—a thing which has not happened, we believe, since Anson took the Spanish galleons. The Tories pretend to be very indignant at the exaction of the ransom-money; but we do not find that any complaint now is made at the placing of £340,000 of it to the credit of the last quarter's revenue.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

It is almost unnecessary for us to repeat month after month, that the distress continues unabated in the manufacturing districts. We may just give a few specimens of the condition of them, taken at random. In Manchester—The depression in this market continues without the slightest abatement. Rochdale—Few pieces have been sold, and the prices offered would do little more than pay the price of the raw material. The Wool market is dull. Stockport—Double houses which two or three years ago let for 2s. 6d. and 3s. per week, are offered at 7d. clear of all rates. Leicestershire—There is no improvement in the demand. Leeds—The business done is not half what is usual at this period of the year. Preston—A pretty general reduction of wages has taken place. Bolton—The trade here and in the neighbourhood, never was in a more unsettled state. Power Loom cloths are very much depressed. Brass and Iron founders are very slack. Hundreds of mechanics are wholly out of employment, and wages are from 50 to 70 per cent. lower than in 1835. Lancashire—The Cotton trade is in a most depressed state. Dundee—The number of the employed is diminishing, and upwards of 900 require aid from the Relief Association. Dysart, Pathhead, &c. &c.—Of the total number of looms, 1840, 531 are idle. In the village of Auchtermuchty, there were, some time ago, 277 idle looms. This is merely a specimen of the reports from various quarters; and it would be easy to double or triple similar accounts.

Agriculture.—The weather has been very favourable for sowing the spring crops; although it is complained, in some parts of England, that owing to the quantity of rain which fell during the latter part of last year, and since, the clay land has wrought very stiff and heavy. In the South of England a great part of the spring wheat was not sown till the middle of February, and no confident opinion can be formed as to its prospect. Some looked so indifferently, that it has been ploughed over and sown again. The young crops of all descriptions are exceedingly backward; and in Scotland, very little grass is yet to be seen, even in the most sheltered situations. The consequence has been, that the sheep markets have been completely overstocked, and prices have sunk greatly, as compared with last year's. At the House of Muir Market, near Edinburgh, held on the 28th March, there were 14,300 sheep shown; about double the quantity that has ever appeared in that market in any year since 1834. Prices were, of course, greatly down, fully a third from those at last year's market.——It appears from the reports from the best informed quarters, that the stocks of free foreign wheat are at a very low ebb, and the actual quantity appears to be much shorter than is usually the case at this season. That last crop was deficient is undisputed; but it is in vain to attempt to make any distinct estimate. Calculations vary from a fourth to a sixth, taking quantity and quality into account; so that a large importation of foreign wheat will be required before next crop can be ready for consumption. A very exaggerated notion is held out in some quarters, no doubt for interested purposes, of the immense number of cattle which will be imported when the present prohibition is removed. Some of these estimates go as high as 20,000 or 30,000 a-year; but we think the estimate of Professor Low of the University of Edinburgh, of 3,000, for many years at least, to come much nearer the truth. Indeed, the other is totally out of the question, when it is considered that France, Belgium, and Holland, are importers, and not exporters of cattle. The consumption of London alone is 170,000 per annum of cattle, much heavier than we are likely to obtain from the Continent: so that it may be judged what probability there is of the British markets being overstocked with foreign supplies.

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ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(Continued from page 292 of our May No.)

CHAPTER IX.

Basil Annesley was just about to enter the smoking room of his Club, after dinner, when the messenger he had despatched with a few lines to Verelst to inquire after the state of his wife, brought back a note from Salome, informing him that her mother was not only perfectly recovered from her seizure, but that she insisted upon their keeping their engagement with Madame Branzini.

Instantly relinquishing an enjoyment to which he only resorted when unlikely to find himself shortly afterwards in female society, Basil made the best of his way to his lodgings to dress. In a moment, his heart, previously depressed by his interview with the caustic Abednego, became light as a bird. A whole evening spent in Esther's society, no matter where, was at present the brightest prospect this world could afford him.

But for this conciliatory influence, the house to which he was about to repair, had little charm for Basil. The husband of Madame Branzini was the Neapolitan consul, and the persons resorting to his society were almost entirely foreigners. For though the highest diplomatic class is cordially welcomed into the best English society, nothing less easy than for foreigners, not included in the pomp of the court, to make their way in a country which prides itself on understanding all languages, and speaking none but its own.

Now there is a natural tendency in persons moving exclusively in the circles of fashion, to depreciate all those with whose faces they are unfamiliar. The great world is of such limited extent, that every one of its component parts is known to every one, either by acquaintance or sight; and the moment a strange face appears in the privileged crowd, it is regarded with suspicion. At the house of the Neapolitan consul, *all* the faces were strange to Basil Annesley. Once or twice, he had joined the circle of Madame Branzini, without finding there a single person he had ever seen before; and among them, not above three or four who spoke his language. It is true there was much to reconcile him to this strangeness; and a man *blasé* with the insipidity of the *beau monde*, might have experienced the greatest relief in contemplating, in place of the pale and faded faces of the belles of fashion, the fine rich glowing beauty of the southern dames, whose frank and courteous manners were as yet untrammelled by the conventional laws of the most formal country in the world.

Italians and Spaniards abounded at the house of Branzini, who had many years officiated at Cadiz as consul for the Two Sicilies; a circumstance that explained the dark and sunburnt complexion of most of the men whom Basil found assembled in his drawing-room; and who, to his Londonized eyes, had very much the air of opera-singers or French hairdressers. Though his German education in some degree liberalized his views on such points, a public school and the Guards had not a little inspired him with the prejudice of "a man about town," that every individual differing from himself in dress and manner, must be "a tiger!"

All Madame Branzini's guests were consequently "tigers" to Basil; though scarcely one of them but was distinguished by some talent or accomplishment, endowing him with a name beyond the conferring of king or kaiser. Most of them were men of science, or memorable artists, who had brought letters of introduction to the consul, from countries where their abilities procured them those distinctions which England is so tardy in bestowing upon men of genius. Still, the form of their beards and whiskers, the cut of their coats, the nature of their salutations, rendered them ridiculous or disgusting in the eyes of Basil; and he had scarcely patience, on entering the circle, to find several of these "foreign fellows" devoting their attentions to the beautiful daughters of Verelst.

For then came the vexatious reflection, that this was the natural sphere of Esther; that, even if these olive-hued individuals *were* the opera singers to which he so flightily compared them, they belonged to the same order of society as the girl he loved. Yet *who* could gaze upon that well-turned head, those Grecian features, that exquisite form, every movement of which was grace, and believe them created for any other than the noblest order of society?—No! Such women as the Maitlands were not worthy to tie the sandals of Esther Verelst!

She was indeed a being of superior nature. Peculiar elegance of mind served to animate and govern her peculiar elegance of person; yet in spite of her rare endowments, the spirit of the gifted girl was as meek and humble, as if she possessed no trace of personal distinction. Timid almost to a fault, Esther was content to remain perpetually in the shade. In her own estimation, she was less than nothing, and her chief object in life was to occupy the attention of others as little as she occupied her own. Never did there exist a human being so unselfish!

But for the passionate attachment of her sister, who gloried in her charms and talents, Esther might often have succeeded in causing herself to be overlooked, where presumptuous mediocrity was crowned with laurels. Salome, however, thought for her—felt for her—acted for her,—was vain for her; and insisted on her being heard and seen, when Esther had chosen to retire into some obscure corner. It was Salome who was at the trouble of dressing her, so as to enhance, as far as their limited means would allow, the character of her beauty; and as her sister's good taste restricted the utmost of these efforts to a well-fitting muslin dress, and her fine black hair twisted after the model of some antique bust, the unpretending Esther offered no resistance. She was seldom at the trouble of looking in the glass, indeed, when the task of her affectionate handmaiden was at an end. Beloved in her own family, secure in the friendship of one whom she believed to be superior to external attractions, it was indifferent to *her* whether her dress were more or less becoming than usual.

It was this very absence of pretension, that constituted the great charm of Esther Verelst. Those who are seen to be wholly unoccupied with themselves, are the first to occupy the attention of others; for vanity is so universal a weakness, that we are better inclined to seek the society of persons whose attention appears at our service.—She was a patient listener, an indulgent companion; and those who at a distance had been struck by her beauty or enchanted by the exquisite charm of her singing, were still more fascinated, when, on a nearer acquaintance, they found that the being thus accomplished, thought so little of herself and so much of the feelings of other people.

Still Basil Annesley, much as he had always admired in his gentle Esther this complete self-abnegation, considered that she was carrying it too far, when he found her at Madame Branzini's, listening deferentially to "a strange looking man," who was talking Italian to her with earnest volubility. As he stood opposite contemplating them, and enduring with ungracious impatience the civilities of his host, he could not help feeling angry at her greater patience. He felt certain that the dingy, bushy-whiskered stranger was redolent of garlic and cigars; and when he smiled at Esther, and Esther smiled in return, Basil could have annihilated the fellow on the spot!

Verelst, meanwhile, was seated at picquet with an eminent naturalist, his countryman; and Annesley had consequently no means of inquiring the name of this "damned foreigner." He had been often tempted to regret the secluded life led by th Verelsts, as dull and dispiriting for the girls. H now felt that they could not be too much at hom To be exposed to the assiduities of such society: they met at Madame Branzini's was worse tha nothing. "*Such* society!"—Why such?—Wh did he know about these strangers?—Did he u derstand their position—their habits—their la guage? No! but he assumed an Englishman prerogative of disparaging everything and ever body not precisely modelled after his nation pattern.

While giving vent in the depths of his heart t his unutterable disgusts, Esther, at the entreaty her olive-coloured friend, was about to compl with the request of Madame Branzini, for som music. As she passed him closely by to assum her place at the piano, there was time for momentary greeting.

"Do not, I entreat you, sing the song of thi morning!" said Basil, certain of not being under stood by those around him; to which request, reproachful glance from Esther, implying the im possibility of such sacrilege, was the only reply.

With all his prejudice against the individual composing Madame Branzini's coterie, who, be cause they did not look precisely like the *gen* company he was acquainted with, he decided t be *bad*,—Basil was struck by the good-breedin with which they disposed themselves to do justic to the musician about to exert herself for thei entertainment. In the world with which he wa familiar, he had often noticed the involuntary air of contempt with which the reluctant auditor prepare to disparage what they are about to hear; and the readiness with which, by their movement and whisperings, they interrupt the performers. Bu scarcely was the pure, clear, mellifluous voice o Esther Verelst audible in the first bars of tha beautiful German melody, the "Complaint o Thekla," than a pin might have been heard t fall in the assembly. There was perfect good faith in their attention. They listened to be gratified and to praise; not to detect errors in order hereafter

To hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

and by the time the delicate musician had reached the concluding line of her song:—

"*Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!*"

every bosom thrilled in delighted unison with th well-defined expression of the songstress.

It was strange that, at that moment, Basil Annes ley felt more inclined to applaud the audience, tha the performer,—as if for a courtesy offered to him self. He felt almost grateful to them for thei attention to Esther. From that moment, the as sembly assumed new features in his eyes. H listened more civilly to the speeches of old Bran zini; and had the grace to ask the names of tw or three handsome women present. He even in quired in French, (the language of the house as o most foreign houses,) the name of the gentleman who had conducted Esther to the instrument.

"The Duca di San Catalda," was the reply.

"A *Chevalier d'industrie*, I make no doubt!" wa his mental commentary: but on looking round an perceiving that the Secretary of Legation, an

attachés of the Neapolitan mission were present, it was impossible to infer that any person admitted to the house of the venerable consul, more especially a countryman of his own, should be otherwise than respectable.

He was now growing less thankful for the rapture lavished by the party upon Esther's performance. In some respects, Basil had all the waywardness of a spoiled lover. The secluded life of the Verelsts secured him from the usual terrors and jealousies of attachment. Go whither he would, absent himself as he pleased, he was certain to find that lovely girl on his return installed in her accustomed place, at her customary occupations; with the certainty that, since their last meeting, her looks, thoughts, or words, had been addressed to no individual qualified to excite his uneasiness. It induced a pang in his bosom, unfelt since the rehearsal-scene of the previous year, to find other eyes fixed upon her beauty, and other courtesies addressed to her ear; and, irritated and unhappy, one of the handsomest of human faces became overclouded with ill-humour.

"Our friends are now arrived," observed Madame Branzini, after looking graciously round upon the groups engaged in lively conversation which filled her handsome drawing-rooms; "let us now proceed to draw for king!"

Accustomed to the forms accompanying in Christmas parties this immemorial custom, Basil was surprised to see no token of the huge frosted cake, covered with bonbons and devices, which usually tends to sicken, for the remainder of the month of January, the nurseries of well-conditioned English families. Still more was he startled when (the handsome children of the Branzinis having been desired to commence the ceremonial, whereupon they insisted that the *gâteau des rois* was too heavy to be carried round without the aid of their dear Esther and Salome) he saw the Verelsts lend their cheerful aid to offer in succession to the guests a huge uneatable *galette* from which every gentleman present was to cut a slice.

As the stranger of the party, the honours were offered first to Annesley; and little Teresa and Cesarino Branzini set up a cry of triumph, when, on examination of his slice of *galette*, no bean appeared; the kingship being decided by the attainment of the fortunate lot containing a *fève*, or bean, dropped into the cake in the process of making.

In succession, young and old, were subjected to the trial; and every new defeat was accompanied by shouts of laughter. In their mirth, however, Basil found it impossible to join. He was thoroughly out of sorts on perceiving, that while the attention of the pretendant was fixed upon the *galette* he was cutting, that of the assistants was riveted upon the graceful figures of the two dish-bearers, each worthy to afford a model for a sculptor. It did not surprise him, so contrary was his mood, when the portion of the Duke of Catalda was pronounced to contain the bean! He had expected it!—He felt certain that it was a matter of preference and connivance; more especially when the Duke, his fine face sparkling with joy, presented it to Esther, so as to elect her his queen for the evening!

Universal acclamations followed. Basil Annesley found himself required to offer, among the rest, his homage to their majesties; who, according to custom, proceeded to elect their household and grand officers of the crown. He was more provoked than pleased, when, after naming little Teresa and Salome her ladies in waiting, Cesarino her page, and a merry old gentleman named Clary, (the *precis* writer to the French Embassy,) her almoner, she selected himself to be her *Chevalier d'Honneur!*

Few among the party but had been proud to become the knight of Esther! Yet Basil, whose heart was swelling with the newly-experienced torment of seeing the woman he loved in intimate communication with others, would gladly have rejected the distinction. It was no longer with him as in their old childish days, in the Neckar-Strasse, at Heidelberg! He was grown too much a man of the world to enjoy being included in a piece of buffoonery. Most of the company doubled, a few *trebled* his years; yet *he* was the only person too old for the indulgence of joyous sport!—Probably because the only Englishman present; the elasticity of spirits which disposes foreigners for enjoyment at any period of life between the cradle and the grave, being singularly deficient, or unfortunately extinguished, in our fastidious natures. The *disipere in loco* is a pleasure for which time and place are usually wanting in the British empire.

It was not so with the Verelsts. Completely at home in a house where their few intervals of leisure had been spent for two years past, (during which Salome had officiated as teacher of German to the children,) they gave themselves up with their little pupils to the joyous spirit of the hour. Elated by the presence of the object of her affections, from whom she had been some days separated, the cheeks of Esther glowed with unusual bloom, as she assumed her place beside the Duke, in the two arm-chairs, with foot-stools, which had been hastily covered with India shawls and velvet mantles, in regal guise, for the reception of the king and queen. Compelled to pledge the healths of the company, who drunk to them in return in the exquisite *lacryma Christi*, for which the cellars of the Neapolitan consul were renowned, she assumed courage to play with grace and spirit the part allotted to her in the pageant.

"What a charming actress Mademoiselle Verelst would make!" whispered the rosy Almoner, old Clary, to Annesley, fancying that he was paying her a judicious compliment; and little suspecting that her *Chevalier d'Honneur* would gladly have stuck him to the heart for the mere allusion.

Just as he was meditating an answer not *too* bitter, he found himself plucked by the sleeve by Verelst, whose careworn face had assumed a holiday aspect under the influence of conquest in a hard fought game at picquet.

"A word with you, my dear Mr. Annesley," said the old man, drawing him off into a corner; and so conscious was Basil of the evil spirit by which he was at that moment possessed, that he almost expected a reproof for his ill manners.

"*Where* did you tell me," inquired the artist,

when they were out of hearing of the party, "that you had found that edition of Hollar?"

"I did not *find* it," replied Basil, almost relieved. "It is my own. For the credit of our taste, I am proud to say that the book is a family possession."

"Most strange!" murmured the old man.

"*Why* strange?" inquired Basil. "There is nothing, I believe, very rare in the volume. I hardly ever saw a considerable book-sale that did not contain a copy."

"Perhaps so; but not *that* copy."

"Of course not. It has been in our family library these hundred years."

"You use the term hundred years in a figurative sense," added Verelst.

"As my own age does not amount to a quarter of the period, I can scarcely give my personal attestation," observed Basil, with a smile. "But such of my mother's books as did not belong to my father's bachelor library, were probably derived from that of her father, the late Lord L——."

"Lord L——?" exclaimed the painter, again seizing the sleeve of Annesley. "You do not mean to say that *you* are the grandson of that man?"

"Perhaps you knew him," said Basil, evasively. "He was more than once, I fancy, employed in missions at the courts of Germany!"

Verelst was silent,—absorbed in reflection.

"Were you acquainted with my grandfather?" again demanded Basil, resolved to obtain an answer.

"I never saw him. Lord L—— was ambassador at Vienna at the breaking out of the French Revolution. I was then a child."

"May I ask in my turn," inquired Basil, "what particular interest you attach to the copy of Hollar?"

"Five minutes ago I would have answered you without hesitation," replied Verelst, in a voice tremulous from agitation. "Now, I must reflect. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence!" faltered the artist, after a few minutes' pause. "That ever I should be indebted for what is dearer to me than my life,—the welfare of my family,—to the grandson of——But no matter!" said he, checking his ejaculation. And Basil was too much struck by the profound emotion of the gray-haired artist, to persist in his inquiries. Luckily, he was at this moment summoned to the discharge of his duties, as Lord-in-waiting to the *Reine de la Fève*, to which he was compelled to attend for the remainder of the night; and much as Basil Annesley's jealous humour had found to cavil at in the easy and cheerful simplicity of Madame Branzini's party, he would gladly have recommenced the evening when, after taking leave of the Verelsts at the door of their own house, to which he was careful to reconvey them, he proceeded to the more pompous mansion of Lady Maitland.

The party he found assembled in Arlington Street was about the same, in point of numbers and intimacy he had quitted at the consul's. Nor were the Maitlands and their friends less talkative or less merry; but it was after a fashion of their own. The conversation of that brilliant *coterie* consisted in scandal, and its mirth in irony. The chief source of their gaiety lay at all times in quizzing old Carrington, or some other butt; and as the Dowager-colonel did not happen to be present when Basil entered, they were only too happy to attack him with railleries more agreeable to *them* than to himself.

"How dolorous he looks to-night!" cried John Maitland, extending a finger to the new comer, but without rising from the sofa on which he was lolling beside a handsome bold-eyed woman of a certain age. "I am afraid Nancy, (a nickname given to Annesley among the subs, from his beardless aspect on joining the regiment,) I am sadly afraid you have taken cold!"

"On the contrary, it is nearly a degree warmer at Barlingham than in London," replied Basil, referring this abrupt conjecture to his country excursion.

A vociferous laugh was the sole answer to this explanation.

"None of your put-offs, my fine fellow!" cried John Maitland. "Here!—Blencowe,—Blencowe!—I tell Annesley that I am afraid he caught cold in the rain this morning, and he tries to hum me by talking about his mother's thermometer!"

Captain Blencowe thus apostrophized, stationed himself on the scroll of the *chaise langue*, in an attitude little more ceremonious than that of his friend.

"I could scarcely suppose my movements of sufficient consequence," said Basil, somewhat nettled, "to make you aware that, a few hours after my arrival in town, I had enjoyed a wet walk."

"And in such company!" retorted Maitland. "arm in arm with an old beggarman under a cotton umbrella!"

"*Reste à savoir*," cried the lady with the bold bright eyes, "which of the two was affording hospitality to the other!"

"If you have any interest in inquiring," said Basil, aware that to defeat a jester is best achieved by meeting him half-way, "the cotton umbrella was the property of my companion; and an enviable property I thought it, in that pelting shower!"

"He talks as reverentially as if the old gentleman were his grandfather!" cried John Maitland.

"I did not know that Nancy *had* a grandfather, —*extant*, I mean. (I was not going to parody the vulgar quiz on Brummell.) Of course I am aware, that there was once a Lord L——; and surmise, that a Sir Bernard Annesley was not produced out of a crucible," said Captain Blencowe, watching, from a distance, the impatience with which Lucy Maitland awaited Annesley's release from her brother.

"The old beggarman who appears to have excited your curiosity," said Basil, with some emphasis, "was no relation of mine; but simply a person who obliged me with shelter from the rain."

"From South Audley to St. James's Street!" interrupted Blencowe.

"From South Audley to St. James's Street!" coolly repeated Basil,—and all the more coolly, that he was conscious of being in a passion.

"If no relation of yours then, perhaps a relation of the pretty Jewess?" persisted Maitland, also

vexed at finding that his jokes were missing their mark.

"*What* pretty Jewess?" persisted Basil. "I should think your acquaintance with the Jews likely to be quite as extensive as my own."

"I should have been extremely happy to improve it with the lovely Esther," retorted Maitland; "but you and Carrington, or rather Carrington and you, were beforehand with me."

"If you allude to Miss Verelst," said Basil, gravely, "I have once or twice informed you, that she was as much a Jewess as *you* a Christian,—that is, in name alone. I am astonished, however, Maitland, that you should allude thus lightly to a lady whom you are anxious to introduce into your mother's house, as the preceptress of your sisters."

"Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear!" cried Maitland, in a voice that attracted the attention of the whole party. "Here is Nancy owning, with matchless audacity, that though only a few hours in town, he has been already playing the secretary, and examining the engagements of pretty Esther, the opera girl."

"*Is* there an opera girl of the name of Esther?" demanded Wilberton, who having been just elected of the Omnibus-box, felt bound to make himself Master of its Arts and Sciences.

"I believe *not!*" replied Basil, struggling to command himself; "certainly not in the person of the young lady to whom Maitland alludes. As he seems resolved to acquaint himself with everybody's business but his own, I am surprised he does not obtain better information."

"My dear Nan! I am now convinced that the shabby old fellow with the umbrella, whom Blencowe saw you skulking with in Piccadilly, *is* some near relation, or you would not be so deuced touchy at having been discovered!" cried young Maitland, starting from the sofa, and slapping Annesley provokingly on the shoulder.

"If Blencowe *did* see me with the individual in question," cried Basil, harassed out of his self-possession, "I wonder he did not give a more correct account; since the stranger was an acquaintance of *his* long before he became an acquaintance of mine!"

"An acquaintance of Blencowe's?"—cried John Maitland, while Loftus, Wilberton, and several others, crowded round on perceiving, by the tone of the parties, that something was going wrong.

"An acquaintance of Blencowe!" persisted Basil Annesley; "and an acquaintance of most of you beside;—being no other than the redoubtable A. O.!"

The silence of consternation instantly pervaded the giddy circle.

Ignorant of the awkward scene in Arlington Street, to which, during his absence in the country, Lady Maitland's friends had been witnesses, Basil was totally at a loss to understand the confusion which appeared to have arisen from an explanation extorted from him by the persecution of the triflers he so little intended to persecute in return!—

It was the first time he had seen so astounding an effect result from mere mention of the cabalistic name of—A. O.!

CHAPTER X.

The following morning, moved, perhaps, by curiosity to hear as much as was likely to be told by Esther and Salome concerning the Duke di San Catalda without questioning of his own to suggest their communication, Basil, furred to the chin, to meet the nipping blasts of January, (a severe frost having dried the rain of the preceding evening,) made his way towards South Audley Street:—he felt entitled to make early inquiries after the health of Mrs. Verelst. On reaching the house, however, his title was disputed. As if in anticipation of his visit, the maid-servant who opened the door, placed a packet in his hand, and informed him that the young ladies were "out," and Mr. and Mrs. Verelst "engaged."

The blood mounted into Basil's cheeks at this announcement. It was the first time he had ever found cause to suppose himself too frequent a visiter,—there or elsewhere. He had not advanced many steps from the door, when it occurred to him that the parcel in his great-coat pocket, which evidently consisted of the volume he had left with Verelst the preceding night, might contain a note of explanation. Proceeding, therefore, to the by-street on the opposite side of the Chapel, where he was secure from observation, he opened the packet.

Merely a few cold and dry lines from Verelst! "I return the book, and regret from my soul that you should have been induced to bring it!" afforded only new grounds for vexation and perplexity.—He had evidently given offence to those whom his whole life was spent in exertions to serve and please; and without having the slightest clue to their grounds for resentment.

Ere he replaced the volume in his pocket, Basil was moved by an irresistible impulse to reëxamine the inscription which had so singularly attracted the attention of the artist's family; and his curiosity thus specifically directed towards it, he saw, beyond all question, that the letters A. O. were inscribed in precisely the same handwriting which had embodied his communications with Abednego Osalez!—

What could be the meaning of this? He remembered the book in his mother's possession as long as he could remember anything. At what preceding epoch could it have been the property of the Money-lender? That, having been so, it should have passed into the hands of another, was nothing very wonderful;—inasmuch as a person with the covetous propensities of Abednego, was likely to dispose of all or anything belonging to him, for a "con-sideration." But that he should have been a buyer or seller at so early an age, as for a book of his to pass into the possession of the late Lord L——, who, if living, would be eighty years old, appeared unaccountable.——As Basil Annesley replaced the volume in his pocket, strange surmises crossed his brain, to which he would have been ashamed to give a more positive form. He

had always entertained a sort of mysterious horror of people of Abednego's nation and calling; and though he would have scornfully rebutted the assertion of another that he mistook his Greek Street friend for the Wandering Jew, involuntarily there recurred to his mind the sentence of—"*Thou* shalt tarry till I come!"—

"Considering all the friendly advice the old fellow gave me last evening, as we were trudging together in the rain," mused Basil, while pursuing the self-same road he had so recently trodden arm-in-arm with A. O.,—"I am fully entitled to consider him a friend, and treat him as such.—I will make the best of my way, therefore, to Greek Street; and ask him, in plain terms, whether the book was ever in his possession. If he should resent my intrusion, what then? I am not in his power.—I have already booked up my interest. He can but give me a gruff answer; and from an oddity like him, a gruff answer is easily endured."

To Greek Street, accordingly, he proceeded, and soon found his way to the well-remembered door. —Alas!—huge papers, attached to the centre panes of the dining-room windows, announced, in printed capitals—

THIS CAPITAL ROOMY MANSION
TO BE LET,
ON A REPAIRING LEASE.
INQUIRE AT 49, DELAHAYE STREET,
WESTMINSTER,
Every day from 12 till 2.

"How provoking!" was Basil's involuntary ejaculation, as he stood contemplating the strange contrast of colour between the white paper, (to give place to which the panes had been wiped,) and the filthy encrustations of the remainder of the windows. As the house, however, had appeared quite as uninhabited as now, on his first visit, he determined to make an attempt to enter; nor was it till he had both knocked and rung without effect several times, that he felt convinced of its abandonment by its strange proprietor. Giving up the point in despair, he proceeded on his way; resolved to visit Delahaye Street the following day, at the early hour pointed out by the placard.

He had not proceeded far, however, when a jarring sound, and a sort of yearning curiosity, induced him to turn his head; when he perceived the door of the deserted house slightly opened, and the face of the dirty old woman peeping out. In a moment, he was back again; and having caught the eye of the grim porteress, it was impossible for her to shut the door in his face.

"Is your master at home?" said he.

"Nobody lives here now but *me*," grumbled the old woman. "'T isn't no fault of mine if I didn't answer the door. The owner of the house don't choose to pay taxes for it no more, till it's let: and only lets me live here, on condition that I answer no knocks or rings, and don't let myself be seen by the neighbours."

"Mr. Osalez, then, is *really* not at home?" inquired Basil.

The old woman contracted her brows, as if for an effort of comprehension; then drew back the dirty flap of her cap, and screwed her left eye, like a person hard of hearing.

"I inquired whether Mr. Osalez were at home!"

"A. O.'s to be spoke with at No. 49, Delahaye Street, Westminster," she repeated, either not knowing or not choosing to know the proprietor of the uninhabited house, by any other designation. "I would not say as much to a stranger:—but I knows you has *had* dealings with him afore,—and so I don't mind!"

Basil Annesley pointed to the notice in the window, as sparing him all necessity for especial gratitude for her communication, and wished her good morning. As he made his way towards St. James's Street, in a very different mood from that in which, three weeks before, he had pursued the same track, he could not but revert, with unspeakable irritation of mind, to his repulse at the door of the Verelsts. Never before had he felt so desirous of an interview with Esther! He wanted to inquire the meaning of the artist's letter. He wanted to inquire the nature and standing of their intimacy with the Sicilian Duke. He wanted to tell her that he had never seen her look so lovely—never heard her sing so sweetly—as the preceding night; and he desired this all the more, from feeling certain in his heart of hearts that, unimportant as such an attestation might appear to other ears, his approval was essential to the happiness of his own dear, timid Esther!

Like most men of his age when passionately in love, Basil Annesley found little enjoyment in either pleasure or business with which the object of his affections had not some remote connexion. In spite, therefore, of his intentions of proceeding straight from Greek Street to his Club, he found himself, in less than an hour afterwards, at Storey's Gate; contemplating the narrow opening to Delahaye Street, and as much cheered in spirits as is usually the result of a stirring walk in frosty weather.

He was now sufficiently acquainted with the eccentric habits of the Money-lender to perceive, without surprise, that the house to which he had been referred was just as dilapidated of aspect as the one he had just quitted. It was clear enough that the numerous temporary residences of Abednego, consisted of old houses, which he bought up on speculation, and inhabited till a favourable opportunity presented itself of getting them off his hands; and the mansion in Delahaye Street, still more "roomy" than the "capital" one abandoned by the Money-lender in Soho, was to all appearance still gloomier and more ruinous. It was of red brick, having five windows in front, with a pretence at pilasters between; the said pilasters being also of brick, with capitals of carved woodwork supporting a heavy cornice,—of which the object was doubtful, unless it purported to assist in weighing down the frontage of the attic story to which it was appended, and the peaked, ill-tiled roofing above.

"Truly, an appropriate den for the strange old fellow!" murmured Basil, as he approached the door; to which, contrary to the usage of London houses, it was necessary to descend a step from the

street; finished probably after the completion of the house, which retained a sort of manorial air of antiquity among its modernized neighbours. He felt almost ashamed of presenting himself in broad daylight as a visiter, at a door which, he little doubted, was recognised by the neighbourhood as the den of a money-lending Jew.

In order to excite as little notice as possible, he contented himself with a modest ring at the bell; and so leisurely were the movements of those appointed to answer the summons, that he had time to notice a sort of damp vault-like emanation from the area, which not even the frostiness of the atmosphere could overcome.—So stagnant was the air brooding over the flagstones encrusted in mounds with green moss, (now hoary in patches with rime,) that it seemed as though any person descending into that deserted area would have been as much in danger of asphyxiation, as in some mephitic well.

At length the door creaked, or rather growled, on its hinges; and a starveling of a boy appeared, —the redundant growth of whose shock of hair was perhaps destined to replace a general scarcity of habiliments; his outer garments being sufficiently ragged to show that nothing in the way of shirt interposed between them and his sallow skin.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Osalez," said Basil.

The urchin stared, but made no reply.

"I was referred to this house," persisted Basil, more and more ashamed of himself and his errand, —"from Greek Street, Soho."

"You're after hours!"—said the boy, preparing to shut the door in his face.

"I know it," said Basil, placing his foot so resolutely on the threshold, as to render the attempt impossible; and at the same moment insinuating a coin into the hand of the boy, which, though sufficiently insignificant to have been flung contemptuously on the pavement by the door-opener of any other house in the street, was so much the most important ever clenched in the palm of the ragged page of the Money-lender, that he stood staring in stupid wonderment, instead of either persisting in excluding, or expressing his gratitude to the intruder.

"Are *you* Mr. Osalez's servant?" inquired Annesley, scarcely able to refrain from a smile.

"I'm Bill that sweeps the George Street crossing," replied the boy, tugging the longest of the elf-locks overhanging his forehead, in token of gratitude to his benefactor. "I runs of errands for the old gentleman, and opens the door from noon till two. Only to-day, I stayed later, to light a fire and set on the kettle, 'cos the old gentleman's poorly."

"He *is* at home then?—Be so good as to carry up this card, and say I am waiting to speak to him,"—said Annesley.

Thus certified of the claims and good intentions of the visiter, the boy invited him into the hall, while he proceeded to do his errand; and while the little sweeper, leaving his heavy shoes at the bottom of the square, creaking staircase, shuffled up stairs, Basil stood contemplating the dark but roomy hall, paved with black and white marble, which, by dirt and friction, had now degenerated into gray and yellow; besides being cracked in many of the lozenge-shaped squares, and in others, sunk into the flooring. In the angle formed by the dingy staircase, stood an old sedan chair, dropping into decay and covered with mildew, yet still retaining in its gilt mouldings tokens of aristocratic emblazonment.

Shuddering with cold, and the depression produced by the gloom of a spot into which the daylight of that narrow street struggled imperfectly through the half-shuttered windows, Basil waited impatiently till the barefooted boy shuffled down again.

"Master 'll see you,—you may walk up!" said Bill, pointing upwards with his thumb, while resuming his shoes; having done which, he disappeared towards the basement floor, leaving Basil to find his way unescorted to the presence of Abednego Osalez.

Concluding that he had only to follow the custom of morning visits, and enter the drawing-room, Basil walked leisurely up and opened the door that presented itself on the first landing. But with all his cognizance of the peculiarities of his host, he was not prepared for the scene that presented itself within. The drawing-rooms of which he had opened the door, though low, and rendered apparently lower, as in many old-fashioned houses, by a ceiling overlaid with ornaments and divided into compartments by beams of carved wood-work, were unusually spacious. Yet spacious as they were, not an alley presented itself by which Basil could penetrate into the interior, without the certainty of covering himself with dust and cobwebs, by collision with the heterogeneous objects crowded into the area;—pieces of antiquated furniture, articles of *virtù*, besides a variety of undefinable and indescribable things, which looked as if assembled together by a hasty removal in a fire or the sacking of a town, thirty years before, and abandoned ever since to the dust-gathering and smoke-gathering operations of Time.

Heaped on the floor, in one corner of the room, like potatoes in a barn or beans in a granary, lay the contents of a library; from their rich old bindings apparently valuable, but overgrown with dust and mould, like the bricks of some ruined pile.—To the left of the door, on entering, stood a fine marble copy of the *Venus de Medicis*, which the prudery of the spiders had covered with draperies of black cobwebs, that hung like draperies down to the very pedestal. Further on, was the Whetter, in bronze, on whose dark surface, on the contrary, the coating of dust, in ledges, assumed a lighter colour; and beyond, in all directions, were slabs of *pietra dura* slanting against rich consoles of carved ebony, and bas reliefs in *rosso antico* and other precious marbles, side by side with tawdry French clocks, Dresden cups, and Nankin vases; groupings of stuffed birds, which, by the fracture of their glass-cases, and the admission of the atmosphere, had sacrificed their bright plumage to the moths; so that only the shrunken skin, skeleton stuffed with straw, and staring glass eyes, remained perceptible, in ghastly

mockery of the skill of the naturalist. Crystal girandoles stood on the consoles, so encrusted with dust as to have lost all symptom of transparency; while of a magnificent copy of Correggio's Notte that stood frameless against a japan cabinet, the rats had gnawn off a corner! There was a species of altar with folding wings, such as are used for the travelling devotions of crowned or mitred heads, adorned with chasings, the work of Cellini or one of his pupils, which, though evidently of silver, was tarnished to the tint of bronze!

Never before had Basil Annesley contemplated so singular a waste of property! But that these precious objects were intermingled with trays of old iron, rolls of lead, and fragments of packing-cases, he would have compared this singular museum to the *bric à brac* shops he had visited on the Quai Voltaire at Paris, or in the Juden Gasse at Frankfort; saving that, in these, though the chaos of valuable works of art was quite as confused, the strictest cleanliness was observed to preserve the component objects from injury or disregard.

After a deliberate survey of the room, a glance at the coating of dust through which the colouring of a parqueted floor, now so rare in London, was faintly perceptible, convinced him that, for some time past, no foot but his own had crossed the threshold; and that he must pursue his search elsewhere after the proprietor of the extraordinary treasury he had thus invaded.

Closing the door carefully after him, he ascended another flight of stairs, and again opened the first door facing the landing. But the result on this occasion was nearly the same as on the first; with the exception that the warehouse of curiosities on the second floor, appeared exclusively devoted to the reception of pictures.

"My friend the Jew has evidently a taste for lodging as near as possible to the sky!" thought Basil, proceeding to the attic story; and as he noticed the increase of light and decrease of density in the humid atmosphere while continuing to ascend, he came to a conclusion, that, were *he* a lodger in the old house in Delahaye Street, he should follow the example of its proprietor.

The door that now faced him on the landing was slightly ajar, as if purposely left so by the ragged page, by way of indication. Basil tapped lightly, to warn the inmate of his approach, and a hoarse whisper instantly bad him "Come in."

Before a smoking fire, composed of small coal and shavings, the crazy grate containing which emitted the stifling effluvia peculiar to rusty iron, in an old-fashioned *bergère* covered with the ragged remains of a rich brocade, which, in the days of Queen Anne and of the Sedan-chair below, had probably supported the graceful limbs of many a court beauty,—sat the Money-lender; enrobed in a faded, but magnificent wrapper of velvet and sables, and with his strongly marked features and picturesque costume, looking as though he had been sitting for his picture to Rembrandt.

"I am afraid your wet walk has had a worse influence on *you* than on myself, Sir?" said Basil, struck by the hoarseness of the tones in which the old man attempted to inquire his business.

"A slight sore throat,—nothing more!" grumbled Abednego; "easily cured with a quarter of an ounce of gum-arabic and a pint of hot water; half the price of a hackney-coach fare!—What do you want with me?"—

"So little," replied Basil Annesley, seating himself on a rickety straw chair opposite the invalid, "that I would by no means have troubled you had I imagined you were indisposed."

"Then why did you come at all?"—demanded the Money-lender, with surly abruptness.

"I came to ask you an idle question. You were in such perfect health and spirits when we parted yesterday evening, that I had no expectation of being so much an intruder as I find myself to-day.—I have been as far as Greek Street in search of you."

"Do *you* want to take the old house on a repairing lease?" inquired Abednego, with a sneer. "You imagine, perhaps, that some of the money-bags of A. O. will be overlooked in the old cupboards and odd corners?"—

"I have no views on your money-bags, Mr. Osalez, excepting such as you have found me very frank in declaring," replied Annesley, with a degree of steadiness that did him no disservice with one accustomed to be addressed in terms of abject subservience.

"Your question, then, I am to conclude, simply regarded the state of my health?" retorted the Money-lender, the wrinkles which had puckered the corners of his keen eyes into a sarcastic expression, gradually relaxing.

"Still less! I never saw a person more robust than my companion of last night. I merely wished to ask whether you could give me any information concerning a volume in my possession, which bears on the title-page your initials, inscribed in your own handwriting."

"I should be somewhat puzzled, I fancy," replied Abednego, with a hoarse chuckle, "to give you precise information concerning all the varieties of property which, one way or other, have passed through my hands! I buy whatever I can buy cheap, and sell it whenever I can sell it dear! The fools *from* whom I purchase, or who purchase from *me*, are of no more account in my eyes than one of the atoms of dust which your coat has imbibed by your recent visit to my lumber-rooms!"

Following the indication of the old man's skinny finger, pointed towards him, Basil perceived that his scrupulously neat dress bore unsatisfactory traces of the filmy drapery of the Venus de Medicis.

"With such feelings," resumed Abednego, on perceiving that his young visiter evinced no fastidious tokens of disgust at the misadventure which had befallen him, "I do not often set my mark on those temporary belongings,—any book in which I ever inscribed my initials, must have been a book I valued!"

"You can scarcely have failed to value a work so interesting as *this!*" replied Basil, drawing from his pocket the volume he had brought from Barlingham, for the amusement of Verelst, and placing it before Abednego, so as to bring the inscription under his eyes.

To his utter surprise, the effect produced on Osalez by the sight, was scarcely less remarkable than that which it had wrought in the mother of Esther! The old man fell back in his chair, and for a moment appeared to gasp for breath; while Basil sat watching him with uneasy consternation.

"That boy takes as long to boil my hot water, as a chemist to compound a medicine!" were the first words that burst from the quivering lips of Abednego, as if in apology for his emotion;—"yet I told him I was choking with my sore throat!"

"Will you give me leave to ring, Sir?" said Basil, perceiving that his singular host was desirous of evading his observation.

"I give you leave to find a bell,—if you are able!" retorted the old man, as though priding himself on the denuded condition of his habitation. "No, no!—*no* bells here, my fine captain, nor menials to answer them! No knaves in showy liveries, like those who held the great-coat on your back for you, last night, at my Lady Maitland's, who have received no wages save their pickings, stealings, and perquisites, these two years past! If there were indeed such a thing in this old house as an unbroken bell-wire, it would serve only to frighten the poor rats, who are as much masters here as myself. I have no servant, except the beggar-boy who showed you in."

"And do you consider such an unprotected state safe, Sir, with such an amount of property in the house?"—inquired Basil, wishing to give him time to recover his first surprise ere he renewed his inquiries.

"The half-starved terrier I let loose at night, is a better guard than a company of the household brigade!" replied Abednego; who had thrust the volume aside on the table, as if not choosing to encounter a second view.

"But even if the dog gave the alarm,—in your infirm state"——

"This is the first day's illness I have had these twenty years; and you may perceive that I am prepared to take care of myself!" interrupted the old man, suddenly opening the drawer of the table beside him, and taking out a brace of pistols, on half cock, which he quietly replaced,—having evidently exhibited them to reassure, not to intimidate his guest.

"Besides, the police have their eye on my house. I have *them* in fee, as I have the insurance offices, as a matter of business."

"But the discreditable urchin who waits upon you?"

"Regards me as little better than a beggar! Where a half-starved brat sees only an empty larder, he beholds only misery and want. The *chef d'œuvres* you saw just now in my drawing-room, have less intrinsic value in his eyes, than a sirloin of beef in an eating-house window. Bill the sweeper pities me, Sir,—pities me, as a poor old man, almost as much a pauper as himself!"

"He may some day come into contact with people able to enlighten him," observed Basil, gravely. "May I ask, Sir, whether you have any recollection of the book beside you?"

"You got it from your mother!" said Abednego, as if startled into the rejoinder.

"You sold it to her, then?"—demanded Basil, anxious to account for his knowledge of the fact. But at the word, Abednego half started from his chair, as if smitten with a sore and sudden pain. In a moment, however, he recovered himself.

"Nay,—I only so concluded by force of inference," said he. "A taste for the works of Holbein and Hollar, appeared more appropriate to an accomplished woman, than to a gay guardsman.—Perhaps you wish to dispose of the book?"

"I am not, thank God, so straitened, even by the imprudences which have rendered me your debtor," said Basil, proudly, "as to be driven to the sale of my mother's property,—or even of property derived from her. I merely wished to account to myself for the inscription of your initials on the title-page."

"The initials of A. O. have, I admit, obtained strange notoriety by my means," said Abednego; "nevertheless, you cannot suppose me to be the only individual who bears them, or has ever borne them?"

"Scarcely!" replied young Annesley. "But these letters are distinctly of your own tracing!"

"Are you so expert in handwritings as to swear to that?" demanded Abednego; abstaining, however, from a glance towards the book again officiously placed before him by Basil. "My dear young friend—take my advice, and neither perplex your brains with surmises on subjects that little concern you, nor by inferences arising out of idle coincidences, which the inexperience of boyhood conceives to be pregnant with meaning. You are surprised, for instance, that I am tolerably well acquainted with your movements, and the movements of people so much out of my sphere of life as Lord Maitland's wife. A moment's reflection ought to convince you, that a portion of the Money-lender's business is to obtain the most accurate information concerning the spendthrifts of the day,—already his debtors, or his debtors likely to become. I look upon all such as constituting my flocks and herds;—as much my property as the physician regards the gouty lord lolling past him in his chariot; or the undertaker the hectic wretch he hears coughing at the street corner!"

"It may be your business to seek such information: the wonder lies in your obtaining it!" observed Basil.

"*All* information may be had for money!" rejoined Abednego, rubbing his lean hands with an air of exultation. "*Everything* is to be had for money—if applied with the same intelligence that gathered it together. Look at me, Mr. Annesley!—Did you ever see a more loathsome scarecrow?"

And as he spoke, the Jew raised from his head the Greek cap, embroidered with tarnished gold lace, by which its bald crown was covered, as if to give greater expansion to his ugliness.

"Ay, smile, Sir!—You are too civil to confirm the ungracious verdict of a man who sees himself as he sees all things else in this world—in the clear and searching light of truth! But I tell you that, unsightly as I am, women both young and

fair cajole me with their courtesies:—I would say, caresses, but that you must be an eye-witness of the fact, to have faith for disproportion so monstrous. Look ye here!—this tawdry thing," said he, pointing to the cap, which he now replaced upon his head, "was worked for me by the white hands of a countess; and if I chose it, she is ready to embroider a dozen such,—nay, to place them with her aristocratic fingers upon the gray head of the old Money-lender!"

"For which subjection to your will, you despise her!" said Basil, with indignation.

"I despise her, because the necessities that bring her cringing to my feet, arise from the wantonness of folly,—nay, the wantonness of crime; for, in a wife and mother, folly becomes criminal as vice! This woman must shine, forsooth, and glitter, and dazzle, by the splendour of her entertainments, and fashion of her dress. Why? Because she is proud;—because she has the ambition of being cited for her distinction of looks and manners!—And what is the result of her pride and her distinction? Even that she is made to crawl in all the indigence of extravagance, to the knees of A. O. the Money-lender, and beg him, with tears in her eyes, and prayers upon her lips,—nay, more than prayers, if I were brute enough to profit by her subjection,—to take pity upon her necessities.

"You doubt this?—Read, read! It may be treachery for a lover to exhibit the letters of a fond and trusting woman. It is none for the Money-lender to betray the correspondence of a thriftless customer!"—

And snatching a pen from the old leaden inkstand beside him, and passing it hastily through the signature of a letter which, while speaking, he had taken from an envelope lying on a table, he presented it to Basil. "Remark the countess's coronet on the seal," said he, "and admire the delicacy of the handwriting, and elegance of the paper, in confirmation of my assertion, ere you peruse the abject pleadings of this fashionable bankrupt!"

Basil Annesley shuddered as he read; for every line and every syllable adduced horrible confirmation of Abednego's assertions.

"You knew not half the advantages of my calling!" cried the old man, laughing with feeble triumph at the air of consternation that overspread the countenance of Basil, under the influence of one of those painful discoveries which tend to shake our confidence in human nature. "Till now, you regarded the old beggar of Paulet Street as the crazy proprietor of a warehousefull of worm-eaten curiosities, left in deposit by his customers,—of a few crazy houses,—and perhaps a few floating thousands lent out on infamous usury. Ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!—You would give worlds, boy,—*worlds*, for a thousandth part of my influence and authority!—Preferment and promotion lie in the bureau of the Money-lender!—I command most of those who command the destinies of the kingdom. I have princes, ministers, bishops, among my debtors; your highflying orator, your rhapsodizing author;—fellows who, upon the hustings, or in the House, or at Exeter Hall, get up and speechify upon virtue, honour, honesty: but whose shallow consciences are not the less admeasurable by certain shreds of parchment, called bonds, which I hold in my possession. There are few things they dare refuse me: and even as war-making kings tremble under the governance of Rothschild, under *mine*,—under the control of A. O. shivering in his garret,—abide more than one, two, or three of those to whom you uncover your head reverentially as you pass! You saw me keep the Duke of Rochester dancing attendance at my gate. As much, and more, also, have I done to men having the blood-royal of England in their veins!"

The spirits of Basil were overpowered by the vehemence of excitement gradually enkindled in the old man's frame by the progress of discussion. He almost feared that Abednego must be under the influence of fever, to become thus strangely communicative.

"Open yonder bureau," said the Money-lender, extending his skinny finger to one clamped with iron, which stood beside the wretched pallet that formed his comfortless bed.

And Basil almost mechanically obeying, beheld within, in separate compartments, piles of rouleaus, such as he had already seen in the secretaire in Greek Street, besides a variety of morocco-cases.

"Bring me a handful of those baubles—or stay! you know not the ways of the place," he continued, tottering from his chair, till he stood beside Annesley, leaning on the bureau, of which he opened a secret drawer. "Look here!—these are a duchess's diamonds. I hold them in pledge while *she* appears at the right hand of the throne, in false trinkets of paste! These sapphires are the property of a banker's wife, who pretends to have grown '*serious*,' as a pretence for abjuring the use of jewels; because, deceitful jade! her own are in the keeping of A. O.! But this—*this* is my crown of glory!" chuckled the Money-lender, bringing forth a small round case, containing a bracelet of brilliants. "Do you see this miniature?—Six years only have elapsed, since the proud and happy young lord it represents, placed it on the arm of his lovely bride! He has been three years in his grave,—and the miniature is mine! The tinsel of fashion by which the widow is trying to bewilder another silly victim into wedlock, is procured with means of my supplying. But she broke the heart of her first husband by her extravagance. It may not be easy to find another ready to be heart-broken."

"Surely you had better rest yourself again, Sir, in your easy-chair," said Annesley, eager to avoid these hateful revelations. "Pardon me, if I own that I am by no means anxious to see the veil uplifted from the deformities and defeatures of my fellow-creatures."

"I have, nevertheless, too deep a stake in your well-doing, not to afford you the means of discriminating between the sheep of the flock, and the wolves in sheep's clothing," said the Money-lender, "as he doubly locked the bureau, and retreated to his seat. "Admit," said he, gathering more closely around him the robing of his furred symar, which might have served a theatrical Doge of Venice, or Grand Pensionary of Holland,—"admit that, if I choose to deny myself the daintiness of being

drugged by a fashionable apothecary, and dawdled over by a canting housekeeper, it is not for want of means to keep such reptiles in my pay?"

"Which makes me only the more regret, Sir, your obstinate discomfort," replied Basil, beginning to survey the squalid wretchedness of the millionary, as the crotchet of a maniac. "You are ill—*more* ill, perhaps, than you imagine; and left here all night alone, (for even the boy, I conclude, quits you at night?) alone, with the gnawing of the rats for companionship,—to fight against fever and suffocation—you may have cause to repent your rejection of the means of care and comfort, secured you by your ample fortune."

"I have been left alone with worse things than gnawing rats,—even with my own bitter and gnawing thoughts, and yet struggled through the trial," said Abednego. "You pity me, young man, for risking to be stifled by a quinsy, when I might hire some frowsy old woman to sit up with me, whose gripe upon my throat at midnight were a worse peril than my disease!—Basil! had you ever experienced the heart-choking that suspends the impulses of life, under a sense of the contumely of those you love,—had you ever felt the fever that throbs in the burning veins, when disparaged by the idol of your tenderness,—the woman for whom you would have perilled every hope of your soul, in this world, and the world to come,—had you seen the fools, the knaves, whom you despise with the full force of your vigorous intellect—the warm fervour of your generous heart, triumphing over your defeat, and asking how you presume to form pretensions to the smiles of beauty; you—*you*,—with nothing to recommend you but the possession of youth, ardour, mind, cultivation, honour, truth,—and treble the earthly enjoyments of the lordly home from which you desire to remove her to the temple of wedded love where you would have served her as a slave;—had you known all this, Basil Annesley,—had you felt those contemptuous looks eating like caustic into your flesh,—had you heard those insulting words piercing like poisoned arrows into the marrow of your bones,—you would have been content to live as I do, apart from the titled herd, apart from the rapacious crew, despising alike the hirelings for bread, and the hirelings for vanity;—alone,—independent,—brooding over the sense of a mighty wrong, and anticipating the triumph of a mighty revenge!"—

"All this I could perfectly understand," replied young Annesley, steeling himself against the awe with which he was beginning to listen to what appeared to be the rhapsodies of a lunatic,—"provided your privation tended towards the accomplishment of aught beyond your personal inconvenience. But what enemy of yours will be the worse for your remaining this bitter night destitute of attendance and medicaments?"—

"They will be the worse for the results of a system of which these hardships form a part!" replied Abednego, in a gruffer voice, as if exhausted by his recent outburst. "I discern, by the growing superiority of your glance, young man, the contempt kindling in your soul towards my shortsightedness!—You recall to yourself the words of the Psalmist—'He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them!' *I* know—*I* know, Basil Annesley,—and I glory in knowing! He who gathers them will shed coals of fire upon those who——But no matter! What care *you* for the burning injuries or burning revenge of the old Money-lender?"—

"I shall care much more, Sir, to know that you are lying here devoid of the necessaries of life, while *my* pillow has been smoothed by your kindness," replied Basil mildly; "but I cannot offer you my aid. I cannot *now* ask you to accept the services of a faithful servant of my own; because, in the instance of others, you have shown me that you consider such acts of kindness to be interested and mercenary."

"Not from one so young and guileless as *you!*" burst in a hoarse murmur from the parched lips of Abednego. "Be satisfied!—It would make me far more uncomfortable to have my poor old dwelling ransacked by the curiosity of strangers, than to lie here conscious that the javelin of death is at my breast, and that there is none to close my eyes if the grim One gets the best of it!—I want no prying Jacks to spy out the nakedness of the land, or into its abundance; to exult over my empty cellar, or covet my brimming coffers. There is less peril, Basil Annesley, in the quinsy which, as you perceive, is gradually thickening my voice and filming my eyes, than in the malice of the cut-throats with whom your rascal in livery might league himself, on the temptation of the wealth that lies ensconced in this old seeming rat-hole, richer of contents than the palace of Aladdin!—But you pretend a desire to do me service?" said he, half-interrogatively.

Annesley answered not a word; and the Money-lender was forced to reiterate his question.

"I pretend nothing," replied Basil, coldly.—— "I pity your infatuation—I pity your abandonment;—and would fain induce you to take pity on yourself!"

"I repeat that you just now tendered me offers of service. If sincere, and your goodwill be not a mere pretence, confer an obligation on me by giving me this volume!" said Abednego, striking his bony hand on the copy of Hollar lying on the table.

"I cannot do that!" replied Basil, in a decided tone; "for it is not mine to give. It is the property of my mother!"

The piercing glance of Abednego peered from under his bushy eyebrows, and fixed itself scrutinizingly on his face.

"How comes it, then, in your possession?" said he.

"I arrived yesterday morning from Barlingham Grange, where she resides," replied Annesley, firmly, "and brought it with me"——

"Without her knowledge?"—

"Without her knowledge!" replied the young man, in a less assured voice. But the admission appeared less to provoke the contempt than the satisfaction of his singular companion.—A ray of joy twinkled in his deep-set eyes.

"And what *tempted* you to bring it with you?"—inquired Abednego, with persevering curiosity.

"I wished to show it to a friend, to whom, as a curious work of art, I thought the sight might be advantageous," replied the harassed guest.

"That is, you wanted to conciliate the blind old father of Esther Verelst!"—added the Money-lender, while the colour mounted to the temples of the astonished Basil.

"Do you mean me to believe you in league with Satan, as well as the comptroller of half the destinies of London?"—cried he, losing all self-possession.

Abednego laughed aloud at this apostrophe; and the huskiness of his voice was now painful to hear.

"You go far out of your way, young Sir," said he, "to account for my participation in the household secrets of a needy artist!—Is it so *very* marvellous that I—A. O. the Money-lender—should be aware that the sum of money you raised so rashly at my hands, was devoted to meet acceptances which had their origin in the embarrassments of that wrong-headed ass—Verelst the painter?"—

Basil Annesley now fairly started from his seat.

"Somewhat an onerous requital," persisted Abednego, with a sneer, "for a few cups of linden-water, bestowed upon you during your illness at Heidelberg, and a few lessons in crayons!"—

"Mr. Osalez,"—Basil was beginning,—but Abednego persevered in a louder key—

"You fancy," he continued, "that it would go to the stubborn heart of Lady Annesley, to know that a book of hers had fallen into the hands of an obscure, money-lending, miserly, contemned, and outcast Jew!—But I tell you, young gentleman, that, haughty as she is, her blood would rise to fever-heat, did she know that her only son,—the son of her pride, if not of her affection,—had pledged his heart, and meditated pledging his hand, to the daughter of a starving artist, and the granddaughter of——But no matter!—Her scorn and her humiliation are no affair of mine!—But here comes my brew of diet-drink!" cried he, as the dirty urchin, carrying a jug of hot water, peeped into the room; "and the more welcome, that my throat is parched with talking.—So no more to-day, Mr. Annesley!—Untempting as my bed may look to *you*, I am cowardly enough to feel that my old bones will be the better for it.—Farewell!—If you have consistency enough, to care two days hence for the ailment that paints such compassion in your looks at this moment, pr'ythee come and see whether death or A. O. have fought the better fight!—Till then, surely, you will entrust to my hands a volume so replete with instruction as this?" said he, again laying his hand upon the book, which Annesley had no pretext for refusing as a loan. And almost before he knew what he was about, he had been unconsciously dismissed by the Money-lender; and was standing on the pavement of Delahaye Street,—listening to the bolting, and barring, and putting up of the rusty chain within, by Bill the sweeper.

Basil had not resisted Abednego's commands, that the boy should follow him down to open the door; for he thus secured an opportunity to enforce, by a second bribe, his charge to the uncouth page on no account to leave the invalid that night; but to be in readiness to receive the medicines and instructions he was proceeding to despatch from the nearest chemist's, for the alleviation of the alarming malady of A. O.

(To be continued.)

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. VI.—THE SONG OF JUNE.

1.

Night's conqueror I: on his ebon roof-tree
My mantle of twilight hangs haughtily.
The glistering stars from their temples of space
Look down and grow dim o'er the Isles I embrace;
For my chariot wheels carry sunlight afar,
And my oriflamme, lightning, aye challenges war,
Till hill calls to valley, and mountains reply,
With the thunder I wield while I traverse the sky.
But conclude not my life passeth drearily:
Though I frown, and have shadows,
While the bee winds his horn,
I ring scythes in the meadows,
With the whetstone at morn,
And at night send the mower home wearily.
About the green hedges,
I convolvulus twine;
Drive kine to the sedges;
Give bloom to the vine;
In the brook plunge the peasant-boy cheerily.
I canopy lanes for young lovers to stroll
In the dimness of eve, by the light of the soul;
Where the glow of my roses
Illumines the shade,
Yet vainly opposes
The blush of a maid!
Ah, lovers! fond lovers! you ne'er can commune
With a sensitive confidant secret as June.

2.

Age blesses my feet; for I bring him the joy
Which surrounded his thoughts and his heart when a boy:
He shall dream in his porch of full fifty years gone,
When he loitered a listener in woods, not alone—
No; a face that was fairer, with soul insincere,
Poured its poisonous balm in the coquetting ear
Of her he adored, till fire flashed from his eyes,
And he thrashed the intruder, and bore off the prize;—
My sweet magic his dreamy thoughts brightening.
I have flowers for rough brambles;
Gild the broom in the wild;
I dry meads for the gambols
Of each dear happy child;
The bonds of all Nature's love tightening.
My bloom-pencil streaking
Full orchards, I ply,
While hay-wains are creaking
To homesteads hard by;
The fawn and the leveret frightening.
I will fill the warm air with a myriad hum,
And the dragon-fly bold, to your horse-fold shall come:
Where nightingale pineth,
And young squirrels grow,
And brown glow-worm shineth
'Midst foxgloves below,
Oh, citizens! citizens! come and attune
Your dull souls in the forests and pastures of June.

J. A. O.

A LECTURE ON COWPER AND BURNS, THE TWO EARLIEST GREAT POETS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

YOUNG MEN!—Is it truly said that the age we live in is very unpoetical? I think not. Never was the best poetry better appreciated in this country than at present; for even in the Elizabethan period of our literature, the best poetry was not always best appreciated. Perhaps there is more poetry in the "Bride of Lammermoor," or in the mere conception of the character of the Master of Ravenswood, than in all the poets of the fifty years that immediately preceded the Modern school of poetry. Cowper and Burns were the earliest great poets of that school; and of them I proceed to speak.

Cowper, you are aware, was highly educated; and Burns was better educated than nineteen-twentieths of Englishmen are. But Burns was self-taught, we are told. So was Cowper. So is *every* man of genius. It is in being self-taught, that men of genius differ from other men; or how happened Cowper, in his writings, to oppose totally the approved standards of his day? Perhaps the productions of that power which is called genius, are not results of qualities inherent in their authors, but of fortunate circumstances, or even of disadvantages conquered: for instance, a man may conquer the disadvantages of a good education, as Milton did; or convert a bad one into the best, as Shakspeare did. I know a man who has obtained some literary notoriety in consequence of having a defective memory, which retains nothing but leading facts and principles: like the shark described by Cobbett, which swallowed hundreds of cod fish and millions of keplins, but only felt the cod fish. Now, Burns, when quite a youth, living on six pounds twelve shillings a-year, had the honour, it is said, to establish one of the earliest subscription libraries in Scotland—a glory worth living for. The funds of the subscribers would not allow them to buy many books, but the books they did buy were good ones. Burns, then, could not become an indiscriminate reader, or he might possibly have formed his taste on worse models than the "Letters of Junius." Six pounds twelve shillings a-year, is a small sum for a hungry youth to live upon; but if Burns had not known what poverty is, would he have written his "Cottar's Saturday Night?" And if he had not had the misfortune to be a gauger—too well acquainted with alehouse doings—could he have written his "Tam O' Shanter?" It is more than probable, then, that he owed much of his literary success to misfortunes—vanquished, and converted into their opposites. It is certain that Cowper did: he derived strength from his weakness: he had to fight battles with his miserable constitution, and he gained glorious victories over it. His works are those victories. How good, then, is God, even in what he denies! and how thankless are they who do not use what he gives! The dullest mechanic, by merely reading what is excellent in our language—the masterpieces alone, might, in a few months, become allied to the highest minds—a copartner in excellence; and, if thought is eternal, a shareholder with immortality. Think of this, Young Men! for you cannot win the race of knowledge (which is virtue) by lagging behind the age in which you live; and if you cannot answer Time—the great questioner here—how will you answer God, when he asks you, not if you won the race, but why you stood still?

It is not easy to conceive any two men more unlike each other, than Cowper and Burns were; and yet, in their genius, there is much similarity. Burns, perhaps, was twice as much a man as Cowper, and the tenth part of the tithe as much a poet as Shakspeare or Scott: he was a giant, nevertheless. *His* Muse was manliness: he was honest and fearless. The Muse of Cowper was conscience: *he* was honest but not fearless: he trembled, and a shadow overthrew him—but it was a shadow darker than the shadow of death. He would have been a far greater poet than he was, if disease had not made him a coward. Not that he was insincere: oh no! and yet he dared not whisper to his poor heart that God is merciful. Nor was his despair unpoetical; but the hope of Burns is more poetical than Cowper's despair; and Burns had this further advantage, that he neither despaired of man as he is, nor of his ultimate destiny. How much more respectable human nature appears in our eyes after reading Burns, than after reading Byron!

The language of Burns is frequently as condensed as that of Pope. Some of his lines contain as many thoughts as words. I will quote one of these: "his locked, letter'd, braw brass collar:" here are six thoughts in six words. Never, perhaps, was there a more pregnant style. And he is the most unsophisticated of poets. He is earnest as Milton, earnest as Cromwell, earnest as the Pilgrim Fathers, who, seeking the free worship of God on the shores of America, planted the world's political redemption in a wilderness of wants. His readers never mistrust him. It is not the poetry that we like, but the man. He has stamped his honest, fearless, individuality upon his writings: they are all marked "Robert Burns."

If you doubt the similarity of the minds of these two men, compare any one of the rhymed epistles of Burns, with the rhymed epistle of Cowper to Joseph Hill:—

> "An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
> Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within."

Burns, however, had a great advantage over Cowper, in his option of rhyming either in English, or in his sweet native Doric. Burns knew this well. No man ever understood better his powers, or his position. I, therefore, venture to

predict, that the rhymed epistles of Burns will never be excelled; nay, so unsurpassable is their excellence, that (if genius supposes judgment) few men of genius would attempt to imitate them. He was warned, indeed, that his truthfulness (his vulgarity it was called) would be fatal to the longevity of his writings. Wordsworth has had similar warnings; but if *he* fail to become permanently popular, he will not fail because his subjects are mean, but because what is called his simplicity, is that worst of all affectations, the affectation of unaffectedness.

It would be preposterous to class such writers as Cowper, our best ethic poet, and Burns, our best sentimental poet, with such writers (there are none such) as Shakspeare and Scott; but it cannot be denied that they are, though not greatest, great. Cowper, in fourteen of the noblest lines ever written, enumerates some of the qualities which, in his opinion, are requisite to constitute the character of a great poet:—

> "Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought:
> Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
> Fancy, which from the bow that spans the sky
> Brings colours dipp'd in heaven, that never die;
> A soul exalted above earth; a mind
> Skill'd in the characters that form mankind;
> And as the sun, in rising beauty dress'd,
> Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
> And marks, (whatever clouds may interpose,)
> Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close;
> *An eye like his*, to catch the distant goal,
> Or, ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
> Like his, to shed illuminating rays
> On every scene and subject it surveys."

Both these poets combined, do not possess all the requisites to form a Shakspeare or a Scott; and it s remarkable, that Cowper, in his enumeration, leaves unmentioned the quality in which himself and Burns were most deficient. Montgomery, rich in heavenly thoughts, "and that sweet peace which goodnesss bosoms ever"—Montgomery, who has heen called our second Cowper, and our miniature Milton, unlike them both, abounds in tenderness; but if I have been able to find only one eeply pathetic passage in the writings of Cowper, you will perhaps say the fault is mine. The lines I allude to, are called "The Castaway:" they are a narrative of the death of a sailor who was washed from the wreck of Admiral Anson's ship; and they conclude with this dismal stanza:—

> No voice divine the storm allay'd,
> No light propitious shone,
> When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
> *We* perished, *each* alone;
> But I beneath a rougher sea,
> And whelm'd in *deeper* gulphs than he.

Few as are the pathetic passages in the works of Burns, they are sufficiently numerous to show, that "the weeping blood of woman's heart" was not unknown to him: how *could* it be unknown to one of the warmest hearts that ever beat? Perhaps he was too manly to weep often; but, if so, his tears are not the less affecting on that account. Is it possible for words to exceed in pathos the apostrophe of the captive Queen of Scots to her absent son?

> God shield thee frae thy mother's foes,
> Or turn their hearts to thee!
> But if thou meet thy mother's *friend*,
> Remember *him* for me!

How plain, how true are these words! Burns was too honest to sacrifice sense to sound: in some of his tenderest verses, he can scarcely be said to rhyme at all. I will try, by a very short extract from one of the finest of his poems, to illustrate the single-heartedness of his character.

> Oh, pale, pale, now those rosy lips
> *I oft has kiss'd* sae fondly!
> And closed for aye the sparkling glance
> That dwelt on *me* sae kindly!
> And mouldering now in silent dust
> The heart that lo'ed *me* dearly!
> But still, within my bosom's core,
> Shall live my Highland Mary!

Here is *no* sophistication. The pale lips were the lips that he had *kissed*; the closed eyes were the eyes that had looked on *him* with fondness; the mouldering heart was the heart that *loved* him. He was not afraid to be told that his love was selfish; it was enough for him that it was the love that God made.

With similar honesty, and with true piety, he calls the mouse "his fellow-mortal;" for, says Coleridge,

> He prayeth best, who *loveth* best
> All things, both great and small,
> For the dear God who loveth *us*,
> He made, and loveth all.

Burns having been called the Camoens of Scotland, I will recite a sonnet of the Portuguese bard, on the death of his mistress:—

> That gentle, bounteous hand; that heart sincere;
> Those locks of light, that shamed the beams of day;
> Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
> Love, turned from Heaven, charmed all my cares away;
> Are changed, for ever changed, and turned to clay.
> Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
> The plant to which, erp scarce it bore a flower,[1]
> The mellower fruitage of its prime was given;
> Love saw the deed, and as he lingered near,
> Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to Heav'n.

The author, in every fibre of his frame, felt this to be true poetry; yet it wants the heartiness, the downright sincerity of our northern Camoens. The literature of the last sixty years can boast, at least, two truth-tellers,—Rousseau and Burns; but Rousseau told the truth of himself as a duty, Burns unconsciously, as a flower unfolds its petals,—and the latter revelation is likeliest to be the true one.

There are thoughts which, generally, it would be in the highest degree improper to divulge to others, but which we whisper to our hearts in spite of ourselves. They are often read in us by others, when we would not utter them for worlds. *They are poetry in the highest*, revelations of the past of thought, *warnings*,—sent of God, lest they become the past of action also; and if, after having become the past of action, they should happen to be revealed by accident, or by the agonies of a guilty conscience, they are then terribly sublime. Whoever thou art, Poet of the Future!—if such a being is now addressed by me,—listen, with trembling, to the first warnings of guilty thought; but

if thou shouldst be so unhappy as to seek an excuse for evil thoughts in the evil deeds of Burns, ask thyself—before thou believe all the evil that has been imputed to him—whether he might not possibly have been justified in saying to himself, what few can say with truth, *that he was better than his reputation?* for, in speaking to his own heart, he has laid it, with unexampled manliness, *naked* before thine. Was he not, then, a man and a brother? Compare his revealed secrets with that frightful revelation of Cardinal Beaufort in Shakspeare—that terrible poetry of *silence*—when "he died, and made no sign."

If Cowper had written songs, such was the honesty of his nature, that he would probably have equalled Burns, great as are the disadvantages under which our language would have laid him. For Burns was not the prototype of the truthfulness of Scottish song; the ancient minstrels of Scotland did not forget to avail themselves of the marvellous facilities which the dialect of their country affords to the poet; but Burns has excelled their best productions. See his "Anna," that sweetest of lyrics; or see his "Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," the hacknied thought expressed in which is, in other writers, a mere conceit; but in Burns, a sentiment, solemn, mournful, almost sublime. At Doncaster, when I was lecturing there, I met with one of those intimations of a better world, which give us, in this, a presage of Heaven,—a lady, beautiful, good, and all-accomplished, who asked me if I could sing? I answered, "that I was passionately fond of music, but that my wife had been more than thirty years vainly trying to teach me the Hundreth psalm tune,"—there being a note toward the close of the third line which I cannot learn. She then said that, justice, she thought, could not be done to Burns, as a lyric poet, if his songs were divorced from their appropriate tunes. I thought differently; but mentally resolved that I would sing, and also recite, as I have now done, one of his best songs; for I knew that my bad singing would, at least, seem to help my theory,—that good singing is to good recitation what a silver chain is to the lark's wing, or a parrot learning language to the flower whose silence singeth.

Cowper does not, like Burns, write the history of the poor in every page of his works, but his heart was with them; witness his description of the street-imprisoned mechanic, and his miserable attempt at a garden, "A sprig of mint, set in a spoutless teapot." They were both patriots, both honest men; but the expression of their sentiments was remarkably modified by their physical condition. Burns speaks with the animal courage of health,—Cowper, with the faltering of incipient disease, or the energy of fever. "Is there," says Burns,—

> Is there for honest poverty,
> *That hangs his head, and a' that,—*
> The coward loon! we pass *him* by;
> And dare be poor for a' that.

"He," says Cowper, "who finds one drop of heaven's sweet mercy in his cup, can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content so he may wrap himself in honest rags at his last gasp; but could not, for a world, fish up his dirty and dependent bread from pools and ditches of the commonwealth, sordid and sickening at his own success."

If Cowper had been blessed with the physical strength of Burns, he might have been,—but I don't say he would have been,—at once, one of the greatest of poets and ablest of active men. As it is, I am unable to name a poet whose writings, page for page, can boast an equal amount of original thought and sterling common sense.

In nothing did Cowper and Burns resemble each other more than in their power of comic delineation: had they written for the stage, we should have had three Sheridans—alike, yet how different!

Here is one of Cowper's pictures, finished with minute touches of the pencil:—

> Yon ancient prude, whose withered features show
> She might be young some forty years ago,
> Her elbows pinioned close upon her hips,
> Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
> Her eye-brows arched, her eyes both gone astray
> To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
> With bony and unkerchief'd neck, defies
> The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
> And sails, with lappet head and mincing airs,
> Duly, at clink of bell, to morning prayers.
> To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
> She yet allows herself that boy behind.
> The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
> With slip-shod heels, and dewdrop at his nose;
> His predecessor's coat advanced to wear,
> Which future pages yet are doomed to share;
> Carries her Bible, tucked beneath his arm,
> And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.
> She, half an angel in her own account,
> Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
> Though not a grace appears, on strictest search,
> But that she fasts, and, *item*, goes to church.

But Burns could dash off a character with a stroke of his pen. Premising that my ignorance of the Scottish dialect will prevent me from doing him anything like justice, I will prove both these assertions by reading a few lines from a poem, which he alone of all mankind could have written. Study it, young men, if you would know what a power language is:—

TAM O' SHANTER.

> When chapman billies leave the street,
> And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
> As market-days are wearing late,
> And folk begin to tak' the gate;
> While we sit bousing at the nappy,
> And getting fou and unco' happy,
> We think na' on the lang Scots miles,
> The mosses, waters, slaps, an stiles,
> That lie between us and our hame,
> Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
> Gathering her brows, like gathering storm,
> Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
>
> This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
> As he frae Ayr ae night did canter.
>
> Oh, Tam, hadst thou but been sae wise
> As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
> She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
> A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
> That frae *November* till *October*,
> Ae market-day thou wasna sober;
> That *ilka* melder wi' the miller
> Thou sate as lang as thou had siller;
> That *every* naig was ca'd a shoe on,
> The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;

That at the Lord's house ev'n on Sunday
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet—
How mony prudent sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale. Ae market-night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, *drouthy* crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for *weeks* thegither.
The night *drave* on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rain and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd *himsel'* amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes *wing'd* their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be *blest'd*, but Tam was *glorious*,
O'er a' the cares o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
We seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then gone for ever.

I hold in my hand some verses which have not appeared in any collection of the works of Burns. They want his terseness and condensation; but may be his notwithstanding;—if they are—and I do not know who else could have written them,—they show that he, too, could, when he chose, finish a portrait with minute touches of the comic pencil.

THE MINISTER.

Our gudewife she keeps beef and ale,
And tea, to treat the Minister,
While I, if hungry, sup the kale;
The beef is for the Minister:
Besides, a bottle she keeps by,
To warm his heart when he's no dry,
While I the water-pail maun try;
May the deil burst the Minister!

Our Minister he has nae pride,
Not a bit the Minister;
He just sits down by our fireside
As he were no' our Minister;
He taks our gudewife by the hand,
Says, John, man, sit, what maks ye stand?
He has the bairns a' at command:
They a' ken the Minister.

But still he's useful in his place,
He's a braw man the Minister;
At ilka feast he says the grace,
Nane fitter than the Minister;
And when the glasses come in view,
He says, We'll drink, but na' get fou
Sic things the Lord doth not allow:
Yet fou gets the Minister.

Our Minister he's now fall'n sick,
Waes me, the Minister;
Wha' now shall keep us frae auld Nick,
If the Lord tak our Minister?
Left to oursels, he kens fu' weel,
The brent up stairs we canna spiel.
We maun ev'n turn back and face the deil,
If the Lord tak our Minister.

He preaches loud, does saftly pray—
Thus says our Minister,
"Ye will be sure to find the way,
If ye are like your Minister;
Ye'll get a place, ye needna fear;
Be sure that after him ye spier."
But faith, I doubt, when we get there,
We'll no see the Minister.

I must now conclude, with a few observations on the lives and characters of the two great founders of the Modern School of Poetry. Perhaps no falsehood has been more frequently repeated than that men of genius are less fortunate and less virtuous than other men; but the obvious truth that they who attempt little are less liable to failure than they who attempt much, will account for the proverbial good luck of fools. In our estimate of the sorrows and failings of literary men, we forget that sorrow is the common lot; we forget, too, that the misfortunes and the errors of men of genius are recorded; and that, although their virtues may be utterly forgotten, their minutest faults will be sure to find zealous historians. And this is as it should be. Let the dead instruct us. But slanderers blame, in individuals, what belongs to the species. "We women," says Clytemnestra in Eschylus, when meditating the murder of her husband, and in reply to an attendant who was praising the gentleness of the sex, "We women are—what we are." So is it with us all. Then, let every fault of men of genius be known; but let not hypocrisy come with a sponge, and wipe away their virtues.

Of the misfortunes of Cowper, we have all heard, and certainly he was unfortunate, for he was liable to fits of insanity. But it might be said of him, that he was tended through life by weeping angels. Warm-hearted friends watched and guarded him with intense and unwearied solicitude; the kindest hearted of the softer sex, the best of the best, seem to have been born only to anticipate his wants. A glance at the world, will show us that his fate, though sad, was not saddest: for how many madmen are there, and how many men still more unfortunate than madmen, who have no living creature to aid, or soothe, or pity them! Think of Milton—"blind among enemies!"

But the saddest incident in the life of Cowper remains to be told. In his latter days, he was pensioned by the crown—a misfortune which I can forgive to him, but not to destiny. It is consoling to think, that he was not long conscious of his degradation after the cruel kindness was inflicted on him. But why did not his friends—if weary of sustaining their kinsman stricken by the arrows of the Almighty, suffer him to perish in a *beggars'* madhouse? Would he had died in a ditch, rather than this shadow had darkened over his grave! Burns was more fortunate in his death than Cowper: he lived self-supported to the end. Glorious hearted Burns! Noble, but unfortunate Cowper!

Burns was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease,—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain, that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback: of Scott and Byron, the cripples: of the epileptic Julius Cæsar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle

without going into fits; and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed: where Cobbett (a man of talent, not of genius) would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over five-barred gates, he probably would not have written his inimitable sofa-and-lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow, that he would not have written the "Essay on Man;" and they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we having only one in our language, William Hazlitt—so, very tall and complete men are as rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And if it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps seldom find a gigantic body combined with a soul of Æolian tones: it is equally undeniable, that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong, and handsome, as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair.

But he was unfortunate, we are told. Unfortunate! He was a tow-heckler who cleared six hundred pounds by the sale of his poems: of which sum he left two hundred pounds behind him, in the hands of his brother Gilbert: two facts which prove that he could neither be so unfortunate, nor so imprudent, as we are told he was. If he had been a mere tow-heckler, I suspect he would never have possessed six hundred shillings.

But he *was* imprudent it is said. Now, he is a wise man who has done one act that influences beneficially his whole life. Burns did three such acts—he wrote poetry—he published it; and, despairing of his farm, he became an exciseman. It is true he did one imprudent act; and, I hope, the young persons around me will be warned by it: he took a farm, without thoroughly understanding the business of farming. It does not appear that he wasted or lost any capital, except what he threw away in his farm. He was unlucky, but not imprudent in giving it up when he did. Had he held it a little longer, the Bank Restriction Act would have enriched him at the expense of his landlord; but Burns was an honest man, and, therefore, alike incapable of desiring and foreseeing that enormous villany.

But he was neglected, we are told. Neglected? No strong man, in good health, *can* be neglected, if he is true to himself. For the benefit of the young, I wish we had a correct account of the number of persons who fail of success, in a thousand that resolutely strive to do well. I do not think it exceeds one per cent. By whom was Burns neglected? Certainly not by the people of Scotland: for they paid him the highest compliment that can be paid to an author: they bought his book! Oh, but he ought to have been pensioned. Pensioned? Cannot we think of poets without thinking of pensions? *Are* they such poor creatures, that they cannot earn an honest living? Let us hear no more of such degrading and insolent nonsense.

But he was a drunkard, it is said. I do not mean to exculpate him, when I say, that he was, probably, no worse in that respect than his neighbours; for he *was* worse if he was not better than they, the balance being against him; and his Almighty Father would not fail to say to him, "What didst thou with the lent talent?" But drunkenness, in his time, was the vice of his country—it is so still; and if the traditions of Dumfries are to be depended on, there are allurements which Burns was much less able to resist than those of the bottle; and the supposition of his frequent indulgence in the crimes to which those allurements lead, is incompatible with that of his habitual drunkenness.

When I was a lad, one of my father's workmen sometimes sent me early in the morning with a quart pot to a neighbouring alehouse, for a jack of what he called "purl;" and later in the forenoon, for a pint of ale. Finding, by dipping my finger into it, that the "purl" had a bitter taste, and nasty yellow shake-up, I never tolled it; and I observed that my employer drank it without raising his eyes; but always, before he drank his ale, *he looked at me*, suspecting that I had some of it in me. The Corn Law Rhymer, then, was a rogue from the beginning? Yes. But the Corn Law Rhymer is not a poet; and if the slanderers of genius would consider, that, although they can place no Hamlets or Tam o' Shanters to the credit of their account, they certainly share with Shakspeare and Burns their full proportion of the faults and failings of our common humanity, we should hear less about the Dumfries Exciseman's drunkenness, and the wrongs of the dowered Ann Hathaway.

But Burns, it is said, was ungrateful to his patrons. Who were they? The Tories of his time, the fathers of men who must be clever, for, in our days, they have invented a new name for rascality, calling themselves Conservatives. But what did those lords and squires for him? They gave him a job, a nasty one; he did the work, and got the wages—with an early grave in at the bargain. No, no! He and they understood each other right well. *He* knew, and *they* knew, that men like them are as fond of men like him, as robbers are of the hangman.

But he was *politically* imprudent, we are told. Now, I do not think that any man ought to become a martyr, unless he likes martyrdom for its own sake; but they who accuse Burns of political imprudence, take a bat's view of his case—*he* took an eagle's. What should we now care for Burns, the honest, fearless exciseman, had he been a rhyming sycophant? His family, I suspect, are at this moment more prosperous, in the worldly sense of the term, than if he had died a collector; and it is plain he could not have become one, without forfeiting that independence which binds our hearts to him.

But I shall not do justice to him, if I do not give you his picture of himself, from his letter to J. F. Erskine, Esq., written 13th April, 1793, just after he had narrowly escaped being ruined, by the arbitrary wantonness of power; especially as it has been blamed as mere bravado on the part of Burns,

by a patrician critic, who having found himself mistaken and ridiculous in his infallible decisions on modern poetry, determined to try his hand on a poet's prose. "Burns," says the bard of himself, "was a poor man from birth, and an exciseman from necessity; but the sterling ore of his worth no poverty could debase; and his independent mind oppression might bend, but could not subdue. Have not I, in my children, a more precious stake in my country's welfare, than the richest dukedom in it? Can I look tamely on, and see any machination wrest from my boys their birthright? Does any man tell me, that my efforts can be of no service? I tell him, that it is on men like me that a nation has to rest—men who are elevated enough to reason and reflect, yet low enough to keep clear of venal contagion. I have now drawn Burns as he is; but should any of the persons in whose hands is the bread he eats get the least knowledge of the picture, it would ruin the poor bard for ever."

Let us now compare Burns and his prose, with Dante's prose, and the writer of it. Dante—some of you know—a senator of Florence, corruptly driven from his country, and robbed of his ample possessions, lived long in banishment, and died in exile. About the year 1316, his friends obtained his restoration to his country and his possessions, on condition that he should pay a sum of money, avow himself guilty, and ask pardon of his oppressors. This is his answer on the occasion, to an aged kinsman whom he calls "Father." "From your letter I observe how much you have at heart my welfare, and I am bound to you the more, because an exile rarely finds a friend. But I must, by my answer, disappoint some little minds. Your nephew has written to me, that I am allowed to return to Florence on certain conditions; wherein, my Father, I see two conditions that are ridiculous and impertinent. I speak of the impertinence of those who mention such conditions to me; for in *your* letter there is no such thing. Is such an invitation glorious for Dante, after suffering in exile almost fifteen years? Is it thus, then, they would recompense innocence, labour, and unremitting study? Far from me be the senseless baseness of a beast of earth, that could offer himself up, as it were, in chains. Far from the man who cries aloud for justice, this compromise with his persecutors. No, my Father, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. But I shall return with hasty steps, if you can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then shall I never enter Florence. What! can I not everywhere enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? Can I not contemplate, in any corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truths, without rendering myself infamous? Bread, I hope, will not fail me." But bread *did* fail him. Every reader of his works must know, by heart, the prediction addressed to him by the shade of his ancestors:—"Thou shalt prove how bitter is the taste of the bread of others, how hard the road up and down strangers' stairs." But there is another passage in which he makes his readers shudder, discovering an exact portrait of himself in a man, "who, stripping himself of all shame, and trembling in his very vitals, places himself in the public way, and stretches out his hand for charity." "By such sacrifices," says the reviewer, "he preserved his principles, and sustained the magnanimity of his character;" and such are the rewards which, in all ages, have been paid to them "who are not of the wretches who may be said never to have lived, whom God's justice disdains to punish, and his mercy to pardon." Such, perhaps, will *ever* be the reward of the prophetic honesty of genius. *Why* were Dante and Burns persecuted? Because they saw farther than others; and what avails it to them, if the sons of their persecutors are instructed by their graves?

It is melancholy to reflect, that Burns died *just in time* to prevent the blackness of darkness from receiving its foulest blot—he did not live to be fed on alms, or stamped into a dungeon for the crime of honesty. But the rules of this Institution prevent me from saying more, than that he was one of the first victims of the English reign of terror. *Merciful death* would not allow the merciless to persecute him actually into the workhouse; but they applied to him an epithet *fatal* in those days, and not safe in these—they proclaimed him an honest man! They forbade him to *hope*. They appointed despair and wounded pride his Ganymede and Hebe; and when a man has *such* cupbearers, we need not ask if the liquor they fill is poison.

But was there no meanness in the pride of Burns? "Give me wit," said he, "and I am contented." The boon was his in superabundance, and he was *not* contented. "Had I but hearkened to good advice," said he, "I might by this time have led a market." I doubt whether the advice was good, but if it was, why *did* he not lead a market? They who lead markets, take the means. Instead, then, of striking dewdrops from the daisies, he should have covered himself with rust and dust, as they do. But why could he not be satisfied with the Muse, and poverty, her dower? True, he did not turn his back on the angel of his life; but he repined because she had not brought with her from heaven—a clod of clay. Out of more than two hundred thousand millions of human beings, he was an individual of the few hundreds who have won for themselves an earthly immortality—and he was dissatisfied! Surely, then, his light was not *all* "light from heaven." I can imagine the Father of Mercies looking down on him in stern pity.

Whatever his faults might be, *he* paid the penalty of them, and left the benefit to us. The most valuable bequest which a man of genius can leave to posterity, is the legacy of his faults. God, I have said, wastes nothing—no, not even the evil that men do. His eternal finger writes their lives in their deeds, that we may emulate the good, and be instructed by the evil. Burns was a poet, and a man. "The poet"—if I may use the words of Madame de Staël, the greatest *man* that ever wore petticoats—"the poet lives in his works;" but

where, in this world, is the *man* to be found, if not in our affectionate remembrance, or in our just and benevolent appreciation? Is he not defenceless? Hath he not said to us, "Forget me not?" If the life of the slandered, like Religion itself, is a poem which prosers have covered with blots—let us not forget that the blots are no part of the poem. Whoever thou art, then, that in thy *purity* judgest thy brother, reflect that all other virtues in thee are worthless, if thou hast not charity. Burns lies before thee—helpless and *self-condemned*. With the manliness which was the corner-stone of his character, he wrote a true inscription for his own grave:—

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless folly laid him low,
And *stained* his name.

If, then, his failings are recorded for eternity, while those of other men are written in water—if to err is human—if the angels fell—"speak of him as he was, set down nought in malice;" "and let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone" at the grave of ROBERT BURNS.

A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1841.*

THIS new work of the philanthropic Quaker comes before the public with the special recommendation that, in advocating the emancipation of the blacks, its author, as is now well known, does not overlook the rights of the whites; that he contends for universal suffrage, for equality of civil rights, as well as the abolition of slavery. This is only consistency; yet in a member of his quiet sect, it is a great step in advance; for we would fain hope that the decided line of conduct taken by Joseph Sturge is an augury of the opinions of nearly the whole body of the Friends, and that his next work may be a report of the progress of Associations formed in Great Britain for obtaining the suffrage.

With Mr. Sturge's Visit to the West Indies many of our readers must be familiar. His recent visit to the United States had the same object, "*the universal abolition of slavery*;" and one scarcely less important to mankind, "*the promotion of permanent international Peace.*" The second object, though never lost sight of, was kept subordinate to the abolition mission.

Arguments against the principle, and expositions of the moral and even economical ill consequences of slavery, are no longer needed in Great Britain; and even in the United States, slavery is rarely now defended on other than narrow, selfish, and passionate grounds, save as a necessary evil; which, like lesser abuses in this country, has grown to such a magnitude, and has so intertwined itself with all institutions and interests, that it is dangerous to touch it or tamper with it. Mr. Sturge's work, therefore, is necessarily rather an account of the present state of opinion in America regarding slavery, and of the leading abolitionists and the prospects of their great labour, than an argument against slavery or an illustration of its horrible tendencies, which has surely become superfluous.

Mr. Sturge sailed in the *British Queen* in March 1841. He is a Tee-totaller, as well as an abolitionist and advocate of the suffrage; and he notices with approbation a useful change in the economy of the steamers, by which passengers need not pay for more wine and spirits than they choose to drink; instead of being tempted to drink to excess, because the liquor costs nothing, its price being included in the passage money. One of the passengers, who was the reverse of a Teetotaller, addressed the intelligent black steward of the vessel as "Blacky." "My name is Robert," replied the man. "And when you want anything from me, please to address me by name: we are all the same flesh and blood; I did not make myself; God made me." The rebuke was felt by all present. Mr. Sturge found native American slaveholders less bigoted and benighted than those Europeans who had been inured to slavery by participating in its gains, or by a residence in the slave States. A French merchant of New Orleans, a passenger in the steamer, said, "It would be as reasonable to class negroes with monkeys as to place them on an equality with whites."

Landing at New York, the missionary proceeded from town to town, indefatigably pursuing the objects which had taken him from home. He went as far south as Washington, and, in the other direction, he visited the Falls of Niagara; sometimes returning to places he had already visited, and often addressing public meetings. Among the first persons he saw on landing were ARTHUR TAPPAN and his brother LEWIS; the former said to be the most obnoxious individual to the pro-slavery party throughout the union. By this party he is regarded as ABOLITION personified. And never did goodness take a more attractive form, if he merits the character here given of him. These noble brothers have lavished their ample resources in promoting the cause of Abolition, with a munificence which, when the ends in view are compared, may well put the vulgar magnificence of the princes and magnates of Europe to shame. And their personal labours seem to have been as freely given as their money. Some years since, Lewis Tappan had the ear of a negro sent him by the post, in an insulting anonymous letter. Now, in the words of a countryman and fellow-labourer, "Lewis Tappan has made the whole nation look the captives in the face."

Mr. Sturge, besides giving the individuals whom he saw face to face the praise which is their due, adverts affectionately to the old abolitionists; to JOHN WOOLMAN and ANTHONY BENEZET, those early labourers who broke up the fallow-ground, and bore the burthen in the heat of the day.

* By Joseph Sturge. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 215. Hamilton and Adams.

From New York, the missionary and his friend, Mr. Whittier, went to Philadelphia, where they daily received the supporters of the Anti-Slavery cause at their hôtel. Among other persons, they had the pleasure of seeing JAMES FORTEN, an opulent man of colour, whom our readers may remember in Mr. Abdy's Narrative. Anecdotes like the following, should set people's mind at rest on the question of the capture of *The Creole*. Surely British authorities, and British subjects in a British port, may be justified in doing what American subjects do every day, namely, connive at, or assist the escape of slaves to a free country :—

I returned to New York on the 15th, in company with several anti-slavery friends. One of these, Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, resided on the borders of the State of Maryland, and had afforded relief and aid to many negroes escaping from slavery. He had kept no account of the number thus assisted till last year, when there were thirty-four, being fewer he thought than the average of several years preceding.

A sketch is given of the rise, through many difficulties, of the Anti-Slavery party, and of its various Societies; and also of the late unhappy dissensions which have crept into it. One of the causes of difference is, the claim of the women to act prominently in the Associations, and to speak and vote. George Fox seems to have recognised the perfect equality of the sexes in religious, and also in civil matters, connected with church-fellowship and discipline; but some of his descendants do not go so far, while persons belonging to other sects are openly opposed to what are called "the women's rights." Now, the American ladies, and their male advocates and auxiliaries, appear to follow a policy somewhat similar to that of the English Chartists. They wish that the Abolition cause and their rights should advance hand in hand. They do not choose to be mere tools in the hands of the Abolitionists, for any purpose however good. They insist upon independent action; a direct voice in affairs. Whether the American women and the English Chartists have chosen their time ill, we do not pretend to say. Many condemn both the time chosen and the objects sought. We are more at liberty to decide against the paltering, hypocritical evasion, by which religious professors ensnare their own souls, while they practise cruelty and injustice. Their sneaking course is contemptible even when compared with the open, bold-faced conduct of the planters and slave-dealers :—

In some of the Southern States there are professing Christian churches who permit slave-holding, but disallow the selling of slaves, except with their own consent. Dr. Fussell informed me how this fair-seeming rule of discipline was frequently evaded. First, a church member wishing to turn his negroes into cash, begins by making their yoke heavier, and their life a burden. Next they are thrown in the way of decoy slaves, belonging to Woolfolk, or some other dealer, who introduce themselves to the intended victims, for the purpose of expatiating on the privileges enjoyed by the slaves of so indulgent a master as theirs; and thus the poor unhappy dupes would be persuaded to go and petition to be sold, and so the rule of discipline, above cited, would be *literally* complied with.

What the Tappans are to New York, is Samuel Webb to Philadelphia. Nor do these benevolent individuals and their fellow Christians limit their exertions to the emancipation of the black race. At the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, Mr. Sturge relates—

I was deeply interested in the statements made relative to the wicked expatriation of the Indians living within this Yearly Meeting's limits, by the United States' Government, from lands which had been secured to them by treaty in the most solemn manner, to the Western wilderness, under plea of a fraudulently-obtained cession of their lands by a few of their number. What greatly aggravates the case is the fact, that these Indians were making rapid progress in civilisation, and from a nation of hunters had generally become an agricultural people. Their whole history is a reproach and blot on the American Government, and shows either that public and private virtue amongst the people is at a low ebb, or that "the wicked bear rule." On behalf of this injured people, "Friends" appear to have made strenuous efforts, but have failed in producing any decidedly favourable impression on the Government. The report on this subject, embodied a very affecting letter from the chiefs of this tribe, describing their grief and distress at the prospect of a cruel removal from the homes of their ancestors.

The appeals of the Indians are heart-rending. Their last hope seems to be placed in the followers of the faith of William Penn. One of their communications states :—

"Although the information of the ratification of the treaty is distressing to us, yet it is a satisfaction to hear from you, and to learn that you still remember us in our troubles, and are disposed to advise and assist us. The intelligence of the confirmation of the treaty, caused many of our women to shed tears of sorrow. We are sensible that we stand in need of the advice of our friends. Our minds are unaltered on the subject of emigration." Another, dated Cold Spring, Twelfth Month, 8th, 1840, holds this language: "Brothers, we continue to feel, relative to the treaty, as we have ever felt. We cannot regard it as an act of our nation, or hold it to be binding on us. We still consider, that, in justice, the land is at this time as much our own as ever it was. We have done nothing to forfeit our right to it; and have come to a conclusion, to remain upon it as long as we can enjoy it in peace." "We trust in the Great Spirit: to Him we submit our cause."

A letter from the Senecas residing at Tonawanda, was addressed to the Committee, from which the following extracts are taken :—

"It is known to you, brothers, that at different times our people have been induced to cede, by stipulated treaties, to the government of the United States, various tracts of our territory, until it is so reduced, that it barely affords us a home. We had hoped by these liberal concessions to secure the quiet and unmolested possession of this small residue, but we have abundant reason to fear that we have been mistaken. The agent and surveyor of a company of land speculators, known as the Ogden Company, have been on here to lay out our land into lots, to be sold from us to the whites. We have protested against it, and have forbidden their proceeding. . . . . The friends who have for several years resided at Tunesassah, still continue to occupy the farm, and have charge of the saw and grist mills, and other improvements. The farm during the past year, has yielded about thirty-five tons of hay, two hundred bushels of potatoes, one hundred bushels of oats, and one hundred bushels of apples. Notwithstanding the unsettlement produced by the treaty during the past season, the Indians have raised an adequate supply of provisions to keep them comfortably during the year; and they manifest an increased desire to avoid the use of ardent spirits, and to have their children educated.

It is of no avail. The decree has gone forth. Near Philadelphia, Mr. Sturge saw a mansion which should act as a warning-post to slave-owners :—

My kind host, Samuel Webb, who accompanied me, pointed out a plot of land, presented by William Penn to a friend, to enable him to keep a cow, which is now worth many hundred thousand dollars for building purposes. He also showed me a mansion, the late proprietor of which had received a large accession of wealth from the quantities of plate which had been shipped to him in coffee barrels from St. Domingo, on the eve of the revolution in that Island, and whose owners are supposed to have subsequently perished, as they never appeared, with one solitary exception, to claim their property.

Besides actual slavery, the illegal seizure and detention of free people of colour as slaves, is of frequent occurrence in all the Slave States. While Mr. Sturge was at Baltimore, one of these flagrant cases was of recent occurrence :—

A woman, who was the wife of a free man, and the mother of four children, and who had long believed herself legally free, was claimed by the heir of her former master. The case was tried, and his right of property in her and her children affirmed. He then sold the family to a slave dealer for a thousand dollars ; of whom the husband of the woman re-purchased them, (his OWN wife and children,) for eleven hundred dollars, to repay which he bound himself to labour for the person from whom it was borrowed, for twelve years. Yet this is but a mitigated instance of oppression in this *Christian* country.

In the same city, the Roman Catholics, who, as a sect, are less tainted with the crime of slave-holding than any of the other religious denominations, with the exception of the Quakers, sold several of their fellow church-members, and piously applied the proceeds to the erection of a chapel ; the end, perhaps, justifying the means. In this State, Maryland, the Quakers scarcely form an exception. They have left off petitioning the Legislature for the abolition of the internal trade, and the Yearly Meeting advises " Friends " to keep aloof from the Anti-slavery societies. They are, in fact, overborne by the tyranny of opinion. It is not to the honour of the New Light Quakers, the Hicksites, that they are not found so active as abolitionists as the old Orthodox Friends.

In the Philadelphia societies, the women have triumphantly carried their point, and now act the same part as the men in all public discussions, and vote with them,—a woman's vote having the same weight as a man's. These societies have openly condemned the ungallant conduct of the late London Anti-slavery Convention, which refused to receive the female American delegates. Those members of the House of Commons who resisted Mr. Grantley Berkeley's motion for admitting ladies to be spectators at the debates, were in the right. If the women had once been allowed to listen, their next claim would have been the liberty of speech, and the right of voting. Mr. Sturge, whom some may charge with being scrupulous overmuch, with straining at gnats, would not even witness the proceedings of any of the societies where the women play the same part as the men ; and all those of Philadelphia are now of the mixed sort, against whom Mr. Sturge felt it his duty to silently testify.

While he was in America, the Mendian negroes, taken on board the *Amistad* were, under the auspices of the abolitionists, making a progress from place to place to forward the good cause. The account given of these untutored and unbased Africans is replete with interest and beauty. Many of the traits of native character revealed are indeed noble.

One of the most pleasing of the incidents during the residence in Philadelphia is the following :—

One evening during my stay, I took tea with twelve or fifteen coloured gentlemen, at the house of a coloured family. The refined manners and great intelligence of many of them would have done credit to any society. The whites have a monopoly of prejudice, but not a monopoly of intellect ; nor of education and accomplishments ; nor even of those more trivial, yet fascinating graces which throw the charm of elegance and refinement over social life. I found from the conversation I had with my coloured friends, on different occasions, that the prejudice against them was steadily, and not very slowly, giving way ; yet several instances were mentioned, of recent occurrence, which show that it is still strong. . . . . A lady, not of the proscribed class, who has long resided in New York, mentioned to me as a marked indication of a favourable change in regard to colour, the holding of such meetings as those at which the *Amistad* captives were introduced. Such an exhibition, instead of causing a display of benevolent interest among all classes, would, some years ago, have excited the malignant passions of the multitude, and probably caused a popular out-break. Another sign of the times was, that white and coloured children might be seen walking in procession without distinction, on the anniversaries of the charity schools.

In going, by steam, up the Hudson from New York to Albany, Mr. Sturge met with a couple whose history, without the fraud practised upon them, is, we hope, that of thousands in every year :—

As night drew on, and the deck began to be cleared, I observed a well-dressed black man and woman sitting apart, and supposing they could not obtain berths on account of their colour, I went and spoke to them. I told them I and several others on board were abolitionists. The man then informed us they were escaping from slavery, and had left their homes little more than two days before. They appeared very intelligent, though they could neither read nor write, and described to us how they had effected their escape. They had obtained leave to go to a wedding, from which they were not expected to return till the evening of the day following. Having procured forged certificates of freedom, for which they paid twenty-five dollars each, they came forward with expedition by railway and steam-boat. They had heard of emancipation in the British West Indies, and the efforts of the abolitionists in the States, but they were unacquainted with the existence of vigilance committees, to facilitate the escape of runaway slaves. We assisted them to proceed to the house of a relative of one of our party, out of the tract of the pursuer, should they be followed. There is little doubt that they have safely reached Canada, for I was told at Albany, public opinion had become so strong in favour of self-emancipation, that if a runaway were seized in the city, it is probable he would be rescued by the people.

And the Americans will vapour about *The Creole !*

In the different towns which Mr. Sturge visited, there were usually either great private tea-drinking parties to meet him, or formal assemblies, which he generally addressed in advocacy of the cause which had brought him across the Atlantic. He lifts up his testimony against Henry Clay, concluding with a very severe remark. It was to Mr. Clay that J. J. Gurney addressed his late work, a series of letters on the West Indies. Of that work the great argument is, that the pro-

sperity of the planters themselves has been promoted by emancipation.] Mr. Sturge concludes :—

If J. J. Gurney could have shown that abolition would soon be the high road to the President's chair, it is not improbable that he would have made an illustrious convert to anti-slavery principles.

If Clay acted from motives of unworthy ambition, and against his own convictions, he richly deserved the fate he met,—that fall between two stools, which he will never, in all likelihood, recover.

The Temperance cause has made such progress in the Northern States, that at some of the principal hôtels no fermented liquors are now to be obtained. Nay, in some places, mistaking the reverse of wrong for right, no person is allowed to sell wine or spirits; the objects of persecution not being now in New England, alleged witches and Quakers, but people of colour and beer-sellers. This is an improvement. Mr. Sturge bears testimony to the complete efficacy of the Voluntary principle, in fully providing the means of religious instruction. Of Worcester he remarks :—

In common with the rest of New England, this town is remarkable for the number, size, and beauty of its places of worship. I calculated, with the aid of a well-informed inhabitant, that if the entire population were to go to a place of worship, at the same hour, in the same day, there would be ample accommodation, and room to spare. Yet here there is no compulsory tax to build churches and maintain ministers. By the efficacy of the voluntary principle alone is this state of things produced.

Some of the tee-totallers of America now go much farther than Tee-totalism. The eloquent sisters, Angelina and Sarah Grimke, are well known in the history of the Abolition Movement. Angelina has married Theodore Weld, who was an Abolition Missionary until he lost his voice, and is a writer against slavery. Mr. Sturge visited this family, who live on a small farm near Newark, in the State of New York, and of Mr. Weld he relates :—

He has found severe manual labour essential for the recovery of health, broken by labour of another kind. I found him at work on his farm, driving his own waggon and oxen, with a load of rails. When he had disposed of his freight, we mounted the waggon, and drove to his home. Two or three of his fellow-students at the Lane Seminary arrived about the same time, and we spent the day in agreeable, and, I trust, profitable intercourse. In the household arrangements of this distinguished family, Dr. Graham's dietetic system is rigidly adopted, which excludes meat, butter, coffee, tea, and all intoxicating beverages. I can assure all who may be interested to know, that this Roman simplicity of living does not forbid enjoyment, when the guest can share with it the affluence of such minds as daily meet at their table. The "Graham system," as it is called, numbers many adherents in America, who are decided in its praise.

My friends, Theodore D. and Angelina Weld, and Sarah Grimke, sympathize, to a considerable extent, with the views on "women's rights," held by one section of abolitionists; yet they deeply regret that this, or any other extraneous doctrine, should have been made an apple of discord.

Where is ascetism to stop? Temperance, nay, Total Abstinence, will soon be so common as to afford no mark of distinction.——While travelling to Auburn by the railroad, one of Mr. Sturge's fellow-passengers chanced to be a soldier, who had volunteered to serve in the revolt of the Texians :—

He stated that some planters were emigrating from Mississippi, with as many as two hundred "hands," (that is, slaves,) and plainly said it was intended to plant the Anglo-Saxon flag on the walls of Mexico. If half what he asserted was true, the worst apprehensions of the abolitionists are too likely to be realized by the Texian revolution, and the establishment of a new slave-holding power on the vast territory, claimed by that piratical band of robbers, and forming the South-western frontier of the United States.

Of this young Republic very severe things are said; and, we are sorry to think, with but too much apparent justice.

The people of England have been accustomed to hear the praises of Sing Sing prison, and its wonderful modes of reforming discipline, ever since we can remember. Now Sing Sing seems to be at length approximating to what it has long pretended to be, a well-conducted penitentiary :—

I gathered from the prisoners themselves that a great change had been introduced, both in the affairs and in the management of the prison, within the last eighteen months, by the present excellent superintendent and chaplain and their coadjutors, and with the happiest effects. The former system was one of brutal severity; now, without any relaxation of discipline, needless severity is discarded, and the floggings have been reduced nine-tenths, the great object being the reformation of the prisoners. One of these speaking of the superintendent and chaplain, said—"There was not a prisoner in the jail, but rejoiced to hear the sound of their feet."

The dietary of this prison may well make the mouths of our home-labourers water. This account of one day, which represents every day, all being alike monotonous, was given to Mr. Sturge by an Englishman, whom he found a prisoner :—

"Monday morning the large prison bell rings at five o'clock, when we all rise; half an hour after, we all go out to work to our respective shops, till breakfast; the keepers all the time seated upon a high seat, overlooking —seeing that everything is ordered and going on in a proper manner: no talking allowed upon any occasion, or under any pretence whatever.—When the breakfast-bell rings, we all go in to breakfast, each one to a separate room, (which are all numbered, one thousand in all;) every man's breakfast is ready for him in his room,—one pint of coffee, with plenty of meat, potatoes, and rye bread. After one hour, the prison opens again, and we work in a similar manner till twelve—dinner hour—when we go in again. Dinner is set ready as before—an ample quantity of meat, potatoes, and bread, with a cup of water (the best beverage in the world—would to God I had never drank anything else, and I should not have been here:) one hour allowed for dinner, when we go out and work again till six o'clock, when we come in and are locked up for the night, with a large bowl of mush, (hasty pudding with molasses,) the finest food in the world, made from Indian meal. Thus passes each day of the week. Sundays we rise at the same hour; each man has a clean shirt given him in his room, then goes to the kitchen, brings his breakfast in with him, the same as before, and is locked up till eight, when Divine service is performed by a most worthy and able chaplain. After service, through the pious and benevolent efforts of Mr. Seymour, we have an excellent Sabbath School. Bible classes, where from three to four hundred attend, about half to learn to read, and the others to receive instruction in the way to attain everlasting life, under the immediate inspection of Mr. Seymour; and I am happy to say, that the greatest attention is paid by scholars of both classes: many, very many, know how to appreciate the value of these privi-

leges, and benefit by them accordingly. Mr. Seymour has obtained a large library for us, and one of the prisoners is librarian. At eleven o'clock we are locked up for the day, with an extra allowance of food and water sufficient. The librarian and an assistant are left open, to distribute the books; that is to go to each man's cell, get the book he had the previous Sunday, and give him another in exchange, generally supplying them with a small tract. . . . A number of the female domestics in different families in the village of Sing Sing have been prisoners, and are now reformed and generally conducting themselves to the entire satisfaction of their employers.

Mr. Sturge limited himself so strictly to the objects of his mission, that we find few observations on general topics or passing events; but the few that occur are valuable, either from relating to objects of utility, or containing hints for social improvements. Among these are his remarks on the management of Railways in the United States. In one place he says:—

Salem is a town of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, and I was told that the number of its population who went and returned to and from Boston, a distance of fourteen miles, weekly, was about five hundred—a striking proof of the locomotive energy of the Americans. Their gratification, in this respect, has been much facilitated of late by the rapid extension of railways. These, with few exceptions, are by no means so completely constructed as in England; but, owing to the cheapness of land, timber, &c., and by making the lines generally single, and, on the average, the speed of travelling being about one-fourth less than is common in England, they answer the purpose of rapid transit, while the outlay is about as many dollars per mile, as it is sovereigns with us. On this railway, and some others in New England, the lines are double, and the construction and speed is nearly equal to ours.

I was informed the proportion of severe accidents is not larger than in Great Britain. The carriages are generally built to hold sixty or seventy persons, who are seated two and two, one behind another, on double rows of seats, ranged across the carriage, with room to walk between, along the centre. The carriage in which we returned from Salem, had twenty-two seats on each side, to contain two each, or, in the whole, eighty-eight passengers. Yet the weight of this machine would be little more than that of an English first-class carriage, to hold eighteen persons, and its cost probably less. Their carriages are well ventilated in summer, and warmed by a stove in winter. Locomotive engines approach Boston near enough to prevent the use of horses; but, on arriving at the distance of a mile or two from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the cariages and passengers are drawn in by horses. One carriage is often specially reserved for the ladies on the principal lines, into which gentlemen do not usually intrude, unless they have ladies under their care. It is common, however, for the latter to take their seats in any of the carriages. There is no distinction of price, and none of accommodation, except that an inferior and more exposed carriage, at *the same fare*, is purposely provided for persons of colour; but this disgraceful relic of past times cannot survive long.

In the observations upon the highly comfortable physical condition of the manufacturers of Lawell, and their moral and intellectual superiority, this passage occurs:—

Besides the general prosperity of the operatives, the shareholders in the different corporations, divide from eight to fifteen per cent. per annum on their capital. The inquiry naturally suggests itself, why the state of things in the manufacturing districts of Great Britain should be so widely different from this? Some may satisfy themselves by recollecting, that England is an old and America a young country; though, to my mind, this affords no reasonable explanation of the contrast—since, from the possession of surplus capital, complete machinery, and facility of communication, &c., the advocates for *commerce and manufactures*, under a system of perfectly unrestricted exchange, must preponderate greatly in favour of the former. But whatever the solution of the difficulty, it is quite evident that the statesman who would elevate the moral standard of our working population, must begin by removing the physical depression and destitution in which a large proportion of them, without any fault of their own, are compelled to drag out a weary and almost hopeless existence. To some peculiarly constituted minds, "overproduction" is the explanation of the present appalling distresses of this country; and what they are pleased to consider a healthy state of things, is to be restored by a diminution of production;—yet nothing is more certain, than that the largest amount of production which has ever been reached, is not more than adequate to supply our increasing population with the necessaries of life, on even a very limited scale of comfort. A diminished production implies the starving down of the population to such a diminished number, as may obtain leave *to* toil, and leave to subsist, from legislators, who, either in ignorance or selfishness, set aside nature's laws, and disregard the plainly legible ordinances of Divine Providence. If we reflect on the part which commerce is made to perform in the moral government of the world,—on the one hand as the bond of peace between powerful nations, by creating a perpetual interchange of temporal benefits; and, on the other, as the channel for the diffusion of blessings of an intellectual and spiritual kind; we are conducted irresistibly to the conclusion, that any arbitrary intervention of its free course, must draw down its own punishment.

Though the laws of nature may not permit the limited soil of this country to grow food enough for its teeming population, yet, while Great Britain possesses mineral wealth, abundant capital, and the largest amount of skilled industry of any nation in the world, the tributary supplies of other countries would not only satisfy our present wants, but would, I firmly believe, with an unfettered commerce, raise our working population, the most numerous and by far the most important part of the community, to the same level of prosperity as the same class in the United States. Then would there be more hope for the success of efforts to elevate the standard of moral and intellectual cultivation among them, for, as an improveable material, they are no way inferior to any population upon earth.

What obstructs this?

We may infer, that Mr. Sturge saw nothing to alarm him at the extension of the suffrage in America; but the very reverse, since his active advocacy of *Complete Suffrage* takes date from the period of his return to England. May it go on and prosper unto the end! And can the working people of this country hear this excellent man's testimony to the happiness enjoyed by their brethren in America, without striving, with the most earnest endeavours, to better their own condition?

From the summing up of Mr. Sturge's report, we shall copy a paragraph or two, commending them to the best attention of those who may not be able to procure a sight of the original work.

Whether I consider the religious, the benevolent, or the literary institutions of the Northern States—whether I contemplate the beauty of their cities, or the general aspect of their fine country, in which nature everywhere is seen rendering her rich and free tribute to industry and skill—or whether I regard the general comfort and prosperity of the labouring population—my admiration is strongly excited, and, to do justice to my feelings, must be strongly expressed. Probably there is no country where the means of temporal happiness are so generally diffused, notwithstanding the constant

flow of emigrants from the old world; and, I believe there is no country where the means of religious and moral improvement are so abundantly provided—where facilities of education are more within the reach of all—or where there is less of extreme poverty and destitution.

As morals have an intimate connexion with politics, I do not think it out of place here to record my conviction, that the great principle of popular control, which is carried out almost to its full extent in the free States, is not only beautiful in theory, but that it is found to work well in practice. It is true, that disgraceful scenes of mob violence and Lynch-law have occurred; but perhaps not more frequently than popular outbreaks in Great Britain; while, generally, the supremacy of law and order have been restored, without troops, or special commissions, or capital punishments. It is also true, that these occurrences are, for the most part, directly traceable, not to the celebrated declaration of the equal and inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which is the fundamental principle of the constitution; but to the flagrant violation of that principle in the persons of the coloured population. . . . . On the subject of peace, my inquiries elicited an almost uniformly favourable response. If we except those who would encourage the war spirit, from hopes of sharing in the plunder, or those to whom it would open up the path to distinction and emolument, there are very few comparatively who do not desire the maintenance of peace. In the religious part of the community, there is a rapidly spreading conviction of the unchristian character of war, in every shape; and the President, in his late Message to Congress, in stating that "the time ought to be regarded as having gone by, when a resort to arms is to be esteemed as the only proper arbiter of national differences," has expressed the sentiments of the great bulk of intelligent Americans. I believe, also, that they are very ready to assent to any reasonable and practical measure, that should preclude the probability of an appeal to arms, or of keeping up what are absurdly called "peace establishments" of standing armies and appointed fleets for the protection of the national safety or honour. The late excitements on the Boundary and M'Leod questions, were confined to comparatively few of the population, and the report of them was magnified by distance.

But a far stronger guarantee for the permanence of international peace than any treaties, will be found in the interchange of the mutual benefits of commerce. And for this reason, he who is successful in promoting a free and unchecked commerce, is the benefactor, not of his own country alone, but of the world at large. There are few countries, where, in practice, free trade is more fully carried out than in the United States; but in theory its doctrines are only in part adopted by her statesmen and leading minds. They are willing to trade on equal terms, but will meet prohibition with prohibition. Here, undoubtedly, they mistake their true interests; but though this policy will not advance the prosperity of America, it will inflict tremendous and lasting injury on Great Britain. Whatever may be the event, we cannot complain. The terms offered by the United States, though not wise, on an enlarged view of their own interests, are yet *reciprocal*, and therefore fair between nation and nation.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF THE LOWLY.

"They smite in vain who smite with swords,
And scourge with vollied fire;
Our weapon is the whip of words,
And *Truth's* all-teaching ire."
Corn Law Rhymes.

'Tis not for us—the poor and lowly born—
That in a thousand valleys waves the corn;
'Tis not for us, that on a thousand hills
The kine are lowing,
Or that the sheep are feeding by the rills
Through meadows flowing;
Upon the teeming earth God sendeth rain,
And the germ swelleth, and the green blades spring,
In vain, for us, in vain!
We, in the midst of plenty, perishing,
Sigh out, alas! in vain.

'Tis not for us—the abject sons of toil—
To feast upon the riches of the soil;
'Tis not for us to touch the garnered store,
The rich man's treasure;
While to increase his wealth still more and more,
Doth yield *him* pleasure:
What though our wants we may not satisfy,
Nor cheer our sinking hearts with needful food?
What though we're all of one great brotherhood?
He disregards our cry.
Our pleadings are, if heard, not understood;
We faint, we faint, we die!

Huddled together in our wretched homes
Foodless and fireless, still we cry, "Why comes
No vessel laden or with meat, or grain,
The bounteous Giver
Hath herds of cattle upon many a plain,—
And many a river
Flows, fertilizing, through the cultured lands,
Whose owners have a plentiful supply,
And turn their gaze on us, and wonder why
We take not from their hands
The freely proffered food!"—Oh, misery!
How galling are thy bands.

They ask, "Why closed is now the factory door!
Why bales of goods lie rotting on the floor!
Why men want that which they, in fair exchange,
Would give right gladly?"
And "oh!" they cry, "infatuation strange!
When rulers madly
Urge a great nation unto ruin's brink,
And render a strong people desperate,
To please and serve a party in the State;
May it be theirs to drink
The waters of repentance—*ere too late;*
Yet may they pause and think."
We are the nation's sinews, and if they
Suffer a waste and premature decay,
Will not her frame of all its strength be shorn!

* * * * *

Long have we waited, hoping for redress;
Long have we sought relief in our distress,
Bearing our burthens meek and patiently,
But *can* no longer:
Then listen to our pleading voices, ye
Who are the stronger,—
Stronger to succour, comfort, or uphold—
Stronger to injure, punish, or oppress;—
God gave ye power your fellow-men to bless
With blessings manifold;
Have ye not eyes to see our wretchedness,
Or have ye hearts stone-cold!

H. G. A.

IRISH TREASON IN PARIS.

(*Continued from page 292 of our May No.*)

"At last, Sir," he said, on a subsequent visit, when I recurred to the subject of the advertisements in the publicans' newspaper, "at last, Sir, some notice was taken of my public applications for employment. Two answers appeared together for me: the first from a schoolmaster, the second from the head of a private family. They were so-so people enough, particularly the schoolmaster; but I cared little about that. Of course, I called on the private gentleman first. His survey of my attire, and his scrutiny of my forbidding and want-wasted features, was ominous enough. But I opened my mouth, Sir, and spoke about six words; and, even before entering on preliminaries, our negotiation quickly ended. The brogue, Sir, did my business, at a blow. 'Can anything good come out of Nazareth?' I heard him say, as I slowly descended the stairs, leaning for support on the balustrades, for I was very feeble. I forgot to say that he was a clergyman of some dissenting sect or other. So, God bless him. But I hav'n't forgotten since the text he quoted for me; and perhaps I sometimes make use of it myself now and then. Well, Sir, I crept to the schoolmaster's house after this; and the instant my brogue was heard there too, he, and two parlour boarders, who were sitting with him at the time, fairly laughed me off the premises.

"He lived in one of the environs of London. I was reëntering the great Babel in the dusk of the evening, and was in the act of approaching one of my only constant friends, a pump, Sir, when I fell head foremost on the pavement,—having fainted, Sir, from sheer starvation. I half came back to my senses, from the effects of a dash of water on my face, and confusedly heard one of the crowd, who had gathered round me, say—

"'Drunk, dead drunk.'

"'Drunk?' questioned another voice, of a more charitable sound; 'no, he a'int—not a bit of it—only look at the poor lad.'

"'No, he be not drunk,' said a third individual, a woman; 'no, he be not drunk, but he be a himporster, what can take on them 'ere fits whenever he chooses. I know him well.'

"I here opened my eyes, and looking up at my fair eulogist, was just able to articulate, 'God forgive you, ma'am!'"

"'Oh! Hoirish too?' queried many.

"'And if he be?' demanded the person who had spoken the first good-natured word in my favour. I now glanced at him. He was a little fattish man, with a round, red face; wearing black—all black,—coat, waistcoat, knee-breeches, and gaiters; and with light-blue, good-natured eyes, and some portions of fair hair scantily clinging to his head. His manner was eager and earnest.

"'And if he be?' he said; then running to me—'your hand, my lad; let's help you up into my gig; 't isn't a step off; take you home; not able to get there yourself, eh?—Live out of town a few miles, and was going fast towards old *dulce domum* when I saw you fall; no matter; can turn back with you, wherever you like; so come, step up, and sit at offside.'

"I mechanically did as I was bid. A few seconds afterwards he was driving me with some ostentation of whip-skill along the street.

"'*Dulce domum*?' I repeated his little schoolboy scrap of Latin; and then, in a flourish of my own egotism, gasped out a sentence from an ancient author, the meaning of which, in English, was, that I had no home; nor kith, nor kin, to receive me in one. He looked earnestly at me, and said, 'Hold the reins a moment; able,—eh?'—and without waiting an answer, threw them to me, jumped out of the gig, ran, or rather trotted, a little way, darted into a cook's shop, soon reappeared with a brown-paper parcel in his hand, reassumed his seat at my side, placed the parcel on my knees, took the reins again, turned the horse's head, and, without uttering a word, drove almost furiously towards the country. I aptly understood him. The very smell that reached my nose, mixed up with the smell of the brown paper, made me comprehend. I undid the parcel, and soon began an attack upon the breast of a cold fowl, a lump of bread, and thin slices of ham, Sir,—Yorkshire ham, Sir; and such ham, Sir! the wide world cannot match a Yorkshire ham."

"What," I cried, smiling at my narrator, "and can anything good come out of Nazareth?"

He laughed his low laugh, and answered, "Hams, Sir—I admit hams."

"And wives," I continued.

He laughed even cheerfully now. "I own, Sir, you hit me there; and I congratulate you on your reviving good spirits this morning. But I will go on, Sir. You remember how quickly the shilling loaf disappeared in Little Windmill Street? The breast of the fowl, the ham, and the bread, Sir, now vanished from sight quite as rapidly. I had noticed my companion glance sideways at me more than once during my repast. When I had quite done, 'God bless you, Sir,' said I, 'for you have this day fed the hungry,—the really hungry.'

"'Bad case, bad case,' the short gentleman replied; 'looked at you once or twice while you were taking your luncheon,—beg pardon, feared you might do yourself a harm swallowing it so quickly, having no drink to it either,—pint of porter, eh?' He pointed with his whip towards a public-house,—a bating-house, I well remember, for one of the short stages, with a sign-board over the door, having on it, 'Meux's Entire,' and then underneath—

"'The Admiral Keppel.'
"'John Huggit.'

"'Stop, my lads, and quench your thirst,
And if you don't, your horses must.'

"As he spoke, he pulled up. Mine host appeared instantly at the gig side. The next instant the pint of porter was in my clutch. Oh, that draught! Jove's nectar, Odin's mead, the Mussulman's sherbet, Byron's lock and soda-water!—they were all bracket-water to it. I was on Olympus' top—I was in the halls of Valhalla—I was among Mahomet's houris; in fact, Sir, I did not know where I was,—for, along with my luncheon, as the gentleman had called it, 'Meux's Entire,' quickly mounted into my brain, and in less than five minutes I was fast asleep.

"I awoke by the gig stopping. I looked round me in stupified surprise. The moon was shining brightly. I was before a large iron gate, from which swept a broad, gravelled way, up to a very good-sized red brick house, with a lawn of some extent before it.

"'Quite awake now, eh?' said my companion; 'able to sit up without wavering to and fro?' I found he had passed his left arm through my right one, to keep me steady during my doze. 'Yes; see you are; hold the reins again, pray.'

"He jumped down, and rang a bell at one of the gate piers, which sounded so loud and so near us as to startle me. A lad, in a modest, shy livery, directly appeared, running from the back of the house, and, at the same time, its hall door in front must have opened, for there came through it a dash of red light across the shining gravel which edged its steps, and I heard an outbreak of little shrill voices cheerily ringing together in the hall.

"He had scarcely pulled the bell when he stept into the gig again. Our footman, porter, and all, unlocked the gate. We soon arrived spankily at the open hall door. It was choked up, first by a matronly little woman, having a nice apron on, and even less for a woman than her husband was for a man; and next, by a number of small Christians, the smallest of whom held by her skirts and apron, or were kept back from the night air by her outstretched arms; and over their heads, I could see others of different sizes, while others still jumped high in the middle of the hall, or hopped about on one leg, all in great jubilation.

"My new friend said to me, as he prepared to descend,—'Must ask you to wait a moment in the gig here—have business below before I can get you in, Sir—hav'n't I, eh?' He pointed at the human barricade across the doorway, laughing chucklingly and happily.

"As he alighted on the steps, his wife tripped forward to meet him, and there was the sound of a very smacking and sincere kiss between them. During the ceremony, the good little gentlewoman had not observed me in the gig. Now she glanced up, saw me, uttered a small low scream, and retreated into the hall. The boy at the horse's head had been looking on indeed, but she was used to him.

"Her husband had first to kiss all the boys and girls at the door, before he could enter; then all the dancing performers in the middle of the hall; and lastly, ere they would permit him to proceed a step further into his own house, he was obliged to distribute among them certain London gifts, for which, in promises, he was their debtor: so, in and out of the stuffed pockets of the skirts of his coat, his hands moved rapidly, and a prodigious number of things he did indeed dispose of. There was confectionary and penny Dutch dolls for the very youngest of the female children; penny metal watches, and penny whistles, for their compeers of the worthier sex; larger dolls and spinning-tops, peg-tops, humming-tops, and drums,—but some of these articles came out of the locker under the gig's seat,—for the next in growth of both sexes; and a big drum, and a fusée with a tin barrel, and a stock painted with red lead, for the eldest and second eldest boys; and two large wax dolls, warranted French, with glass eyes, which could be made to move by pulling a wire under their gold-edged frocks, between their heels, for the eldest and second eldest girls.

"Nor was this all my energetic patron had to undergo. Little squeaks and cries of ecstasy, in different keys, as they surveyed their presents, escaped all the girls; rougher sounds the boys; while the whole crowd jumped, or danced, or hopped, again round him, in gratitude and thanksgiving; and he was pulled down by the skirts, by the sleeves, and by the coat collar, to be kissed over and over again.

"'Away with you now, you hussies and monkeys; and harkye; kissed for all night, now; remember, for going to bed and all,—take them away, mistress,—had their suppers, eh? To be sure they have,—and the boys above of course; tell Mr. Jones, my dear, to read nightly prayers for them to-night,—have a young man here in the gig on business with me; and see, my dear, let's have a cup of tea together in the back parlour, him and me,—you will tea alone, please,—any application for the school vacancy to-day? No. Glad of that, for reasons. How's poor little White, my dear? any worse since I went out to-day?—must keep that little fellow quite with yourself in the parlour, and not let him up to lessons at all for some time,—so, that's all,—no,—wait,—yes,—go along, the whole noisy set of you!'

"As the still ecstatic children vanished with their mother upstairs, he ran back to the gig,—

"'Now, Sir,—your hand, please,—hard enough to get into my own house sometimes,—isn't it?'

"He again laughed chucklingly, and in a few seconds we sat together in the back parlour. I had almost a certainty of what was coming. While sitting outside the hall door in the gig, I had noticed, between the windows of the first story, a kind of semicircular sign-board with a blue ground, and large gilt letters thereon; and it was very like one over the hall door of the second house which I had visited that day.

"'Hungry enough for tea, yet, eh?' he asked, as a tray was brought in perfuming the whole room, and with two piles of home-made bread and butter substantially ornamenting it. 'Hungry enough for tea?' I repeated to myself. Ah, God bless the little man; he little suspected as yet my powers in that way. Sir, I was hungry enough to remain so for a fortnight, notwithstanding his ample board, every day in the week, and his roast beef and plum-pudding every Sunday.

"And so, Sir, you begin to perceive that I became an inmate of that good man's house. Yes, Sir; he took me in, and gave me a home when I had no home; fed me when I was hungry; and clothed me when, if not naked, I was fast approaching to that condition.——I should have told you, Sir, that I had been ejected from my apartment under the slates, in Little Windmill Street, that very morning, for a long arrear of debt for rent, at two shillings a-week. Yes, Sir, he brought me a Latin book, and a Greek book, while we were at tea, and tried me in a few passages in each, and our bargain was soon completed. And then, Sir, he took a fistful of new bank notes out of his pocket, and paid me a 'quarter in advance.'—Oh, the melody of the sharp, crisp, crumpling of my present share of those notes as they settled out of my clutch into my own waistcoat pocket!

"'Might want a little ready cash,' he said, 'to complete my arrangements before coming back from town the next day to my new appointment—adding to wardrobe, and such like—and now would take a small liberty with me—but meant well—no offence—ought to get back to town soon as possible—last short stage for the night would pass his gate in a few minutes.' He rang a bell; the young footman entered. 'Here, John, run and watch for the stage, and—'

"'Here it comes, Sir,' said John, as a horn on the road abroad sounded at a little distance.

"I hastily bade my new principal farewell; and the next moment was whirled towards London on the roof of the stage.

"I understood him, Sir. I understood his getting me out of the house in the dark, that I might moult and become new-feathered before returning next day, and before the other teacher, or any of the boys could see me. But this, although prudential on his own account, might also have been well meant for my particular respectability and influence in his establishment. At all events, Sir, he had trusted me; trusted my story—I told him every word of it, Sir—and trusted me with unearned money; and the gratitude and love of my heart rose up to him in vows of constant service and attachment. Well, Sir, I went early that night to the public-house in Little Windmill Street, and called for a glass of gin and bitters, in the finest room in their caravansary. And they scarce knew me, Sir,—faith, I scarce knew myself, for I was clad from head to foot in a suit of professional black, and a round-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver, such as I wear to the present day,—(pointing to that which now lay at his feet on the floor,)—and then, Sir, I paid them for their lodgings, and for their gin and bitters, and ordered my things down stairs. My things! They consisted, Sir, of one pocket volume of Sallust, and—don't laugh at me, Sir—a miserable creature of a kitten which I had snatched up off the hearthstone, just before quitting the desolate ruins of my father's house, and had continued to take about the world with me till that moment. I used to carry it in a little old bird-cage in my hand, Sir; and it shared my starvation, Sir, with the frisky resignation that none but an Irish kitten could have shown.

"On being paraded before me this night, however, the kitten appeared very desponding, though it purred to me the moment it saw my face. So, I ordered it a good supper, on the table to my hand; and, while enjoying the feast, its example so moved my own stomach with a spirit of emulation, that, notwithstanding the fowl, ham, and bread, the Meux's Entire, the tea, and bread and butter, and penny buns *ad libitum*, while I was walking about the streets, pleasing my fancy in the choice of my new clothes, I could not stir out of the public-house till I had ordered supper for myself too. And this supper was huge, Sir: an incoherent mass, I remember, of plate after plate of boiled beef, coarse pickles—such as onions and red cabbage, and then a great big dish of hot stewed oysters, with about half a gallon of porter and ale, taken from time to time to lull all to rest.

"But next morning, Sir, after breakfast, I was at my post at the rural academy, and almost instantly began my trade. I worked hard and diligently, Sir, and gave satisfaction to my master. Night as well as day, Sir, I worked hard, perfecting my own knowledge of languages, that I might stand prepared for more perfectly instructing those committed to my charge.—You remember the vow I told you I had taken, Sir. And I have good reason to know, Sir, that I did some service to my patron's establishment. It got a name, Sir, for making good classical scholars; and its boarders increased in number, came from amongst a better order of society, and paid more liberal pensions. Nor did the good-hearted principal seek to disguise from any one, that this was mainly attributable to the poor young Irish lad, his assistant; nor did he fail to increase my salary as his own fortunes augmented.

"In six or seven years, Sir, he grew rich—rich enough to purchase an independence, and retire from business, to live upon it. I was rich too, Sir, in my own way. At any rate, I had enough to give him a sum in hand for his good-will of the academy, a legal undertaking for the payment of much more, together with an annuity from the current proceeds of the school. In fact, Sir, behold the Irish rebel, and refugee, and beggar, now well to do in the world, and superintending the education of youth in—above all other parts of that world—England itself.

"The sons and other near relations of Irish Members of Parliament—of the new Union Parliament, Sir—honourables too, began to be sent to me from London; and, in some time, it happened that the greater number of my pupils were Irish boys—at least so they called themselves;—and I was often entertained, and kindly entertained, at the houses of their fathers, their uncles, and so forth. Yes, Sir, all this, too, came to pass. I lived, Sir, to earn my bread, nay, to arrive at worldly wealth, by levying heavy contributions on the purses of some of the very kind of men who had sent me, a pennyless vagabond out of the wretched land of my birth; and I lived to sit at their costly boards, Sir, and to interchange opinions with them; ay, and to let them know, in some of those opinions, the degradation, the ruin, and the

wrongs which they themselves had inflicted on that land."

"Indeed!" said I. "I thought that to keep friends with those individuals, you must have avoided all such topics in their company."

"Avoided!" he repeated. "Sir, they had my inmost experience, and thoughts, and feelings, and my fullest commentaries on the whole subject—my hatreds, my undying hostilities, my never-ceasing talk, talk, talk: and still I kept friends with those individuals, Sir. Pursuing the same course, I keep friends with them to this day. The Castlereaghan used to listen to the declamations of the Irish Republican, and the English hater and demolisher, and yet send his son to learn Greek and Latin of him; and the Irish Tory does the same thing at the present hour: they have even followed him here to Paris, Sir. There are some dozens of their sons, nephews, and cousins, this moment under his roof in the *Bois de Boulogne*."

"And have you never had a falling out with any of them?"

"Never with a single one of the fathers or other relations of my boys, Sir; but with one of the boys themselves I have indeed had a little misunderstanding. He was a great big boy, Sir—as big as myself—about eighteen; and one day, while I reprehended him in class for some glaring fault, he called me an old Irish rebel, Sir, to the face of my whole assembled subjects. It wasn't the cat-o'-nine-tails, or the birch, I took to him, Sir; no, Sir, but I laid my hand on what a great tall fellow like him would feel, Sir. I laid my hand on a smart bit of hazel, Sir, fresh cut in the wood, something between a riding-switch and a walking-stick, and I laid that on the young gentleman, Sir, from shoulder to flank, until I had given him such a drubbing as he will remember to his dying day. I drubbed him out of our study, Sir; I drubbed him out of my house, Sir; and then I shut the door in his face, Sir, and let him get home as well as he could to his father; and none of them ever called me an old Irish rebel after that, Sir.

"Good by, Sir,"—we shook hands—"I have staid with you an unconscionable time to-day, Sir,—good by." He left the room, suddenly returned to the door, thrust in his head, and adding, "The Doctor is in town, Sir," finally disappeared.

"The Doctor! what Doctor?" I asked of myself. "Or which Doctor?"—for I knew a good many doctors; doctors of Medicine, French, English, Irish, and Scotch, without number—they were quite in my way, unfortunately; doctors of laws, from Cambridge, Cork, and Mullinahone; more than one doctor of music—essentially my horrors; besides a little doctor of I know not what, who came to me one day with a French gentleman, both speaking Parisian French in its very perfection, and going through French manners to their utmost verge of refinement; and the little old man was librarian to some important public institution besides; and yet he bid me good-by, at parting, in English, and with such a determine, among this array of doctors, "*the* doctor" alluded to by my friend. The genteel Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street, had for some time been announcing for publication, a new novel called 'The Doctor;' and I wondered could it be the book, and not any living doctor, which was meant. The mystery quite engrossed me; but the propounder of it soon came to solve it himself. In fact, it was my excellent and respected friend, Dr. B——, who had arrived in Paris, to follow up his official care of a certain international question of great importance between France and England. And why was my old visiter so much interested with his coming to Paris? Because the question at issue proposed certain results, which, if accomplished, must, as a good many people thought, be productive of much commercial prosperity, and, indeed, social comfort, to England; and this prospect set my old Irish rebel almost mad; so that he nearly foamed at the mouth about it. He had made himself perfect master of the subject. During the last vacation at his academy, he had travelled north, south, east, and west, in its pursuit. He had hunted it down in the great manufacturing cities, and in the agricultural districts; he had attended meetings, and amassed reports of committees upon it; he had got himself introduced to all members of the *Chambres des Deputés*, as well as to all official persons who might be supposed in any way hostile to the measure, in consequence of their own private interests, or particular prejudices and views; and talked, and memorialed, and argued them to death; and, to crown all, he had just completed a *brochure*, concentrating his whole knowledge, and his whole argument, and his whole venom, upon the question; and a copy of this pamphlet he handed to me on the present occasion; and he was to distribute an edition of fifteen hundred copies of it, gratis, through the length and breadth of the land. And the negotiation between the two countries was to fail and fall into dust and ashes; "And, inch by inch, Sir, their commercial monopoly and tyranny shall crumble away, Sir; inch by inch, and time after time; until there shall be a want of bread in their houses, and a wolf-howl for it in their streets; and then, Sir, *that other country* shall begin to taste its revenge."

"I am sorry," I said, "that Dr. B——," of whom, during his outbreak, he had spoken very bitterly, "should have incurred your displeasure on this or any other subject; for he is a very good man, as well as a distinguished one; and, moreover, he has just done me a vital service. Becoming acquainted with my embarrassments, resulting from my long illness, he has just obtained for me, from Lord Grey's Government, assistance to a very considerable extent."

The drooping eyes of my visiter shot one powerful glance at me, and again bent to the carpet. I saw the muscles of his mouth move a little. I saw perhaps moisture on his eyelashes. He was silent for some time.

"Give me back that *brochure*, Sir," he said at last; "there is a page or two in it about your [illegible] which contains it, and have it expunged to the

last letter. And may God bless your friend, Sir. Give him my respects and regards when you see him next, if he will let you."

I gave him back the pamphlet; he stuffed it into his pocket, suddenly arose, and suddenly took his leave, as he had done upon a last visit; and then, as if in *prepense* imitation of himself, he also returned to the half-opened door, poked in his head and shoulders, and said—"Reynolds is in town this time, Sir."

Reynolds! I was in still greater perplexity about this "Reynolds" than I had been about "the Doctor." It has been seen I knew a great many doctors; but there were very few Reynolds' of my acquaintance. One was the worthy Mr. John Reynolds, bookseller and stationer in my native town, whom I had not seen for a good many years; and it was very improbable that he had come to Paris, or that even if he had, any one could have known anything about the unpretending event, or about the unpretending causes of it either: and the other was Mr. Mansell Reynolds, the accomplished editor of "The Keepsake," who had patronised, by inserting them in his aristocratic annual, some of my "contributions." Could it be he?

"Come over with me, Sir, to the *Champs Elysée*," said my old friend, when he visited me the following Sunday. By the way, he almost always called on Sundays; it was his habit to convey his boarders, who were exclusively Protestant, to the door of the Church of England place of worship in the quarter mentioned, and see them carefully stowed into the building, though he never crossed its threshold after them. "Come over with me to the *Champs Elysée*, Sir, and I will tell you, and I will show you too, who this Reynolds is. I have met the carriage at your gate, Sir, to take you out for your daily drive; so only give me a seat in it with you, and let me tell the *cocher* where to go, and you shall speedily be satisfied."

"Almost as soon as I heard Reynolds was in town, Sir," he resumed, as we sat in the *voiture* together, "I went to look after him. They gave me the name of his hôtel at Galignani's, and I walked up and down opposite the hôtel, Sir, until at last I saw him come out in his fine new carriage; and then, Sir, I followed him the whole way he drove, and back again to the hôtel, sometimes walking, indeed, almost running at the side of the carriage—it was an open one, Sir—and sometimes before it, that I might have a good look at him. So, Sir, I have studied him well for you. Stop here, *monsieur le cocher*," he added, pointing to the English house of worship in the *Champs Elysée*. He was obeyed; and our vehicle stood still in a certain position appointed by my companion.

People were going into the church one by one, or in groups. Several carriages stopped, delivered their company, and drove up or down the spacious main avenue. There was a fine boy of about thirteen standing with his back against a tree, at a little distance from us. Our master of the ceremonies beckoned to this boy, who immediately ran to him.

"What!" I asked, "and is this *the* Reynolds?"

"Not quite, Sir," said my friend smiling; "one of my three sons, Sir—a fellow, who this moment has an appointment as midshipman on board an American ship; and who, please God, will help his father, and brothers, and sisters, when they have all become Americans,—for Americans we are all to be, Sir, and to America we have all been preparing to go for the last three months, Sir,—who, I say, will yet help all the rest of his family, please God, to ———" But I dare not utter what he added, Barnes; 'twas veritable, deadly treason, against *somebody*, his crown and dignity.

"Will," he went on, addressing his young son, "I brought you here to-day to see a remarkable countryman of your father; but before I bring you acquainted with him, make your bow to this gentleman, Sir,"—and thereupon he broke into a high-flown, though crabbed eulogy upon poor me; and the future young American midshipman pulled off his cap, and blushed, stammered, and bowed;—"and stand back now, Will, but stand near us, for here he comes! And say nothing, but listen to me; I'll describe him for you." He stood straight upright in the open *voiture*, fixed his hat steadily upon his head, fixed his eyes as steadily upon a carriage which drove towards us from the direction of the Rue de Rivoli, hugged his arms hard across his breast, pushed his lips in and out two or three times, and continued—

"The handsome new carriage, open, like our own, to give him air—why not?—with the new horses, new harness, new coachman, in the new cocked hat and in the white gloves, and white ribbons to his reins, and with the dashing *chasseur* sitting behind—that's his carriage, Will—that's his carriage, Sir; and as it comes nearer to you now, look closer: that's himself sitting in it—that large, bloated man, about seventy years of age, dressed out like a prince; that's Thomas Reynolds, the Irish Informer of '98."

I started, and I believe uttered an exclamation of great surprise.

"Yes, Sir; yes, Will, that's *the* Reynolds." People began to look up at the public showman, and then towards the Lion he was exhibiting and describing. Upon this, my good friend raised his voice, and went on.

"Ay, that's Thomas Reynolds, first an Irish rebel, sworn, and the swearer in of many other Irish rebels against his Majesty King George the Third, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight; in which character, mind you, Will, he was as poor as a beggar-man; but then, Will, he turned informer, and sold the blood of his brother rebels for money; and then, Will, he became rich, and has been going about the world ever since as fine as you see him to-day." A crowd of English had now collected round our *voiture*, and Reynolds elegant new turnout was passing their outskirts. "Thomas Reynolds, Will; don't forget the name." The unhappy man was now so close to the orator that, if not very deaf, he must have heard every word he said. "Tho-mas Rey-nolds. And now he's going to church, Will, to pray to a God who

has said that the incense of blood reeking up to His throne is an abomination to him; and yet, Will, the coat on that man's back, the shirt on that man's back, the shoes on his feet, the hat on his head, the breathing of his lungs, are all bought or prolonged with blood-money." Reynolds' carriage here passed us as close as it could, without coming in contact with us; his eyes and the speaker's eyes met; the expression of those of the former was baleful, that of the other blasting, although frownless. "Ay, Will, my boy, and the luxurious carriage he sits in is paid for with the price of blood—is but another shape or mode of blood-money; and his fine horses, Will, and their fine housings and trappings; and his fine foreign servants, bedizzened with gold-lace, and the gold-lace round the grand cloth of his coachman's seat; and the white gloves and the white ribbons—everything—everything belonging to him and about him, comes from blood—from blood—from blood!"

Reynolds' carriage stopped. The *chasseur* jumped down, pulled open its door, unfolded its steps, and the aged and feeble-limbed man was assisted by the gewgaw servant into the church. My companion kept his eyes fixed on him until he had completely disappeared through the doorway. We then drove away up the *Champs Elysés*, towards the vast and magnificent edifice at its *Bois de Boulogne* termination.

With such feelings stored up in his own bosom, and well wrought into the minds and hearts of all his family, the old Irish rebel, with his excellent wife, his three sons, and—including the poor moping innocent—his five daughters, accompanied by three grand pianos, two double-action harps, and a descendant of the Irish kitten, ennobled by an Angola cross, sailed from Havre for America.—But before he sailed, I received from him the following lines, commemorating, as he expressed it, one remarkable Sunday in the *Champs Elysés*.

THE SPY-INFORMER.

Lolling at his vile ease in chariot gay,
His face—nay, even his fearful name unhidden—
Uncloaked—abroad!—'neath all the eyes of day,
(Which, as *he* passeth, close, while breath is hushed)
Unspat upon—untrampled down—uncrushed—
I've met the seven-fold traitor!
Wretch curse-ridden
By a whole nation's curse—and a world's scorn
Alped upon that!
And, God, he hath upborne
For nearly forty years, on the broad back
Of his strong scoundrel mind, without or crack
Or cringe, the Atlas burthen!
Look! 'tis he—
Who for the gold that yields his luxury,
Sold all!—friends, honor, household hearth—the child,
The lisping, trusting child upon his knee,
Who looked into his horrid eyes and smiled,
While he its unsuspecting sire beguiled
Of words to make an orphan of that child!
Devil! who sold its little smile! and sold
Unto the gallows, scourge, or dungeon-hold,
The young, the noble, the high-hearted bold,
And with them humbler thousands ten times told!

And this of his own choice! Not even led
By the detected craven's shivering dread—
No—this of his own free cool-weighing choice.
His ear still ringing to the trumpet-voice
Of youthful ardour on its council day,
Stealthily, serpently, he slimed his way
Unto the pay-master—and back again
Unto those fearless and uncrafty men,
Till, drop by drop, he marketed away,
At cautious pricing—for no blood no pay,
Each vein which in their gallant hearts had sway,
With all that through a nation's bosom play!
Yea! till from lordly castle, to the cot
Of the starved peasant, reigned one common lot
Of carnage, and of torture, and of woe;—
Yea—till the household blood so fast did flow,
That, helped by women's and by children's tears,
The household hearth it slaked down for years!

Again look on him! To God's house to-day,—
(For he dares kneel, and he pretends to pray,)
Now hath he come. O'erfed, on bloated limbs
Scarce from his chariot-steps can he descend,
Tho' nought,—remorse, nor age, nor shame yet dims
That cool hyena-eye, which round him lowered,
Hopeless of fellow glance from fellow friend,
And yet so quiet-cruel to the end,
Might almost chill a brave man into coward!

Say I that in God's house he should not kneel,
And pray!—and be forgiven—if he *feel*!
That scarlet-red as are his sins and woe
True sorrow may not "wash them white as snow!"
I've said—I've thought it not; but this I say—
That even his Master, Judas, flung away
The blood-money, in penitence and dread—
But that this traiter of the hoary head
Hath clutched it hard, and kept it—and I say,
That if unto God's house he come to-day
He should not come in all the base display
Which it doth purchase—in that chariot gay,
And charioteered by liveried slaves (whose pay
Can reconcile them to such odious sway)—
But that unto God's house he ought to creep,
The "thirty pieces" given back, and weep—
Ay, as a pilgrim—on his knees—if God
Hath touched his feet with a chastising rod—
Ay, and in rags, if robe he cannot buy,
Without the wages of his infamy!

But, thus decked out within the holy place,
He but blasphemes to Heaven's averted face;
And for each prayer he cants, on high is writ,
In the dread book of doomsday—"Hypocrite!"

And sometimes as I see him whisked along
To join the swell of sacred words or song,
I have a feeling—vague though understood—
That in his lack of kindly, human blood,
Venom of reptiles crawleth lazily,
Through leprous breast, and brain, and artery—
And that the cushions of his chariot gay,
And all his pillows, or by night or day,
Are soft for him, with pulpy hearts which he
Trucked for the mammon of impurity!

And this man lives!—lives on his Judas pelf—
He neither will refund nor hang himself!
He lives on those who would not live as slaves—
A fungus sucking aliment from graves!

He lives, too, on his name—his putrid name—
Immortal rascal! let him have that fame!

And on, still let him live!—in luxury!
Here in the capitol of Liberty!
Ay, here or anywhere!—or let him roam
North, south, east, west—to any point but—HOME!
For should he place upon that widowed shore
His loathsome foot—oh, it would shudder o'er!
Through victim-bones a stirring there would be
'Neath all the land, of him that land to free—
Heaving him back again unto the sea!—

COLLIERS AND COLLIERIES.

The Whig appetite for Inquiry by Commission was well nigh satiated,—Colonel Sibthorp's occupation was almost gone,—charities, factories, prisons, poor-rates, constables, corporations, church revenues, and weavers' wages, had all been duly examined,—investigation was dying of inanition, there being little on earth left unexplored; when Lord Ashley luckily bethought himself of subterraneous employment; and a Royal Commission was forthwith launched at the coal pits, and inquiry dived underground. Now this is just where inquiry ought to have begun. It is out of sight that abuses usually exist; and that which is least accessible to observation, is generally most in need of it. So it has proved in this case at least.

The Children's Employment Commission has just issued its Reports on Mines.

These reports exhume a mass of mental, moral, and physical degradation, which cannot be too generally known and denounced. They form, as usual, a pile of blue folios, the very sight of which sets condensation at defiance; and though the Central Commissioners have meritoriously compiled a digest, compressed into something under the compass of three hundred folio pages, we must [illegible] confine our gatherings to that portion which relates to Scotland, whither Messrs. Tancred and Franks were deputed to execute the inquiry; they have discharged their laborious office with no mean amount of diligence and ability. To Mr. Tancred was assigned the West of Scotland coal district, and to Mr. Franks that of Fife and the Lothians. The inquiry they were commissioned to execute extended to all points affecting the ages, hours of work, nature of employment, place of work, treatment, health, wages, morals, and education of the young persons and children employed.

Centuries after actual feudalism had disappeared in Great Britain, serfdom lingered in the collieries of Scotland; and not till 1775 was its abolition provided for in an act whose preamble ran thus;—

Whereas by the statute law of Scotland, as explained by the judges of the courts of law there, many *colliers* and *coal-bearers* and salters are in a state of *slavery and bondage*, bound to the collieries or saltworks where they work *for life, transferable* with the collieries and saltworks, &c.; be it enacted, "that all those who were colliers at the passing of the Act should *become free* on certain conditions, and under certain regulations, at periods varying from three to ten years," &c.

Such being the case, and the provisions of the act not having been fully effected for some years afterwards, we can readily understand how a patient endurance of degrading and oppressive toil may be evinced by those who are themselves the sons and daughters of slaves. It will require no slight effort to remove a system which seems to be regarded with the submission due to a decree of nature.

We shall, before indulging in any further comments on the subject, endeavour to cull from the reports of the assistant Commissioners for Scotland, a brief but sufficiently comprehensive description of the actual condition of the objects of the inquiry, under the various heads we have above enumerated.

In factories,—visited, ventilated, whitewashed, warmed, regulated, boxed, inspected, and medically superintended, by act of Parliament,—where the labour is anything but fatiguing, children are not admitted till they are nine years old, and must not be worked more than eight hours per diem. In collieries where the labour, dirt, confinement, and foulness of air, are limited alone by the mercy of the workmen, or the benevolence of the overlooker, children begin work at *seven and eight years old*, and the duration of work is generally for *eleven hours*, and *frequently longer*; sometimes continuing through the night; especially in the East of Scotland. This is attested by a number of credible witnesses.

The employment in all collieries is divisible into two main branches,—that of hewing the coal, and that of conveying it out when hewed. The former is properly the province of the adult collier, and the latter of women and children.

In the Western district, where the labour seems in every respect mitigated, the youngest children are employed only in opening and shutting the doors, which regulate the draft of air, as the whirleys or wagons of coal pass. The solitude and darkness constitute the only physical evil of the employment; though to entomb a young child all day long, in a dark and dismal passage underground, would be deemed a fearful cruelty, were it resorted to even as punishment in a prison. The next occupation is that of putting or pushing the whirley full of coal along the passages in the pit. Mr. Tancred speaks favourably of it in Lanarkshire:—

Any one who has seen the children at work can have no hesitation in saying that the physical exertion necessary in drawing is occasionally considerable. This exertion, however, is by no means continuous. . . . The whirley, being loaded and started on the tramway, runs pretty easily till perchance it gets off the rails at a sudden turn, or where another railway joins in. Then the drawer and his assistant, sometimes called the "putter," must put their shoulders to the wheel to lift or drag it upon the rails again. After this they can take a little rest. Once more they start, and perhaps hear a rattling, and see a light in the distance; this is another pair of children trotting along with an empty whirley towards the face of the coal. . . . Now, we will suppose they come to a part of the road where there is a slip in the strata, sometimes called "a trouble." Here the road rises pretty steeply for a short distance; and now comes the tug of war. The drawer, throwing his whole weight upon the chain, and leaning his body so forward that his hands touch the rails, whilst the putter pushes with might and main behind, with many a puff they urge the load to the top of the ascent. Here they sit awhile, till they have recovered their wind; after which, they soon see the lights dancing about a-head, and hear the hubbub at the pit bottom.

The work is not unhealthy when not carried to excess, and few females, Mr. Tancred reports, are to be found in the collieries in his district. Far otherwise is the case in many parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, where Mr. Symons, Mr. Scriven,

hand Mr. Kennedy, bear fearful testimony to the degrading nature of the employment to which females are subjected; and where they are habitually harnessed to the coal-wagons, dragging them on all fours, like animals, along passages which are often under a yard in height.

Mr. Franks details similar abuses in the Western coal districts of Scotland. "Females," he states, "have to crawl backwards and forwards with their small carts, in seams, in many cases, not exceeding twenty-two to twenty-eight inches in height." This operation, called "putting," prevails in Fifeshire, Clackmannan, Stirlingshire, and in parts of the Lothians.

The danger and difficulties, (says Mr. Franks,) of dragging on roads dipping from one foot in three to one foot in six may be more easily conceived than explained; and the state which females are in, after pulling like horses through these holes—their perspiration, their exhaustion, and very frequently even their tears, it is painful in the extreme to witness; yet, when the work is done, they return to it with a vigour which is surprising, considering how they inwardly hate it. The business of these females is to remove the coals from the hewer, who has picked them from the wall-face, and placing them either on their backs, which they invariably do when working in edge seams, or in little carts when on levels, &c., to carry them to the main-road, whence they are conveyed to the pit bottom, where, being emptied into the ascending basket of the shaft, they are wound up by machinery to the pit's mouth, where they lie heaped for further distribution.

This horrible work varies in different districts. In Fife and Clackmannan, the carts or "hutchies" are oblong, square-sided boxes, on four wheels, which run on railways. Frequently, however, where the declivities are great, or the roads are very soft, slypes are used, without wheels. The children, both male and female, are literally harnessed to these carts by a broad belt round the body, whence a chain passes either between their legs or over their backs. We shall cull a few extracts, however, from among the evidence of 429 witnesses examined by the Commissioner, premising that the floor of these passages is "usually wet and slushy, and not unfrequently dripping with water."

Katherine Logan, sixteen years old, coal-putter, examined at Vogrie Colliery, Borthwick, says—"Began to work at coal-carrying more than five years since; works *in harness* now; draws backwards, with face to tubs; the ropes and chains go under pit-clothes; it is o'er sair work, especially when we crawl."

Elizabeth Dickson, twelve years old, draws coals at Edgehead Colliery, Cranston—"I draw with the ropes and chain, and often fall and get crushed as the hurly comes down the brae: never off work long from the hurts. I am wrought with two brothers and two sisters below; we takes pieces of bread, and get nothing more till work is done; am never wrought less than twelve and fourteen hours; work about; we work all night. Many of the lassies get crushed, and lose their fingers; have often lost my finger nails. Always change my pit clothes when home; am obliged to do, for they are so wet. I bend nearly double while at work, as all the roads are very low. I can read a little; not learned much, as have been three years below, and not at school since."

Janet Selkirk, at Preston-hall Colliery, Cranston, eighteen years of age, draws coal—"Begun to work at ten years of age; did so, as hard work below had made mother blind. I cannot read, as family expenses are heavy. Am obliged to like the work, as all the lassies are. It would no be possible for men to do the work we are forced to do. Men only marry us early because we are of advantage to them."

Elizabeth Selkirk, Haugh Lynn Colliery, parish of Cranston, eleven years old, coal-drawer—"Works from three in the morning till four and five in the afternoon, and frequently all night. The work is so sore that canna help goin' to sleep when waiting for the gig to draw. I do not always change mysel, as I'm o'erfatigued. We have had much trouble (sickness.) My work causes me to stoop double; and when I draw, I crawl on all-fours, like the cuddies,"—[Very sickly, emaciated child, subject to severe pains in limbs and bowels, arising, no doubt, from overwork and want of food. Her parents, with seven children, live in a wretched hovel at Pathhead; the room not more than ten feet by fourteen; the furniture consisted of two old bedsteads, nearly destitute of covering, a few old stools, and bits of broken crockery.]

In East Lothian, that still more oppressive labour imposed on females, termed "*coal-bearing*," attracted the indignant notice of the Commissioner.

The abuses we have above alluded to are common to Yorkshire and Lancashire; but coal-bearing is peculiar, it seems, to the Lothians. In many collieries women bear the coal in baskets on their backs up ladders.

Agnes Moffatt, at Edmonston Colliery, Newton, seventeen years of age, coal-bearer, says:—"Works *twelve* and fourteen hours daily; can earn 12s. in the fortnight, if work be not stopped by bad air or otherwise. I fill five baskets; the weight is more than 22 cwt.; it takes me twenty journeys. The work is o'er sair for females; had my shoulder knocked out a short time ago, and laid idle some time. It is no uncommon for women to lose their burthen, and drop off the ladder down the dyke below; Margaret M'Neil did a few weeks since, and injured both legs. When the tugs which pass over the forehead break, which they frequently do, it is very dangerous to be under with a load. The lassies hate the work altogether, but they canna run away from it."

"I have wrought," says Jane Watson, "thirty-three years. Have had two dead born; thinks they were so from the oppressive work; a vast of women have dead children and false births, which are worse, as they are no able to work after the latter. I have always been obliged to work below till forced to go home to bear the bairn, and so have all other women. We return as soon as we are able; never longer than ten or twelve days; many less, if they are needed. It is only horse-work, and ruins the women: it crushes their haunches, bends their ancles, and makes them old women at forty."

Numbers bear testimony to the same facts. Some with a philosophical fortitude, which is almost ludicrous. Mrs. Isabel Wilson, thirty-eight years old, says:—

"When women have children thick (fast) they are compelled to take them down early; I have been married nineteen years, and have had ten bairns; seven are in life. When on Sir John's work, was a carrier of coals, which caused me to miscarry five times from the strains, and was gai ill after each. *Putting is no so oppressive;* last child was born on Saturday morning, and I was at work on the Friday night."

It is here worthy of remark, (adds Mr. Franks,) that to this labour, which is at once so repulsive and severe, the girls are invariably set at an earlier age than boys are to their peculiar labour, from a notion very generally entertained amongst the parents themselves, that girls are more acute, and capable of making themselves useful at an earlier age than boys.

The Commissioner, in his investigation into Mrs. Wilson's domestic arrangements and household goods, finds that nine sleep in two bedsteads with-

ut beds, the entire furniture consisting of two hairs, three stools, a table, a kail pot, and a few roken basins and cups. On the subject of furniure Mrs. Wilson, however, supplied the Commissioner with a few new ideas :—

"Upon my asking if the furniture was all they had, he guid wife said, furniture was of no use as it was so troublesome to flit with!"

The general opinion, however, among the gudewives seems to have been one of less satisfaction with the luxuries of their lot :—

"You must just tell the Queen Victoria," says Mrs. Hogg of Gladsmuir to her Majesty's Commissioner, "that we are guid loyal subjects; women-people here don't mind work, *but they object to horse-work*; and that she would have the blessings of all the Scotch coal-women if she would get them out of the pits, *and send* them to other labour."

"In fact," says Mr. William Hunter, mining overseman of Arniston Colliery, "women always did the lifting or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings, nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to work in places when no man or even lad could be got to labour in : they work in bad roads, up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double : they are below till last hour of pregnancy : they have swelled haunches and ancles, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, lingering existence."

The hewing of the coal by the colliers is extremely hard work, often performed whilst lying at full length, or crouched up in an uneasy posture.

In the East of Scotland, boys are actually employed in this dangerous and oppressive labour!

Alexander Reid, aged twelve years, (in the Duke of Buccleugh's works at Dalkeith,) says :—"I have worked two years at Sheriff-hall, and go below at two or three in the morning, and hew till six at night; after that I fill and put the carts on the rails to pit-bottom. The pit I work in is very wet; we often work in slush over our shoe-tops. When first below I used to fall asleep; am kept awake now. *It is most terrible work*; I am wrought in a 30-inch seam, and am obliged *to twist myself* up to work on my side; this is my every-day work except Friday, when I go down at twelve at night, and come up at twelve at noon," &c.

This, and similar evidence which abounds throughout the Report, amply justifies the desire that Scotland may ere long be freed from what Mr. Franks justly terms "the remnant of the slavery of a degraded age."

The assisting of the wagons up the inclines, the craning of the wagons off the small trains on to the main road, constitute the remaining occupations of children in collieries.

On the subject of wages Mr. Tancred gives a deplorable account of the prevalence of the Truck System. In the Airdrie district, there is, it seems, a regular pewter coinage, bearing on it the name of the store where the coin is payable, with the amount it passes for. The usual system, however, is for—

A woman to go to the store, and say she wants so many ounces of soap, tea, sugar, so much meal, potatoes, bacon, &c. These articles are entered by the store-keeper in her pass-book, with the price of each, and she goes to the pay-office, close to the store door perhaps, and shows the book, upon which the clerk reckons up the amount, pays her the money, and back she goes to the store, and procures the articles. Another plan is this: the wife goes to the store, takes what articles she wants, and leaves it to the store-keeper to set the amount against her, having "a line" from the master to say what the wages of herself or husband are. On the pay-day the store-keeper sends in his books to the clerk, and the amount of each person's advances is deducted from the pay.

In few instances do the people receive the real value of their wages; besides it encourages them to run into debt. The remedy proposed by Mr. Tancred is, that the Inspectors, to whom he presumes the Report will give birth, shall have power to ascertain the terms upon which stores are rented; the prices and qualities of the articles sold, and to prevent the sale of spirits at them.

There is a page wanting in Mr. Tancred's industrial economy. He must hit at the root as well as the branches of the evil; whilst trade continues to be crippled for the sake of a cormorant monopoly, both masters and men are driven, the one to resort to, and the other to submit to resources, which could not live a day were the vast capacities of our industry released from the shackles of restrictions on trade, and the palsying effect of scarcity of food.

The actual wages professed to be paid to colliers in the West of Scotland is, for colliers under eighteen, 12s. to 24s. per week. Putters and drawers, 4s. to 9s. Trappers, 4s. Horse-drivers 3s. to 6s. Engine-boys, 6s. to 13s.

Mr. Franks gives a more detailed statement in the East of Scotland.

In the East of Scotland, wages of colliers average as follows :—

	Elphinston Colliery.			Elgin Collieries.			Clackmannan Collieries.		
Year.	Average Weekly Earnings.		Average No. of Days Colliers work.	Average Fortnightly Earnings.		Average No. of Days Colliers work in Fortnight.	Average Daily Earnings.		Average No. of Days Colliers work.
	Hewers.	Putters.		Hewers.	Putters.		Hewers.	Putters.	
	s. d.	s. d.	Days.	s. d.	s. d.	Days.	s. d.	s. d.	Days.
1812	20 0	8 0	...	55 0	16 6	11	3 3	1 6	10
1814	20 0	8 0	5	55 0	16 6	...	3 3	1 6	10
1822	25 0	9 0	5	27 6	11 0	...	3 9	1 3	10
1823	25 0	9 0	5	27 6	11 0	...	3 9	1 3	10
1831	18 0	9 0	5	27 6	11 0	...	4 6	1 4	10
1832	18 0	7 0	5	27 6	11 0	...	4 0	1 4	10
1834	18 0	7 0	5	27 6	11 0	...	3 9	1 4	10
1836	16 0	5 10	5	33 0	11 11	...	3 9	1 4	10
1838	16 0	5 10	5	49 6	14 8	...	3 9	1 4	10
1840	16 0	5 10	5	42 0	12 10	...	3 9	1 4	9
1841	16 0	5 10	5	42 0	12 10	...	3 9	1 4	9

Accidents are stated to be of frequent occurrence in both districts; and as there are, says Mr. Franks, no Coroners in Scotland, "no notice appears to be taken of them." They arise chiefly from the falling of the roof, or ropes breaking.

Dr. S. S. Alison* remarks, in reference to this subject:—

I am pretty sure about 50 people under my care, and connected with collieries, have lost their lives in consequence of accidents occurring in the works around Tranent, and I *do not remember of an investigation having been made by the sheriff in more than one instance.*

The care taken of the children appears to be slight. They are generally employed, and paid by the coal hewers; and do not fall under the cognizance of the master. This seems to prevail almost everywhere throughout Great Britain. Their food consists seldom of aught else than kail, porridge, and bread, in East Scotland; and the homes of colliers are represented by Mr. Franks as "deplorable pictures of filth and poverty." It is otherwise in England. Both in food and houses the colliers appear to be comfortably provided there, in most instances. In the East of Scotland, in point of household and personal cleanliness, the condition of the collier community, struck Mr. Franks as that of a population abandoned to a course of life, which has blunted the commonest perceptions of human comfort.

But give the collier (adds Mr. Franks) the comforts of a clean and cheerful home, and the companionship of a sober and decently-educated female, not degraded to brute labour by working in the pits; let her attend to a mother's and housewife's duties: and you will soon change the moral condition of the collier.

The following is so graphic and terse a sketch of the collier character, and one so well borne out by other evidence, that we must add it to our extracts:—

Mr. Alexander Nimmo, innkeeper, Tranent, states that he has been some years resident in Tranent, and had frequent opportunities of witnessing the conduct of the collier people. They are very clannish, and hold very little intercourse with other tradesmen. They are quite as singular in their marriages as they are in their friendships—so entirely exclusive. They may well be so, for no working man would marry a collier's daughter, so little do they know of domestic duty. Colliers drink very hard, and rarely anything but whisky, which they subscribe for amongst themselves and purchase by the bottle or gallon. The bad custom of taking wives below causes them to neglect homes and carry down their children almost before they can walk, and they get little or no education; most of the children here are very ignorant. Sometime since Mr. Cadell had a school-house built; he engaged a teacher; the fees were fixed very low, so as to induce colliers to send their offspring; few attended regularly; and the school was closed after a few months; it was a voluntary school. The collier people in this town are dirty to extreme; their houses are not such as I should like to feed pigs in. Most keep fowls and ducks, and many pigs are kept in the houses. In consequence of the filthy state of the wynds and closes where the colliers stop, a neighbouring farmer lately went to a considerable expense in erecting a public privy, with separate partitions and apparatus to keep it well cleansed: but they took umbrage at being so provided for, and, thinking it an innovation upon their rights, they pulled the privy down, and burnt the wood of which it was composed. In this town there are some few colliers who are natives, and keep attached to the place, but the majority are changeable; they are apt to run in debt and then flit.

They are in knowledge, (says Mr. Ross, of the Loanhead Colliery,) both religious and intellectual, greatly inferior to all other classes; in moral courage and enterprise inferior; in taste for comforts, even of a domestic nature, inferior; and yet, abject as their condition is, it presents some favourable features of comparison with others, whose condition, as moral and intellectual beings, is undoubtedly superior. They are always respectful, and sometimes warmly attached to their employers, and exhibit none of the pert and discourteous behaviour of the manufacturer; they listen with cheerfulness and much seriousness to the ministers of the gospel who come among them; they show, and probably feel, less jealousy of their superiors in rank and fortune than is generally shown by other artisans, and they intermeddle less with politics.

The diseases to which colliers are most liable, appear to be asthma, rheumatism, irregular action of the bowels, and bronchitis. Scarcely any colliers are to be found, (says Dr. Alison in his evidence,) above twenty years of age, who are free from disease in the pectoral organs. Diseases of the spinal column, and fevers prevail. "Black spit," is the common term for the disease of the lungs; which aptly indicates its attendant symptom. "After death," says Dr. Mackellar,—

On examining the *chest*, the lungs are found *excavated*, and the cavities filled with a fluid or solid substance —apparently *pure carbon*.

This disease may be wholly obviated by a better ventilation, especially where gunpowder is used for blasting.

The physical condition, as regards health, is rather favourably reported on than otherwise, by Mr. Tancred, in the West of Scotland. No disease, save asthma, seems to have attracted his attention. Nutritious diet he deems to be common among colliers.

The morals of the Eastern pitmen are, with the exception of the prevalence of intoxication, far from depraved. They appear, in fact, too grievously over-wrought to be very vicious. They have no time for crime. Their leisure is necessarily devoted to rest. In education, not only are the present generation all but destitute of the commonest information; but the children are growing up in similar ignorance.

Mr. Franks says:—

I carefully examined the children on the spot, as well as the signatures to the returns which I had received; and I find, that out of 3886 children and young persons included in such returns, only 866 *pretend* to write their names, out of which number, I might venture to affirm, that it would require a well-practised eye to decipher even 150; and of those whose names are tolerably legible, I believe that not a couple of dozen could be found to write a dozen consecutive lines on any given subject, capable of being read and understood.

In scriptural and common secular knowledge, he found a "miserable deficiency."

He found the females, as might be expected, ignorant of ordinary household capacity. They knew nothing of housewifery. "How," the Commissioner asks, "should they? Are they to learn it in the pit?"

Mr. Wright, the Manager of the Duke of Buccleugh's mines, in speaking of the improvement there created by the exclusion of females, says:—

* In the Appendix to the Report, there is an elaborate and valuable Thesis, by Dr. Alison, on the physical condition and diseases of the collier population.

I feel confident, that the exclusion of females will advantage the colliers in a physical point of view, and that it will force the alteration of the economy of the mines. Owners will be compelled to alter their system; they will ventilate better, make better roads, and so change the system, as to enable men who now work only three or four days a-week, to discover their own interest in regularly employing themselves. Since young children and females have been excluded from his Grace's mines, we have never had occasion to increase the price of coal.

The desire for legislative interference to check the evils of the existing system, both as to the age of the children, and the employment of females, appears to have been generally expressed by the more intelligent, both of the workmen and the employers, when questioned on the subject.

The apathy of the great mass of this peculiar community, presents a painful theme of reflection. The spirit of serfdom is evidently rife among them still; and they exist, a singular and almost an isolated living instance, of what feudalism was, and of the effects of passive submission on the moral dignity of man, and the attributes of humanity itself. Mr. Franks rightly characterizes them as

A population, including 7000 to 8000 heads of families, leading a mere animal existence, without religious character, without political bias, without political representation—in short, without any political status whatever;—such, and so simple is the character of the people amongst whom my labours have been pursued; and to many, therefore, it was but too obvious that the visit of the Commissioners bore the appearance of an obtrusive and inquisitorial visit, rather than the anxiety of a philanthropy which needed no solicitation.

It is not undeserving of remark, (he adds) that this is the same people, who, wedded to ancient customs, and unaccustomed to the exercise of thought beyond the necessities of the morrow, were so totally ignorant of the boon conferred upon them by the Legislature in 1775, *that they contentedly lived on in their bondage*, and retained their old custom of "arleing;" and the then tacksmen of the mines, together with their ignorant dependents, continued their voluntary slavery, till the voice of the Legislature in 1799, again commanded them to be free.

He recommends as remedies,

1st. The exclusion of females and young children altogether from the mines.

2dly. The widest possible extension of the benefits of wholesome and sound instruction, and moral and religious training.

The General Report of the Commission for the United Kingdom, has been drawn up by Thomas Tooke, Esq., and Dr. Southwood Smith, with the aid of Messrs. Horner and Saunders, as a Central Board, and twenty visiting Commissioners, of whose Reports, their own is little else than a digest.

It draws a frightful picture of the character of pit-labour in all its aspects; one which may well cause the philanthropist to look back with regret on the time, labour, and money, spent on objects of infinitely inferior claim on the activity of benevolence. Our charities have roamed far and wide in search of food for compassion; and we have left unheeded at home beneath our feet, suffering of body, and heathenism of mind and morals, tenfold greater than we have traversed the globe in search of.

HYDROPATHY, OR THE COLD WATER CURE.*

Here is a new, or resuscitated, system of curing all manner of diseases, which bids fair, for a season, to eclipse Morrison's pills, Homœopathy, and even Brandy and Salt. Its author is neither physician, surgeon, nor apothecary. He has studied at no University, received no diploma. He is even more untutored than the first of the Whitworth Doctors, whom our readers may remember in our pages; and yet upon what appears very credible testimony, he has performed many notable, if not wonderful, cures, after the faculty had fairly given the patients up. There is this to be said for the system of Priessnitz, that he rejects all quack medicines and all drugs whatever; and wisely trusts a great deal to such potent remedies and auxiliaries as air, exercise, c h erfulness, and very homely and moderate, if not abstemious, living. These agencies, with unbounded faith in the treatment, might produce greater wonders than are performed at Gräefenberg, independently of the grand specific, *cold water*.

Among the grateful patients who have recently been cured at that celebrated place, is Mr. Claridge, the compiler and translator of the various papers which form this singular volume. Mr. Claridge was suffering severely from a complication of headache, tic-doloureux, and rheumatism, when, by the advice of a friend at Gratz, and the recommendation of an eminent medical man whom he met in Venice, he was led to become a pilgrim to the new Temple of Hygeia, at Gräefenberg, in Silesia. He has reason to bless the day when he took that resolution. Several German physicians, whom he accidentally saw, or consulted, instead of treating Priessnitz as an empiric, had sent their own patients to be cured; by swallowing copious draughts of the coldest spring water and using constant external ablutions of the same icy fluid. Mr. Claridge appears to be now in England: nor can we imagine any motive for his intense admiration of the *water cure*, save the benefits which he believes he has derived from it, and his desire to make generally known what he conceives to be a discovery fraught with immeasurable benefit to the tortured, drug-consuming, suffering, and short-lived human race. It is, however, somewhat disheartening to find him asserting that it is believed the system must decay with its inventor or discoverer; and that, if Providence should be pleased to remove the second Hippocrates, Hydropathy will again fall into a dormant state, if not into total disuse—"not that he (Priessnitz) will want numerous imitators, but because it is doubtful if the present, or any future generation will ever look upon his like again."

* "Hydropathy, or the Cold Water Cure, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Gräefenberg, Silesia, Austria;" by R. T. Claridge, Esq. Madden & Co., London.

This is rather regarding Priessnitz as a worker of miracles, than a sagacious, self-taught physician, accomplishing cures by apparently very simple means. Priessnitz is by no means the first cold-water doctor of whom the world has heard; though he is certainly the first that "was never known to fail." And all diseases, acute or chronic, recent or of long standing, come alike to him: Dropsy, cancer, fever, rheumatism, gout, scrofula, consumption,—tender infancy, and extreme old age, it is all the same.

The father of this wonderful personage was a peasant proprietor at Gräefenberg. He, consequently, received little, if any education; and his skill in curing disease originated in mere accident. He was one day, while engaged in agricultural labour, severely kicked by a horse; and the surgeon called in said, that he would be disabled for life. The young man was, naturally, very unwilling to acquiesce in this opinion, and he cured himself of his wounds, and their consequences, by cold water and spare diet alone. He afterwards performed several cures both on men and animals; and as he became better acquainted with the virtues of water, his knowledge of disease and his renown gradually increased. A little opportune professional persecution confirmed his reputation. The jealous Austrian government interfered, but this only further spread the reputation of Priessnitz, who, after minute investigation, could not, it was imagined, with only cold water, homely diet, and severe exercise, do much injury to the lieges. And now the water doctor of Gräefenberg is as high in favour with the fashionable world of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria, as is Sir James Clarke in London, or Dr. Jephson at Leamington. Between 1829, when he began to practise as a regular physician, and 1842, he has been consulted by 7000 persons; and, of course, has cured as many of them as were willing to be cured. Their patience may fail, though the cures seem accomplished with wonderful rapidity, but never once does the treatment fail. The number of patients increases every year. Nor have his labours been without their reward. He is little more than forty years of age—though, in spite of cold water, he is said to look older than he is—and his fortune is already £50,000. But the water doctor has other means of increasing his income besides *fees*. These are, in reality, very moderate,—though rich and grateful patients often load him with presents. He lodges and boards four or five hundred of his patients; and in the season, his extensive establishment, and the adjoining town of Freiwaldau, are crowded like an American watering-place. The cure of the patients is not obstructed by enervating indolence, luxurious accommodation, or sumptuous fare. Priessnitz does not wish to tempt them to loll in soft beds, remain in snug, neat chambers, or loiter at the *table d'hôte*; and therefore the beds are bad, and the table coarsely, though plentifully supplied.

As we can perceive no reason why the *water-cure* may not be accomplished quite as successfully in some secluded Welsh, Highland, or other Northern valley, as at Gräefenberg, and have great faith in the skill, sagacity, and enterprise of our own countrymen, medical and non-medical, it may be interesting to give some account of Mr. Priessnitz's establishment, as the book is still comparatively rare, and the season for watering-places just approaching:—

Gräefenberg is a colony of about twenty houses, placed about half-way up one of the mountains of the Sudates, forming part of the small town of Freiwaldau, in Silesia, Austria, about 18 English miles from Neissé, 70 from Breslau, 260 from Berlin, 200 from Dresden, 160 from Prague, 63 from Olmutz, and 175 from Vienna.

The town of Freiwaldau contains about 3000 inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in agriculture or the manufacture of linen. As the accommodations at Gräefenberg are not adapted to families, Freiwaldau is the resort of the fashionable world who have occasion to undergo the water cure, the upper part of most of the houses being let out as lodgings.

The establishment of Gräefenberg is most agreeably placed on a long slope, which extends from the valley to the top of the mountain. The views from it are magnificent, particularly in one direction, in which the plains of Prussia are seen in the distance. The highest houses chiefly belong to Mr. Priessnitz.

A number of irregular buildings can, at a pinch, accommodate from five to six hundred persons, besides containing the baths. The air is cold and bracing; and the presiding Hippocrates seems wisely to make fully as much use of the mountain breeze, as of cold water. At daybreak, the patients quit their comfortless chambers, setting weather at defiance, and drink the water, or take the baths prescribed for them.

At breakfast the table is supplied with brown bread, and most excellent milk and butter from Mr. Priessnitz's dairy: the same may be said of supper. At dinner there is soup, and beef boiled in it, a famous dish with Germans. After this, one occasionally sees pork, veal, beef, ducks, geese, potatoes, sour croute, gerkins, cucumbers, pastry, &c.: these are named to show the nature of the things which invalids are allowed to partake of, not that they all appear at one time, for in general it is complained that, though plentiful, the food is coarse. Mr. Priessnitz, when any allusion is made to this subject, says, "that the cure would progress quicker if the table were much worse served than at present; he has no objection to people eating heartily, but he insists on it that the food ought not to partake of those solid nourishing qualities which we are accustomed to in England." When it has been remarked to him that certain invalids appeared to overload their stomachs, he replied, "that they might go on as they would, that water sooner or later would find its own level, and that as they progressed towards a healthy state, their appetites would become more moderate;" a fact which observation fully confirms. At the same time that I admit this, if allowed to differ from such high authority, I should say that if more attention were paid to diet, cures would be effected in a much shorter time than they are. Mr. Priessnitz says that people must eat to acquire and keep up their strength; and in this I perfectly agree with him, all I would suggest is, a little more regard to the quality of the substances which individuals partake of.

In an Englishman one can understand the force of this objection. The breakfast costs about twopence halfpenny, the dinner one shilling, English money. Though the guests are not regaled with dainty fare, little or no restriction is laid upon them in regard to quantity, so that they drink plentifully of cold water—"which digests everything," and which is taken to the extent of from ten and twelve to twenty glasses a-day. The size of the glass we do not learn. If an ordinary wine-

glass is meant, the quantity to people taking abundant exercise does not seem excessive.

Though the medical faculty were at first jealous of Priessnitz, some of them now seem the most active of his trumpeters; and there are already forty-five regular Hydropathic Establishments in Austria, Prussia, Hungary, Bavaria, and other parts of Germany. There is also one in St. Petersburg, one in Ghent, and one in Strasburg. The treatment, in its leading features, closely resembles, as we understand it, the methods of *training* long practised by the New-Market, and other trainers; though *sweating*, and violent transitions from hot to cold, and the reverse, are more decidedly practised. Yet these violent changes, though boldly spoken of, are not used without some discretion. In short, though swelling language is employed, the actual treatment is prudent and guarded. One great secret of the success of Priessnitz seems to be, refusing to undertake any hopeless or very bad case. To some patients he says at once, "I can do nothing for you;" but if they, animated by hope and lively faith, insist upon remaining under his care, they often partially recover. *Sweating*, and to excess, appears with Priessnitz to supply the place of all the evacuations usually employed by medical men in effecting cures. No grain of even the simplest medicine is ever used, nor are leeches, the lancet, or cupping-glasses known; and all mineral waters are considered poison. The only remedies employed by Priessnitz, in common with ordinary physicians, are the bath in all its forms and modifications, and clysters of cold water.

Many persons had cautioned Mr. Claridge against going to Gräefenberg; but pain—severe bodily suffering, from which he could find no relief,—urged him on; and the personal narrative of his sojourn affords to Englishmen a better account of the place, and its presiding genius, than the various papers he has translated from other sources, though these strongly confirm his testimony.

On arriving at the establishment at Gräefenberg, and finding all the rooms engaged, I was compelled to descend to the town of Freiwaldau, at the bottom of the mountain, where strangers are sure of finding accommodation. The arrival of an English carriage and family, probably for the first time, was too important an event not to be immediately known to everybody. Consequently, early the following morning, our countrymen, whom I had persuaded to go; one, a medical man, who had been there two months, the other one month, called upon me to invite my family up to the establishment that day to dinner. These gentlemen, on our meeting, declared that they owed me an eternal debt of gratitude, for having directed their attention to Gräefenberg, adding, "when we came here we were encased in flannel, to which we have said adieu for ever: our appetites are excellent; and above all, we sleep well, and exercise never tires us. We have now acquired a buoyancy of spirits quite incredible: had any one told us three months ago it was possible to attain it, we should have treated the idea as chimerical." They then expressed an opinion that it was flannel, abstaining from drinking water, and ignorance of its value in ablutions, and not the damps of England, that caused so many to seek health in other climes, to the evident disadvantage of our own country.

At dinner there were between 200 and 300 persons, of all ages and all ranks in society, who, with perhaps [illegible] exceptions, were invalids, a circumstance [illegible] quainted with the fact would have suspected; for I could not help remarking the happy, healthy-looking countenances of all around, and the merry laugh and mirth which burst from every part of the large saloon. On expressing my surprise to the English doctor, he said, "You will find difficulty, no doubt, in believing that there are, to my knowledge, forty or fifty persons here, who, but for Priessnitz, would have been consigned to their tombs, and not have been living here to-day to tell their tales; and that there are, perhaps, twice as many more who, under any other treatment, would have been confined to their beds. On looking at these people, you must bear in mind that they are not on a par with the casual occupants of an hospital; for the majority of them have come here after having consulted all the celebrated doctors within their reach, and tried the mineral waters in Germany in vain: that they are people who only abandoned their medical advisers when it became too apparent that they could receive no assistance from them, or when they could no longer be induced to follow their prescriptions; therefore, the majority of these cases may be considered more advanced and confirmed than the common run of an hospital; that disease is too firmly rooted in their systems to be relieved by the ordinary practice of the faculty, most of them being considered incurable." The doctor added, "If anything could be adduced to show that invalids can live, digest, and become strong without the aid of drugs, it would be the fact, that amongst the large number of people, both here and at Freiwaldau, some of whom have been many months under the treatment, not a grain of medicine has been taken by any one of them since their arrival; notwithstanding they eat with appetites that, but for the dissolving power of water, would cause them to die of indigestion. As there is no wine, mustard, or pepper on the table, people think no more of such things, than if they were not."

One can easily imagine much gaiety and cheerfulness to exist at the public tables of the different Spas, or at other watering-places, as they are devoted to recreation and amusement; but in an hospital, where almost every disease known in Europe is to be found, the existence of such gaiety appears incomprehensible except to those who have been some time at Gräefenberg, and have witnessed the soothing power of water in the alleviation of pain, and the buoyancy of spirits which it promotes, by regulating the digestive powers.

"Look at your neighbour to the right," said the doctor; "he came here twelve months ago on crutches, having previously been a year in bed. His disease, the gout, being an old hereditary complaint, he is not yet cured; but one thing he will tell you, that though in pain when he first came, it soon ceased, and he has never been confined to his room an hour since, nor did he ever enjoy finer health. Then look at that young lady opposite. From childhood she had scrofula in her face and neck to such an extent, that she was an object of pity to all who saw her: she has been here nine months, and is now so completely recovered, that she is considered the beauty of the room. That officer near her is suffering from a wound in his leg. At first it withered away until it became no larger than a man's wrist; the surgeons said, nothing but amputation remained. Upon which he came here, and now his limb has resumed its flesh, and will shortly be perfectly restored. Yonder female walking with a stick was brought here six weeks ago in wet sheets. She had been confined to her bed and room until she lost the use of her limbs, and so became a perfect skeleton; she now walks tolerably well with a stick, and in a fortnight, it is expected, she will do without it."

He then pointed out a child who had lost the use of his legs from scrofula, but now perfectly recovered. Another person was tormented for years with tic-douloureux, who, after remaining here a few months, became perfectly cured. There is an officer now recovered from hernia, and there several others from rheumatism. "That gentleman," said he, "is a field-marshal in the Prussian service; eighty-seven years old: he came here on crutches, with the gout, two months ago. He is delighted with the treatment, and now walks about these mountains with the use only of a stick. He intends stay-

ing here through the winter. That lady from Moscow has a child only three years old, distorted by a spinal complaint; four months ago the poor infant could not stand erect; now it plays about, and is as happy as the other children: in six months' time it will be perfectly cured." In fact, such a number of singular and extraordinary cases were pointed out to me by my friend, whose knowledge of the facts and veracity could be depended upon, that I no longer doubted the astounding accounts I had so frequently heard of the cures effected at Gräefenberg.

The faith of Mr. Claridge became stronger every moment; and in this favourable state of mental predisposition his cure was commenced.

Having at last made up my mind to become one of Priessnitz's patients, I was prepared for his coming in the morning. The first thing he did was to request me to strip and go into the large cold-bath, where I remained two or three minutes. On coming out he gave me instructions, which I pursued as follows:—At four o'clock in the morning my servant folded me in a large blanket, over which he placed as many things as I could conveniently bear; so that no external air could penetrate. After perspiration commenced, it was allowed to continue for an hour; he then brought a pair of straw shoes, wound the blanket close about my body, and in this state of perspiration I descended to a large cold-bath, in which I remained three minutes; then dressed and walked until breakfast, which was composed of milk, bread, butter, and strawberries, (the wild strawberry in this country grows in abundance from the latter end of May until late in October;) at ten o'clock I proceeded to the douche, under which I remained four minutes, returned home, and took a sitz and foot-bath, each for fifteen minutes; dined at one o'clock; at four proceeded again to the douche; at seven repeated the sitz and foot-baths; retired to bed at half-past nine, previously having my feet and legs bound up in cold wet bandages. I continued this treatment for three months, and, during that time, walked about 1000 miles. Whilst thus subjected to the treatment, I enjoyed more robust health that I had ever done before; the only visible effect that I experienced was an eruption on both my legs, but which, on account of the bandages, produced no pain. It is to these bandages, the perspirations, and the baths, that I am indebted for the total departure of my rheumatism.

Whilst thus near Priessnitz, and when consequently I had no fear of the result, by way of experiment I determined, one thorough wet day, not to change my clothes, which were completely saturated, and in this state I sat until they were completely dry: the consequence was, that in the night I awoke with a distracting head-ache, parched tongue, a slight sore throat, and the next morning felt no appetite, but a general languor of body. By the following detail of this case, the reader will judge how easily a cold of this nature is generally cured by Hydropathy. I laid in the kotz, or blanket, went into the cold-bath as usual, and in the afternoon was enveloped in a wet sheet for an hour, until perspiration commenced, then sat in the half-bath, (not quite cold,) and was rubbed all over by two men for twenty minutes; walked out as usual; at night, on going to bed, wore the bandages, or umschlags, on my breast and back of the neck; next day repeated the same, and the third day was perfectly recovered.

My family have all proved the beneficial effects of Mr. Priessnitz's treatment. The night before our departure, the patients gave their annual ball, in the great room of the establishment, in commemoration of Mr. Priessnitz's birthday. The whole of the buildings belonging to him were illuminated, both inside and out, at their expense. In this assembly, consisting of about 500 persons, no stranger would have believed, had he been unacquainted with the fact, that its members were chiefly composed of invalids. Tears were frequently observed to steal from the eyes of many who blessed the great man for their restoration to health; and I do not know a more touching scene than seeing invalids, who, by his means, had regained the use of their limbs, approach him, throw their crutches at his feet, and join in the maze of the waltz. Monarchs might have envied him his feelings on such occasions.

When to this testimony, which may be somewhat impugnable from the patient's prepossessions, is added that of many respectable, and even eminent German physicians, and of the conductors of Medical Journals, the Water Cure surely becomes worthy of examination. Mr. Claridge has given the following account of the theory or principle of Priessnitz's curative system—a system which that sagacious person has been able to form, though he probably could not put his ideas of it into language:—

I. Health is the natural state of the body.

II. The causes of bodily disease, which do not proceed from external injury, are material, and consist of foreign matter introduced into the infected system.

III. This foreign matter is divided into four parts:—

1. Bodily substances which ought to be carried off, but have not been evaporated in proper time.

2. Substances which, according to their nature, cannot be assimilated with the human body, and, notwithstanding, have got into the stomach, or the skin, or have penetrated into the interior.

3. Contagious ulcers.

4. Corruption of the elements, water and air; epidemical diseases.

IV. Every acute disease is an attempt of the system to dispel diseased matter.

V. Fever is not the disease itself, but the consequence of it; it is an effect of an exertion greater than the power of the system.

VI. The radical healing of acute diseases is only possible by separating the diseased matter by means of water, an agent which invariably effects its object, and that always in a manner perceptible to the senses.

VII. By means of physic and bleeding acute diseases become chronic; the system, medically treated, seldom attains a partial, but never a total ejection of diseased matter; therefore, physicians never get a sensitive perception of the causes of disease.

VIII. As sooner or later a body must yield to the effects of drugs, it is quite impossible that any one suffering from chronic disease should die a natural death, unless he be healed by Hydropathy.

IX. Chronic disease cannot be permanently cured by drugs: Hydropathy alone will effect this, by changing the chronic evil to acute eruptions, which are cured in the same way in which first acute diseases are cured, viz., by the water treatment.

X. Mankind, like other organic beings, ought to live according to nature's laws, without pain, and die a natural death, that is to say, without illness or suffering. But with us almost everybody dies from the effects of poisonous drugs, intoxicating liquors, adulterated food, want of water, air, and exercise. To this rule there are but two exceptions. First, if the elements, air or water, or both, be deteriorated, the two principal requisites of health disappear, and epidemics are the inevitable consequence, to which men as well as animals are exposed. Secondly, men are exposed to contagious diseases, but, except from epidemics and contagious disease, no one who has grown up in a natural water regime can be attacked by illness, (outer hurts or hereditary complaints excepted,) and of these two diseases he can be generally speedily cured, and after the cure will always retain his health.

XI. To think of curing disease with the poison commonly called physic, must, to the reflective mind, appear paradoxical, because it is impossible to bring the physic to bear upon the dispersed and deeply-hidden diseased matter; and even if this could be done, it is quite impossible, as every chemist knows, that the morbid matter and physic should mutually dissolve each other into nothing. The consequence of such treatment with physic is, that to the old evil, a new stimulus is added, weak or strong, according to the dose and quality.—"What is in-

flammable stays in the blood, and afterwards affects the brain."—ARBUTHNOT.

XII. No effective cure, whether of men, animals, or plants, can be made from the ejection of the diseased matter by means of their own organic strength, unless aided by the dissolving elements, air and water.

XIII. This is the treatment which nature bestows upon all her creatures, and it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that without internal and external water diet, there can be no health for life. We must not look before us into the grey mysteries and doctrines of the future, for the true mode of curing disease, but far behind us, on the green plains of nature, and of the times which are past.

Such is the hard outline of the theory. The illustrative remarks, and the endless list of cases successfully treated, far exceed our limits. But if we cannot advert to these really extraordinary cases, or to the long catalogue of curable diseases, we may mention those which are not curable, the exceptions tending to establish the rule. The incurable diseases are thus stated by Rausse, the author of one of the many late essays on *Hydropathy*:—

All chronic diseases of the lungs; all organic defects, and all diseases in people whose muscles and sinews are past all power of action, and from whom the vital principle has passed beyond recovery: and he adds, "the cure of all acute diseases to Priessnitz is mere child's play, and in no instance of nervous fevers or inflammations, in any stage, was he ever known to lose a patient; and what is still more worthy of remark, a radical cure is effected in a few days, without the subsequent debility which would result from any other treatment. Hydropathy completely supersedes the dreadful necessity of cutting men's flesh, or amputating their limbs. In chronic diseases, it may especially be remarked, that all persons suffering from the effect of mercury, in its manifold and dangerous forms, will derive instantaneous benefit, and, in the end, perfect health from Priessnitz's water cure. I can affirm that half Priessnitz's patients are under the influence of this pernicious drug. Then follow those obstinate complaints, gout, rheumatism, hemorrhoids, obstruction of the bowels, and their concomitant ills; also scrofula, syphilis, in fact, all diseases known by the term chronic, or connected with the nerves.

"*First*.—By this treatment the bad juices are brought to discharge themselves from the skin.

"*Secondly*.—A fresh or new circulation is given to the diseased or inactive organs, and better juices are infused into them daily.

"*Thirdly*.—All the functions of the body are brought into their original healthy state, not by operating upon any particular function, but upon the whole system."

These opinions of Rausse are supported by another author, Mr. Raven, who writes as follows:—

"The groundwork of the water cure is to warm the body by passive means only, so that an active heat may proceed from the system; and to produce this desired effect, cold water is used in an infinity of ways. This is not effected by weakening the body, or by any deprivation of food; no bleeding; no surgical operations are resorted to, nor any description of medicine ever employed; but the great secret is, to subdue disease, and cleanse the system of all medicine, in a way dictated by nature, and not by art. The cure is only to be effected by great perseverance, a constant internal and external application of cold water, and by plain living. By the means of these necessary agents, strength is restored, and the system tranquillized.

Professor Mundé, who was perfectly cured of a painful complaint during his residence at Gräefenberg, collected sufficient facts to form a most interesting work upon the system there adopted, on which we have drawn largely in the following pages. He enumerates a great number of diseases, the cure of which he witnessed himself; amongst them are, gout, rheumatism, tic-doloureux, hernia, syphilis, piles, hypochondria, fevers of all kinds, inflammations, cholera, the gripes, &c.: and adds, that in all ailments, in the eradication of which medicine is known to be more or less powerless, the treatment at Gräefenberg triumphs daily. The following are Professor Mundé's views of the water cure:—

"Priessnitz contends that all diseases which are not occasioned by accidents, arise from vicious humours, which he calls bad juices; from these result either general derangement of the system, or disorder of some of the organs. Consequently, the object of his curative method is to expel the bad juices, and replace them by good. The means which Priessnitz employs to attain this end, are water, air, exercise, and diet. Is he right in looking for the diseases, or, at least, their causes, in the humours?" This is a question which (says Mr. Claridge) I do not pretend to decide; but if we judge by the success which attends his method, when followed up with constancy, we should say he must be right; for, generally speaking, with the aid of the above four means, he cures all diseases which professional men acknowledge to be the result of drugs; nay, more, this view of things agrees with the opinion of some of the most celebrated doctors of the last century, to whose practice Priessnitz's treatment bears a great resemblance.

Priessnitz does not now employ *sweating*, his most powerful active remedy, in above one-half of the cases which he treats.

Some people are made to perspire every day, every other day, or every third day, whilst perhaps, for at least one-half of his patients, he never prescribes perspiration at all, but most judiciously subjects them to treatment, that whilst it brings about a cure, has the effect of strengthening and invigorating the system.

Priessnitz does not, of course, employ medicine, nor even hot diluents, to induce sweat. His method is peculiar, and disagreeable, but it seems effective.

All affections caused by the bad juices are submitted to this process, which is conducted in the following manner:—

The invalid is enveloped, naked, in a large coarse blanket, the legs extended, and the arms kept close to the body; the blanket is then wound round it, as tight as possible, turning it well under at the feet: over this is placed, and well tucked in, a small feather bed, sometimes two, such as are usually employed in Germany, instead of a number of blankets; finally, a counterpane and a sheet are spread over all: thus hermetically enveloped, the patient exactly resembles a mummy: sometimes, when perspiration is difficult, the head, with the exception of the face, is also covered; but this expedient is not resorted to in the case of persons who have a tendency of blood to the head: the irritation caused by the blanket, and the closeness and duration of the confinement, render this operation disagreeable, especially, as I have already observed, until perspiration commences, which, in some cases, takes place in half-an-hour, in others in an hour, or even only two hours. After this, the patient sweats according to the orders of Mr. Priessnitz, for from half-an-hour to two hours. Previous to this packing up the patient, a urinal is placed between his legs, and any diseased part is bandaged with a damp cloth. When accustomed to this operation, the patient will be able to sleep, until awakened by his attendant; those who perspire with difficulty, are requested to move their legs, rub the body with their hands, and make all the movement that their close confinement will admit of. This little movement accelerates perspiration, which is always more tardy in summer than in winter: but, it should be observed, that if perspiration can be easily promoted without any exertion whatever, it is much more desirable.

As soon as perspiration commences, the windows are opened, and the patient, if he wishes it, is allowed to drink a glass of cold water every half-hour; this is not only found extremely refreshing, but aids the sweating.

If, during the process of perspiration, the patient should experience any headache, he may bandage the

head with a damp cloth, an expedient which almost invariably succeeds in attaining its object. The duration of the sweating depends much upon the nature of the disease, the individual, &c.; in deciding this, Mr. Priessnitz shows his great skill: there are some who sweat every day, others every other day, or every second or third day only.

One would imagine that so much and such constant sweating must have the effect of weakening patients and making them thin; but at Gräefenberg the contrary effect is observed. . . . . .

The sweating which precedes the bath not only makes a powerful impression upon, and attracts the morbid humours to the skin, but it contributes again to engender a more intense heat in the system; this heat is of importance even in the bath, as it enables the body to support, for a longer time, the effect of cold water, which assists the more the longer it is continued. It is to be observed, that the longer the exterior cold and the reaction are kept up, the more the morbid humours are pressed to the skin, but the surplus of the internal heat ought not to be exceeded, for fear of producing congelation. Spontaneous nocturnal perspirations, which are called at Gräefenberg weakening sweats, ought to be avoided; this is to be done by covering the body very lightly, and by washing it at night with cold water. It is sometimes necessary when the skin is attacked by atony, to envelope the invalid in a wet sheet, in order to give it a tone before he is covered up for sweating.

The general practice of Priessnitz is said to have become milder of late. He does not sweat his patients either so profusely or so frequently as he once did. He treats animals, and in particular the horse, exactly as he does human beings, by sweating, baths, and cold water, and it would appear with equal success.

Mr. Claridge has interspersed his various translations, with pertinent original remarks, replete with that good sense which is at all times an excellent ingredient in works of this nature, whether the authors be medical or non-medical. Nor can it be doubted that there is much to be commended in the basis of that theory which, with certain alterations and improvements, Priessnitz has revived in Germany, and with such remarkable success. His great success he owes, according to Mr. Claridge, to his entire ignorance of medicine as a science; for—

What does the history of medicine offer, but the discouraging picture of the instability of principles, and a series of theories succeeding each other, without any one of them being able to content an upright spirit, or satisfy an inquiring mind? We can hardly expect, however, that Mr. Priessnitz will ever attempt to give the world any medical or systematic details. This is only left to intelligent persons and young medical practitioners, who should observe all that is observable, and communicate their observations, so as to form a whole of that which is most important. Fortune and fame will be the reward of any of our students who may go to Gräefenberg, and study the proceedings of this extraordinary man. To do this effectually they must be possessed of patience, as it can only be studied on the spot; nothing but danger would result from acting on the dicta of books, as will be shown by the following case whilst the author was at Gräefenberg.

This case, and others detailed, certainly show great self-possession and decision in Priessnitz. Some old-fashioned treatises upon the universal virtues of cold water in the cure and prevention of disease, were, in the last century, known in Germany, though it is not imagined that Vincent Priessnitz, a man wholly unlettered, could have been familiar with them. There was, however, an old peasant in the neighbourhood who had successfully cured animals by the cold-water treatment, and this may have afforded him the first hint—which, to a man of genius and sagacity, is often all that is required. In England, John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists, was distinguished as the apostle of temperance and cold water. In a tract of his, entitled "*Primitive Physic, or the Natural Method of Curing Diseases*," which is still circulated among the Methodist body, the virtues and healing powers of the native element are highly extolled, and the use of drugs is strongly deprecated. Wesley asserts that the compounding and decompounding medicines can never be reconciled to common sense. "Experience," he avers, "shows that one thing will cure most disorders, at least as well as twenty put together. Then why do you add the other nineteen?—only to swell the apothecary's bill!—nay, possibly on purpose to prolong the distemper, that the doctor and he may divide the spoil."

In conclusion:—Very few ailing or sick people can go to Gräefenberg; nor is this so much to be regretted, while it is in the power of every one to bring Gräefenberg to his own home. We have, indeed, reason to believe that frequent cold ablutions, and sponging with cold water, are much more commonly practised among the middle and higher classes in this country than Mr. Claridge seems to imagine, though we are all very sparing drinkers of cold water. Nor can these simple preventives of disease, (and absolute comforts or enjoyments, when once made habitual,) be too general in practice. The rules and remarks of Mr. Claridge on this topic are therefore useful and judicious. We copy one of them, hoping the exhortation will have due effect.

Two things all people, whether strong or weak, can do with perfect safety, and without these, health, for any length of time, cannot reasonably be expected; and those are, to drink plentifully of cold water, particularly before breakfast, and to rub the body all over every morning with a cold wet cloth, or take a cold bath. These simple measures will prevent and cure disease. Wherever pain exists, apply the healing bandage; that is, a cold wet cloth with a dry one over it, and its effect will prove miraculous.

If our readers would know more, they must consult Mr. Claridge's book; which, both to those seeking to regain or to preserve health, offers many excellent suggestions.

MISS BURNEY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.*

Poor Miss Burney! The brightness of her days is now for ever eclipsed!—the spirit of her life has evaporated!—she is alternately at Windsor, or St. James'; or else on the road between those places, cold blasts blowing upon her, and inflaming at once her temper and her eyes. Too just was the presentiment with which she entered upon her splendid bondage in the service of Queen Charlotte. It was the feeling of a slave going to the galleys. Yet the Queen, the "sweet Queen," appears to have been a good, and even a considerate mistress; which is more than can always be said for ladies of very inferior rank. It is the institution that was in fault. It is monarchy which makes the Queen herself a more complete thrall to ceremonial than her humblest attendant. But leaving to others to balance the advantages against the disadvantages of monarchy, we must be content, like Miss Burney, to make the best of things. She, poor young woman, frequently says, that in the service of the Queen she made up her mind to consider herself as "*married*,"—and unhappily married,—or else Miss Burney must have had very dismal notions of the holy state. In the condition to which she had wedded herself, everything like spontaneous or independent action, free social intercourse, or even unbroken, uninvaded solitude, was for ever placed beyond her reach. Her confinement was much more irksome, at all times, than that of a maid-of-all-work; and she had not the poorest drudge's privileged holiday, her "Sunday out." And conceive the admired author of *Cecilia*, the bosom friend of the brilliant Mrs. Thrale, the favourite of Johnson, summoned to her duties by sound of bell!—and receiving a present of a new gown from her mistress, through the hands of the other servants—as if she had been a young housemaid, and Mrs. Schwellenberg the housekeeper. One can sympathize in her distresses, and yet like her better, that though abundantly discreet and submissive, her spirit revolted at the indignities to which her position, and the mean and jealous temper of the Queen's countrywoman and favourite attendant subjected her. There must have been one individual who, in after years, received great pleasure from the lampoons and satires of Peter Pindar, who no more spared Madame Schwellenberg than her royal master and mistress.

We must not, all circumstances considered, blame Miss Burney, if the present volume of her Diary, taken as a whole, is somewhat dull and tiresome. Her powers of wit and observation might not have been impaired in these weary years, but she had no scope for the exercise of her lively faculties. The little which her duties permitted her to see of a dull court was not on its brightest side. The old adage truly says,—"No making a silk purse of a sow's ear." The most dexterous sempstress could not perform such a feat.

Miss Burney had had nothing to regret in leaving her paternal home, save leaving her father himself. Her sisters were all married; her brothers were away; and to her step-mother she appears to have been at least indifferent; but in entering upon her new way of life, she was foregoing all her cherished hopes and favourite schemes. "Every dear expectation fancy had ever indulged of happiness adapted to its taste—all was now to be given up." The pang was severe; nor were its causes soon forgotten. She compares herself to a girl who has married against her inclinations, to please her friends, and who must make the best of her hard lot; bear without repining, and make the best wife possible. The condition of a nun,—of one who has for ever renounced the world,—might be the better comparison, save that she enjoyed nothing of the nun's tranquillity. She says in one place to her sister:

> I am *married*, my dearest Susan—I look upon it in that light—I was averse to forming the union, and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied. What then now remains but to make the best wife in my power? I am bound to it in duty, and I will strain every nerve to succeed.

With kind management on the part of Mrs. Delany, the Queen, Miss Burney relates, on her arrival with her father at Windsor,—

> Received me with a most gracious bow of the head, and a smile that was all sweetness. She saw me much agitated, and attributed it no doubt, to the awe of her presence. O, she little knew my mind had no room in it for feelings of that sort!

She dined at Mrs. Schwellenberg's table, at which stray guests to the Lodge often dined. With this lady the Equerries in attendance on the King regularly drank tea. On the first day the new attendant's spirits had not quite deserted her, and we have this lively though brief sketch. The sucking in of the cheeks is an inimitable stroke.

> I was offered the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn, which was at the head of the table; but that was an undertaking I could not bear. I begged leave to decline it; and as Mrs. Schwellenberg left me at my own choice, I planted myself quietly at one side.
>
> Colonel Polier, though a German officer, is of a Swiss family. He is a fat, good-humoured man, excessively fond of eating and drinking. His enjoyment of some of the fare, and especially of the dessert, was really laughable: he could never finish a speech he had begun, if a new dish made its appearance, without stopping to feast his eyes upon it, exclaim something in German, and suck the inside of his mouth; but all so openly, and with such perfect good humour, that it was diverting without anything distasteful. . . . . At dinner we—I mean Mrs. Schwellenberg and myself—had Miss Planta and Colonel Polier; and I was happy to be again diverted with the excess of his satisfaction at sight of turtle upon the table.

Miss Burney made this jovial gourmand Colonel

* Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c., Edited by her Niece, Vol. III., comprehending her Diary while at the Court of George the Third, in the years 1786 and 1787, pp. 473, with a portrait of Queen Charlotte. London: Colburn.

teach her a few German phrases, all of which he contrived should relate to the main business of his own life, eating and drinking.

The new attendant had entertained an idea that the Queen meant to make her her English reader; an office much more suitable to Miss Burney than the one of dresser, for which a better qualified, though very inferior person might easily have been selected. But the Queen, whatever were her original intentions, never employed her in this way, save once or twice. Those who have any curiosity to know the ways of a sober court, the daily bed-chamber life of a Queen and her attendants, may read here. The season was summer.

I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half hour between them.

The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-kerchief.

By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the Princesses, and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably.

I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. . . . . At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business—in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birth-day of any of the Royal Family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable.

That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven.

My rummages and business sometimes occupy me uninterruptedly to those hours. When they do not, I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or long arrears;—and now, from ten to the times I have mentioned, I devote to walking.

These times mentioned, call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a-week.

A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation.

When she observes that I have run to her but half-dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud. . . . . I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state. There, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time.

It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large. And I have then two hours quite at my own disposal: but, in the natural course of things, not a moment after! . . . . . At five, we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are commonly *tête-à-têtes:* when there is anybody added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally.

When we have dined, we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing** is over: this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tête-à-tête* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over, he conducts them, and goes himself to the concert-room.

This is commonly about nine o'clock.

From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper at near eleven.

Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen: half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded.

I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed—and to sleep too, believe me: the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head.

Such is the day to your F. B. in her new situation at Windsor; such I mean, is its usual destination, and its intended course.

On public or *state* days, the etiquette was, and probably still is, that some of the women of the bed-chamber should finish the dressing. The *women* and the *ladies* have their different duties, but the *women* are all persons of family.

When the Queen returned, the bell was rung for the bedchamber woman; the etiquette of court-days requiring that one of them should finish her dress.

It happened now to be my acquaintance, Mrs. Fielding. She only tied on the necklace, and handed the fan and gloves. The Queen then leaves the dressing-room, her train being carried by the bedchamber women. The Princesses follow. She goes to the ante-room, where she sends for the Lady of the Bedchamber in waiting, who then becomes the first train-bearer, and they all proceed to the drawing-room. We returned to Kew to dinner very late. M. Polier and Miss Planta dined with us; and at the dessert I was very agreeably surprised by the entrance of Sir Richard Jebb, who stayed coffee. It seems so odd to me to see an old acquaintance in this new place and new situation, that I hardly feel as if I knew them.

One of the most mortifying circumstances to Miss Burney, at the outset, was being summoned by a bell.

A bell!—it seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude, I

* The King, Queen, and all the Royal Family walking on the Castle Terrace, to be admired by their loyal subjects.—*E. T. M.*

always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation. But I have philosophized myself now into some reconcilement with this manner of summons, by reflecting that to have some person always sent would be often very inconvenient, and that this method is certainly less an interruption to any occupation I may be employed in, than the entrance of messengers so many times in the day. It is, besides, less liable to mistakes. So I have made up my mind to it as well as I can; and now I only feel that proud blush when somebody is by to revive my original dislike of it.

But ladies of quality, the bed-chamber women, and the very mistress of the robes, countesses and duchesses, were all summoned in exactly the same manner; which was some sort of consolation. Another awkwardness was finding herself obliged "to ask leave out." However, Miss Burney proved a very tolerable courtier for her brief standing; and by the friendly hints and suggestions of Mrs. Delany and others, got on wonderfully well Queenward, whatever her personal feelings may have been. The elder Princesses seem to have been really amiable, and not merely good-natured but considerate for her; and the younger ones were not very much spoilt. Yet the author of *Evelina* was sadly out of her true place. How happier far had the old rumbling chateau at Chesington, the head-quarters of her Daddy Crisp, been to her! One day she was graciously permitted, nay sent, by the Queen to visit her father there; and her heart led her pen when she wrote:

My breakfast was short, the chaise was soon ready, and forth I sallied for dear—once how dear!—old Chesington! Every step of the road brought back to my mind the first and most loved and honoured friend of my earliest years, and I felt a melancholy almost like my first regret for him, when I considered what joy, what happiness I lost, in missing his congratulations on a situation so much what he would have chosen for me—congratulations which, flowing from a mind such as his, so wise, so zealous, so sincere, might almost have reconciled me to it myself—I mean even then—for now the struggle is over, and I am content enough.

Here is a full record of one of her earliest afflictions—

At the second toilette to-day, Mrs. Schwellenberg, who left the dressing-room before me, called out at the door, "Miss Bernar, when you have done from the Queen, come to my room."

There was something rather more peremptory in the order than was quite pleasant to me, and I rather drily answered, "Very well, Mrs. Schwellenberg."

The Queen was even uncommonly sweet and gracious in her manner after this lady's departure, and kept me with her some time after she was dressed. . . . .

When I went to Mrs. Schwellenberg, she said, "You might know I had something to say to you, by my calling you before the Queen." She then proceeded to a long prelude, which I could but ill comprehend, save that it conveyed much of obligation on my part, and favour on hers; and then ended with, "I might tell you now, the Queen is going to Oxford, and you might go with her; it is a secret—you might not tell it nobody. But I tell you once, I shall do for you what I can; you are to have a gown."

I stared, and drew back, with a look so undisguised of wonder and displeasure at this extraordinary speech, that I saw it was understood, and she then thought it time, therefore, to name her authority, which, with great emphasis she did thus: "The Queen will give you a gown! The Queen says you are not rich," &c.

There was something in the manner of this quite intolerable to me; and I hastily interrupted her with saying, "I have two new gowns by me, and therefore do not require another."

Perhaps a proposed present from her Majesty was never so received before; but the grossness of the manner of the messenger swallowed up the graciousness of the design in the principal; and I had not even a wish to conceal how little it was to my taste.

The highest surprise sat upon her brow: she had imagined that a gown—that any present—would have been caught at with obsequious avidity; but indeed she was mistaken.

Seeing the wonder and displeasure now hers, I calmly added, "The Queen is very good, and I am very sensible of her Majesty's graciousness; but there is not, in this instance, the least occasion for it."

"Miss Bernar," cried she, quite angrily, "I tell you once, when the Queen will give you a gown, you must be humble, thankful, when you are Duchess of Ancaster!"

She then enumerated various ladies to whom her Majesty had made the same present, many of them of the first distinction, and all, she said, great secrets. Still I only repeated again the same speech.

I can bear to be checked and curbed in discourse, and would rather be subdued into silence—and even, if that proves a gratification that secures peace and gives pleasure, into apparent insensibility; but to receive a favour through the vehicle of insolent ostentation—no! no! To submit to ill-humour rather than argue and dispute, I think an exercise of patience, and I encourage myself all I can to practise it: but to accept even a shadow of an obligation upon such terms, I should think mean and unworthy; and therefore I mean always, in a Court as I would elsewhere, to be open and fearless in declining such subjection.

When she had finished her list of secret ladies, I told her I must beg to speak to the Queen, and make my own acknowledgments for her gracious intention.

This she positively forbid; and said it must only pass through her hands. "When I give you the gown," she added, "I will tell you when you may make your curtsey."

I was not vexed at this prohibition, not knowing what etiquette I might offend by breaking it; and the conversation concluded with nothing being settled. . . .

How little did the sweet Queen imagine that this her first mark of favour should so be offered me as to raise in me my first spirit of resistance! How differently would she have executed her own commission herself! To avoid exciting jealousy, was, I doubt not, her motive for employing another.

At night, however, this poor woman was so ill, so lost for want of her party at cards, and so frightened with apprehensions of the return of some dreadful spasmodic complaints, from which she has many years suffered the severest pain, that I was induced to do a thing you will wonder at, and against which I had resolved to struggle unrelentingly. This was to play at cards with her.

In short, Mrs. Schwellenberg proved poor Miss Burney's *bête noir* throughout. N.B., the gifted gown, was a "lilac *tabby*," whatever sort of silken fabric that may have been, and was first worn on the birth-day of one of the Princesses; for on birth-days it was the etiquette for all the household to appear in new dresses, both in the morning and evening; a rather heavy tax on the attendants, where the family is as numerous as was that of George the Third. The excursion to Oxford is graphically narrated. It was replete with annoyances of all kinds. The head-quarters of the royal party was Nuneham, the residence of Lord Harcourt; and the confusion of the establishment, during the royal visitation, resembled that of an ill-organized inn, in a race-week.

When Miss Burney had been a few months in her new office, we find a gentleman, who afterwards makes a considerable figure in her Diary, under the *nom de guerre* of Mr. *Turbulent*, thus moralizing on the Queen's birth-day, which was approaching :—

He inquired of me how I should like the state business of that day!

I told him I knew nothing of what I had to expect from it. He undertook readily to inform me. He said I was to be sumptuously arrayed, to sit in one of the best rooms at St. James's, and there to receive all the ladies of the Queen in particular, and to do the honours to all the gentlemen also, belonging to the establishment.

I laughed, and told him he had painted to me a scene of happiness peculiarly adapted to my taste!

He did not concern himself to examine whether or not I was serious, but said he supposed, of course, the dignity of such a matter of state could not be disagreeable to me, and added, he should take the liberty to wish me joy of the day, among the rest, when it arrived, and to see me in my glory.

After this he said, "You have now nearly seen the whole of everything that will come before you: in a very short time you will have passed six months here, and then you will know your life for as many, and twice and thrice as many years. You will have seen everybody and everything, and the same round will still be the same, year after year, without intermission or alteration."

This gentleman, a married man, in orders, and French reader to the Queen and the Princesses, with all of whom he seems to have been a favourite, must have been a rather dangerous inmate in any female household. Miss Burney was guarded by a seven-fold panoply of prudence and discretion; yet she seems to have suffered not a little from his alternate audacious, or insidious advances. How would Queen Charlotte, the pattern of all virtue, decorum, and rigid propriety, have been shocked to hear the free opinions of the man in whom she placed so much confidence that he was the literary caterer for herself and for daughters just dawning into womanhood! The Miss Planta of the following dialogue, was the governess and attendant of the elder Princesses :—

The dinner was enlivened with very animated conversation, in which this gentleman took a part so principal, that I now began to attend, and now, first, to be surprised by him.

The subject was female character. Miss Planta declared her opinion that it was so indispensable to have it without blemish, that nothing upon earth could compensate, or make it possible to countenance one who wanted it. Mrs. Smelt agreed that compassion alone was all that could be afforded upon such an occasion, not countenance, acquaintance, nor intercourse. Mr. de Luc gave an opinion so long and confused, that I could not sufficiently attend to make it out. Mr. Smelt spoke with mingled gentleness and irony, upon the nature of the debate. I said little, but that little was, to give every encouragement to penitence, and no countenance to error.

The hero, however, of the discourse was Mr. Turbulent. With a warmth and fervour that broke forth into exclamations the most vehement, and reflections the most poignant, he protested that many of the women we were proscribing were amongst the most amiable of the sex—that the fastidiousness we recommended was never practised by even the best part of the world—and that we ourselves, *individually*, while we spoke with so much disdain, never acted up to our doctrines, by using, towards *all* fair failers, such severity.

This brought me forth. I love not to be attacked for making professions beyond my practice; and I assured him, very seriously, that I had not one voluntary acquaintance, nor one with whom I kept up the smallest intercourse of my own seeking or wilful concurrence, that had any stain in their characters that had ever reached my ears.

"Pardon me, ma'am," cried he, warmly, "there are amongst your acquaintance, and amongst everybody's, many of those the most admired, and most charming, that have neither been spared by calumny, nor been able to avoid reproach and suspicion."

I assured him he was mistaken; and Mrs. Smelt and Miss Planta protested he was wholly in an error.

He grew but the more earnest, and opened, in vindication of his assertions and his opinions, a flow of language that amazed me, and a strain of argument that struck and perplexed us all. He felt the generosity of the side he undertook, and he could not have been more eager nor more animated had the fair dames in whose cause he battled been present to reward him with their smiles.

In the end, finding himself alone, and hard pressed, he very significantly exclaimed "Be not too triumphant, ladies!—I must fight you with weapons of your own making for me. There is a lady, a lady whom you all know, and are proud to know, that stands exactly in the place I speak of."

"I'm sure I don't know whom you mean!" cried Miss Planta.

"You know her very well,—at least, as well as you can," answered he, drily.

Mrs. Smelt, laughing, said she might know many unfortunate objects, but she was unconscious of her knowledge.

I boldly protested I knew not, as an acquaintance of my own, a single person his description suited.

After a long series of protestations of ignorance and eager inquiries, Mr. *Turbulent* still hung back; and poor Miss Burney, what was her concern!—

He hung back, but we all called upon him, and I declared I should regard the description as fabulous unless he spoke out, and this piqued him to be categorical; but what was my concern to hear him then name—almost whispering with his own reluctance—Madame de Genlis! I was quite thunderstruck, and everybody was silent.

He was then for closing the discourse, but I could not consent to it. I told him that I pretended not to say the character of that lady had never, in my hearing, been attacked; but that I could, and would, and hoped I ever should, say I believed her perfectly innocent of the charges brought against her.

He smiled a little provokingly, and said, "We agree here, ma'am,—I think her innocent too."

"No, Sir, we do not agree!—I should not think her innocent if I believed the charge!"

"Circumstances," cried he, "may make her mind innocent."

I could say nothing to this, I think it so true; but I would not venture such a concession, where my wishes led me to aim at a full defence. Accordingly, with all the energy in my power, I attempted it; assuring him that there was an evidence of her untainted worth in her very countenance, and written there so strongly, that to mistake the character was impossible.

"True," cried he, again smiling, "the countenance speaks all that captivating sweetness that belongs—if she has them—to the very frailties of her character."

This is enough. The Queen directed Miss Burney to accommodate this man in her carriage; in returning to Windsor after the birth-day, and on other journeys; and "to hear was to obey, but,"—

The journey was rather awkward. To be three hours and a half *tête-à-tête* with a person so little known to me, and of whom I had been unable to form any precise opinion, while still in a feeble state of health, and still feebler of spirits, was by no means desirable; and

yet the less as there was something in the uncertainty of my notions that led me to fear him, though I knew not exactly why.

The conversation that ensued did not remove these difficulties: wholly brought on and supported by himself, the subjects were just such as I least wish to discuss with him—religion and morality.

With respect to morality, his opinions seemed upon rather too large a scale for that perfect measurement which suited my more circumscribed ideas. Nothing faulty fell from him, but much was thrown out that, though not positively censurable, had far better never be uttered. He again revived the subject of Madame de Genlis; again I defended her, and again, while he palliated all the wrong with which he charged her, he ceased to disbelieve the seriousness of my assertions in her favour. True, however, it is, I do believe her innocent of all crime but indiscretion, and of that I know not how to clear her, since to nothing softer can I attribute the grounds upon which so much calumny has been raised. I imagine her, and so I told him, to have fallen at an early and inexperienced period into designing and depraved hands, and not to have been able, from cruel and distressed circumstances, to give up the unworthy protection of a profligate patron, though her continuing under it has stained her fair fame for evermore! Perhaps her husband, himself worthless, would not permit her—perhaps she feared the future ruin of her two children—perhaps, in a country such as France, she did not, in that first youth, dare even to think of relinquishing the protection of a Prince of the blood. She was only fifteen when she was married—she told me that herself. How hard do I think her lot, to fall into hands she must ever have despised, and so to be entangled in them as not to dare show to the world, in the only way the world would believe her, the abhorrence of her mind to the character of her patron, by quitting a roof under which she could not live without censure!

The subject, however, was so nice, it was difficult to discuss, and I wished much to avoid it, since there was so much that I could not explain without apparent concessions against my own case, which he instantly seized, and treated as actual concurrences. He praised her as much as I praised her myself, and I found he admired her with as sincere a warmth: but though we agreed thus far, and yet farther, in thinking all that might be wrong in her was venial, we differed most essentially in our opinions of what that wrong might be. He thought her positively fallen, yet with circumstances claiming every indulgence. I thought her positively saved, yet with circumstances authorizing suspicion.

I tried what was possible to fly from this disquisition, but I found I had one to deal with not easy to control. He kept it up, forcibly and steadily, till I was compelled to be silent to his assertions, from want of proof beyond opinion for answering them.

He then proceeded to a general vindication of the victims to such sort of situations, in which I could by no means concur; but when I resisted he startled me by naming as individuals amongst them some characters of whom I had conceived far superior notions. I heard him quite with grief, and I will not write their names. I cannot look upon him as a detractor, and I saw him by no means severe in his exactions from female virtue: I gave, therefore, and give, implicit credit to his information, though I gave not, and give not, any to his inferences and general comments.

"Depend upon it," said he, "with whatever prejudice, and even just prejudice, you may look upon these fallen characters at large, and considered in a class, you will generally find them, individually, amongst the most amiable of your sex: I had almost said amongst the most virtuous; but amongst those who possess the greatest virtues, though not every virtue, undoubtedly. Their own sweetness and sensibility will generally have been the sole source of their misconduct."

I could neither agree nor dispute upon such a subject with such an antagonist, and I took my usual resource, of letting the argument die away for want of food with which to nourish it.

I did not fare the better, however, by the next theme, to which the death of this led us: Religion.

There is no topic in the world upon which I am so careful how I speak seriously as this. By "seriously" I do not mean gravely, but with earnestness; mischief here is so easily done, so difficultly reformed. I have made it, therefore, a rule through my life never to talk in detail upon religious opinions, but with those of whose principles I have the fullest conviction and highest respect. It is therefore very, very rarely I have ever entered upon the subject but with female friends or acquaintances, whose hearts I have well known, and who would be as unlikely to give as to receive any perplexity from the discourse. But with regard to men, I have known none with whom I have willingly conferred upon them, except Dr. Johnson, Mr. Locke, and Mr. Smelt, and one more.

My companion was urgent to enter into a controversy which I was equally urgent to avoid; and I knew not whether most to admire or to dread the skill and capacity with which he pursued his purpose, in defiance of my constant retreat. When, in order to escape, I made only light and slight answers to his queries and remarks, he gravely said I led him into "strange suspicions" concerning my religious tenets; and when I made to this some rallying reply, he solemnly declared he feared I was a "mere philosopher" on these subjects, and totally incredulous with regard to all revealed religion.

This was an attack which even in pleasantry I liked not, as the very words gave me a secret shock. I therefore then spoke to the point, and frankly told him that subjects which I held to be so sacred, I made it an invariable rule never to discuss in casual conversations.

"And how, ma'am," said he, suddenly assuming the authoritative seriousness of his professional character and dignity, "and how, ma'am, can you better discuss matters of this solemn nature than now, with a man to whom their consideration peculiarly belongs?—with a clergyman?"

True, thought I; but I must better be apprised of your principles, ere I trust you with debating mine!

Again we repeat, that Queen Charlotte had a very equivocal character in her service. After a good deal of annoyance, Miss Burney resolved to apply to the Queen for LEAVE for Mr. Turbulent to travel with the Equerries:—

She seemed to think it quite strange that I should be content to part with him, and spoke of his agreeable and entertaining faculties in conversation with very partial admiration. I concurred in allowing them, but accepted her tacit consent to the occasional separation. I had now something to say to my knight that I knew would keep him in some order. . . . . .

The instant I was left alone with Mr. Turbulent he demanded to know my "*project for his happiness;*" and he made his claim in a tone so determined, that I saw it would be fruitless to attempt evasion or delay.

"Your captivity, then, Sir," cried I—"for such I must call your regarding your attendance to be indispensable—is at an end: the Equerry-coach is now wholly in your power. I have spoken myself upon the subject to the Queen, as you bid—at least, braved me to do; and I have now her consent to discharging you from all necessity of travelling in our coach."

He looked extremely provoked, and asked if I really meant to inform him I did not choose his company?

I laughed the question off, and used a world of civil argument to persuade him I had only done him a good office: but I was fain to make the whole debate as sportive as possible, as I saw him disposed to be seriously affronted.

A long debate ensued. I had been, he protested, excessively ill-natured to him. "What an impression," cried he, "must this make upon the Queen! After travelling, with apparent content, six years with that oyster Mrs. Haggerdorn—now—now that travelling is become really agreeable—in that coach—I am to be

turned out of it! How must it disgrace me in her opinion!"

She was too partial, I said, to "*that oyster*," to look upon the matter in such a degrading light; nor would she think of it at all, but as an accidental matter.

I then added, that the reason he had hitherto been destined to the female coach was, that Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn were always afraid of travelling by themselves; but that as I had more courage, there was no need of such slavery.

"Slavery!"—repeated he, with an emphasis that almost startled me,—"Slavery is pleasure—is happiness—when directed by our wishes!"

And then, with a sudden motion that made me quite jump, he cast himself at my feet, on both his knees—

"Your slave," he cried, "I am content to be! your slave I am ready to live and die!"

I begged him to rise, and be a little less rhapsodic. "I have emancipated you," I cried; "do not, therefore, throw away the freedom you have been six years sighing to obtain. You are now your own agent—a volunteer—"

"If I am," cried he, impetuously, "I dedicate myself to you!—A volunteer, ma'am, remember that! I dedicate myself to you, therefore, of my own accord, for every journey! You shall not get rid of me these twenty years."

I tried to get away myself—but he would not let me move; and he began, with still increasing violence of manner, a most fervent protestation that he would not be set aside, and that he devoted himself to me entirely. And, to say the simple truth, ridiculous as all this was, I really began to grow a little frightened by his vehemence and his posture; till, at last, in the midst of an almost furious vow, in which he dedicated himself to me for ever, he relieved me, by suddenly calling upon Jupiter, Juno, Mars, and Hercules, and every god, and every goddess, to witness his oath. And then, content with his sublimity, he arose.

Was it not a curious scene? and have I not a curious fellow-traveller for my little journeys?

This sample of his behaviour in a *tête-à-tête* will not invite me to another with him: for though I think his rhodomontading as innocent as that of our cousin Richard, there is something in it now and then a little more violent than suits either my taste or my nerves.

Thus, between jest and earnest, Mr. Turbulent felt his way. He was, however, very capable of friendly actions, and a hearty hater of Mrs. Schwellenberg, so "here was sympathy." One day he had been an unnoticed witness of Miss Burney's sufferings from this mean-minded woman, of whom most of the household stood in such awe, from her powers of making mischief with the Queen, that when before her, they deemed it prudent to slight the new intruder. On the day Mr. Turbulent had witnessed her ill-usage,—

He put aside all his flights and his violences, and seemed hurt for me more than I could have supposed. I passed it all off as gaily as I could, but he touched me, I own, when in a tone of the most compassionate regret at my lot, he exclaimed, "This, ma'am, is your colleague!—Who could ever have imagined it would have been Miss Burney's fate to be so coupled! Could you ever, ma'am, foresee, or suspect, or believe you should be linked to such a companion!"

No, thought I, indeed did I not! But to recover myself from the train of thoughts to which so home a question led, I frankly narrated some small circumstances, of a ludicrous and unimportant nature, which regarded this lady, with some of her domestics.

They were almost in fits of laughter; and Mr. Turbulent's compassion so fleeted away from the diversion of this recital, that he now only lamented I had not also known the other original colleague, that she too might have lived in my memory. I thank him much!

He had lately, he told me, had much conversation concerning me with Mr. Boswell. I feel sorry to be named or remembered by that biographical, anecdotical memorandummer, till his book of poor Dr. Johnson's life is finished and published. What an anecdote, however, did he tell me of that most extraordinary character! He is now an actual admirer and follower of Mrs. Rudd!—and avows it, and praises her extraordinary attractions aloud!

But a little more of Mr. Turbulent and the strait-laced Court of Queen Charlotte, whom it was possible to deceive, much like inferior pattern women:

MARCH 1ST.—With all the various humours in which I had already seen Mr. Turbulent, he gave me this evening a surprise, by his behaviour to one of the Princesses, nearly the same that I had experienced from him myself. The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a knotting shuttle of the Queen's. While she was speaking to me, he stood behind and exclaimed, *à demi voix*, as if to himself, "*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*" And then, seeing her blush extremely, he clasped his hands, in high pretended confusion, and hiding his head, called out, "*Que ferai-je?* The Princess has heard me!"

"Pray, Mr. Turbulent," cried she, hastily, "what play are you to read to-night?" "You shall choose, ma'am; either *La Coquette corrigée*, or—" [he named another I have forgotten.] "O no!" cried she, "that last is shocking! don't let me hear that!"—"I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette*? *La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?" "No, indeed, I am sure I did not say that."—"Yes, ma'am, by implication. And certainly, therefore, I will read it, to please your Royal Highness!" "No, pray don't; for I like none of them!"—"None of them, ma'am!" "No, none;—no *French plays* at all!"

And away she was running, with a droll air, that acknowledged she had said something to provoke him.

"This is a declaration, ma'am, I must beg you to explain!" cried he, gliding adroitly between the Princess and the door, and shutting it with his back. "No, no, I can't explain it; so pray, Mr. Turbulent, do open the door." "Not for the world, ma'am, with such a stain uncleared upon your Royal Highness's taste and feeling!"

She told him she positively could not stay, and begged him to let her pass instantly.

But he would hear her no more than he has heard me, protesting he was too much shocked for her, to suffer her to depart without clearing her own credit!

He conquered at last, and thus forced to speak, she turned round to us and said, "Well—if I must then—I will appeal to these ladies, who understand such things far better than I do, and ask them if it is not true about these French plays, that they are all so like one to another, that to hear them in this manner every night is enough to tire one?"

"Pray, then, madam," cried he, "if French plays have the misfortune to displease you, what *National* Plays have the honour of your preference?"

I saw he meant something that she understood better than me, for she blushed again, and called out, "Pray open the door at once! I can stay no longer; do let me go, Mr. Turbulent." "Not till you have answered that question, ma'am! what *Country* has plays to your Royal Highness's taste?"—"Miss Burney," cried she impatiently, yet laughing, "pray do you take him away!—Pull him!"

He bowed to me very invitingly for the office; but I frankly answered her, "Indeed, ma'am, I dare not undertake him! I cannot manage him at all."

"The *Country!* the *Country!* Princess Augusta! name the happy *Country!*" was all she could gain. "*Order* him away, Miss Burney," cried she; "'tis your room: order him away from the door."—"Name it, ma'am, name it!" exclaimed he; name but the *chosen nation!*" And then, fixing her with the most provoking eyes, "*Est-ce la Danemarc?*" he cried.—She coloured violently, and quite angry with him, called out, "Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool!"

And now I found . . . the Prince Royal of Denmark was in his meaning, and in her understanding!

He bowed to the ground, in gratitude for the term *fool*, but added, with pretended submission to her will, "Very well, ma'am, *s'il ne faut lire que les comédies Danoises.*"

"Do let me go!" cried she, seriously; and then he made way, with a profound bow as she passed, saying, "Very well, ma'am, *La Coquette*, then! your Royal Highness chooses *La Coquette corrigée?*"

"*Corrigée?* That never was done!" cried she, with all her sweet good humour, the moment she got out; and off she ran, like lightning, to the Queen's apartments.

What say you to Mr. Turbulent now?

For my part, I was greatly surprised. I had not imagined any man, but the King or Prince of Wales, had even ventured at a *badinage* of this sort with any of the Princesses; nor do I suppose any other man ever did. Mr. Turbulent is so great a favourite with all the Royal Family, that he safely ventures upon whatever he pleases; and doubtless they find, in his courage and his rhodomontading, a novelty extremely amusing to them, or they would not fail to bring about a change. . .

TUESDAY, MARCH 6TH.—I spent almost all this morning with her Majesty, hearing her botanical lesson, and afterwards looking over some prints of Herculaneum, till the Princess Augusta brought a paper, and a message from Mr. Turbulent, with his humble request to explain it himself to her Majesty. It was something he had been ordered to translate.

"O yes!" cried the Queen readily, "let him come; I am always glad to see him."

He came immediately; and most glad was I when dismissed to make way for him: for he practises a thousand mischievous tricks, to confuse me, in the Royal presence; most particularly by certain signs which he knows I comprehend, made by his eyebrows; for he is continually assuring me he always discovers my thoughts and opinions by the motion of mine, which it is his most favourite gambol to pretend constantly to examine, as well as his first theme of gallantry to compliment, though in a style too high-flown and rhodomontading to be really embarrassing, or seriously offensive. Nevertheless, in the Royal presence, my terror lest he should be observed, and any questions should be asked of the meaning of his signs and tokens, makes it seriously disagreeable to me to continue there a moment when he is in the room.

He and Miss Planta both dined with me; and they entered into a very long dispute upon female education, which he declared was upon the worst of plans, teaching young girls nothing but disguise, double-dealing, and falsehood; and which she maintained was upon no other plan than decorum and propriety dictated. In all essential points she was undoubtedly right; but in all the detail he conquered—crushed her, rather, as forcibly by his arguments, as he disconcerted her by his wit. It was no disgrace to Miss Planta that she was no match for him, though she answered him with a degree of vexation, when overset, that made her lose the advantages she might have kept. Both of them called frequently upon me, but I declined the discussion: I should have been happy to have assisted Miss Planta, who, in the main, was right, but that she defended all, everything, on her own side, whether right or wrong, and sought to oppose the domineering powers of her adversary by allowing no quarter to anything he advanced. Candour in argument is the most rare of all things, and Truth is for ever sacrificed to the love of victory and the fear of disgrace.

At length, she went for her work: he then attacked me most vehemently, insisting on my opinion. But I never professedly argue: I may be drawn in by circumstances, or from the interest and feeling of the moment, or from an earnest desire to bring forward conviction, in some point of serious consequence to the principles or conduct either of another or my own; but deliberately and designedly I never enter into that mode of conversation, which, except arising from the sudden animation of the moment, I have always thought and found either wearisome or irritating.

He tried whatever was possible to urge me to the battle. "Come," he cried, "speak out your real sentiments now we are alone."

"Assure yourself," quoth I, "you will never have any other, whether alone or before millions!"

"O yes, I beg your pardon; ladies are never so sincere, with one another, as with us:—tell me, therefore, now, the truth of your opinions upon this matter."

Even this would not do. I told him I was in no disputative humour.

"You are unwilling to own it," cried he, "but I see you are precisely of my way of thinking! You would not say so before poor Peggy, who is but a bad logician, but I saw which way you turned."

This also failed. I assured him I was seized with a silent fit, and he might spare himself further trouble.

He would not allow this plea, and grew quite violent in his remonstrances, protesting I ought not to be silent, and he would not suffer it.

I worked on very quietly, only informing him that to be silent was a privilege I had everywhere claimed, and that though he had heard me talk probably as much as my neighbours, it was merely because I generally appeared before him as Lady of the Ceremonies, either at table or in the carriage, where I thought it incumbent on me to help forward all I could; but that, otherwise, and where I considered myself at liberty to do as I pleased, I had a general character, among strangers and short acquaintance, of the most impenetrable taciturnity.

He vowed he could not believe it. "It would be a shame," he cried, "and not only a shame, but an impossibility; you cannot be taciturn!—I defy you! Your eyebrow!"

And then broke forth one of his most flighty rants of compliments, with expressions really beyond *badinage*. He made me a little grave, and I told him, that however he might amuse himself with conning fine speeches to me, I should desire and hope he would at least confine them to my own ears, and say nothing of me in any way in my absence.

He was a little affronted, and asked why? but he had given me a feeling I could not quite explain, even to myself, and which, however, he almost immediately dissipated by a more moderate mode of proceeding."

This gentleman became every day more violent and troublesome; but Miss Burney was finally relieved from his impetuous gallantry, by the alarming and dangerous illness of his wife, which appears to have recalled him to a sense of duty and propriety. He implored Miss Planta to obtain leave for him to be absent from the Queen's Lodge, that he might attend his wife, who lived in Windsor; and at the end of a suffering month, he returned—

All civility, but wholly without flights and raptures: tamed and composed, happy in the restoration of his wife, and cured of all wild absurdity. I conducted myself to him just as when we first grew acquainted—with openness, cheerfulness, and ease; appearing to forget all that had been wrong, and believing such an appearance the best means to make him forget it also.

Such was this month: in which, but for the sweet support of Mrs. Delany, I must almost wholly have sunk under the tyranny, whether opposed or endured, of my most extraordinary coadjutrix.

Of this tormentor Miss Burney remarks, and the observation is of very general application:—

I know well, at a distance, you may think such conduct, in common with such a character, a mere subject for contempt, and be amazed at its effect: but were you here, and were you spending in one day a mere anticipation of every day—alas! my dearest friends, you would find, as I find, peace must be purchased by any sacrifice that can obtain it.

Mine was, indeed, a severe one: I gave up either going to my beloved solace, [Mrs. Delany,] or receiving her

here, and offered my service to play at piquet.—At first, this was disdainfully refused, and but very proudly accepted afterwards. I had no way to compose my own spirit to an endurance of this, but by considering myself as *married to her*, and therefore that all rebellion could but end in disturbance, and that concession was my sole chance for peace! O what reluctant nuptials!—how often did I say to myself—Were these chains voluntary, how could I bear them!—how forgive myself that I put them on!

And does marriage often compel such sacrifices on the part of the woman? This were a stronger argument for divorces, from mere incompatibility of temper, than any we have ever yet met with.

Having sympathized in her trials and sorrows, we are now fairly entitled to see what amusement Miss Burney can, in return, afford us; and of the slender portion contained in her Diary of two years, there is, perhaps, nothing more piquant than her sketches of her literary and sentimental female friends. The most choice specimens are a French and a German lady, whose absurdities seem to have revived in the unhappy *Mistress of the Wardrobe* something of her early comic humour and sense of the ludicrous. The Madame la Fite alluded to had, we must premise, been a former acquaintance:—

Madame la Fite called in the morning, to tell me she must take no denial to forming me a new acquaintance—Madame de la Roche, a German by birth, but married to a Frenchman;—an authoress, a woman of talents and distinction, a character highly celebrated, and unjustly suffering from an adherence to the Protestant religion. "She dies with eagerness to see you," she added in French, "and I have invited her to Windsor, where I have told her I have no other feast prepared for her but to show her Dr. Herschel and Miss Burney."

I leave you to imagine if I felt competent to fulfil such a promise: openly, on the contrary, I assured her I was quite unequal to it.

She had already, she said, written to Madame la Roche, to come the next day, and if I would not meet her she must be covered with disgrace.

Expostulation was now vain; I could only say that to answer for myself was quite out of my own power.

"And why!—and wherefore!—and what for!—and surely to me!—and surely for Madame de la Roche!—*une femme d'esprit—mon amie—l'amie de Madame de Genlis*," &c., &c., filled up a hurried conference in the midst of my dressing for the Queen, till a summons interrupted her, and forced me, half dressed, and all too late, to run away from her, with an extorted promise to wait upon her if I possibly could.

Accordingly I went, and arrived before Madame la Roche. Poor Madame La Fite received me in transport; and I soon witnessed another transport, at least equal to Madame la Roche, which happily was returned with the same warmth; and it was not till after a thousand embraces, and the most ardent professions—"*Ma digne amie!—est il possible?—te vois-je?*" &c.—that I discovered they had never before met in their lives!—they had corresponded, but no more!

This somewhat lessened my surprise, however, when my turn arrived; for no sooner was I named than all the *embrassades* were transferred to me—"*La digne Miss Borni!—l'auteur de Cecile?—d'Evelina?—non, ce n'est pas possible!—suis-je si heureuse!—oui, je le vois à ses yeux!—Ah! que de bonheur!*" &c.

As nobody was present, I had not the same confusion from this scene as from that in which I first saw Madame la Fite, when, at an assembly at Miss Streatfield's, such as these were her exclamations aloud, in the midst of the admiring bystanders. . . . . .

Madame la Roche, had I met her in any other way, might have pleased me in no common degree; for could I have conceived her character to be unaffected, her manners have a softness that would render her excessively engaging. She is now *bien passée*—no doubt fifty—yet has a voice of touching sweetness, eyes of dove-like gentleness, looks supplicating for favour, and an air and demeanour the most tenderly caressing. I can suppose she has thought herself all her life the model of the favourite heroine of her own favourite romance, and I can readily believe that she has had attractions in her youth nothing short of fascinating. Had I not been present, and so deeply engaged in this interview, I had certainly been caught by her myself; for in her presence I constantly felt myself forgiving and excusing what in her absence I as constantly found past defence or apology.

Poor Madame la Fite has no chance in her presence; for though their singular enthusiasm upon "the people of the literature," as Pacchierotti called them, is equal, Madame la Fite almost subdues by her vehemence, while Madame la Roche almost melts by her softness. Yet I fairly believe they are both very good women, and both believe themselves sincere.

Madame de la Roche must be well-known to many of our readers as the first love of Wieland, and as the grandmother of Goëthe's *Bettine*. There are surely mental qualities as well as diseases that run in the blood. Upon a subsequent day, when Miss Burney returned from the Queen's toilet, she found the two ladies in possession of her room:—

SUNDAY, SEPT. 17th.—At the chapel this morning, Madame la Fite placed Madame la Roche between herself and me, and proposed bringing her to the Lodge, "to return my visit." This being precisely what I had tried to avoid, and to avoid without shocking Madame la Fite, by meeting her correspondent at her own house, I was much chagrined at such a proposal, but had no means to decline it, as it was made across Madame la Roche herself.

Accordingly, at about two o'clock, when I came from the Queen, I found them both in full possession of my room, and Madame la Fite occupied in examining my books. The thing thus being done, and the risk of consequences inevitable, I had only to receive them with as little display of disapprobation of their measures as I could help; but one of the most curious scenes followed I have ever yet been engaged in or witnessed.

As soon as we were seated, Madame la Fite began with assuring me, aloud, of the "conquest" I had made of Madame la Roche, and appealed to that lady for the truth of what she said. Madame la Roche answered her by rising, and throwing her arms about me, and kissing my cheeks from side to side repeatedly.

Madame la Fite, as soon as this was over, and we had resumed our seats, opened the next subject, by saying Madame la Roche had read and adored "Cecilia:" again appealing to her for confirmation of her assertion.

"*O, oui, oui!*" cried her friend, "*mais la vraie Cecile, c'est Miss Borni! charmante Miss Borni! digne, douce, et amiable!* Coom to me arms! *que je vous embrasse mille fois!*"

Again we were all deranged, and again the same ceremony being performed, we all sat ourselves down.

"Cecilia" was then talked over throughout, in defiance of every obstacle I could put in its way.

After this, Madame la Fite said, in French, that Madame la Roche had had the most extraordinary life and adventures that had fallen to anybody's lot; and finished with saying, "*Eh! ma chère amie, contez nous un peu.*"

They were so connected, she answered, in their early part with M. Wieland, the famous author, that they would not be intelligible without his story.

"*Eh bien! ma très-chère, contez nous, donc, un peu de ses aventures; ma chère Miss Burney, c'étoit son amant, et l'homme le plus extraordinaire—d'un génie! d'un feu! Eh bien, ma chère? où l'avez vous recontré? où est-ce qu'il a commençé à vous aimer? contez nous un peu de tout ça.*"

Madame la Roche, looking down upon her fan, began then the recital. She related their first interview, the gradations of their mutual attachment, his extraordinary talents, his literary fame and name; the breach of their union from motives of prudence in their friends; his change of character from piety to voluptuousness, in consoling himself for her loss with an actress; his various adventures, and various transformations from good to bad, in life and conduct; her own marriage with M. de la Roche, their subsequent meeting when she was mother of three children, and all the attendant circumstances.

This narrative was told in so touching and pathetic a manner, and interspersed with so many sentiments of tenderness and of heroism, that I could scarcely believe I was not actually listening to a Clelia or a Cassandra, recounting the stories of her youth.

When she had done, and I had thanked her, Madame la Fite demanded of me what I thought of her, and if she was not delightful? I assented, and Madame la Roche then, rising, and fixing her eyes, filled with tears, in my face, while she held both my hands, in the most melting accents, exclaimed, "*Miss Borni! la plus chère, la plus digne des Angloises! dites moi—m'aimez vous?*"

I answered as well as I could, but what I said was not very positive. Madame la Fite came up to us, and desired we might make a trio of friendship, which should bind us to one-another for life.

And then they both embraced me, and both wept for joyful fondness! I fear I seemed very hard-hearted; but no spring was opened whence one tear of mine could flow.

The ladies had resolved to make good their claim to dinner, which a disappointment with Madame la Roche's carriage, and an opportune shower, reinforced. But Miss Burney durst not, and would not, take any hint. She resisted the most annoying importunities; and the discomfited ladies sustained their spirits upon a roll and a glass of water,—so inhospitable was a sumptuous table kept by royalty, —so dead to genius and talents was the Court of England. It came out at length, that besides seeing "*douce digne Miss Borni*," Madame la Roche had a strong desire and hope to see the Royal Family, and even aspired through Miss Burney's good offices to a private audience of her Majesty, for which Madame la Fite again importuned. The thing was impossible.

Miss Burney had, though involuntarily, been so rude and inhospitable, that, in atonement, she went to meet the German party at breakfast, at the house of Madame la Fite:—

I was introduced to her baron, and to two other gentlemen, one of them a son of Madame la Roche. Much of civilities passed, and I feel that I could really like Madame la Roche, were she less flattering; which, perhaps, rather means were she more so: for much flattery given makes one fear much is thought acceptable.

I have seen her no more; she was going immediately to town, and thence soon back to the continent. She wept in parting with me, as if we had been friends of long standing!—If I were likely to see her often, I should be at some pains to try at discovering what is sensitive from what is affected. As it is, she has left me in such doubt of her real character, I scarce know whether I most should pity, admire, or laugh.

Miss Burney might very safely, as an Englishwoman, have laughed. The one lady was eminently French—the other transcendentally German. Both nations, and the English also, and their learned ladies, have changed and gathered sense since then. But we may be wrong.

Very extraordinary stories are at present told of the high fortune of the hair-dresser, who has had the luck to shred Mr. Dickens' redundant locks, and the taste and bounty to deal them out, on earnest solicitation, among sentimental young ladies, and,—

Poor Madame la Fite! her next visit to me was to request a lock of my hair for Madame de la Roche, who would "adore" that as she did its wearer.

I assured her I really must be excused; for, thinking so little as I think of Madame de la Roche, it would have been a species of falsehood to send such a gift.

Then she begged "anything"—a morsel of an old gown, the impression of a seal from a letter, two pins out of my dress—in short, anything; and with an urgency so vehement, I could not laugh it off; and, at last, I was obliged to let her have one of those poor pattern garlands that I made with plant impressions, under the eye and direction of my Fredy and Mr. Locke. I really was very unwilling to send anything; but she almost wept at my refusal, and appeared so much hurt that I was compelled to comply.

What, however, was truly comic, at the same time, was a certain imitative enthusiasm that was suddenly adopted by poor Mademoiselle de Luc—for as I happened to drop my needle, she eagerly insisted upon searching for it, and then exclaimed, "O! I have found it!—may I have it!"

"Certainly, if you like it," cried I, not comprehending her.

"Then I shall keep it for ever and never! it was worked by Miss Beurney!" And she put it up in her pocket-book, notwithstanding all my laughing remonstrances.

The wearying, lifeless uniformity, so long since threatened me by Mr. Turbulent, now completely took place, save alone for the relief of my beloved Mrs. Delany; but she softened and solaced all.

Though Miss Burney's experience at Court lay solely among deans, canons, equerries, and a few stray *savans*, she makes the most of them as *characters;* and we shall now transfer a few of the best of her portraits to our own gallery.

It was on the *Terrace*, at one of the evening parades, that the following gentlemen appeared:—

We were joined by a goodly priest, fat, jovial, breathing plenty, ease, and good living. I soon heard him whisper Mrs. Delany to introduce him to me. It was Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton. . . . . In a few minutes more a thin, little, wizen old gentleman, with eyes that scarce seemed to see, and a rather tottering gait, came up to Mrs. Delany, and after talking with her some time, said in a half whisper, "Is that Miss Burney?" and then desired a presentation. It was Mr. Bryant, the Mythologist. I was very glad to see him, as he bears a very high character, and lives much in this neighbourhood. He talks a great deal, and with the utmost good-humour and ease, casting entirely aside his learning, which I am nevertheless assured is that of one of the most eminent scholars of the age.

Dr. Warton insisted upon accompanying me home as far as the iron rails, to see me enter the royal premises. I did not dare invite him in, without previous knowledge whether I had any such privilege; otherwise, with all his parts, and all his experience, I question whether there is one boy in his school at Winchester who would more have delighted in feeling himself under the roof of a sovereign.

The King, at all times an excellent gossip, often dropt into the tea-room, for a chat with whoever might chance to be there, or to carry some one off to play backgammon with him, or listen to his regular evening concerts. One evening he found Mr. Bryant with the ladies:—

The King entered into a gay disquisition with Mr. Bryant upon his school achievements; to which he

answered with a readiness and simplicity highly entertaining.

"You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant," said the King; "but pray, for what were you most famous at school?"

We all expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer his—Latin Exercises: but no such thing!

"Cudgelling, sir. I was most famous for that."

While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularise his feats; though unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak, thin, feeble, little frame, whence issued the proclamation of his prowess, you can but very inadequately judge the comic effect of his big talk.

"Your Majesty, sir, knows General Conway? I broke his head for him, sir."

The shout which ensued did not at all interfere with the steadiness of his further detail.

"And there's another man, sir, a great stout fellow, sir, as ever you saw—Dr. Gibbon of the Temple: I broke his head too, sir.—I don't know if he remembers it."

One day Miss Burney was called upon to receive Mrs. Siddons, who had the honour to be commanded to come to the Lodge to read a play. There was a change of times, since the admired authoress, in the very zenith of her fame, had met at Miss Monckton's rout, the still comparatively obscure actress. But now—

I took her into the tea-room, and endeavoured to make amends for former distance and taciturnity, by an open and cheerful reception. I had heard from sundry people (in old days) that she wished to make the acquaintance; but I thought it, then, one of too conspicuous a sort for the quietness I had so much difficulty to preserve in my ever increasing connexions. Here all was changed; I received her by the Queen's commands, and was perfectly well inclined to reap some pleasure from the meeting.

But, now that we came so near, I was much disappointed in my expectations. I know not if my dear Fredy has met with her in private, but I fancy approximation is not highly in her favour. I found her the Heroine of a Tragedy,—sublime, elevated, and solemn. In face and person, truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise; and, as a celebrated actress, I had still only to do the same.

Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed.

She was scarcely seated, and a little general discourse begun, before she told me—all at once—that "There was no part she had ever so much wished to act as that of Cecilia."

I made some little acknowledgment, and hurried to ask when she had seen Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and others with whom I knew her acquainted.

The play she was to read was "The Provoked Husband." She appeared neither alarmed nor elated by her summons, but calmly to look upon it as a thing of course, from her celebrity.

She left me to go to Lady Harcourt, through whose interest she was brought hither. She was on a visit for a week at General Harcourt's, at St. Leonard's, where there seems to be, in general, constant and well-chosen society and amusement.

As a foil to the actress, we present a grave and dignified character, a canon of Windsor:—

Who should find me out but Dr. Shepherd. He is here as canon, and was in residence. He told me he had long wished to come, but had never been able to find the way of entrance before. He made me an immense length of visit, and related to me all the exploits of his life,—so far as they were prosperous. In no farce did a man ever more floridly open upon his own perfections. He assured me I should be delighted to know the whole of his life; it was equal to anything; and everything he had was got by his own address and ingenuity.

"I could tell the King," cried he, "more than all the Chapter. I want to talk to him, but he always gets out of my way; he does not know me; he takes me for a mere common person, like the rest of the canons here, and thinks of me no more than if I were only fit for the cassock;—a mere Scotch priest! Bless 'em!—they know nothing about me. You have no conception what things I have done! And I want to tell 'em all this;—it's fitter for them to hear than what comes to their ears. What I want is for somebody to tell them what I am."

They know it already, thought I.

Then, when he had exhausted this general panegyric, he descended to some few particulars; especially dilating upon his preaching, and applying to me for attesting its excellence.

"I shall make one sermon every year, precisely for you!" he cried: "I think I know what will please you. That on the Creation last Sunday was just to your taste. You shall have such another next residence. I think I preach in the right tone—not too slow, like that poor wretch Grape, nor too fast, like Davis and the rest of 'em; but yet fast enough never to tire them. That's just my idea of good preaching."

Then he told me what excellent apartments he had here, and how much he should like my opinion in fitting them up.

The youth of a person, who remained a fixture at the Court of George III., Colonel, afterwards General Manners, furnishes an amusing example of the shallowness, ignorance, prejudice, and presumption of a class which has not wholly disappeared; one that never yet entertained any misgivings whatever of its own deficiencies; or doubted that all knowledge and science with which its members are not familiar must be worthless or spurious:—

Colonel Manners is a tall and extremely handsome young man, well enough versed in what is immediately going forward in the world; and though not very deep in his knowledge, nor profound in his observations, he is very good-humoured, and I am told well principled.

One evening at tea, a gentleman present, another equerry, happened to name Herschel, whose stupendous discoveries were then astonishing the world, when Colonel Manners broke in:—

"I don't give up to Dr. Herschel at all," cried he; "he is all system; and so they are all: and if they can but make out their systems, they don't care a pin for anything else. As to Herschel, I liked him well enough till he came to his volcanoes in the moon, and then I gave him up: I saw he was just like the rest. How should he know anything of the matter? There's no such thing as pretending to measure at such a distance as that. . . . . !

We had some discourse upon dress and fashions. Colonel Welbred regretted that we had not had little figures, dressed in the habits of the times, preserved from every century; and proceeded with enumerating various changes in the modes, from square shoes to peaked, from the mantle to the coat, the whiskers to the smooth chin, &c., till Colonel Manners interrupted him with observing, "Why, you may wear things of all times

now, ever so far back;—*buckles of four years ago*, if you will!" There was certainly no gaining further ground here!

Virtuosos being next, unfortunately, named, Colonel Manners inveighed against them quite violently, protesting they all wanted common honour and honesty; and, to complete the happy subject, he instanced, in particular, Sir William Hamilton, who, he declared, had absolutely robbed both the King and State of Naples!

After this, somebody related that, upon the heat in the air being mentioned to Dr. Heberden, he had answered that he supposed it proceeded from the last eruption in the volcano in the moon:—"Ay," cried Colonel Manners, "I suppose he knows as much of the matter as the rest of them: if you put a candle at the end of a telescope, and let him look at it, he'll say, what an eruption there is in the moon! I mean if Dr. Herschel would do it to him; I don't say he would think so from such a person as me."

"But Mr. Bryant himself has seen this volcano from the telescope."

"Why, I don't mind Mr. Bryant any more than Dr. Heberden: he's just as credulous as t'other."

On a subsequent night, one of those who, perhaps, enjoyed Colonel Manners' bold and hardy John Bullish ignorance, began to tell Miss Burney of some of Herschel's latest discoveries:—

This was enough for Colonel Manners, who declared aloud his utter contempt for such pretended discoveries. He was deaf to all that could be said in answer, and protested he wondered how any man of common sense could ever listen to such a pack of stuff.

Mr. de Luc's opinion upon the subject being then mentioned, he exclaimed, very disdainfully, "O, as to Mr. de Luc, he's another man for a system himself, and I'd no more trust him than anybody: if you was only to make a little bonfire, and put it upon a hill a little way off, you might make him take it for a volcano directly!—And Herschel's not a bit better. Those sort of philosophers are the easiest taken in in the world."

. . . . . Our next topic was still more ludicrous. Colonel Manners asked me if I had not heard something very harmonious at church in the morning? I answered I was too far off, if he meant from himself.

"Yes," said he; "I was singing with Colonel Welbred; and he said he was my second.—How did I do that song?"

"Song!—Mercy!" exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy; "a song at church!—why it was the 104th Psalm!"

"But how did I do it, Welbred; for I never tried at it before?"

"Why, pretty well," answered Colonel Welbred, very composedly; "only now and then you run me a little into 'God save the King.'"

This dryness discomposed every muscle but of Colonel Manners, who replied, with great simplicity, "Why, that's because that's the tune I knew best!"

"At least," cried I, "'twas a happy mistake to make so near their Majesties!"

"But pray, now, Colonel Welbred, tell me sincerely,—could you really make out what I was singing?"

"O yes," answered Colonel Welbred; "with the *words*."

"Well, but pray, now, what do you call my voice?"

"Why—a—a—a counter-tenor."

"Well, and is that a good voice?"

There was no resisting,—even the quiet Colonel Welbred could not resist laughing out here. But Colonel Manners, quite at his ease, continued his self-discussion.

"I do think, now, if I was to have a person to play over a thing to me again and again, and then let me sing it, and stop me every time I was wrong, I do think I should be able to sing 'God save the King' as well as some ladies do, that have always people to show them."

The other equerries were either too prudent, or too well-bred, to tease the formidable Madame Schwellenberg; but this gentleman had no scruples: and when he discovered her *rose*, very freely touched it. Mrs. Schwellenberg, "the faithful" and confidential servant of her royal mistress, shared in all her political resentments and predilections. Hence, Hastings was a favourite, his wife being a countrywoman, and Burke was detested. Upon this knowledge, Colonel Manners made one of his attacks:—

He said he did not doubt but Mr. Hastings would come to be hanged; though, he assured us, afterwards, he was firmly his friend, and believed no such thing.

Even with this not satisfied, he next told her that he had just heard Mr. Burke was in Windsor.

Mr. Burke is the name in the world most obnoxious, both for his Reform Bill, which deeply affected all the household, and for his prosecution of Mr. Hastings; she therefore declaimed against him very warmly.

"Should you like to know him, ma'am?" cried he.

"Me!—No; not I."

"Because, I dare say, ma'am, I have interest enough with him to procure you his acquaintance. Shall I bring him to the Lodge, to see you?"

"When you please, Sir, you might keep him to yourself!"

"Well, then, he shall come and dine with me, and after it drink tea with you."

"No, no; not I! You might have him all to yourself."

"O, but if he comes, you must make his tea."

"There is no such must, Sir! I do it for my pleasure only—when I please, Sir!"

The whole Court might, it would seem, at all times, have joined in the chorus, *Let us all be unhappy together*. Every one was suffering, dissatisfied, or wretched; and not without some cause. The King, from his robust constitution and boisterous animal spirits, appears to have been the sole exception. Even her magnificent jewels had ceased to delight the Queen; and her toilet had become a real *toil*, a heavy task. The following anecdote reminds one of the pretty little French tale of *Alibeg the Persian:* and while it corrects the vulgar idea of the ecstatic happiness of Kings and Queens, exalts the individual:—

NOVEMBER 8d.—In the morning I had the honour of a conversation with the Queen, the most delightful, on her part, I had ever yet been indulged with. It was all upon dress, and she said so nearly what I had just imputed to her in my little stanzas, that I could scarce refrain producing them; yet could not muster courage. She told me, with the sweetest grace imaginable, how well she had liked at first her jewels and ornaments as Queen. "But how soon," cried she, "was that over! Believe me, Miss Burney, it is a pleasure of a week,—a fortnight, at most,—and to return no more! I thought, at first, I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them,—believe me, ma'am, in a fortnight's time I longed again for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more."

Ladies, at this time, wore, in the morning, some sort of easy dressing-gown, or wrapper, which they named a *great-coat*. Miss Burney made hers of white dimity. Of whatever costly or simple materials those of the Queen might be, she quite rejoiced in the ease and freedom of the garb, and the celerity with which it was put on; and enjoined her dresser to celebrate its praises in the verses alluded to above. The occasion was favourable to pay some handsome compliments to her majesty's good taste, and numerous or universal virtues. So far they were well merited.

Colonel Goldsworthy, one of the equerries, spoke

out his woes more freely than most of the other gentlemen, though all suffered and grumbled. One afternoon, after a little misunderstanding between them, he declared to Miss Burney in the tea-room—

"All the comfort of my life, in this house, is one half-hour in a day spent in this room. After all one's labours, riding, and walking, and standing, and bowing—what a life it is! Well! it's honour! that's one comfort; it's all honour! royal honour!—one has the honour to stand till one has not a foot left; and to ride till one's stiff, and to walk till one's ready to drop,—and then one makes one's lowest bow, d'ye see, and blesses one's self with joy for the honour!" . . . . . .

His account of his own hardships and sufferings here, in the discharge of his duty, is truly comic. "How do you like it, ma'am?" he says to me, "though it's hardly fair to ask you yet, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life. But wait till November and December, and then you'll get a pretty taste of them! Running along into these cold passages; then bursting into rooms fit to bake you; then back again into all these agreeable puffs!—Bless us! I believe in my heart there's wind enough in these passages to carry a man of war! And there you'll have your share, ma'am, I promise you that! you'll get knocked up in three days, take my word for that."

I begged him not to prognosticate so much evil for me.

"O ma'am, there's no help for it," cried he; "you won't have the hunting, to be sure, nor amusing yourself with wading a foot and a half through the dirt, by way of a little pleasant walk, as we poor equerries do! It's a wonder to me we outlive the first month. But the agreeable puffs of the passages you will have just as completely as any of us. Let's see, how many blasts must you have every time you go to the Queen? . .

It was in vain I begged him to be more merciful in his prophecies; he failed not, every night, to administer to me the same pleasant anticipations.

"When the Princesses," cried he, "used to it as they are, get regularly knocked up before this business is over, off they drop, one by one:—first the Queen deserts us; then Princess Elizabeth is done for; then Princess Royal begins coughing; then Princess Augusta gets the snuffles; and all the poor attendants, my poor sister at their head, drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles: till at last, dwindle, dwindle, dwindle—not a soul goes to the chapel but the king, the parson, and myself; and there we three freeze it out together!"

One evening, when he had been out very late hunting with the King, he assumed so doleful an air of weariness, that had not Miss P—— exerted her utmost powers to revive him, he would not have uttered a word the whole night; but when once brought forward, he gave us more entertainment than ever, by relating his hardships.

"After all the labours," cried he, "of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the—with your favour ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the—the perspiration,—and—and all that—after being wet through over head, and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked over gates, what lives we do lead! Well, it's all honour! that's my only comfort! Well, after all this fagging away like mad from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us—sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! and then, after all this, what do you think follows?—'Here, Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty: so up I comes to him, bowing profoundly, and my hair dripping down to my shoes; 'Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty. 'Sir,' says I, smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me! but still, expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure, and then, 'Here, Goldsworthy, I say!' he cries, 'will you have a little barley water?' Barley water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket, truly!—barley water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! barley water after a whole day's hard hunting!"

"And pray, did you drink it?"

"*I* drink it!—Drink barley water? no, no; not come to that neither! But there it was, sure enough!—in a jug fit for a sick room; just such a thing as you put upon a hob in a chimney, for some poor miserable soul that keeps his bed! just such a thing as that!—And, 'Here, Goldsworthy,' says his Majesty, 'here's the barley water!'"

"And did the king drink it himself?"

"Yes, God bless his Majesty! but I was too humble a subject to do the same as the king!—Barley water, quoth I!—Ha! ha! a fine treat truly!—Heaven defend me! I'm not come to that, neither! bad enough too, but not so bad as that."

Major Price, another of the equerries, fell sick upon it; and no wonder, when the harassing duties are considered. A ploughman has more ease and leisure than an attendant on Majesty.

The equerry in waiting must be dressed and ready to attend by six o'clock in summer, and by seven in the winter; and he must be constantly prepared either for hunting, riding, or walking, the whole day through. The king, however, is the kindest master, and exacts from his equerries no more than he performs himself, save in watching and waiting, which are highly fatiguing.

This "*watching*" and "*waiting*" looks like an exquisite stroke of irony; but Miss Burney, we are persuaded, was quite serious in stating the small exception. One day, Colonel Goldsworthy had so far forgotten himself in his happy half-hour in the tea-room, that a brother equerry had to remind him that it was time they should appear at the King's everlasting evening concert.

"Ay," cried he reluctantly, "now for the fiddlers! There I go, plant myself against the side of the chimney, stand first on one foot, then on the other, hear over and over again all that fine squeaking, and then fall fast asleep, and escape by mere miracle from flouncing down plump in all their faces!"

"What would the queen say if you did that?"

"O, ma'am, the queen would know nothing of the matter; she'd only suppose it some old double bass that tumbled!"

"Why, could not she see what it was?"

"O no! ma'am, we are never in the room with the queen! that's the drawing-room, beyond, where the queen sits; we go no farther than the fiddling-room. As to the queen, we don't see her week after week sometimes. The king, indeed, comes there to us, between whiles, though that's all as it happens, now Price is gone. He used to play at backgammon with Price."

"Then what do you do there?"

"Just what I tell you—nothing at all, but stand as furniture! But the worst is, sometimes, when my poor eye-peepers are not quite closed, I look to the music-books to see what's coming; and there I read 'Chorus of Virgins:' so then, when they begin, I look about me. A chorus of virgins, indeed! why there's nothing but ten or a dozen fiddlers! not a soul beside! it's as true as I'm alive! So then, when we've stood supporting the chimney-piece about two hours, why then, if I'm not called upon, I shuffle back out of the room, make a profound bow to the harpsichord, and I'm off."

The Court usages and etiquettes were a fertile source of torment, and of real hardship to all concerned. No one, of course, must either speak, sit, eat, or walk (by the usual mode of progression) in the presence of royalty. On the excursion to Oxford, and while in one of the colleges, Miss Burney relates this extraordinary feat:—

I saw a performance of courtly etiquette, by Lady Charlotte Bertie, that seemed to me as difficult as any

feat I ever beheld, even at Astley's or Hughes's. It was in an extremely large, long, spacious apartment. The king always led the way out, as well as in, upon all entrances and exits: but here, for some reason that I know not, the queen was handed out first; and the princesses, and the aid-de-camp, and equerry followed. The king was very earnest in conversation with some professor; the attendants hesitated whether to wait or follow the queen; but presently the Duchess of Ancaster, being near the door, slipped out, and Lady Harcourt after her. The Miss Vernons, who were but a few steps from them, went next. But Lady Charlotte, by chance, happened to be very high up the room, and near to the king. Had I been in her situation, I had surely waited till his Majesty went first; but that would not, I saw, upon this occasion, have been etiquette; she therefore faced the king, and began a march backwards,—her ankle already sprained, and to walk forward, and even leaning upon an arm, was painful to her: nevertheless, back she went, perfectly upright, without one stumble, without ever looking once behind to see what she might encounter; and with as graceful a motion, and as easy an air, as I ever saw anybody enter a long room, she retreated, I am sure, full twenty yards backwards out of one.

For me, I was also, unluckily, at the upper end of the room, looking at some portraits of founders, and one of Henry VIII. in particular, from Holbein. However, as soon as I perceived what was going forward,—backward rather,—I glided near the wainscot, (Lady Charlotte, I should mention, made her retreat along the very middle of the room), and having paced a few steps backwards, stopped short to recover, and, while I seemed examining some other portrait, disentangled my train from the heels of my shoes, and then proceeded a few steps only more; and then, observing the king turn another way, I slipped a yard or two at a time forwards; and hastily looked back, and then was able to go again according to rule, and in this manner, by slow and varying means, I at length made my escape.

Miss Planta stood upon less ceremony, and fairly ran off.

Since that time, however, I have come on prodigiously, by constant practice, in the power and skill of walking backwards, without tripping up my own heels, feeling my head giddy, or treading my train out of the plaits—accidents very frequent among novices in that business; and I have no doubt but that, in the course of a few months, I shall arrive at all possible perfection in the true court retrograde motion.

The whole party had been up, and had breakfasted at an early hour. A splendid collation was provided for the royalties in a large hall of Christ's College, to which they sat down with entire satisfaction; but their attendants and entertainers, of whatever rank, were to be quite above the sublunary weaknesses of hunger, thirst, or fatigue.

The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt stood behind the chairs of the queen and the princess royal. There were no other ladies of sufficient rank to officiate for Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. Lord Harcourt stood behind the king's chair; and the vice-chancellor, and the head-master of Christ Church, with salvers in their hands, stood near the table, and ready to hand, to the three noble waiters, whatever was wanted: while the other reverend doctors and learned professors stood aloof, equally ready to present to the chancellor and the master whatever they were to forward.

We, meanwhile, untitled attendants, stood at the other end of the room, forming a semi-circle, and all strictly facing the royal collationers. We consisted of the Miss Vernons, thrown out here as much as their humble guests, Colonel Fairly, Major Price, General Harcourt, and—though I know not why—Lady Charlotte Bertie;—with all the inferior professors, in their gowns, and some, too much frightened to advance, of the upper degrees. These, with Miss Planta, Mr. Hagget, and myself, formed this attendant semi-circle.

The time of this collation was spent very pleasantly—to me, at least, to whom the novelty of the scene rendered it entertaining. It was agreed that we must all be absolutely famished unless we could partake of some refreshment, as we had breakfasted early, and had no chance of dining before six or seven o'clock. A whisper was soon buzzed through the semi-circle, of the deplorable state of our appetite apprehensions; and presently it reached the ears of some of the worthy doctors. Immediately a new whisper was circulated, which made its progress with great vivacity, to offer us whatever we would wish, and to beg us to name what we chose.

Tea, coffee, and chocolate, were whispered back.

The method of producing, and the means of swallowing them, were much more difficult to settle than the choice of what was acceptable. Major Price and Colonel Fairly, however, seeing a very large table close to the wainscot behind us, desired our refreshments might be privately conveyed there, behind the semi-circle, and that, while all the group backed very near it, one at a time might feed, screened by all the rest from observation.

I suppose I need not inform you, my dear Susan, that to eat in presence of any of the royal family is as much *kors d'usage* as to be seated.

This plan had speedy success, and the very good doctors soon, by sly degrees and with watchful caution, covered the whole table with tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, and bread and butter. . . . . .

The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt, as soon as the first serving attendance was over, were dismissed from the royal chairs, and most happy to join our group, and partake of our repast. The duchess, extremely fatigued with standing, drew a small body of troops before her, that she might take a few minutes' rest on a form by one of the doors; and Lady Charlotte Bertie did the same, to relieve an ankle which she had unfortunately sprained.

"Poor Miss Burney!" cried the good-natured duchess, "I wish she could sit down, for she is unused to this work. She does not know yet what it is to stand for five hours following, as we do."

Hints may be found here, by which Queen Victoria and her Consort might largely profit. What a relief to themselves, to shake off altogether, as they have done in part, many of those ridiculous mummings, which must, where they possess right feelings, be as annoying to the principal personages as to all about them.

We may now hint, that as Miss Burney has still above four years to pass at Court, her editress, unless her materials become richer and weightier, would require to study the art of compression. There are narrow, antiquated circles, whom the merest tittle-tattle and chit-chat of the Palace fifty years ago, will still amuse; but these small affairs cannot interest the public at large; nor yet the literary world, which must have had considerable curiosity about the contents of the earlier volumes, and received great pleasure from their perusal.

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER'S EDITION OF PRICE ON THE PICTURESQUE.*

THERE is no way in which a man of letters and cultivated taste can be more beneficially employed for the interests of Art and Literature, than in giving to the public perfect editions of those works on which Time has stamped its seal, with the addition of such commentaries as the progress of knowledge or the advance of Art may render necessary and appropriate. Such a work is the book before us; in the original one of the most elegant and delightful works of its kind in the language, if it be not, from the fine taste, genial sentiment, and various accomplishments of its author, at the very head of its class. From its richness and beauty of imagery, its luxuriance of word-pictures, and of literary allusion and apt quotation, this charming work belongs as much to Poetry as to Art. But our concern is not with the original work, of which every lover of nature and of rural scenery knows something either by snatches or in detail, but with Sir Thomas Lauder's Edition, and, above all, with his additions and commentaries.

The Preliminary Essay on the origin of Taste, though the most important in respect of size, is hardly to be considered as the most valuable of these additions; though Sir Thomas considers knowledge of the theory a necessary elementary study, before proceeding to the elucidation of the principle. He adopts, with very slight modification, Alison's theory of Association; and, unreservedly, the brilliant exposition of that theory by Lord Jeffrey, as it stands in the Essay on Beauty in the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Sir Thomas, instead of confining his commentaries and illustrations to foot-notes, intersperses them freely with the text of Price, though in general they are found at the end of each chapter. The interpolated matter, however, which might, to some sticklers for the purity of editions, prove offensive from its position in the heart of the text, is confined within brackets, and cannot be mistaken. It is always well worth perusal. The Editor, a man of congenial tastes and pursuits with Price, a practical amateur landscape gardener as well as one well versed in the theory, never dissents from his original—his master in one sense—without good cause shown. His first notable dissent explains the argument of Sir Uvedale without our quoting it:—

"From my own knowledge I can say, that however valuable the study of pictures may be for giving perfection to professors of landscape gardening, the painting of them does not always produce this effect. Artists, and especially young artists, have, not unfrequently, their tastes so much narrowed by their devotion to certain styles of subject, as to be incapable of enjoying, or even of tolerating anything in nature, however excellent it may be, if it be of a different character from that which they affect in their works. By attempting to become artists, they have ceased to be men, or to be able to sympathize with the universality of human feeling. It would be vain to expect that landscape gardeners could be made of such men, with the hope of their producing scenes which should give general delight to minds expanded by education and the love of nature. I have sometimes travelled through the most interesting countries with individuals of this cast, and found that great as was the delight which I was experiencing from the contemplation of the scenes we passed through, nothing could call forth one exclamation of pleasure from my companions, until something chanced to arise before their eyes of a character in harmony with that of the subjects they were most prone to paint. Such men would pass over nine-tenths of the finest places in England, and refuse to give any other opinion than that all was barren. That artist, indeed, who has followed and observed nature throughout all her different walks—who can draw enjoyment from associating himself with her in her softest and quietest scenes and in her more placid moods, as well as when she wildly wanders amid the dark woods and rocky fastnesses, and by the thundering cataracts of her mountains—such a man as this, I say, may well prove a profound master, not only in the composition of pictures on canvass, but in that also of those which may be created in actual landscape; but for excellence in that generalization necessary for landscape gardening, I consider that a very universal study of pictures will do more to accomplish the individual, than the particular practice of any one style of painting them. It appears indeed to me, that nothing can possibly tend more to educate the mind, for the just conception of such a true taste in landscape gardening as may enable its possessor to prosecute this delightful art with the hope of generally awakening agreeable associations in cultivated minds, than the frequent and extensive study of the works of the best landscape painters, modern as well as ancient.

This, after all, may rather be regarded as enlargement of the views of Price, than dissent from them. Utility as a principle, a constituent of beauty in gardens, and rural buildings, and their accessories, is better understood than it was thirty or forty years since; and this principle has dictated many of the remarks appended by Sir Thomas,—as those on roads and walks in the second chapter, and in many other places.

Some of our quotations from the remarks of Sir Thomas are to be received more as practical hints and illustrations than criticisms on Price; as, for example, the following on the assertion that the *sublime* cannot be *created* by the improver. And neither it can; though it can be either revealed or shut out by the hand of art:—

"There may be instances, indeed, in which the sublime may, in one sense, be created, so far at least as any one locality may be considered—I mean by the bringing into view some grand object, by the removal of some obstacle of fence, of ground, or of wood, which may exclude it from observation. I know a case, where a friend of mine by the judicious removal of ground, has opened up a view of a grand expansive branch of the ocean so as to bring it, as it were, under the windows of his mansion, though it is, in reality, several miles off. The view

* Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque; with an Essay on the Origin of Taste, and much original matter. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Baronet. With Sixty Illustrations, designed and drawn on wood by Montague Stanley, R. S. A., Edinburgh: Caldwell, Lloyd & Co. London: Wm. S. Orr & Co.

of sublime rocks, or mountains, or of magnificent waterfalls, or rivers, or lakes, is often lost for want of a little boldness in the sacrifice of a few trees. But no part of the art of landscape gardening requires greater caution, or more judgment than this, for rashness or ignorance may, perhaps, in a few hours, do such damage as ages may be required to repair.

It is as an "elegant extract," or as illustrative of the law of Association, that we copy the following beautiful passage, at least as much as for its just criticism on Price's dislike to glaring objects and to absolute dead white buildings in a landscape. Admitting that a white object forcing itself on notice, staring impudently in one's face, is exceedingly offensive, Sir Thomas proceeds :—

But, when richly embosomed in trees, I conceive that white buildings often give the liveliest and most sparkling effect to scenery. Of this fact, any one who has visited Italy, and particularly the Italian lakes, must be perfectly persuaded by experience. See, for example, how the shores of the Lakes of Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, are clustered with little towns of the purest white, that appear like strings of orient pearls, between the blue water in which they are reflected, and the deep woods which cluster interminably over them, whence every now and then some prominent rock rears its head, to be crowned with some convent or villa of the same hue, whilst every jutting promontory below is ornamented by some such gem of human workmanship. Over these the full Italian sun pours forth his unshorn splendour, giving so universal a tone of brilliancy to the whole fairy scene, as to bring all its parts into perfect harmony. I am quite aware that Claude himself in painting such a scene, would have felt it necessary to subdue and keep down the intensity of many of these touches of white. . . . . .
But be this as it may, as I floated over the smooth surface of Lugano or Como—although I failed not to drink in, with a never satiated thirst, the exhaustless beauties with which nature had so liberally surrounded me—although I was never tired with admiring the infinite variety of form and colour, which the margin of the lake exhibited in its rocks, and headlands, and mysteriously receding bays and inlets, whilst they shifted and moved upon one another, as the boat glided past them—although my eye at one time would sink in luxurious refreshment into the richly-tufted recesses among the noble trees, and then again soar upwards with eagle flight over the undulating surface of the hanging woods above, to skim with exultation over the bare and prominent crags, to the very summits of the mountains—yet it still would turn with unspeakable delight to rest upon those white buildings, the very sight of which awakened within me a thousand interesting associations with man—his happiness—his trials—his pains—his pleasures—and his passions ; whilst the gay sun reminded me that I was in the fascinating climate of Italy, and I here had the satisfaction of thinking, that my estimate of its advantages was not to be reduced by the miserable examples of poverty and disease, by which the eyes of the traveller are but too frequently shocked in other parts of the same country. Here I knew that early industry and prudence had produced comparative wealth and comfort. I was well aware that the greater part of these little sparkling habitations that studded the shore, owed their creation to the industrious habits of the youth of these districts, who, leaving their homes in early life with a small stock of prints, looking-glasses, and barometers, wander wearily over the European world, exposed to all the perils and vicissitudes of weather and of fortune, until their small but certain gains, husbanded by sobriety and frugality, enable them to return with a sum which, though little in itself, is wealth to them in these simple and unsophisticated regions—seeing that it enables them to become proprietors of their native soil, by the purchase of some small and picturesque spot of land, whereon to build a commodious and tasteful dwelling. There, after uniting themselves to the objects of their early affections, for whom their constant attachment has never varied, in defiance of all the blandishments to which they may have been exposed from women of all countries, they sit down contented, and full of gratitude to a beneficent God, to spend the remainder of their lives in ease and contentment, and to rear up a virtuous progeny, to go forth and return as their fathers had done. Filled with such reflections as these, how was it possible that I could have wished the white buildings of Como or Lugano to have been brought out less distinctly to my view ?

But with all this, Sir Thomas does not stint his anathemas, does not mince his malison in denouncing the enormous white-washers :—

Nothing can be more detestable in taste than this mode of marking out distant objects. A fine ancient Gothic church may thus be utterly destroyed in all its most venerable associations, and one's feelings outraged on a near approach to it, by beholding it converted into a dirty whited sepulchre, for the wretchedly absurd whim of some vulgar proprietor, whose tea-canister of a house happens to stand at some miles' distance, and whose immense liberality of purse so overpowers the village rustics, that they are led to talk of nothing but the bounty of the Squire, "who has so handsomely done up the ould church, out of his own pocket !" And nothing can be more abominable than the ignorant attempt of some people to make a hill more conspicuous, by putting some shocking nine-pin looking erection upon the summit of it.

Of this there is an illustration in the case of some Highland nobleman, who played extravagant pranks in beautifying a pair of noble hills, to the grief and discomfiture of the editor, when, after the deforming improvement, he first visited what had been a favourite haunt :—

On the green hill top, still sits this wretched abortion, in form and apparent size very much resembling an old witch wrapped in her plaid, and grinning as it were with delight, in the consciousness that she holds the whole scenery of this grand and magnificent valley bound up, as it were, in the envious spell of apparently comparative insignificance.

But may not Association, the association of memory, have been at work here ; creating deformity to the mind merely by displacing the old and familiar, in the consecrated scene of other years ?

One of the greatest enormities that has been systematically perpetuated by pseudo-improvers has been the destruction of old gardens and avenues. On this subject Sir Thomas is quite as sound, and almost as eloquently indignant, as Price himself. For these barbarous outrages upon taste, feeling, and the delightful and hallowed associations of the olden time, he has no pardon. Who, indeed, could endure to see the places he has described swept away—razed—"the roundels" of Wintoun wantonly demolished, or the almost sacred terraces of Barncleuch levelled? We cannot pass the latter charming spot. It breathes the very spirit of romance and poetry.

The unsparing innovators of the improving school of landscape gardening, seemed to consider that it was impossible to carry their system too far, and, accordingly, they shaved away all those rich and harmonious attendants upon the architecture of the house, and carried bareness and poverty up to its very walls. Few perfect samples of the old style, therefore, are now to be found ; but where they do exist, we are persuaded that they must always excite the liveliest feelings of delight, arising not only from associations with the olden time, but from those connected with that sense of propriety which gave birth to them. I know of one ancient garden of this description, that belonging to the old house of Barncleuch near Hamilton, the property of Lady

Ruthven, which I visited with extreme satisfaction and delight. The house stands on the brink of a steep and lofty bank, hanging over the river Avon, at a point a little way above its confluence with the Clyde. The bank is cut out and built up into terraces of different degrees of level, which are connected by flights of steps, and decorated by fountains—arched recesses—stone seats—and all those adjuncts usually found in such old domestic gardens; and the whole is thus softened into the happiest gradual combination with the wildness of the neighbouring scenery. The history of the original formation of this garden is very curious. It was constructed by that Lord Belhaven who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, of whom Nicol in his Diary, (page 233,) gives us the following very strange history:—

"It is formerlie observit, that the Inglisches haiffing routtit this natioun at the fight at Dunbar, upone the 3d September 1650, they possest this kingdome, and did foirfalt the maist pairt of those that were ingadged in that unlauchful ingadgement in the Scottis ingoing to England; among quhome the Dukes of Hamiltoun, and all that formerlie were forfalt, the creditouris persewit the cautioneris for the Duke's dett and could get no relieffe. Among these cautioneris the Lord Belhevin being one, and being band for that hous in greater sumes of money than he was able to pay, he resolves to leave this natioun, that he mycht eschew comprysinges of his landis and imprissonement of his persone. This resolutioun he followes in this manner. He takis his jurney to England, and quhen he past by Silloway (Solway) Sandis, he causit his servand cum bak to his wyff with his cloak and hatt, and causit it to be ventit, that in ryding by these sandis, both he and his horse quhairon he raid wer sunkin in these quick sandis and drowned; nane being privy to this, bot his lady and his man servand. This report passed in all pairtes as guid cunzie, that he was deid and perisched, for the space of six yearis and moir; and to mak this the moir probable and lykelie, his lady and chyldrene went in dule and murning the first two yeiris of his absens, so that during these six yéiris it was certifyed to the haill cuntrey that he was deid and perished; all this wes done of set purpos to eschew the danger of the cautionary quhairin he lay for that Hous of Hamiltoun. Efter his ingoing to England, he strypit himselff of his apperell, clothed himselff in ane base servill sute, denyit his name, and became servand to ane gairdner, and laborit in gardenes and yairdis during the haill space of his absence; na person being privy to this cours bot his Lady, (as for his servand he went to other service, not knowing that his old Lord haid becum a gairdner,) till efter six yeiris absens; efter quhilk tyme and space the Dutches of Hamiltoun haiffing takin ordour with the dettis, and compereit and aggreyit with the creditouris, than he returned to Scotland in Januar last 1659, efter sex yeiris service in England as a gairdner, to the admiratioun of many; for during that haill space it was evir thocht he wes deid, no persone being accessorie to his secrecy bot his awin Lady to hir great commendatioune. By this meanis his landis and estait wer saiff, and his cautionarie for the Hous of Hamiltoun wes transactit for, as is afoirsaid, and his estait both personall and reall fred and outquytt."

I believe that it was owing to my friend Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe having on one occasion directed Sir Walter Scott's attention to this most singular story, that the first idea occurred to the great author of the Bride of Lammermoor, that he should terminate the existence of the Master of Ravenswood by a death similar to that which was thus feigned by Lord Belhaven, and which Sir Walter has made so sublimely affecting as the final fate of his hero. But the object which I have most particularly in view, in my present introduction of this piece of history, is, that I may be enabled to mention, that it was the knowledge which Lord Belhaven thus acquired, during his six years' hard horticultural labour in England, that enabled him to lay out and construct this beautiful old terrace garden of Barncleuch.

Sir Thomas is quite as orthodox on the doctrine of the old avenue, "the obsolete prolixity of shade," as on the *Pleasaunce*, the ancient terraced garden, with its fountains, and vases, and flights of steps. He has described what would seem a magnificent landscape garden in this style, at Castle Kennedy, the property of the Earl of Stair, in Wigtonshire; and gives many curious extracts from the correspondence of the worthy Andrew Fairservice of Castle Kennedy, when the place was forming about a hundred and ten years ago;—a person who gave fair promise of what the race of Scottish gardeners have since accomplished in every quarter of the globe.

Beautifully has Sir Uvedale Price spoken of the *avenue;* its solemn stillness, its religious gloom, its grand and mysterious effect by moonlight, its majesty and grandeur at all times, nor does he execrate the unhallowed destroyers of this noble feature in landscape, more cordially than does his sympathetic editor. "Melancholy indeed," says Sir Thomas,

Is the thought, that this is no solitary instance of this barbarous species of destruction in British places. I could name many which have come under my own observation. Some of the most interesting associations with our early history have thus been recklessly sacrificed beneath the chariot-wheels of the Juggernaut of modern barbarism. And what has been the general product of this most ruthless massacre? Instead of the grandeur which has just been so feelingly described, we have an abortive attempt to force the few unfortunate stragglers who have been spared from the slaughter, into formal groups, which have no other effect than to mark out the line which the whole army originally occupied when standing, so that they may serve to inform the indignant spectator of the full extent of the atrocity that has been committed. But even this is well, compared to the wretchedly puerile attempts which we often see made, to manufacture the straggling individuals that have been left into clumps, by the planting of younger trees around them. But when speaking thus of avenues I of course mean that these my observations shall apply to really ancient avenues, composed of grand ancestral timber: for I can quite easily understand the necessity which may sometimes arise for breaking up those of younger date, and more insignificant growth, and which are consequently neither possessed of grandeur of aspect, nor of ancient association—and with such I can conceive the propriety of making an attempt to employ some of the trees which may be judiciously left standing, as the nucleus of groups of younger creation. But even this I hold to be a very difficult undertaking, and one in which it will generally require years before the original state of things can be thoroughly obliterated.

Among other freaks of country gentlemen, whose passion for planting and improvement is not always under the guidance of the purest taste, Sir Thomas tells of one who planted the name of his place in letters that covered a whole hill!

Country gentlemen will in this work find many excellent hints for their instruction in ornamental planting; in other words, in all planting,—for how can wood in any stage be otherwise than ornamental? We copy out one caution, the due observance of which might save much regret and mortification:

One remark more, and I have done with this part of the subject. Nothing can be more unwise than to trust to delicate foreign trees or shrubs for the production of important effects, which may thus be all ruined by the destructive cold of some severe winter. Such tender strangers may be well enough introduced experi-

mentally—but they should have places assigned to them where their failure may produce no serious blank, if they should unfortunately perish.

I shall offer but a single word on the subject of lawns. Levelling, smooth shaving, and rolling, are operations only admissible close to the house—and even there it is better that it should be associated with terraces, bowling-greens, flower-knots, and such minor pieces of formality as are in keeping with that of the architecture. Everywhere else the lawns should be in rich and natural-looking pasture, especially where they begin to sweep away under trees, or to lose themselves in the woodlands. In such places, some of the more graceful wild plants, such as those of the fern tribe, the great tussilago, and others, may occasionally be permitted to show themselves—and even tufts of whins may not be altogether out of place.

But we were treating merely of foreign delicate trees and shrubs, when the remark on lawns insinuated itself.

Water, so important an element in landscape, and in landscape-gardening, whether the river, the stream, the *burn*, the tarn, the pool, "the sheety lake," or the mountain loch, has drawn forth many fine observations, and useful hints for the formation of artificial pieces of water. Of this constituent of the landscape it is said :—

Even when it is attended by the most unfavourable circumstances, it is sure to be productive of one grand and ever changeful effect—I mean that of repeating the splendid colouring of the clouds, as well as their magical movements over the blue ether; whilst its occasional reflection of the moon, or that of the setting sun, which kindles up the wavelets on its surface into golden flames, are accidents of the most gorgeous description. However small the body of water may be, it will be found to yield this description of beauty in a greater or lesser degree, exactly in a proportion corresponding to that of its size. Some extent of water, then, is desirable in every scene, if it can possibly be procured.

And the following, among other directions, are given from, we should imagine, personal experience :—

The grand point is, if possible, to select a spot where some natural valley or hollow can be most easily blocked up, and that with the least appearance of artifice, so as to arrest the discharge of the running waters it may contain, until they may swell up to such a height as to float it backwards to the required extent. I can conceive, nay I have seen, such situations where the shores afforded bold headlands, and projecting points, and where even rocky steeps, and broken recesses and promontories were happily found. But where these do not exist already, it will require an improver of no ordinary talent to produce them by artificial means so that they shall look at all like nature; and if he is to fall short of this object, he had better not make the attempt. But much may be accomplished by plantation, and this should not be scanty, but so liberal as to give ample room for after openings, if such shall appear to be demanded. When the trees rise to a tolerable height, the beauty of the contrast of light and shade upon the water as well as on its banks, will thus be much increased, and every little bay or recess will begin to have its peculiar interest.

"Silva coronat aquas, cingens latus omne, suisque
Frondibus, ut velo, Phœbeos submovet ignes."
Ovid, L. V.

And as the lapping of the waves against the shores will every day be wearing them out more and more into a natural aspect, and as reeds, sedges, bulrushes, the typha, and aquatics of various other kinds, may be planted here and there in the shallows, and water-lilies in parts that are a little deeper, the march of Nature will gradually advance, till she obtains a perfect dominion over the whole scene. If the piece of water be of such a size as to admit of its being the abode of waterfowl, it is quite indispensable to construct islands for their breeding and protection, however flat or small they may be—and if these are even covered over with willows, and bounded by reeds and sedges, they will add somewhat to the effect of the whole, whilst their winged and web-footed inhabitants will give a continual life to the lake. As an object of interest, as well as of amusement and advantage, fish should not be forgotten. Nothing can be more beautiful than to behold the trouts of a lake rising at the flies, in a fine summer evening, in so great numbers, as absolutely to dimple its glassy surface. To ensure this profusion of fish, it is quite essential that the rill that supplies the lake should enter it at one end and quit it at the other, so as to produce a certain degree of current throughout its whole length. It is also desirable that as many little feeders as can be commanded should find their way into the lake from its sides, as it is on the small gravelly shallows which these form at their embouchures, that the fish are most inclined to deposit their spawn; and to promote their doing so, artificial beds of such gravel should be projected into the lake, where they do not naturally exist.

Even on the smallest piece of water a swan produces a sparkling effect when seen amidst the bright light, or the deep green shadow which is thrown over the surface of the pool by the superincumbent foliage; and nothing gives greater animation to a scene.

We have already gone too far, but the commentary, or supplementary remarks, on Price's chapter on Architecture and Buildings, are quite irresistible to Scottish tastes and associations :—

I have already stated my decided predilection for irregularly built houses in the country. The styles which admit of this are the cottage, the villa, the old English manor-house, the old Scottish manor-house, and the castle. We may thus have picturesque houses adapted to all fortunes; for dwellings to suit incomes of all degrees of extent may be constructed from one or other of those kinds of buildings, and I am inclined to think, that if planned with judgment, they may be made so at no greater cost than they would have otherwise occasioned, if built with less attention to taste. One thing appears to me to be important, and that is, to preserve the integrity of our associations by avoiding, so far as we possibly can, the introduction of styles of building which must at once be perceived to be foreign to the country in which they are placed. For this reason, whilst I see all manner of propriety in erecting an old English manor-house in an English scene, I am rather disposed to think that such a building is not well placed in Scotland, where it must stand for ages before it can gather, with the mosses and lichens of years, those associations which may make it harmonize with the history of the country into which the style has been transferred. In the same way I think the old Scottish house, with its square tower and bartisan, plain windows, hanging turrets, round towers and lofty sugar-loaf roofs, high narrow gables, &c., all borrowed from France during the long period of alliance between Scotland and that country, but now for generations intimately associated with Scottish scenery, however picturesque in itself, would be quite out of harmony with English landscape.

With a useful warning to such of our friends still in the age of romance, as may be meditating a *thatched cottage*, and a well-merited eulogium on the most distinguished landscape painter that Scotland has ever yet seen, we must conclude our hasty and very inadequate notice of this charming book. Its handsome exterior, and characteristic and tasteful embellishments, are pleasant accessories, though quite secondary to its literary merits; yet one likes to see a beautiful woman well-dressed, and a beautiful book too. This is one alike fitted for the drawing-room and the library.

I confess, that after considerable experience, I have

been completely cured of my romantic attachment to thatch. The continual repair which it requires to keep it water-tight, is a source of perpetual annoyance and vexation. If the roof of a cottage be well formed, and well projected, so as to throw a deep shadow over the wall beneath it, I do not conceive that it will be necessary to thatch it, in order to add to its picturesque effect, at the risk of diminishing the comfort of the poor inmates. The most beautiful thatch of any is that composed of heather. I remember a Highland proprietor, a friend of mine, who had constructed in different parts of his grounds, some of the most picturesque cottages which I ever beheld, which were all thatched with heather. When I first saw them I was loud in my commendation of his good taste, and high in my praise of his fine heather thatch. "It is very beautiful indeed," said he to me. "It has but one fault, indeed, and that is that it does not keep out one drop of rain." Now, I do not think that any one has a right to make his cottagers suffer to any such extent as this, in order that their cottages may look picturesque to his friends, as they drive past them in an open carriage on a sunshiny day. If a country gentleman must have thatch-roofed cottages, and particularly if he must have them thatched with heather, I would recommend, that he should, in the first place, put on a good slate or tile roof, and then cover it with the thatch, for which purpose a frame-work might be easily laid over it. . . . . .

The late Reverend John Thomson of Duddingstone, one of the most distinguished of our modern landscape painters, has shown by his works, how perfectly he was aware of the truth of the observation here made, with regard to the sublimity of effect produced by the height of the horizontal line. In his magnificent pictures of sea coast castles, he has very frequently availed himself of this circumstance. Where the building happens to be perched, as is often the case, on some lower projecting promontory, round which the sea rages with billows which are broken into ten thousand fluctuating forms, and chafed into spray and foam by the sunken rocks at its base, it has been no uncommon practice with him to take his view from some higher part of the continuous cliffs above, by which means the horizontal line of the sea is raised much higher than his principal object. This circumstance, together with the matchless skill which he has displayed in the management and treatment of his sea and sky, has enabled him to produce pictures of the most sublime description.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Greece Revisited, and Sketches in Lower Egypt in 1840, *&c. &c.* By Edgar Garston, Knight of the R. M. Greek Order of the Saviour, &c. In 2 volumes octavo, cloth, with lithographs. Pp. 666. Saunders & Otley.

This is by no means a profound work; but it comprises many lively sketches of the superfices of society in the New Kingdom, which the author had visited seventeen years before, a volunteer in the cause of Greek freedom and independence. In Lower Egypt his facts and observations are of a more solid and important character. Perhaps he was too well received at the Court of King Otho, and by the official people at Athens, to feel himself entitled to indulge in any freedom of remark. In the dominions of the Pacha he was under no restraint; and, taken altogether, we prefer the part of the work which refers to Egypt, though Mehemet Ali is less a favourite with him than with most other English travellers. The beauty of the women, from the fair queen of Otho and the stately and lovely classic dames of her Court, to the strapping and symmetrical Nubian slave girls, and the bright-eyed Arab maids, appear to have been objects of deeper concernment to this gallant knight than questions of politics or of public economy. Wherever he went he kept "a bright look-out" for female beauty. The descriptions of the private country residences of the persons whom he visited in different parts of Greece possess more general interest than court balls and fashionable parties in Athens. The Minister of Marine placed a government schooner at his disposal, and he cruised about among the isles of Greece. The scene of the following adventure is the Island of Milo:—

March 19th.—The heavy rain which was falling when I wrote my notes of yesterday continued throughout the day. It did not, however, prevent the governor from coming down to visit us in reply to the letters which we had sent up to his residence at the Castro. He is a fine, intelligent, old man, having still much of the vigour and vivacity of youth, and speaks both French and Italian with fluency. He was accompanied by one of his sons, an ex-scholar of the banished Cairis, and a perfect model of youthful eastern beauty, as also by the superintendant of the quarries and mines.

We received them with such hospitable appliances as our sea-store afforded, seasoned with the inevitable chibouque and coffee, and afterwards accompanied them on shore to the house of the director of the Dogana, Capt. Hadji* Andrea, by whom we were regaled with the same eastern pledges of welcome. He is a maternal cousin of the governor, and a fine specimen of the Hydriote of the revolution; with features strongly marked, but handsome, and expressive of indomitable resolution, he possesses the frame of a Hercules. He and his whole family retain the Hydriote dress and customs; and under his roof, for the first time since my return to Greece, I had my coffee and sweetmeats (τὸ γλυκὸ) presented to me by the hand of the eldest daughter of the family, according to ancient usage. On paying a visit to the adjoining village, we found the houses, so unpromising without, to be exceedingly clean within.

At about ten o'clock this morning, the weather became bright and propitious, and we set out for the Castro. The road, or bridle-path, winds among hills covered with volcanic remains. For some distance before approaching the town, the hills abound in excavations, many of which are used as storehouses, or as places of refuge for shepherds and their flocks; others are partially choked up; but those which have been recently opened, and they are numerous, are free from rubbish, and by their internal arrangement, show for what purpose they have been originally formed. They are quadrangular, and on either side and at the extremity of the excavations are tiers of sarcophagi, hollowed out of the rock, and disposed with architectural regularity. Some of the chambers contain six, some nine, or even more, of these resting-places of the departed. . . . . .

After visiting several of these family tombs, we went to pay our respects to the governor, whose residence is situated at the foot of the hill on which the Castro stands. In his house we were received with the same pleasing, but almost obsolete, etiquette which had been exercised to us the day preceding at that of the director of the customs. His government includes the islands of Siphno, Argentiere, Siphanto, and Polycandro. Notwithstanding so respectable an extent of rule, he seems disposed to look upon his government as a sort of exile,

* The title of Hadji is assumed by those who have visited the Holy Sepulchre, and is inherited by the eldest son, with whom it terminates.

inasmuch as it debars him from giving to his children the education he would wish. On my inquiring what armed force he had to support his authority in the island, he told me that he had one phalangide; and that even of his assistance he had little need, his subjects being very orderly, and, moreover, so docile, that when any irregularity occurred, he had only to send an order to the culprit to go to prison, and forthwith to prison he went.

From the house of the governor, accompanied by him, we went to that of the French consul, by whom we were received with much kindness and politeness. The honours of his house were performed by a daughter of great beauty, who acquitted herself of the duty with a simple grace, which could scarcely be excelled among the most accomplished of the fair daughters of my own country. In those parts of the Levant where the light of woman's countenance is not hidden within the precincts of the harem, there is an extreme gentleness and almost submissiveness in the deportment of the sex, which, when accompanied by grace and beauty, tell forcibly upon the feelings of the wanderer from western climes. . . . . I return from this digression to the visits of the day, and to the house of the Chevalier Brest.

Though of French descent, and the representative of that nation, he can hardly be looked upon as a Frenchman, having been born in one of the islands of the Archipelago, and educated at Constantinople. He is also wedded to a Greek lady, the mother of our beautiful friend, and of three other daughters celebrated for their personal charms, who are married and established elsewhere, so that he may be considered as thoroughly naturalized. M. Brest has been resident here since 1816; and while the island was yet under Turkish rule, and such *exports* were not forbidden, he had the gratification of embarking the beautiful Venus of Milo for the land of his fathers. During the revolution, his house afforded shelter to the ladies of more than one distinguished family, and his assistance was freely extended to the unfortunate Sciotes and Moreotes who sought refuge here. I visited him in 1825, when the Greek fleet was lying off the south coast of the island, and it was not without pleasure that I found myself recognised by him as an old acquaintance, despite of the lapse of years and the substitution of a palletôt for a fustanella. M. Brest's house is situated on the verge of a lofty perpendicular cliff, which overlooks the entrance of the port.

Pursuing our round of visits, in which we were now accompanied by the Consul, we went to call upon Madame Tataraki, widow of a primate, who had extensive possessions in this island, and in those of Serpho and Siphanto; her son is affianced to the fair damsel whose grace and beauty suggested the foregoing observations respecting the ladies of the Levant. She received us with the same pledges of Eastern hospitality with which we had been met elsewhere; with, however, this difference, that her unmarried daughters, who are said to be very beautiful, did not make their appearance to do the honours of the house. I saw them, however, taking stealthy glances at the strangers; and, notwithstanding the care they took to avoid observation, I had ample opportunity of assuring myself that they well deserve their reputation as to beauty. The mother possesses the remains of equal or greater loveliness, and notwithstanding the peculiarity of her Serphiote costume, which is rather opposed to the acquirement or display of graceful carriage, is altogether ladylike and aristocratic in her bearing. She was clad in deep mourning, which she has not quitted since the death of her husband, who perished in a squall between this and one of the neighbouring islands about five years ago. Though the exterior of Madame Tataraki's residence be very unpretending, compared with the houses of persons of the same rank elsewhere, the interior is spacious, and fitted up with much elegance, and at the same time with extreme simplicity.

After paying our respects to her, we ascended by a sort of half streets, half staircases, to the highest point of the Castro, which is one of the stations whence the pilots look out for vessels entering the Archipelago. . .

The houses at the Castro are very unpretending in their outward appearance, but are models of neatness and cleanliness within. The seafaring portion of the inhabitants is a fine manly-looking race, and, judging from the specimens which we saw, the women are remarkable for beauty. During our ascent and descent through the town we noticed ten or twelve heads, which in delicacy of outline realized the beau-ideal of Greek soulptors, and scarcely less the dreams of eastern poets, in the softness of the eyes and the fine pencilling of the eyebrows. Two of these beauteous heads we saw bending over an occupation of a very humble nature—that of plying the shuttle.

The Venus of Milo was, we here learn, found near the theatre of the ancient city.

From the Castro we descended to the site of the ancient city. On visiting the theatre, I found it to be completely cleared of the soil and rubbish in which it was half buried when I was last here. It is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, and the spectators, on looking beyond the scene, would command a view of a portion of the harbour, and of the coast beyond. The seats of the theatre are for the most part perfect, as is also their sheathing of white marble. Altogether it is in a better state of preservation than any other Hellenic theatre which has been discovered. The Venus of Milo was found at a very short distance from it, and probably other treasures of the same description are still lying buried in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants hold in a sort of superstitious awe the statues which they discover when excavating. They look upon them as personifications of the genius of the spot, and consider it unlucky to meddle with them. The superstitions of the Hellenes may be traced to this belief in an intermediate race between men and angels, which prevails both in the islands and among the mountains of Attica and of the Peloponnessus.

The next island visited was Agios Giorgios.

This island is inhabited by one family only—that of a Hydriote, who is also the proprietor of it. It was bestowed upon his father by a Capudan Pacha, to whom he had rendered some signal service, and who commanded him in return to name such reward as it might be in his power to grant. The Hydriote asked the grant of this island, which was then uninhabited, and his prayer was forthwith accorded by the Pacha, who also expressed his surprise at his moderation. The grant was confirmed by the Porte, and has remained unquestioned through subsequent political changes. The son of the original grantee has brought great part of the island into cultivation, and it now yields grain, wine, and figs in abundance, besides supporting four or five hundred head of sheep and goats. The lambs and the cheese of St. George are esteemed for their excellent quality, and in these and other produce the proprietor carries on an advantageous traffic with his native island.

This "Lord of the Isle" has a wife and a numerous family of children, so that his existence must be rather that of a patriarch than of a recluse. During the winter months, his opportunities of communicating with the mainland, or with the neighbouring islands, are very rare. In that season he inhabits a house which he has built in a sheltered situation on the east side of the island; during the summer, he takes up his quarters in a spacious-looking building on the highest point of it. Near to the latter is a very small chapel; and when we were off the island, with the aid of the glass, we could distinctly perceive the patriarch and his family passing from the chapel to the house, probably returning from the performance of his morning devotions. How much more pure and exalted must or *may* be the devotion of a man so situated than that of the inhabitant of a crowded city!

Agios Giorgios, by some of the commentators of Lord Byron, has been selected as the scene of the "Corsair." There are many points of the island from which Medora may be supposed to have gazed on the departing Conrad until

"The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy."

I should have treated as a "dreamer of dreams" any one who, fourteen years ago, might have told me that I should ever be a spectator of such ceremonies and scenes, and pass the day in the manner I have described at the foot of the Acropolis! . . . . . .

In the lecture-room I found M. Landerer, the royal professor of chemistry, surrounded by an attentive audience, composed of both middle-aged and young pupils, to whom he was delivering a lecture on mineralogy. He is a Bavarian, but is a perfect master of the language of the country, in which his lecture was delivered. I have thus heard an Englishman plead, an American preach, and a Bavarian lecture, in Greek, all apparently thoroughly versed in the delicacies of the language.

Sir Edgar's travels have not been wholly barren of purely original information, independently of the pleasure they convey as an every-day record. Here is an adventure that might raise Lord Monboddo from his grave, and which appears more marvellous than all the magic of Egypt:—

I must not omit to state, that at Heliopolis was exhibited to us an Arab boy of four or five years of age, to whom nature has been more liberal than to his fellows, having bestowed upon him a veritable *Tail*. It is placed in the precise spot where a tail ought to be, is about three inches long, and resembles the tail of a pig. If it grow with his growth, by the time he reaches manhood it will be a most inconvenient and extensive appendage. The boy is in all other respects well formed, and his countenance is more intelligent than that of most children of his race and age. I assure my readers that this *Tale* is veritable.

Egypt has ever been the land of marvels and prodigies.

Scott's Tour to Waterloo and Paris, in 1815.

Saunders & Otley. Pp. 284.

The volume is many years past date. Its author, the Laird of Gala, accompanied his eminent namesake, Sir Walter Scott, and some other friends and neighbours, in that journey to the Continent, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, and while the Allies were still in Paris, with which the world has been acquainted for upwards of twenty-five years, from *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. In those days, everything seen was fresh or wonderful to insular eyes. But if the interest of the realities have passed away, how much more that of the *en passant* descriptions of a tourist making no pretensions to the literary power or grace which can make much out of slender materials. The anecdotes and incidental notices of Scott, who by this time was in the zenith of his fame, will prove the most attractive part of the volume, and they are numerous. Scott, in short, is the pivot on which the narrative turns. A few of these anecdotes may serve as a specimen of a book which will be acceptable, at all events, to the old friends and neighbours of the author. At Mechlin, Mr. Scott, for the first time in his life, was present at the celebration of mass; and on going to the cathedral, Sir Walter remarked to him—"The officiating clergyman might possibly, at first sight, appear as if engaged in some nice process of cookery, rather than in a devotional exercise."

The spirit of Napoleon's soldiery is finely illustrated in the following anecdote:—

Some English friends, whom we met with in Brussels, had been resident during these days of peril, and described with horror the appearance of the wagon-loads of wounded men, who were brought in rapid succession from the field. But the doors of the inhabitants were invariably opened with the utmost readiness, and all were received without discrimination.

The enthusiasm of the French prisoners who were brought into the town was unshaken, and their ferocity unsubdued. They shouted "Vive l'Empereur" at the point of death, and declared they would do the whole work over again—that Napoleon would be in the Chateau de Lac immediately, and Brussels pillaged and burnt in a few hours.

The effects of war were painfully conspicuous as the tourists advanced into France; and the embittered and mortified feelings of the people were at least as remarkable as the outward signs of devastation, particularly on the line of march of the Prussians. In Paris, they were surprised at the number of caricatures to be seen of Napoleon and his friends. In the ballads sung in the streets, the Emperor was held up to contempt and ridicule; nor did the grotesque and awkward English, and their uncouth costumes, escape. One day, Mr. Scott and Sir Walter dined at a humble cabaret with M. Chevalier, the librarian of St. Genevieve, who gave them his notion of the sudden apparent tranquillity:—

M. Chevalier was somewhat of an alarmist, and could not believe that matters were by any means settled in Paris, notwithstanding the overwhelming power of the allies, and the ruined condition of France. The rage of party in the country, he considered it impossible to subdue.

"You English," said he, "have party feelings, which are no doubt sufficiently keen and constantly in action; but you have no idea of the extent to which they are carried with us. You publish placards, and you have processions and dinners, and you drink a great deal, and make long speeches—et vous dites, 'G—d d—n,' (thumping his fist on the table)—Sere—et 'G—d d—n encore,' —et voila tout. En France c'est different—bien—bien different."

In 1831, this great difference became pretty manifest; and may again, perhaps, before 1845. Fifteen years is a long interval in France. Notwithstanding the magnificent fêtes and charming balls given by the Duke of Wellington, and the other conquerors, Napoleon was not wholly forgotten. After a review of the Allied troops one day, Mr. Scott tells—

I observed in the hand of a lively young lady in the house, a bouquet of carnations, which she seemed to admire and arrange with much care and nicety. I said—"A ce que je crois, Mademoiselle, vous avez des fleurs dans ce joli bouquet là, que se trouvent dans le jardin de l'Empereur."—"Ah, oui, Monsieur," she replied, "et cela ne m' empeche pas de les admirer—elles sont des belles fleurs.—Je suis Française d'ailleurs." . . . . .

A little *vaut rien* had been detected calling out, "Vive l'Empereur;" on being pursued, he shouted it again—"Vive l'Empereur Alexandre."

One evening, at the opera, this diverting incident occurred—

The piece I saw was Figaro, which was well got up, although the ingenious valet himself appeared to me somewhat tame.

A Frenchman next me, who seemed very anxious to show off his knowledge of English, said, "He too old, et too cold." The effect of the music, however, was delightful, after what we had been accustomed to at most of the other theatres. It seemed also to give much satisfaction to the audience, which was extremely large and brilliant. The heat was excessive, and I was glad to leave the house as soon as possible after the conclusion of the opera. My neighbour, to whom I have alluded, seemed quite overpowered as well as myself, and said to me, rubbing his hands, "I am starving wid *heat*." Of course nothing was left for me but to assent to his observation. Shortly before I took my departure, his anxiety to display his acquirements in English, was ex-

plained by his putting into my hand a card of his terms as a teacher of our language, with a request for my patronage.

There is not much more in the volume requiring notice, save that Scott, the nearer he drew to Scotland and home, became the more gay and happy.

Imray's Cyclopædia of Popular Medicine. Intended for Domestic Use. Pp. 860. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This is the work of a regularly educated and experienced physician, who avails himself of every resource of medical science in its present advanced state, without submitting to the trammels and mere conventionalities of his profession. It is no usual thing to find the Fellow of a Royal College of Physicians candidly confessing, while lamenting the fact, that medical skill is often baffled; and that the physician sometimes understands little more of the real causes, nature, and cure of many fatal diseases, than any uninstructed individual. Next to this honesty, as proofs of judgment and candour, we consider the importance which Dr. Imray uniformly attributes to what may be called simple and natural remedies and restoratives.

As Dr. Imray's Cyclopædia is not intended to instruct the profession, but to communicate popular information to private individuals, and form a work of reference for family use, no space is spent in theoretical speculation, or mere matters of debate or curiosity. The causes and symptoms of the various diseases are, in the first place, stated in plain and intelligible language; next the treatment is described, with such explanatory or cautionary remarks as are considered necessary, and then the doses of medicine to be given are accurately specified, so as to be seen at a glance in connexion with the general treatment. Not that the work is intended to supersede the regular practitioner, but to afford simple rules for the alleviation of diseases, and for the preservation of health, as often as circumstances or trivial derangement render it prudent to attend to small ailments, and inexpedient to summon the physician. The Cyclopædia, taken as a whole, contains a valuable body of popular medical information, without encouraging the temerity which would in any serious case dispense with proper advice, or fostering the more common error of flying to the doctor if "the finger does but ache."

The Life and Labours of Adam Clarke, LL.D. 8vo. With Portrait. Pp. 416. Longman & Co.

This volume bears no author's name. It contains in substance whatever was most interesting and popular in the Memoirs of Dr. Clarke, which appeared in three volumes shortly after his death; and which purported to be compiled, by a friend who had long known him, from his letters and journals, and to be revised by his sons. The present volume contains all that was essential in the former work, and much indeed to edify and to delight. The early part of Clarke's history, and his domestic life, is that which was both the most instructive and the most charming; and this is very fully detailed in the present volume. We do not know any piece of recent biography which we could more heartily recommend to the young, than the Life and Labours of Adam Clarke. In no man—no methodist minister—were warmth of heart and soberness of mind, strict religious principle and expansive charity, more happily blended. He must have been a rare methodist parson, who, born more than eighty years since, yet knowing what was in man, could judge and speak with tenderness and wise indulgence of Robert Burns; allow that Napoleon was a greater General than the Duke of Wellington, though the *luck* or chance went against him at last; and who could give this advice to a young preacher—"Acquaint yourself with British History. *Read few* sermons; they will do you little good. The lives of holy men will be profitable to you. Live in the Divine Life. Walk in the Divine Life. Live for the salvation of men." In the spirit of the above advice, we commend to young men this Life of Adam Clarke—of a "holy man"—as of more excellence than many volumes of even good sermons, or school theology.

Brief Notices of Hayti. By John Chandler. Ward.

The author of this little book appears to belong to the Society of Friends. In 1839, he made a missionary tour to Jamaica, accompanied by his wife. And every man going abroad, for the purpose of gathering information as to the social condition of the people he visits, ought, if possible, to be so companioned. All that Mr. Chandler witnessed in Jamaica, and the other islands which he visited, bore testimony to the complete success of the emancipation of the Blacks. The account of Hayti, where he spent some time, is composed in a plain, sensible, unaffected style; and contains many remarks and hints by which the Hayteans themselves might profit. The young Republic is still, as may well be imagined, very far from perfect in its institutions and government. In education, and in morals, (as regards the relations of the sexes,) the condition of Hayti is very low indeed. But the work of amelioration, in public affairs and in private conduct, is hopefully commenced. The priests are, as usual, busy for mischief; but the President is happily stronger than the priests; and he is an enlightened man. This little work is very well worth reading, both for its spirit, and the specific information which it contains.

Creoleana, or Social and Domestic Life in Barbadoes. By John Ordeson. Saunders & Otley.

A tale, written by a native of the West Indies, is made the vehicle of a description of what colonial life was sixty years since. It is homely enough; but evidently accurate and truthful in representation; and it is consequently possessed of more interest than many of those more ambitious attempts which depend only upon style and second-rate literary merit. The characters are felt to be literally taken from the life, and thus they please.

Essays for Summer Hours. By Charles Lanman.

We cannot guess how this American production has found its way to our table. The sketches, which are of the school which Washington Irving has rendered so popular, and which numbers many disciples both in the New and the Old World, are pleasingly written, and have all an excellent moral design.

Hart's Fancy-Work Book.

This is a little work adapted to the drawer or bag of every lady's work-table. The authoress teaches how all kinds of embroidery, bead-work, Berlin work, Chenille work, and so forth, are executed; all about *patterns*, and every variety of stitch; from cross-stitch to Gobelin stitch. In short, Mrs. Hart's book is the *vade mecum* of the embroideress, and the fabricator of tasteful fancy-works of cards, beads, &c., &c.

American Whites and Blacks. By E. S. Abdy, M.A., Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, Author of a Journal, &c., in the United States. Gilpin: London.

Mr. Abdy is beyond question the most fervent-minded friend of the blacks now in this country. He imagines that some of the most distinguished periodical publications of Germany betray a tone and tendency that would justify the suspicion of a systematic attempt to deceive the public mind on the subject of American slavery; and he accordingly takes up the cudgels to baffle this covert attempt, and plies them with vigour and right good-will, without respect of persons or authorities.

On the Use and Study of History. By W. Somers M'Cullagh, LL.B. Dublin: Machen. London: Longman.

This volume contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered in the Theatre of the Mechanics' Institution in Dublin. They are necessarily of a popular character; but they display both power and freedom of thought. The second lecture, *What is history, and what is not history?* and the fourth, *How to read history*, are deserving of particular commendation. The book may be read with advantage by young men everywhere; though one is not permitted to forget that the author is an Irishman.

Quæstiones Mosaicæ, or the Book of Genesis compared with the Remains of Ancient Religions. By Osmond de Beauvoir Priaulx. London: Bohn.

This is not a book for the many. It is the production of learned leisure; the ingenious speculation of a free inquirer, who imagines that in the multitude of commentators there has been anything rather than light or wisdom.

Elements of Astronomy. By Hugo Reid. Oliver & Boyd.

This is one of the best of Mr. Reid's useful elementary books; compendious and yet full; scientific and clear in arrangement. The treatise is illustrated by numerous diagrams and wood engravings of the heavenly bodies, very neatly executed, and will be found highly worthy of the attention of teachers, and of those who are endeavouring to instruct themselves in the most elevating of all the sciences.

A Few Words to Cadets, and other Young Persons, proceeding to India. By Henry Kerr, a retired Officer of the H. E. I. Company's Military Service, and formerly Commandant of Gentlemen Cadets in Fort-William, Calcutta. Second Edition. Allen & Co.

A useful manual for youths proceeding to India, among whom good advice is generally much wanted.

Works of the Honourable and Very Reverend William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, &c. &c. With Additions and Corrections by the Author. 2 volumes, octavo, cloth. London: Bohn.

The author of the works, of which the present is a new and corrected edition, has long enjoyed a high reputation, as an accomplished general scholar and an eminent critical linguist, besides his pretensions as an original poet, and as one more skilled in northern literature and antiquities than many of his contemporaries who have made this branch of knowledge a professional study. His translations of the relics of the Icelandic and Scandinavian poetry, have long been admired by all *Gothic* English readers for their fidelity and spirit. The present edition comprehends all these translations, as well as Mr. Herbert's original poems, with the exception of *Attila*, which appeared not long since in a separate volume of the same size with this edition. Three supplemental Books of that epic appear in this collection, and also the author's learned reviews; thus rendering the works complete, with the exception of certain treatises or essays on Botany and Natural History. Mr. Herbert's works are, however, not for the many, though a desirable addition to the stores of a scholar, and of every gentleman aspiring to form a library.

History of Christian Missions, from the Reformation to the present time. By James A. Huie. Oliver & Boyd.—An interesting epitome, compiled with pains and ability.

Lectures on Paley, or the Principles of Morality; designed for the use of Students in the University. London: Cadell.—A useful synopsis.

Lectures on Locke, or the Principles of Logic; designed for the use of Students in the University. London: Cadell.

Course of Civil Engineering, comprising Plane Trigonometry, Surveying, and Levelling, &c., &c., designed for the use of Engineering Colleges, Schools, Practical Engineers, and Land Proprietors. By John Gregory, Esq., Civil Engineer. Dublin: Machen. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; and Longmans.

The Religious History of Man, in which Religion and Superstition are traced from their source. By D. Morison. Second Edition. Smith & Elder.

Protestantism. Five Lectures delivered by John Gordon in Coventry. Whittaker & Co.

The Book of Thought. Bull: London.—This is a commonplace book, or selection of observations and passages on morals, manners, character, &c., &c. No compilation of the kind can be without merit; and this has its competent share of wisdom, philosophy, good plain sense, and also make-bulk, or book-making.

A Treatise on Fresco, Encaustic, and Tempera Painting: Being the substance of Lectures delivered at the Society of British Artists. By Eugenio Latilla.—This is a work for artists, but particularly for decorative artists, though persons intending to have their houses finished in the styles treated of, may receive useful hints from the perusal of the Lectures.

A Treatise on Land-Surveying and Levelling, &c., &c. By Henry James Castle, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Lecturer on Practical Surveying and Levelling to King's College, London. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—This gentleman, feeling the want of an elementary treatise or class book for his pupils while a lecturer at King's College, compiled this work for their use; and he reasonably concludes that it may be found equally useful to those who are studying either land-surveying and levelling in other Institutions, or by themselves.

Manual of the Scottish Stocks and British Funds. By John Reid, Stockbroker. Fourth Edition.

NEW NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Father Connell. By the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. London: T. C. Newby.

We deeply regret that Mr. Banim's latest, and, as it appears at a cursory glance, most perfect Irish story, has reached us at so late a period of the month, that we can, at present, do no more than herald its appearance, and inform the admirers of imaginative works, of the rich banquet that awaits them in this bright creation of original genius.

Trevor Hastings; or, the Battle of Tewkesbury. By the author of "Henry of Monmouth." 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

This is an entertaining historical romance, which besides possesses the secondary advantage of forcing the students of the circulating library to know something of English history, and of historical personages, whether they will or not. The story shows one or two sturdy, and boldly-outlined, genuine English characters. We have read the romance with great pleasure. There is life and freshness in it.

Softness. By the Author of "Hardness." In 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

The novel with this queer name, the symbol of a facile, good-natured young Baronet, as *Hardness* was that of a cross, harsh, obstinate old Earl, is one of those clever *skimble-skamble* narratives, which, without previous design, or much expense of thought, a man of lively talents, and general information, though of the superficial kind, who is conversant with the topics and the mixed society of the day, may put together in such a way as to be exceedingly amusing. One who has nothing else very pressing to do, will not think of laying the book down; but once read and laid down, few will think much about taking it up again. There are books which are like pleasant companions in a mail-coach, or at a *table d'hôte*. They serve to speed the hour agreeably, and that is praise enough. There is a very cleverly-sketched Irish servant of the old school of low comedy; but he becomes a *bore* from being too often obtruded. The tragic scenes have dramatic force; and the hero, the personification of *Softness*, is a higher and as truthful a conception, with much more to commend him to the sympathies of readers, than the rugged unnatural monster of the previous novel, *Hardness*.

NEW POEMS.

Of these, having run deeply into arrears, many volumes now lie before us. In endeavouring to render all the poets and versifiers whatever small measure of justice was in our power, we have unfortunately, by attempting too much, failed in everything; and must now be content with publishing little more than a catalogue of the latest additions to English verse.——Wordsworth claims the first place, if it be not too great a liberty to place him even at the head of the ordinary tuneful brotherhood.

Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years, including the Borderers, a Tragedy: By William Wordsworth. Moxon.—The far largest divisions of this new volume consist of poems of early date; but marked by the peculiarities and characteristics of the poet in the maturity of his genius. The first piece, *Guilt and Sorrow, or Incidents upon Salisbury Plain*, is a long desultory tale, which cannot take away, nor yet add much to the poetical reputation of the author of *Ruth* and *Michael*. The volume concludes with the Drama; which was composed, like the Tale, more than forty years since, and is now given to the world by the author, to spare his successors the task of deciding on its fate. It was never intended for the stage. It is without passion, and without action: a tranquil, though deep study of the human heart, in its most hidden weakness and perversity—those which are not suspected, even by itself, until the temptation and the hour bring into light all its hideousness. A series of short Poems and Sonnets, composed during a tour in Italy, and another series upon *Death Punishments*, many miscellaneous Sonnets, and a goodly number of occasional poems, fill up an ample and neat volume; which, besides, forms the VII. of the late edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works. From the occasional poems, we select our specimens. Nor will their strength and beauty be their sole recommendation to Scotsmen.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapours breathed from dungeons cold,
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And Thou forbidden to appear?—
As if it were thyself that's here,
I shrink with pain:
And both my wishes and my fear,
Alike are vain.

Off, weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted forth;"
Rose like a star that, touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

Well might I mourn that He was gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone;
When breaking forth, as Nature's own,
It showed my youth,
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues, and with it blends,—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends,
By Skiddaw seen—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been;—

True friends, though diversely inclined:
But heart with heart, and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor inhabitant below,"
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

. . . . . .

And oh, for Thee, by pitying grace,
Checked oftimes in a devious race,
May He who halloweth the place
Where man is laid
Receive thy spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing, I turned away; but ere
Night fell, I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near—
A ritual hymn,
Chanted in love that casts out fear,
By Seraphim.

What follows is extracted from another poem, suggested by a visit made next day to the residence of Burns on the banks of Nith—to Ellisland farm-house :—

. . . . . .

Enough of sorrow, wreck and blight:
Think rather of those moments bright,
When to the consciousness of right,
His course was true,
When Wisdom prospered in his sight,
And Virtue grew.—

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely, as in youth's season bland,
When, side by side, his Book in hand,
We* wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet day.

How oft inspired must he have trode
These pathways, yon far stretching road;
There lurks his home; in that abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly pensive mood,
The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature from what cause,
And by what rules,
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest streets, and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives,
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

. . . . . .

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
Effaced for ever.

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart, the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

For a pathetic passage referring to Scott's last melancholy days, and to the poet himself, which we had marked out, we find that there is no space left. It occurs in the poem entitled *Musings near Aquapendente.*

* In this pilgrimage Wordsworth was accompanied by his sister.

Poems—Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive. By David Vedder. Edinburgh Printing Company. Cloth. Pp. 372.

It gives us much pleasure to meet the scatterlings of one of the most popular of our living Scottish bards at last collected in a form worthy of them; and, with all the external accomplishments of typography, binding, and embellishment, laid at the feet of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, by one of the most loyal of her servants. So many of the poems have, within the last ten years, graced our own pages, that it might seem a kind of reflected egotism, or indirect compliment to our own taste and discrimination, now to sit down gravely to give Vedder's poems the praise we consider due. The task of criticism we accordingly leave to judges who may be presumed more impartial; contented with announcing and describing the work. The illustrations, by *W. Geikie*, a native artist of very great merit, are worthy of the work. We believe it is as a sentimental and descriptive poet that Mr. Vedder is best known. His forte, however, is humour; in proof of which, we select as a specimen of the new wares of the volume, *The Street Auctioneer*—a piece admirably illustrated by Geikie.

Come, crowd around the stair, gude fowk,
Ye'll get your fortunes mended;
For here's a weel-seleckit stock,
An' keen am I to vend it.—
See! here's a shawl for twa pound three—
Ye'll ablins think I'm boastin';
As gude as e'er cam ower the sea,
Frae Persia or Hindostan!
"A half-crown for't."—Are ye done?
I'm ruin'd—Goin'! goin'! gone!

Here's siller-mounted specs for age,
Frae Lon'on new come down;
For purblindism's a' the rage
Wi' half the fops in town;
An' youthfu' ladies sport them too—
It makes them look quite knowin'.
"A sixpence for them."—Thanks to *you*;
Agoin'! goin'! goin'!
"Another penny."——Are ye done?
I'm harried:—goin'! goin'! gone!

. . . . . .

Here's fifty yards o' Brussels lace,
Brought hame by Skipper Saunders;
He stowed it in a canny place,
When he came ower frae Flanders;
It's worth a guinea ilka yard,
'Twad been a glorious seizure;
But trade is dull, an' times are hard,
I'll gie you't at your pleasure.
"Five"—"ten"—"twall"—"fifteen"—"twenty-one."
I'll flee the kintra':—goin'! gone!

Scraps from the Knapsack of a Soldier, consisting of Brevities in Verse. By Calder Campbell; Author of the "Palmer's Last Lesson," "Lays of the East," &c., &c.

Following the laudable custom which this season seems in vogue among the poets, Major Campbell, besides publishing a good many new pieces, has collected his fugitive verses, scattered through magazines and annuals, into a neat small tome, and inscribed it to Leigh Hunt. There is nothing in the collection demanding any particular notice, as the character of his compositions is generally known to the readers of contemporary poetry. Flowing and graceful, and more distinguished by sweetness and amenity, and a gentle enthusiasm, than by fire or passion, his effusions, without startling or captivating at

first sight, steal quietly into congenial hearts; and without awakening any vehement emotion, are treasured and brooded over. We might easily find a more ambitious specimen of the new pieces in the volume, but none which, for various good reasons, is, we believe, likely to be more generally admired than this

SONNET TO LEIGH HUNT.

Thy heart is young, it never can grow old,
For Love's kind dew still keeps it fresh and rife
With pleasant leafiness, which no strife
Hath ever stained, no cruel craft made cold!
—To feel the BEAUTIFUL and turn to gold,
The very dross of nature, through thy life
Hath been thy fond employ: and sorrow's knife
Hath vainly tried, by gnashings manifold,
To sever thy true heart from gentleness
Towards all mankind! *I* doubt thee not—I know
Thy nature, and I know it not the less
That we have seldom met. The sunny flow
Of truth and love is mantling round thee there,
In thine own home, midst books and fancies fair.

A RECORD OF THE PYRAMIDS. By John Edmund Reade.—There is a singleness and strength of purpose, an earnestness of perseverance about this gentleman,—which, in spite of the coldness, indifference, or the unwise contempt of the public and the critics, enables him to steer right onward,—and which commands respect. His New Dramatic Poem, the *Record of the Pyramids*, we should imagine likely to be not a whit more popular than his *Italy*. Whatever he has written, betokens, at least, an earnest and a cultivated mind, devoted to poetry. Having dedicated Italy to Sir Robert Peel out of office, Mr. Reade now inscribes the *Pyramids* to the same gentleman in office; and for this diverting reason, that both Peel and the Pyramids occupy a "transcendent position," and that Sir Robert, like the Pyramids, remains in character "unchanged and unshaken, through every reverse of fortune." We would not have our readers judge of the work by the dedication,—of the poetry by the logic.

LAUDATE PUERI DOMINUM, HYMNS FOR MY CHILDREN. By T. H., Esq.—These are elegant compositions in verse, by a pious Roman Catholic. The volume is almost overdone with pretty embellishments, savouring mightily of "Papistry." Though it contains many beautiful and touching lessons and precepts, it may not be, in all respects, fit to be placed in the hands of Protestant children; but this we leave to their religious instructors.

GISIPPUS, or THE FORGOTTEN FRIEND; A Play, in Five Acts. By Gerald Griffin, Author of the Collegians, &c. London: Maxwell & Co.—This play, written when the author was very young, and before any of his Tales, has had ill-luck, first and last, with theatrical managers. Mr. Macready, the patron of the classic drama, has now, however, pronounced a "decided opinion in its favour," which we hope the public voice may confirm. It is certainly a remarkable production for a youth of twenty.

SONGS OF THE SWORD. By Andrea Ferrara, junior. Vincent: Oxford.—The younger Andrea lays lustily about him; his themes are heroes, war, chivalry, and the SWORD. The verses abound in life and spirit.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN. By Henry Reeve and John Edward Taylor.—A few of the gems of Jean Paul, Goëthe, Novalis, and other of the more eminent German imaginative writers are translated into elegant English, and form a charming little volume.

I WATCHED THE HEAVENS; A Poem. By V., Author of IX. Poems.—This is a production of some mark and likelihood; a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and of the school of Shelly, without the objectionable tendency which his poetry is imagined by some to possess.

POEMS FROM EASTERN SOURCES; THE STEADFAST PRINCE, and Other Poems. By Richard Chenevix Trench.

POEMS, to which is added BELMOUR HOUSE—a Play not divided into Acts. By G. K. Mathews.—A queer rigmarole production.

THE BATH SUBSCRIPTION BALL.—A *ditto, ditto* to the above.

CONSCIENCE. An Essay in blank verse.

THE LOT OF MORTALITY, and Other POEMS. By the Rev. Adam Nelson, M.A.

HYMNS. By Thomas Harit.

SELECT POETRY FOR CHILDREN. By Joseph Payne.—A nice little book.

SOLITUDE, A POEM; with Other POEMS. By George Wingfield, Esq. Saunders & Otley.

SCENES of JOY and WOE. By Evan Rhyse.

PAMPHLETS.

The DIFFUSION of POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE among the WORKING CLASSES. An address delivered before the members of the Bradford Reform Club. By Samuel Smiles, M.D.—The time has not long gone by when it was dangerous to teach working-men to read or write. What use had labourers for more knowledge than their pastor conveyed to them on Sundays, save to make them discontented with their condition, and disrespectful to their superiors? The same prejudice which then existed against giving education of any sort to the people, still exists against their making politics, to them a most important branch of morals, the subject of their studies. But it too must give way. The people are educating themselves in politics, as in other departments of knowledge; and Dr. Smiles is among the best of their assistants. His Address embodies many of those enlightened yet sober views which should guide the people in their onward progress.

FRANKHAM'S DISCOURSE ON THE ENLARGED AND PENDULOUS ABDOMEN, WITH CURSORY OBSERVATIONS FOR THE USE OF THE DYSPEPTIC. *Second Edition.* AUGMENTED BY A DISSERTATION ON GOUT. Longman & Co.—We thought well of this work on its first appearance, and certainly do not consider it deteriorated by the additional matter. All that we need now say is, that the entire treatise may be studied with advantage by those "with fair round belly with good capon lined," but will be of very little use at present to the Paisley weavers.

THOUGHTS on the RELATIVE VALUE of FRESCO and OIL PAINTING, as applied to the ARCHITECTURAL DECORATIONS of the HOUSES of PARLIAMENT. By B. R. Haydon.—Mr. Haydon's opinions on this subject are already well known. The *Thoughts* are the substance, or probably the entire body, of a discourse lately read by him at a meeting of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. It is to be hoped that his suggestions and exhortations may have some effect in the proper quarter.

"NO POPERY," the CRY EXAMINED.—The spirit of this pamphlet is contained in the following sentence from Dr. Price, which forms its motto,—"The essential spirit of Popery has been retained under a Protestant name; and the consequence has been distraction to the state, and formality and worldly-mindedness to the church."

HINTS ILLUSTRATIVE of the DUTY of DISSENT. By the Rev. Thomas Binney.

LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH on the INCOME TAX; delivered in the House of Lords, March 17th. Hooper: London.

REMARKS ON PREVAILING ERRORS RESPECTING CURRENCY AND BANKING.

PLAN OF ECONOMY FOR GOVERNMENT, FARMING, MANUFACTURES, AND TRADE.

A LETTER TO GEORGE COMBE ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS ESSAY ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN. By one of the People.

PRINCIPLES OF MONEY, WITH THEIR APPLICATION TO THE REFORM OF THE CURRENCY AND BANKING, AND TO THE RELIEF OF FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES. By John Wade.

THE REBEL PROVOST, OR THE TWO CITIZENS. By Argus.

SPEECH OF CORNELIUS MATHEWS ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. Delivered at the Dinner given in New York to Mr. Charles Dickens.—The toast which this speech preluded will explain its object. "An International Copyright:—The only honest turnpike between the readers of two great nations!"

SERIAL WORKS.

BLACKWOOD'S STANDARD NOVELS.—GALT'S WORKS.—We notice with much pleasure, that, in a re-issue of a series of popular novels, the publishers have commenced BLACKWOOD'S STANDARD NOVELS with the fictions of GALT. It seems not a little strange, but such we believe is the fact, that for a number of years a Scotchman could not have procured a copy of the *Annals of the Parish*, the *Ayrshire Legatees*, or *The Provost*, in all Britain, for love or money. He might have been more fortunate in America. What the cause of obstruction might be, we do not pretend to guess; but we trust that it was anything save the deadness or indifference of the public to those genial and racy fictions, which stamp Galt as the true De Foe of Scotland. In their own place, his stories are as purely national in costume, and as catholic in spirit as are Don Quixote, Tom Jones, or Old Mortality. How much will Scotland have lost of all that is finest in the national character, before the time shall come when Galt's stories can no longer be understood and relished! But this is to contemplate an impossibility; to dream of a period in which Burns and Scott, and the language in which their writings are embalmed, have been forgotten. The unrivalled, in his own walk, and *unique* merits of Galt as a fictionist were at once acknowledged by his contemporaries, though they have never yet, in our opinion, been sufficiently appreciated. It therefore gives us great satisfaction to find that this cheap and neat edition of the best of his works may give the world another opportunity of judging of his claims, and perceiving his beauties. His friend, Dr. Moir of Musselburgh, *(Delta,)* has prefixed a memoir to the stories, written in a spirit which entitles him to the grateful regards of the admirers of Galt's genius. The biography is, on the whole, a painful record—for when was the history of genius all felicitous?—but it is not without instruction; nor is our pity our tender commiseration the less due, that many of the difficulties with which Galt was doomed to struggle in his later years were partly attributable to his own imprudence.

Besides the best of Galt's novels, this new *series* already comprehends Mr. Lockhart's *Valerius*, a classic and beautiful work; and the more-popular-in-its-day *Tom Cringle's Log*. It is exceedingly neat as a work, besides its more sterling merits.

THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Part I.—In this Pictorial Edition of the Waverley Novels, we hail Scott's proudest monument. It is one not confined to his native city, nor to any locality, but raised in a form that makes it fit to be included among every man's household treasures. It is intended that the Abbotsford Edition shall comprehend whatever is connected with the personal history of Scott and his friends that can enrich and embellish his fictions,—such as family and historical portraits; fac-similes of hand-writings, landscapes, architectural designs, and the many objects of art or of antiquarian interest—weapons, old armour, and the "fouth of auld nicknackets," which he had accumulated at Abbotsford. The Part before us contains Scott's general preface to the first collected edition of his Works, to what he called the *Magnum Opus*; and fragments or detached passages of hints and *studies* for Waverley and other Works, together with the first five chapters of that romance. The Part is profusely embellished. The frontispiece is a well-executed steel engraving by William Miller, of Edinburgh, of a view of the Vale of Menteith, the mountains of the Trosachs in the distance; and each section and chapter has appropriate head and tail-pieces. None of them is more interesting than Scott's comfortable modern easy-chair, over which is thrown his shepherd's *maud*; and by which lie his walking-stick, his strong shoes, and gaiters, as if placed in readiness for his daily ramble through his moors and young plantations. The most eminent British artists have deemed themselves honoured in contributing to the beauty and perfection of this edition, and in having their names associated with it; and original portraits and every kind of relic pours in so freely from old Scottish families, that the difficulty will be what to select.

MARTIN DOYLE'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL HUSBANDRY AND RURAL AFFAIRS. Part I.—A second and augmented edition of this work is appearing in Parts. We presume that its utility as a manual is not a whit impaired by the lively manner in which it is written.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPERE. Part XLIII.—This Part is occupied with an account of the plays ascribed to Shakspere, namely, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The Puritan*, *The Life and Death of Lord Thomas Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. Specimens are given from the best of these dramas. Mr. Knight concludes that none of them could have been written by Shakspere; and on all questions regarding Shakspere, his opinion is entitled to the utmost deference.

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Part V. Northern Division: Lancashire. Part V. Southern Division: Cornwall.—County and family history, old stories and traditions, and a lively personal narrative of the adventures met with while in quest of them, render this a delightful work, independently of its embellishments, which are appropriate, fine, and numerous.

WINKLE'S CATHEDRALS.—This elegant work is now completed by the publication of the 56th Part. It must long keep an honoured place among those works in which Art becomes the graceful handmaiden and the popular minister to national feeling, and venerable antiquity.

LE KEUX'S MEMORIALS OF CAMBRIDGE, Parts 26, 27, 28.—These Parts contain numerous views of *Jesus College*

and *St. Peter's College*, with the usual historical and descriptive accounts of the buildings, from the pen of Thomas Wright, Esq., and the Rev. H. Longueville Jones,—both of Cambridge.

ELEMENTS OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY; OR, THE ART OF WORKING IN METALS. By Alfred Smeer, F.R.S. Second Edition. Parts I. and II.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE, DIVESTED OF TECHNICALITIES. By T. J. Rawlins, Professor of Drawing and Perspective.

FACTS AND FIGURES. Nos. VIII. and IX.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. Part XVII. Arithmetic, Geometry, &c.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY. Part IV.

THORNTON'S HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA. Vol. III. Part I.

INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL JUSTICE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON MORALS AND HAPPINESS. By William Godwin. Part I.

THE YEAR BOOK of FACTS for 1842; with a Portrait of the late Dr. Birkbeck. Pp. 288. Tilt & Bogue.

CUMMING'S FOXE'S BOOK of MARTYRS. PART XII. With a portrait of Bishop Ferrars, and other embellishments, scenic, and of costumes.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL, and MUSICAL and LITERARY MISCELLANY.—This is a new Glasgow publication, very neatly got up. It contains in each penny number, one good popular song with the music. We say *good*, at least for the three that we have seen. The rest of the pages are occupied with anecdotes and facts connected with Music, extracted from books.

THE PRACTICAL MECHANIC and ENGINEER'S MAGAZINE. FIRST HALF-VOLUME.—This scientific journal is published in Glasgow, an appropriate locality for such a work. It is conducted with ability and spirit, and will, we hope, meet with the encouragement which it deserves.

ANNUAL of the GRAND CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB, for 1842.—This is a report of the meetings of all the Curling Clubs in the world, we presume, that were held during the last year; and also of numerous recent Curling Matches.

PICTURES of POPULAR PEOPLE; or, ILLUSTRATIONS of HUMAN NATURE. By the author of "Random Recollections." No. I.—Sketches of this sort demand a lighter and more dashing pencil than that of the author of "Random Recollections;" yet the Marriageable Man is not amiss: and all the articles will find admirers. It is a happy provision of nature, that every author finds his own public; the great difference being, that genius has the power to create a public for itself.

MAP OF AFFGHANISTAN, CABUL, THE PUNJAUB, RAJPOOTANAH, AND THE RIVER INDUS. By James Wyld, Geographer to the Queen and Prince Albert.—Past and coming events will make this map, which is upon a rather large scale, of general interest both at home and in India.

PORTRAIT OF LORD BROUGHAM.—A young Artist of this city, named Grierson, has just engraved and published a Portrait of Lord Brougham, which makes, at all events, the most agreeable likeness we have yet seen of his Lordship. It is well executed in mezzotint; the plate about 10¼ inches by 9. It will be a desirable and welcome acquisition to the numerous admirers of the illustrious original.

POSTSCRIPT POLITICAL.

IT is to be feared that the prayer for Sir Robert Peel, put up by certain "respectable inhabitants of Kidderminister," is not all at once to be answered. "The path he has so gloriously entered upon," is now pretty well defined. He is a triumphant party minister. No Tory dares gainsay, and no Whig cares effectually to oppose him on any point of vital importance to the People. Yet "the sun of prosperity, through his means, under Divine Providence," has not yet risen, though we are assured it is "to rise upon Old England." His Sliding Scale is the law of the land; and already he boasts that the tax on Corn has fallen from 27 to 13 shillings a quarter. Let not the landlords, however, be uneasy,—while, short of absolute famine, 13 shillings is as available for a prohibitory duty as 36, and while no man finds any abatement in his baker's bill. The Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League seem to place no more faith in the new Sliding Scale, than in those alterations in the Tariff which relate to provisions. Nor for a gradual reduction of prices,—which, in the natural course of things must take place, unless there should be a succession of bad seasons unprecedented in the history of the world,—will they give to Sir Robert's Tariff the thanks due to a bountiful Providence. But Sir Robert has carried his new shape of Corn Monopoly; as he will carry his Tariff in substance, and his Income-Tax unmitigated. And what have the great body of the people gained by these wondrous measures? The promise of some shadowy advantage that may at some future time arise from some of the alterations in the Tariff; and the Ministers' declaration in favour of Free Trade, which *The Spectator* reckons as important as the Tariff itself, and in so doing probably rates both at their true value. Sir Robert is an admirer of the *principle* of Free Trade,—of Free Trade in the abstract. Well, this is something. Neither Lord John Russell, nor yet Mr. Macaulay, have got the length of admiring extension of the Suffrage, even in the abstract.

With the exception of Sir Robert Peel's triumphant procedure, there has been little done in Parliament worthy of much attention. Mr. Sharman Crawford's praiseworthy attempt gave a few honest men an opportunity of recording their opinions; and demonstrated how far exactly the Whig party will go—which is just no length at all. Mr. Roebuck's cleverly managed *coup-de-theatre*, which took the House nearly as much by surprise—at *being found out*—as Lord Castlereagh's memorable declaration of its corruption being "notorious as the sun at noon-day," did not in the least astonish the people, who have long been perfectly aware of the existence of such disreputable facts as those disclosed. The candour of Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Duncombe's ironical motion, the more cutting for its truth, tell strongly in Parliament; but are no news to the three millions of Chartists, and to the thrice three millions of the English, Irish, and Scotch people, who view

the House of Commons as at present constituted with little more respect or confidence than the Chartists themselves do ; and place very little faith or hope either in Mr. Roebuck's Committee, or any other Committee ; or in Lord John Russell's Bribery Bill, or any other Bribery Bill. To put a stop to bribery by act of Parliament, to any effectual extent, is, in the present state of the constituencies, about as idle as an attempt to prevent seduction by a Bishop's bill. The Chartists better understand the vice and the remedy, when they say, " Reform it altogether" by granting such an extension of the suffrage as we crave.

It is with an ill grace, and some appearance of inconsistency, to say nothing of the injudiciousness of such a line of conduct, that some Radical members and journalists attempt to throw discredit and ridicule upon the judgment and the tactics of the Chartists, while professing to concur in their objects, and praising the purity of their motives. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, who might be coupled in a leash here, and who would walk together lovingly, must have been peculiarly indebted to Mr. Roebuck for furnishing them with those weapons of attack on the Chartists, which they did not fail to employ. The Chartist Petition, whatever be its defects, was treated far too cavalierly by Mr. Roebuck. The document was entitled to more respect, not only as emanating from a body of people, august were it but for their numbers, their sufferings, and their singular forbearance, and also for the great truths it embodies, and which vastly preponderate over what is erroneous and equivocal. No man has a right to taunt the working-classes with the ill selection of their leaders, and make this an argument against their fitness to exercise the franchise, unless he can at the same time show that a better choice was in their power, and rejected; and that they choose their leaders worse than many enlightened bodies, enjoying the franchise, do representatives to Parliament. If the choice of leaders were the test of the People's intelligence, this were an argument for disfranchising two-thirds of the present Electors. But the Chartists have no choice in their power. Like other men in similar emergencies, they take the best instruments they can obtain for their immediate purpose. Their confidence may sometimes be unworthily bestowed ; but it is placed in men who sympathize with them, and who have, or affect to have, a community of interests and objects. And when have the people ever either acted ungratefully to their real friends, or rejected, as guides and leaders, men of ability, integrity, and moral weight, who were willing to act with them, and for them ? Again, the means by which they pursue their objects are severely censured by those who never once condescend to point out what better means they might adopt. Are they to be blamed for not submitting to be made the tools of a party, or even for interfering with party arrangements,—for creating a sensation where they despair of producing a moral conviction. The success of Joseph Sturge, single-handed, and in a few months, shows what may be done among the intelligent people—among the Chartists, by those on whose integrity they can rely, and who go those lengths in reform, short of which they can have no hope of any permanent improvement in their social condition. And this is their great object, as in reason it ought to be. Along with censure and reproach, we should like, at all times, to see practical suggestions for better plans of organization, and wiser, though equally energetic modes of pursuing their ends.

Disheartening as is the political aspect of the times, and dark and dismaying as are the domestic prospects of the country, there are a few insulated facts, which, viewing them also as indications, afford ground of gratulation. The most eminent is the spontaneous choice of Mr. Hume, by the Montrose Burghs, (though to the disturbance of certain well-understood Whig arrangements;) and a sincerity in the pursuit of real reform, now evinced by many of the adherents of the late Whig Government, which leaves it, as an Opposition, very far behind. Of an organized Parliamentary Liberal Opposition, so far as the mere Whigs are concerned, there is indeed no appearance. On party measures, or finance questions,—as whether it shall be by a modified Sliding Scale, or a fixed duty of eight shillings, that the People's food shall be taxed ; whether timber or sugar be the fairer subject of taxation, there is diversity, or pretended diversity, of opinion ; but on every fundamental principle,—on everything bearing on those organic changes which Reformers consider vital and essential, there is the greatest harmony. In opposing the prayer of the Chartists' Petition, the Whig and the Tory Leader marched hand in hand, like the united Majesties of Brentford, frowningly. In past times the Whig leaders might have urged that the People should be heard for their distress, if not on the ground of their fancied rights ; but now they can be heard in the House of their Representatives upon no plea whatever. Mr. Roebuck is so unfortunate as an advocate, that in pleading that their prayer to be heard should be granted, he makes out, to the satisfaction of Sir Robert and Lord John, a case why it should not be heard.

Another, and the last of Sir Robert Peel's great trials, is approaching, in the attempt to continue the Whig Poor Law. The Home-Secretary has officially assumed the odium of announcing its continuance. After considerable bluster, honest and hypocritical, it will, by the aid of the Whigs, be carried, and, in fact, more firmly fixed upon the country than ever; never to be shaken off, until some of the principles found in the Chartist Petition are not only discussed, but the law of the land. Having in a few months bestowed upon the People the blessing of a new Bread-Tax, a Poor-Law of which every one admits the extreme harshness, and an oppressive and odious Income-Tax, nothing more remains to be done to render Sir Robert's first Session memorable and illustrious, save the vigorous prosecution, upon a grander scale, of two expensive wars in the East,—wars which few venture to justify in their commencement, either from policy or principle, and which surely will not improve in character, when, from unwise, aggressive, and wasteful, they shall also become merciless and vengeful. The moral sense of the nation will, we trust, be strongly expressed upon this matter, whatever is sanctioned by the Parliament.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1842.

THE NATIONAL DISTRESS.

Has Sir Robert Peel, when looking round on the unparalleled distress which surrounds him, the leisure and the courage to ask, Where is all this to end? to inquire if the present is one of those ordinary periods of distress which, from time to time, occur in the history of every ill-governed country; and of which the symptoms, after they have reached a certain height, gradually mitigate and finally disappear, to be succeeded in a few years by another and another of those periodical visitations which are tacitly charged against Providence, and never imputed to the true cause, namely, to the ignorance, blindness, and selfishness of those who claim, as of divine right, to administer the affairs of the world for their own advantage? Is it this temporary visitation, or is the present distress of a more inveterate and permanent character?

The universal and dreadful suffering which at presents pervades the country, which is felt by the great body of the labouring classes in the extreme of privation, and among too many of them in actual starvation,—and by the middle orders either in diminution of capital, narrowed means, bankruptcy, or complete ruin; has this character to distinguish it from former periods of national distress, that its advances have been insidious, and gradual, but steady. Often checked and repulsed by the enterprise and energies of science, capital, and industry, it has yet, during twenty-five years of peace, been gaining ground, until now that the floods surround us, and leave but little hope of escape. Do the men who assume to guide the destinies of this falling country, really believe that, acting upon their present system, trade and commerce will again revive and reach their former degree of prosperity; or even the state when from time to time they flourished, in spite of bad legislation, through their native strength?—or have the reflecting part of the governing class quietly made up their minds to see England by an accelerated movement, now fairly begun, sink into a second or a third-rate state, consisting of a few overgrown landed-proprietors and monied men, co-existing with a miserable population; without a middle order, entirely without manufactures, and with only a scanty, precarious, colonial commerce, suffering gradual decay and final extinction;—into, in short, a Genoa, a Venice, or, at best, a Holland? For this result those of the aristocracy must be prepared, who, being at all capable of reflection and forethought, yet cling to that pernicious and damning policy which has effectually crippled, and which, if persisted in, must shortly destroy the best resources of the country. Of the effects of that fatal policy, the much canvassed measures just carried by Sir Robert Peel, while they inflict considerable suffering upon individuals of the middle class, can prove at best but a temporary alleviation. And, indeed, altogether the effect of his measures is doubtful. The best that can be affirmed, is, that the changes in the Tariff, if they should do little good, can do no great harm. No man, not even the author of these changes, dares flatter himself that such petty alterations are speedily to repair the wide-spread calamities of even the last season; when distress has grown to so fearful a height, that even the wise and the courageous shrink from looking it in the face; and well-meaning humane persons, of limited understanding, are left to propose foolish or desperate temporary expedients. The causes of national decay, to be followed, it is but too probable, by social, and, not improbably, by violent disorganization, have been much longer at work than appears to be generally suspected. The ultimate consequences of unwise laws, and grinding taxation, with their concomitant undermining effects, have from time to time been lost sight of in the glare shed by a fallacious momentary prosperity. But even those intermissions have become so rare that people begin to despair of their ever returning again. They may and must still occur, those seasons of mitigation, once and again; Sir Robert Peel may reach the end of his power or of his life, and receive the congratulations of the country upon the happy effects of his policy; and yet while the present system is maintained, there can be nothing stable and safe, certainly nothing happy in the condition of a people, where the only alternation known to the industrious classes are whole starving or half starving, low wages with provisions kept by iniquitous legislation at a monopoly price, or half employment eked out by the dole of voluntary or extorted charity. Such at best are the future prospects of English industry under the Corn-laws and the Parliaments which maintain them. At present we hear of people *living*—but this is an abuse of the word—of skilful and industrious men *languishing* and *dying* upon 8½d. a-week. These things are openly stated in Parliament; and are

not attempted to be denied by those who are, to a very great extent, the authors of the misery complained of; and who affect, forsooth, to pity the consequences of their own cruel injustice, while they obdurately refuse to redress the evils they have inflicted.

But times may mend, may become prosperous, and the weekly earnings of industry may increase to twice, or thrice, or ten times 8½d., and hunger not be so extreme as at present among the population—the "*surplus* population,"—how significant a phrase is that!—and yet the condition of the people in those happy, prospective periods may still require amelioration. Hitherto they have demanded but bare justice: that their industry should be unfettered; that they should be permitted to labour, and to exchange the fruits of their labour for their own advantage, and according to their own judgment, ever the most enlightened guide in every man's personal affairs; that they should have some voice in the direction of their own affairs, and some fair share of control in the distribution of the common stock to which they contribute in by far the largest proportions. These demands appear reasonable enough at any time, when quietly made; but at this time when, for want of what they pray for—for want of free trade, of an equal participation of common rights, they say that they perish, with what grace, waving the question of justice, are their prayers refused?—nay, even the poor boon of inquiry into their distress, which, though it could not improve their condition, might soothe their feelings. What a strange, blunt, and yet two-edged argument did the Duke of Wellington use when refusing the inquiry which Lord Kinnard urged into the causes of the distress! A Parliamentary inquiry might make the people flatter themselves that some idea was entertained of repealing the Bread-tax, with the hope of their sufferings being mitigated by the revival of trade; and his Grace was therefore too honest, too straightforward, to countenance any such fallacious notion. He would stick by the Bread-tax; and really, as he very truly if cavalierly intimated, what could it signify to the people what the price of wheat was, when they had no money to buy bread! The Duke of Wellington, and those of his order who betray their callous feelings by sallies and inadvertencies of this sort, have surely no proper idea of the exasperated state of the public mind. They may be taught a lesson by and by! The rebellion of free opinion they have long defied and affected to despise; but "the rebellion of the belly" is a matter more urgent. The same mental power and activity which enables a man to form an enlightened opinion upon his own condition, and his political and social wants, restrains his conduct, and ties him down to the use of peaceful means to carry his objects; but blind hunger owns no such restraint. There is nothing doubtful, nothing abstract about its conclusions. It admits of no difference of opinion, and it commands universal sympathy. If the police at Ennis did rashly fire upon a mob actuated by the natural impulse of hunger, all the rest of the world sympathize with, and endeavour to soothe those starving people. And what military or body of police could long be depended upon to suppress any outrage which was perpetrated to feed famishing women and children; or to prevent food from being taken from the country in which it had been raised, and torn, as it were, from between the teeth of the starving people whose industry had produced it? The great landlords, absentees or resident, may indeed go without their rents, the rights of property may be invaded, or the county rates may be burdened to make good the spoliation; but hunger is a keen feeler, a bad reasoner, and no political economist at all. But if the premonitory scenes that have been witnessed in Wexford, Ennis, Galway, and in different parts of England, should become general,—if the example should spread with the cause, what in the next winter have we to look for? The bounty of Heaven gives promise of a plentiful crop; but as the Duke of Wellington, a very Job's comforter, pertinently observed, what is the good of cheap bread to those who have no money to buy bread? And where are they to get money, to get the employment, which—and not the most liberal contributions of charity, the most urgent of Queen's begging letters—can effectually help them even for one short week? Last autumn it was hoped that, with the winter, trade would revive. Then the dead season was allowed to elapse; but in spring business would surely revive. The hope is again deferred; the heart is sick; for there is no rational ground of hope of any general or effectual resuscitation, unless from causes which it seems vain longer to talk about.

It is with heart-rending grief, and almost dismay and despair, that one now opens the provincial papers; and especially those of the districts where the signs of manufacturing and commercial activity and prosperity were in former times the most visible. Famine—or Famine prices in Ireland, in a country which Heaven has blessed with an exuberant fruitfulness—is unhappily of no rare occurrence, though at present it aggravates the sufferings of England and Scotland; but putting Ireland out of view, over what an appalling field of human misery may the eye of the statesman range in England! From the numerous reports which we have within a few days gleaned from the provincial papers, we have selected a few passages as a kind of off-set to the resistance made to Lord Kinnaird's motion for inquiry into the distress, and the Earl of Radnor's for a temporary suspension of the Corn-laws. At midsummer, with a decreasing consumption, and Sir Robert Peel's sliding-scale for a considerable time in operation, and his Tariff called into existence, what is the condition of the people, and what their prospects? Why, the price of the primary necessaries of life rapidly rising in the face of the promise of an abundant harvest, and trade more and more depressed every week. This holds especially of the cotton and linen manufactures, and of all mining concerns, which can hardly be in a worse condition than at present. In many localities above one-half of the factories are closed: in those still open, the work-people have been compelled to accept of such diminished wages as the masters are able to give them. The appalling statements made

by Lord Kinnaird in the House of Peers, when introducing his motion for inquiry into the distress, have not been challenged, although they have been condemned; because inquiry—such inquiry as could be permitted by their lordships—should, it was predetermined, lead to no practical good. Yet these statements may, to some, carry more weight than the reports of local authorities, or of persons imagined to be interested in making out a case for the repeal of the Corn-laws. Having proved the falling-off in the consumption of wheat, Lord Kinnaird adverted to other articles of food, which wont to be considered necessaries in the humblest life, and drew his proofs from different and far-distant localities.

The consumption of groceries and butchers' meat in Leeds was reduced one-fourth: but as the middle and lower classes probably did not consume less, the reduction had fallen on the operative classes; the consumption of butchers' meat was half what it was in 1834. In Manchester the receipts of the grocers and butchers had fallen off forty per cent. in two years. In Rochdale, the quantity of butchers' meat was not half what it was in 1836. In Dundee, in 1836, the weekly number of cattle killed was 150; in May, 1842, it was 71, being a reduction of 79, or more than one-half. The sales of bread, butter, eggs, and sugar, was reduced to one-half. The cheapest and coarsest food was about the same. The diminution in the consumption of meat was not from dearness of price; best meat from November 1835, to May 1836, being 6d. per lb. From November 1841, to March 1842, it was sevenpence per pound, and from March 1842, to this date, it was sixpence per pound. These statements might be doubted; he was, therefore, anxious for a Committee, that he might show upon what grounds they were made. He would now call their Lordships' attention to the actual state of three or four of the principal towns in England, and to one or two in Scotland. Manchester had a population of 192,408. "The amount expended for the relief of the poor in 1836, was £25,669. In the year ending March, 1841, £33,938. But this gives no idea of the extent of the distress. The Rev. Mr. Hearne stated at the conference, that in one district there were 2000 families without a bed among them, and 8666 persons whose income is only 1s. 2½d. each per week. The grocers, butchers, drapers, &c., state that their receipts have fallen off 40 per cent. within the last two years. The total number of patients admitted into the dispensaries in the Manchester district during the last six years ending in 1835, was 54,000. The number admitted during the six years of dear food ending in 1841 was 196,000; an increase of more than 300 per cent. The deaths in the dispensaries during the six years of scarcity showed an increase of 1180 over the mortality of the six years of comparatively cheap food. The average daily number of prisoners in the New Bailey in 1836 was 539; the number has since gradually increased, and last year it was 722. The number committed for trial in 1836 was 1031; in 1841, 1992. Empty houses:—5492 untenanted dwellings, 681 shops, offices, &c.: 6173 houses, shops, &c., assessed at £76,168; 116 mills, works, &c. idle, £10,926; total 6,289, £87,094. The steam-power not at work is 1000 horse power, the yearly value of which is much above £100,000 of unproductive rateable property." In Bolton, containing a population of about 50,000, there are 50 mills, usually employing 8,124 workpeople, of these there are thirty mills, and 5061 workpeople either standing idle or working only four days a-week. Iron founders, engineers, millwrights, and machine makers:—In 1836, the number employed was 2,110; there are employed at present 1325; discharged 785. Carpenters—In 1836, the number employed was 150; at present they are reduced to 49, leaving 101 who are not permanently employed. Bricksetters:—In 1836, the number employed was 130; at present it is reduced to 16. Stonemasons:—In 1836, the number employed was 150; there are 50 employed at present. The estimated loss of wages in Bolton alone, was £320,560 in the year. What could any charitable collection do towards relieving so large an amount of distress? But this had not come upon their lordships suddenly; it had been growing gradually.

The condition of Leeds and Manchester is a fair specimen of the condition of many towns, of Glasgow, Paisley, Sheffield, Dundee. But why enumerate them? It is now three weeks since the above statement was made, and since then distress has burst forth in many other quarters. The alarming riots of the starving people in Ireland have occurred, and Burnley has thrown itself upon the Government; an example which will, and which ought to be followed by other places similarly situated; by communities rendered bankrupt by the distress occasioned by the continued operation of the Corn-laws. If Parliament tie up the people's industry, and grind them with taxation, it should tell them how they are to obtain food, or else provide it for them, and convert the country into one universal work-house. Paragraphs like the following now meet the eye in every provincial paper, together with accounts of public meetings for the relief of the clamorous starving, held by the poor or the straitened in their circumstances:—

Alarming State of the Manufacturing Districts.—This part of the county is in a deplorable state, for hundreds and thousands have neither work nor meat. They are daily begging in the streets of Haslingden, twenty or thirty together, crying for bread. Meetings are held every Sunday, on the neighbouring hills, attended by thousands of poor, haggard, hungry people, wishing for any change, even though it should be death. On Sunday last, a meeting was held on the hills, near Accrington, and the persons present, it is said, covered an acre of 4420 square yards of ground. They stood very near together in order to hear the speakers, who were stationed in a wagon in the centre of the ground, so that calculating six to the square yard, there must have been 26,000 persons present. The speakers, ten in number, were very violent, advising their hearers never to petition Parliament again, but to be determined to have a redress of grievances immediately. Resolutions to that effect were put to the meeting and carried unanimously. The people say they are determined to have their just rights, or die in the attempt, and say they will neither support delegates nor conventions,—for present relief they want, and present relief they will have before another winter makes its appearance. They say they might as well die by the sword as by hunger.—*Correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury.*

Camp meetings of Chartists of the extreme kind are being held in many places, where the denial that violent language has been employed, and the exhortations of the leaders to caution and forbearance in speech, are as decided symptoms of what is passing within their minds as the vapour of words. Bands of distressed artisans in many places parade the streets levying contributions, partly through pity, but as much from intimidation; and this example will spread; nor will the provision riots be confined to Ireland. It would not be worth while to notice cases like the following, stated in the *Leeds Mercury*, if such things were not unhappily but too general; if thousands in Ireland were not keeping soul and body for a time together upon nettles and cabbage leaves, and the yellow weed the Irish consume in dear years at this season, while the starving

English are, for the first time, consuming garbage not fit for dogs :—

DISTRESS AT HOLMFIRTH.—The working-classes in this district were never, taking them generally, in such a state of destitution before. There must be thousands wholly unemployed; and it is distressing to see the hundreds of labouring men who are daily rambling about the country evidently suffering for want of food, and many of them clothed in rags. Judge of their miserable condition from the following facts :—A man was observed a few days since eating grains out of a neighbour's swill-tub. The person who saw him, mentioned the circumstance to another, who asked the poor creature if it were true. "Yes," he said, "hunger drove me there, and I took some home with me to feed my famishing wife and children with!" This week a cow died at New Mill, of milk fever. A person in the neighbourhood bought the carcass, which was dressed as beef,—for what purpose may be guessed at. It was hung in an out-building, but next morning it was found that most of the flesh had been cut off and carried away. Oh! ye famine makers by law, what crime, suffering, and death, ye have to answer for! When will this tide of ruin take a turn? The overseers in several townships are applying for double rates; ruined tradesmen and unemployed workmen are weekly swelling the list of horror; and no one can tell where to turn for hope.

In almost every town, from Inverness to Falmouth, we hear of meetings for the relief of the unemployed poor:—and when are the poor to be employed? when is the need of relief to cease? and from whence, in the meanwhile, are the necessary supplies to come? With many of the middle-class, the burden of the Income-Tax must dry up the source of former bounty to poor neighbours; and even in England, where there is a Poor Law, the highest rate that can be extorted will soon be found quite inadequate to the demand. How are the needy in a place like Stockport, as it is described in the Memorial addressed to the Government by the inhabitants, to be relieved for one half year, although not a thought were bestowed upon replacing the fearful loss and depreciation of property which is going on in those districts. They state,

That there have existed in Stockport numerous sick and burial societies for a long period; there were few individuals of the working classes but what belonged to some one or other of these societies; there were also funeral societies for assisting to inter children, and many were the numbers that belonged to these societies; but since the depression of trade and consequent want of employment, many who were once members are now unable to maintain their membership (although the periodical payments of the members were very small); so that numbers who have been overtaken by sickness, and some who have died, have been cut off from the benefits themselves or their friends would have been entitled to; and it is no unusual thing for those to be buried out of the poor's-rates, or by subscription from benevolent individuals, who would, if trade had remained good, have had the solace of considering that the expenses of their funeral would be borne by funds partly created and supported by the means they enjoyed when work was plentiful, and they were in health to follow the same. That the amount required for the relief of the poor in 1836 and 1837 was £2,628; in 1841 and 1842, £7,126. That since 1836 more than half the master spinners have failed: twenty-nine firms including forty partners are in this list; the machinery of seventeen large mills has been sold by auction, and that of four mills by private contract; eight firms have effected a composition with their creditors. That there are now standing untenanted not less than 3000 dwelling-houses, besides mills, warehouses, and public houses. That in one township alone, viz., Heaton Norris, there are 3500 houses, out of which there are untenanted about 700; there are also nearly 800 compounded for, and 1000 excused from paying rates on the ground of their being too poor; so that the burden of paying the rates falls on no more than 1000 persons, many of these persons being in as bad, and in some instances a worse condition than the paupers themselves. That in February last, there was collected within a few weeks, by some generous and humane individuals, the sum of £5000 for the relief of the suffering poor. That in the week ending 19th February, 1841, the number of families relieved was 3473; the number of individuals, 14,424; the average income per head being 9d. 9–10ths. That owing to the loss of wages consequent upon the stopping of mills, the reduction in the rate of wages by lost time, by reduced number of hands, and the other causes, the total loss to the inhabitants of the borough is £5,483 per week. The cottage and messuage property has depreciated in value, in some instances, as much as 130 per cent., and the average may be fairly taken at 75 per cent. That there are now walking the streets, for want of employment, no less than 5000 persons, who are suffering the extreme of human misery and privations of the most alarming nature; therefore we, your memorialists, respectfully call your attention to these facts, and trust that steps will be immediately taken to relieve the unparalleled distress existing in this borough, and your memorialists will, as in duty bound, pray, &c.

Such in substance is the memorial of the respectable inhabitants of Stockport, agreed upon at a public meeting. By subsequent accounts the distress in that quarter, and in all quarters, is increasing every day; and we may say, in geometrical progression; famine engendering disease and inciting to crime. The following is a recent picture of once flourishing and wealthy Manchester:—

One fact will serve to give an idea of the intensity of the distress here. There is an establishment for distributing soup, which opens at six in the morning. Several hundreds of people surround the place by four o'clock, in order, by being first, to have a chance of receiving some, as the soup, though extensively distributed, is quite insufficient for the numbers who crowd to partake of it. Several failures have taken place this week, which from the respectability and high character of the houses, have thrown much gloom around the place. The *Manchester Guardian*, a remarkably cautious paper, in its state of the market on Wednesday last, observes, "that the condition of the working classes generally throughout the districts in which hand-loom weaving has been extensively carried on, is becoming worse daily; and *the patience with which these privations have hitherto been supported has of late greatly diminished.*" But if matters are in this state in Manchester, in other towns they are much worse. Some idea may be formed of the distress in Bolton when we state that, though the rateable property is £86,000, there is actually but £36,000 which contributes to the rates. In this place there are 14,000 persons on the books receiving support. In Stockport the poor's-rate on the real rental amounts to eight shillings in the pound. In the township of Marsden, between Burnley and Colne, the poor-rate on the real rental is one shilling a-month. Every farmer in that township is ruined. Of 5000 people in that district, 2000 are without any means of support. When a mill is vacant, no one will venture on it for fear of the poor-rate. One business has been mentioned to us, which would have to pay £1000 a-year in poor's-rate. In Leeds, at the beginning of the distress, the poor-law guardians had a saving of £10,000 to fall back on, but that has long ago been exhausted. A number of hands are thrown out of employment, and the difficulty of supplying the necessitous with food is every day increasing. Some time ago £7000 was raised by the wealthier classes to meet the exigency; but all attempts to raise more is given up. The paupers actually beset the houses. They go about in bands, demanding relief in a tone which implies that it must be given. The distress of what may be called

the better classes, who are ashamed to solicit charity, and conceal their sufferings, is awful. In some of those houses which have been entered, the people have been found boiling nettles to make a meal of them. In this, as well as all the other towns of the manufacturing districts, the pawnbrokers have advanced money till they can advance no more—the articles pledged are never redeemed—and the trade of pawnbrokers cannot be carried on. In Macclesfield one great manufacturer is discharging hands at the rate of about two hundred a-week, and he expects soon to have two thousand persons thrown out of employment. In Scotland, both in the west and east, the distress exceeds description. In all the manufacturing towns of England, there are numbers of persons who have what is called a "foreign settlement," and who must be thrown on their parishes; but there is nothing which these poor creatures dread so much as being sent back to the agricultural districts. We understand that in a few days a report will be received from Manchester on the state of the retail trade, containing the most astounding facts. Many shopkeepers of the second grade have not for months taken as much money as would pay for their gas. Chorlton union work-house (Manchester) is filled with the wives and families of men going, or who have gone, to America, in quest of employment.

The same observations apply to Bradford, Leicester, Nottingham, and indeed every manufacturing town in Lancashire or Yorkshire.

We hear on all hands of renewed voluntary subscriptions, of deputations from the manufacturing districts, one of which from Yorkshire is at present importuning the most eminent of the Tory aristocracy to take compassion upon their starving, wretched fellow-countrymen; but unless the effectual remedy be applied, of what value beyond the day and the hour is any palliative measure which does not arrest the progress of the gangrene? It is not a season of dull trade with which the country has to contend; but against the gradual decay, the downward tendency, the undermining of the manufacturing system, which has been at work for many years back. When we perceive that even the small temporary relief craved by Lord Radnor is refused, what ground of hope remains from the Famine Parliament, unless it shall be found more accessible to fear than to pity and justice. Lord Kinnaird only spoke the strongest natural sentiments of the human heart, when he avowed, before his Peers, that, if in the place of those suffering men, he would not see his children perish of hunger before his eyes while there was food within his reach to which he could help himself; and he only said what Nature herself approves.

He had lately asked a gentleman connected with a town in which distress existed, how it was that the people had borne their sufferings with such patience, for he thought if he had seen his children perishing around him from want—if he had seen the felon in gaol better treated than the person willing to work—sooner than submit to this, he thought he would have gone and helped himself—(laughter.) This might be a laughing matter for their Lordships comfortably seated on these benches, but it was no laughing matter to those who suffered from the distress. When he asked that gentleman how it was that the people had been so patient, he was answered, "If the bread had been taken from you suddenly, you might have gone and helped yourself; but if you had been gradually reduced to starvation, and weakened from not getting food sufficient to support the energies of nature, you would have become reckless, and would not have cared to see your children perishing around you." Now this, he believed, was the truth—the horrible truth.

A horrible truth indeed. But Englishmen have yet energy enough left to right themselves, and peacefully, if peace be possible.

Before the prorogation of Parliament, which, now that Sir Robert has accomplished his own objects, may be expected earlier than usual, another effort is to be made to force upon the Legislature the reconsideration of the all-important question of Free Trade in food. A special meeting of deputies from the Anti-Corn Law Associations is summoned by the council of the League. The country "cannot brook the delay of another eight months," which must elapse before Parliament shall reassemble. It can ill brook the delay of one hour. We would fain hope that, when the harrowing details to which we have adverted are formally brought under the notice of government and the legislature, together with the danger of simultaneous rioting or insurrection in the manufacturing districts, and in Ireland, to which men, inclined to be peaceful, and willing to work, are goaded by actual hunger,—some temporary relaxation of the Corn-Laws may be granted, and the interval employed to abolish them for ever—as utterly incompatible with the prosperity of the country, as with its internal quiet. Between the people and these laws there is henceforth deadly warfare. They ought to be abolished, were it but for the odium in which they are held, and as a peace-offering to the famishing millions who attribute to them their misery, and seek the suffrage mainly as the instrument of their destruction.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. VII.—THE SONG OF JULY.

"Pho! how hot! how very hot!" you cry, "this is quite horrid!"
'Tis I that breathe upon you, I, July the dry and torrid.
I started from Sahara wide, and baited at Morocco;
Thence, swept the haughty midland sea on wings of the Sirocco.
Sirius bears my torch on high, earth holds no thing I char not,
The wide heath is my Congreve-box, the forest old my Arnott.
The tall rye I will scorch and parch, till his rough beard is yellow;
And roast the pear in his rough skin, until the rogue is mellow.
I'll stop your springs, and dry your wells, and make your rivers shallow,
And lay the rushes in the marsh, dead on the prostrate mallow.

Ay! do that I will;
While you shall pant
Like elephant
Toiling up a hill.
Drouth shall make you wish to booze
For ever;
Fatigue invite you to a snooze
Come never!
For ordure-fed flies, my own hybrids,
In your mouth ever anxious to drown,
Shall dance a Scot's fling on your eyelids,
The moment sleep coaxes them down,
Then hover till Sampson's dread weapon is dropping,
And the moment occurs o'er it safe to be hopping.

LIFE OF GENERAL MACKAY.*

Some years since, a small edition, in quarto, of the "Memoirs of General Mackay,"—the Prince of Orange's Mackay, William the Third's distinguished commander,—was given to the world by the very estimable and amiable man, long known and much beloved in the society of Edinburgh, as "Blind Mr. Mackay," who was the General's male representative. The relationship is of course distant, and not very easily understood, nor indeed of much consequence to any one, save a Highland genealogist, or perhaps one connected with the family of Scoury. The work was compiled from memoirs found in the Advocates' Library, and from the General's official correspondence. It is, however, devoid of the first charm of all biography. It is an account of the campaigns of the commander-in-chief in Scotland, Ireland, and the Netherlands, and not a history of the man. The narrative of the General's Scottish campaign, which, in a military view, terminated at Killiecrankie, is, however, as full of interest to Scotsmen, as the Irish campaign must be to natives of Ireland. Of General Hugh Mackay of Scoury, it is enough to say, that he entered the military service of Charles the Second, and afterwards studied the art of war in France, under the Prince of Condé and the Great Turenne. These were the Dugald Dalgetty times; and Captain Mackay was employed by the Republic of Venice, then at war with the Turks, and received a medal for his services at Candia. The death of his father and of two elder brothers, opened to him the succession to the family estate, of which the rent-roll might not have been even then a vast amount of *punds Scots*, as the young soldier did not return to take possession. He next served as a captain in Dumbarton's regiment, (now the Royals or First Regiment of Foot,) when he fought for France against the United Provinces. While his regiment made part of the division commanded by Turenne, Captain Mackay chanced to be billeted upon a respectable and pious widow lady at Bommel in Guelderland, and became attached to one of her daughters. Madame de Bie was unwilling to bestow her child upon the Scottish officer—grave, serious, and steady, as he appeared—while he fought against her country and the Reformed religion. He had doubts himself of the justice of the cause for which he fought; and he was, holding the same rank, at his own request transferred from Dumbarton's regiment, to the Scotch Brigade which was in the service of the States-General. He then married Clara de Bie; and was thenceforth, in effect, a Dutchman. The paternal estate was subsequently sold to Lord Reay, his brother-in-law, and the chief of the clan. The rest of General Mackay's public life is the subject of history. Of private information little or none has been obtained. He was mortally wounded in the battle of Steinkirk, and died on the field in the arms of a faithful and devoted clansman—a Mackay—who had followed his chieftain through many a campaign. Mackay bore a high and irreproachable character. He was devoutly religious; of strict moral principles; and a brave, steady, and prudent, if not a brilliant, military chief. But, to us at least, the Memoir of the author of the General's Life is far more interesting than that of his illustrious kinsman. While this edition was in course of printing, Mr. Mackay died at an advanced age; and a sketch of his life is prefixed to the annals of the General's campaigns. Much of it is extracted from "Family Annals," which Mr. Mackay had composed at different periods of his long life; and delightful and instructive annals they are. There must have been much virtue and happiness, and also great *comfort*, in Sutherland, long before its agriculture was improved, and everything had thriven, save the men and women. The old statistical account of the parish of Lairg, of which "Blind Mr. Mackay's" father and grandfather (gentlemen by birth and connexion) were successively ministers, during a period of nearly a century, must differ vastly from the present one.

Mr. Mackay, the eldest son of the minister, and author of this work, received a classical education at the Grammar School of Inverness, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh. He was intended to succeed his father and grandfather as the minister of Lairg, and he became a tutor in the family of Lord Elphinstone. Among his college friends were Sir James Mackintosh, Malcolm Laing, Benjamin Constant, and Thomas Addis Emmet, to whom he clung with the warmest feelings of friendship when that unfortunate gentleman was kept for years a State prisoner in the fortress of Fort-George. At the age of twenty-nine all his prospects were blighted by a total bereavement of sight. Yet the remainder of his long and useful life seems to have been spent with a greater share of happiness than often falls to the lot of ordinary men. He possessed a highly cultivated and a pious mind, and a singularly amiable and kindly disposition. He was the father of the orphan, the friend of the poor, and the delight of society. Of two younger brothers, Hugh fell in the battle of Assaye, a captain of cavalry, after serving for twenty years in India, and realizing a handsome fortune. His considerate generosity and filial affection had long contributed to the comforts of the manse; and his fortune, after his untimely death, formed a competence for his blind brother. The third son, a mariner in the Indian seas, must be known to many of our readers from his popular "Narrative of the loss of the Juno," of which he was the second officer, and one of the few survivors of the wreck. But our small space must be reserved for a picture of Highland life, of an aspect somewhat new to those who conceive of Highlanders only as boisterous chieftains, and rude or servile *gillies*. Mr. Mackay's mother died in the manse of Lairg in giving birth to her eleventh child. He says—

"She died on the 9th November, 1773, a dark and dismal day, which time can never efface from my memory, nor the scene of her funeral amidst the tears and lamentations of our neighbours and the parishioners. Five only of her children survived our mother. My eldest sister was at school, and kind friends resolved to relieve our father of us all for a time; a worthy old couple, not under fourscore years, carried off my brother Hugh and myself. They were the quintescence of old-fashioned hospitality and kindness; and not even now, after the lapse of sixty years, can I recollect the kindness of both without emotion; and it has been to us a source of great enjoyment, that we have been able to testify our remembrance of it to many of their descendants.

"From the period of our mother's death, our father's health, which had always been delicate, began sensibly to decline; so that he appeared gradually to sink under

* 12mo, cloth: with Portrait of General Mackay. London: Bell.

the infirmities of a premature old age, aggravated by this domestic affliction. During a great part of the year, he was prevented, by bodily ailment, from taking exercise. His house was out of repair, pervious to wind and rain, and the room he occupied close and comfortless. His worldly affairs, too, fell into disorder, from various causes, chiefly from the want of our mother's judicious management, without doors as well as within. These things preyed on his spirits; he believed his end approaching, and could not contemplate without pain the prospect of leaving five orphans destitute and uneducated. Like David, however, 'he strengthened himself in the Lord,' and as his earthly comforts gave way, he kept closer communion with his God.

"He frequently quoted, and made us repeat, such passages from the Bible as the following:—'I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the seed of the righteous begging his bread;' and, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

"Our father had begun in some degree to recover his spirits after our mother's death, when it pleased God to visit him with another calamity, different in kind, and far less poignant in degree, but one, nevertheless, which put his faith and patience to a severe test. On the 27th of December, 1774, his cow-house was consumed by fire. Hugh and I only of the children were at home; we were in bed, when the cry reached us that the cow-house was on fire. We huddled on our clothes, and ran out to the spot. It was almost day-break, and never shall I forget the awful spectacle that presented itself to our view. The roof had fallen in, burying in its ruins thirty-five head of fine cattle—all our stock—the whole were consumed, and the flame was ascending to the skies with terrific grandeur. All the neighbours soon flocked to the spot. Amongst others, the son of the worthy pair who had taken us to their home and their hearts when we lost our mother. I well remember his words: 'Come, neighbours, we must build another byre for the honest man, and stock it as fast as we can;' and his pledge was redeemed: and it is a curious fact, taking into view the humble state of our fortunes then, that the kindness shown to our father at this time, has been repaid by his descendants to the families of all the contributors, we except, of course, the families of Sutherland and Reay, who each sent gifts of fine cattle. Our father was from home the night of the fire, and did not return till the forenoon after. His prayer at night made a deep impression on us all, but what I remember best is, that when we sat down to our supper of porridge and milk, he observed what an abundant supply of milk was on the table, sent in by the neighbours; then, for the first time, his fortitude gave way, and we all burst into tears. Never, before or after, perhaps, were we so amply supplied with dairy produce as during that winter. The cow-house was soon rebuilt and stocked.

A few years afterwards, the minister's stable and kitchen were burnt down, and the furniture of the latter destroyed. The minister bore this fresh accident with great Christian fortitude, though it was at the time a serious loss to him.

"The accommodations of the Sutherlandshire clergy were, in the last century, exceedingly scanty; and, in some instances, provided entirely at their own expense. It was so at Lairg; for, with the exception of £50 granted in 1750, not a shilling had been contributed by the proprietors, for the accommodation of the incumbents, till towards the close of our father's life, about which period a more liberal system commenced. When this circumstance is taken into account, with the very small stipend, his advanced age, and infirmities, his pecuniary difficulties in consequence, also the conflagration just mentioned having taken place in the dead of the winter, the foregoing will not seem an exaggerated expression of the distress occasioned.

"He was not forsaken by the God in whom he confided, but lived to have every comfort amply supplied by his second son, Hugh, while he was saved, by predeceasing him a few months, the overwhelming anguish which the news of his fall on the field of Assaye would have occasioned him."

After recording other circumstances respecting his revered father, Mr. Mackay concludes his notice of his character thus: "During the summer of 1797, the small-pox raged in the parish, and carried off twenty-five children in a few weeks, threatening the lives of many others. My father had for two years employed an assistant. On this occasion, being then in his 80th year, he preached his last sermon, a seasonable and most consoling discourse, from these words of Job:—'Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?' Though his great age, and increasing infirmities, rendered him unable to appear in public, yet in private he continued as assiduous as ever, exhorting, comforting, and praying with such of his parishioners as called on him. Having known them from their birth, he was intimately acquainted with their character, and to the last took a lively interest in their concerns. He had a clear understanding in temporal as well as spiritual matters, and his people frequently consulted him on the former, requesting him to act as arbiter in their differences. He had some skill in physic, a qualification which greatly promotes the usefulness of a minister amongst an isolated people; naturally humane and tender-hearted, he had always been liberal to the poor, in proportion to his means; and now that these were increased by the filial duty of his son Hugh, he was enabled to extend his charity. In a word, he was a fine example of what the English call a good parish priest,—the friend, the counsellor, the physician of the souls and bodies of his people."

This was in the old times of the Highlands; yet were they not so very barbarous, nor the Sutherlandshire people so very wretched and ignorant, as has been generally supposed by those political economists who hail the late sweeping and often cruel changes in that desolated country as so many social beatitudes.

In the character of his father's parishioners, and the tie which subsisted between pastor and people, there was much to foster the warm and active benevolence implanted by nature in his heart. To his grandfather, the people owed their civilisation, as well as their knowledge of the Gospel; and the order established, and the seed sown by him, were prayerfully maintained and nourished by his son,—father and son having lived as pastors over the parish eighty-nine years. Both had received a very liberal education, and were deep divines, as well as sound in faith, and holy in their characters.

The parish had been fortunate in its schoolmasters; the people were intelligent and in very comfortable circumstances, a fact which has more to do with human character, and the consequent strength and glory of a nation, than is usually considered. Primitive and simple as possible in their manners and wants, every family abounded in food and clothing, had wherewithal to give to the needy, and had leisure to think, to meditate on what their minister told them on the Sabbath, and on the works of creation by which they were surrounded in much beauty and grandeur.

The manse family stood first in the respect and love of each cottage household; all were known and recognised as friends at the manse. The unlimited range for cattle and sheep which the parishioners enjoyed rendered the bestowing on their pastor of marks of regard (the tributes of grateful reverence and warm affection,) as easy as it was gratifying to their self-respect, and to the kindliness of their nature.

Before he lost his sight, Mr. Mackay had procured a good appointment in India, which he lost from a severe and long-continued typhus fever, which prevented his embarking with the official person whose secretary he was to be. There is no more amiable trait in the character of this excellent person than his steadfast adherence to his early friend, Emmet, at a period when it

was neither prudent, nor indeed quite safe, to know political rebels, or Irishmen of any complexion, save Orange. Emmet, his college friend in Edinburgh, had, in London, been his tender and assiduous attendant during his typhus fever.

And afterwards the proscribed and imprisoned, but still esteemed and loved, Irish rebel, was sought out by him; for political opinions could not sever the tie formed by esteem for great personal and mental worth, superior talents, and most engaging manners, and grateful remembrance of great kindness shown in a time of need. These feelings naturally induced Mr. Mackay to leave no means untried to gain access to his friend while a state prisoner at Fort-George; and, though the nearest approach allowed by the authorities, was intercourse with Mrs. Emmet and the children, and correspondence with Mr. Emmet under inspection of the governor of the fort, he had the happiness of cheering the sad period of imprisonment, as expressions in several letters of Mr. E.'s testify. In a letter to a friend, Mr. M. writes, "I must add an extract from a letter I lately had from Emmet; he says, 'I should be tempted to inquire from you after many old acquaintance, but that I do not know whether they might not consider being named by me, in the way of familiarity, as a possible injury.' . . I went to Fort-George in hopes of obtaining an interview with him; I waited on the governor with a letter I had received three years before from Emmet, by way of showing the nature of our connexion. He told me he could not permit an interview, but that I might write, which I accordingly did, and had an immediate answer. The governor (General Stewart) added, that he had already formed a high opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Emmet, and regretted their situation. He behaved to me with great politeness, and by no means blamed, rather approved of my anxiety about my friend, and has permitted me to correspond with him freely, through his hands." . . . One or two paragraphs from a letter written by Mr. E., in the expectation of an immediate change of abode, we are tempted to transcribe, as characteristic both of the writer and of the person addressed. "If we can draw any inference from the precipitate manner we were hurried out of Ireland, I should imagine the notification to us of our removal from hence being resolved on, will not long precede the executing of it, and that, therefore, it will be certainly out of my power to give you any timely notice of it; so that, much as I wish to see you, if that be practicable, and at any rate to acknowledge to you, through Mrs. Emmet, the strong sense I entertain of your unaltered friendship and great affection—(and I wish the opportunity of doing this before I leave your neighbourhood, probably for ever, more than I can well tell you)—it will scarcely be possible, unless your time permit you to come here before the notification arrives. At any rate, my dear Mackay, accept of this acknowledgment. What is to become of me, or for what I am destined, I know not; but in no place, or under no circumstances, shall I ever forget, that when I was proscribed and a prisoner, slandered without the means of vindicating my character, you held fast by your former friendship for me, and your previous knowledge of my dispositions. You loved me, and did not hesitate to give the most decisive proofs of it. Mrs. Emmet and I both request you to present our most sincere and respectful compliments to your venerable father; she, in particular, has to thank him for being the means of cheering and improving her mind, and opening it to all the pleasures of hope. Believe me, my dear friend, unalterably and affectionately yours."

Duly to estimate the reality of friendship evinced by this renewal of intimacy, it must be borne in mind, that during that period, (from 1799 to 1802,) and for several years preceding, the professing any sympathy with, or regard for, those who were suspected of disaffection to government, involved the individual in suspicion, and not unfrequently in very injurious consequences, through the artful malice of informers. Mr. Emmet was fully aware of this danger in the case of his friend, then receiving a pension from the India Board, in consequence of the loss of his sight, and wrote to him, entreating that he would not run any risk on his account, assuring him that his confidence in his friendship would continue unabated, should he never receive another letter or token of regard from him. Mr. Mackay, however, continued to visit Fort-George as long as his friends were there, and spent many interesting hours with Mrs. Emmet.

How this generous man must have enjoyed his friend's honourable and prosperous career in America. The last we hear of Emmet is connected with the crowning blessing of his friend's life.

"I spent two days with him at Fort-George, and reckon that he is about this time embarking for Hamburgh with his fellow prisoners, on board a frigate sent for that purpose, never again to be permitted to return to Ireland, on pain of death, in virtue of an act of the Irish Parliament. How they can be excluded from Britain I know not, unless the Imperial Parliament, before it expire, pass an act to that effect. I found him in perfect health and spirits, but not so her; she was recently delivered of a daughter, whom she endeavoured to suckle, but seemed to have no constitution for the undertaking. From Hamburgh he goes to America, where he is sure of being well received by Jefferson, and where I have little doubt, he may one day rise to eminence," (this anticipation was amply fulfilled:) "should you and I live to hear the event, what a striking proof it will afford of the vicissitudes of human affairs, and what strange reflections will not the remembrance of the years 1788-98 suggest to our minds! To come nearer home,—as to myself I feel as in a state of widowhood since the loss of my sister, who removed to her own house at Loth last week, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of the whole parish. To me, the blank her departure has made is such as none but a wife can fill up, and a wife I cannot have at present."

But the blank was filled up. He married the youngest daughter of Mr. Gordon of Carrol, a small proprietor in Sutherlandshire; and, after living for some time in London, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay settled in Edinburgh, where their home became the asylum of a succession of orphan nephews and nieces, whose education the accomplished blind man superintended with heartfelt enjoyment to himself, and immeasurable advantage to those whose minds he trained for Time and for Eternity. By his acquaintance and connexion with persons possessed of Indian and other colonial patronage and influence, he was able to be of great use to many young men "now acting important parts in different quarters of the globe." Among the other protégés of Mr. and Mrs. Mackay was one half-caste orphan boy, a nephew, and probably the son of William. From various causes, all of a generous and honourable kind, Mr. Mackay's fortune, towards the close of life, became somewhat embarrassed; and then—

By the grateful affection of the orphan nephew above alluded to, his then aged uncle, suffering under increasing infirmities, was released from embarrassment, and restored to all the comforts of competency; and a now widowed aunt amply provided for. Truly could they say, and rejoice in the reflection, that their parental care and culture of this half-caste orphan boy was repaid to them a hundred-fold, and it might be well if their experience should encourage others not to mark by contumely, and neglect of the unoffending offspring, their detestation of sin, but rather to atone to those hard-fated beings, and to society, as far as possible, by rearing them up "in the way in which they should go," as to their eternal and temporal wellbeing.

This is an example and an encouragement.——But we have been led too far by this engaging memoir, and must hastily conclude by cordially recommending the Life of Mr. John Mackay to those who may not care much for the campaigns of his illustrious kinsman—King William's great General.

HYMN.—BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

TUNE.—*Luther's Hymn.*

"To live in vain! to live in pain!
To toil in hopeless sadness!"
Is this the doom of godlike man,
Oh God of Love and Gladness!
Not so the rose in summer blows,
Not so the moon her changes knows,
Not so the storm his madness.

From storms, that rock the oak to sleep,
Thy woods their beauty borrow;
Thy harvests, shrouded now in snow,
Will kindle green to-morrow;
So Man, by painful ages taught,
Will build, at last, on truthful thought,
And wisdom, won from sorrow.

Else, "what a lie were written here"
By thy right hand, My Father,
O'er all thy seas, in crimson roll'd
When Morning is a bather;
O'er all thy vales of growing gold;
Or where, on mountains black with cold,
Thy clouds to battle gather!

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(Continued from page 356 of our June No.)

CHAPTER IX.

NEVER had Basil Annesley installed himself before the fire of his lodgings in so desponding a mood as after his interview with Abednego. Not a single point or person whereon he could fix his thoughts with complacency, by way of relief! After a visit to his mother, in which he had been made to feel himself an unwelcome guest, after becoming an ear-witness to the ravings of the old gardener, which he would have given worlds to efface from his memory, he had been spurned from the door which he had a right to approach as a benefactor, and where he would nevertheless have been proud to kneel in all the self-sacrificing humility of love!—

His mother, he knew to be exposed to the most harassing and painful duties.—The family of Verelst appeared to be distracted by some peculiar contrariety of fortune, of which he was unable to surmise the origin. And now, his benefactor, the man for whom, involuntarily, he entertained at once the greatest interest and greatest contempt, was suffering from a dangerous disease.—In neither of the three cases could he exercise a beneficial influence. Gladly would he have dedicated all the means at his command, to alleviate the pangs of any of the three. But he was powerless as a child.—All he could do was to sympathize in silence, and at a distance.—

To say that no floating visions of the Duca di San Catalda mingled with his many vexations, would be disingenuous. It was doubtless no small enhancement to the miseries of his position that, while excluded from the house of Verelst, he believed another to be favoured with access;—another, rich, great, powerful,—able to confer favours fifty times greater than the poor services he had rendered, and perhaps to make them acceptable by graces of deportment, in which he felt himself to be lamentably deficient. In the depths of his reverie, poor Basil seemed to behold passing before him, as in a dream, all that was occurring at Barlingham,—all that was chancing in the drawing-room of Verelst,—all that was exercising a fatal empire in the miserable attic of A. O.!—

So irritated was his mind by these perplexities, that he felt unequal to the exertion of dining at mess; and he accordingly determined to take an early dinner at the Clarendon, and proceed to the play;—the resource of homeless men in London against the publicity of their Club, or loneliness of their lodgings.

Now the play, in the month of January, is as habitual a resort of fashionable loungers as it is secure from their presence the moment the season commences. Scarcely had Basil taken a back seat in one of the public boxes, leaning back with folded arms, for the unmolested enjoyment of his reflections, when an unusual degree of movement and conversation in one of the private boxes attracted his notice, and he perceived that it was tenanted by a party of his brother officers,—Loftus, Blencowe, and Maitland, the old boy Carrington, and the young boy Wilberton,—precisely those whom others would have designated as his "friends."—This was vexatious; for Loftus had invited him to dine with them and join a party to the Adelphi, and they would now perceive that the engagement he had pleaded, was a mere subterfuge to avoid them; for he rightly conjectured that the unusual vociferation in their box was produced by their discovery of his entrance, and ejaculations of indignation at his desertion.

He was consequently as little at his ease at the theatre, as he would have been at home. To his disturbed thoughts, the eyes of the merry party seemed to be constantly upon him. He fancied them still pursuing the system of quizzing which had irritated him the preceding night into the unlucky explanation, the full force of embarrassments arising from which had been demonstrated to him by the officiousness of Carrington, on his way from Arlington Street to the Club.

It was, perhaps, because annoyed by the sort of Inquisition to which he felt himself exposed,—for the laughers had the advantage over him in point both of position and numbers,—that, the moment the curtain dropped upon a tragedy composed of glazed calico, gilt paper, glass beads, cotton velvet, twelve flourishes of trumpets, a voice more uproarious in offering "a kingdom for a horse" than all the twelve put together, and a prompter still louder and more active than both the trumpets and

tragedian, Basil quitted the theatre. He foresaw that the significant smiles and whisperings they had directed towards him during the courtship of Lady Anne and the mild heroism of Richmond, would have double scope during the tumults of the pantomime.

It was a chilly night. The moonlight lay like snow upon the frozen pavement; and that vivid brightness, which in summer seems intended to facilitate happier enjoyment than the glare of day, either for the revellers of this world, or those which, unseen and unsuspected, disport themselves impalpably around us, seemed lost and thrown away on a state of atmosphere that drove both man and beast to shelter. There was nothing to tempt forth fay or fairy,—the sylph to the moonbeam, the undine to the wave. A few shivering mortals crept along the streets despairing,—or by a brisker encounter with the cold, attempted to lessen the evil; and it was impossible to connect the idea of that frozen moonlight with anything but suffering and discontent.—

Even the young blood of Basil was chilled within him; and though, in the course of his musings during the tragedy, he had made up his mind to proceed to Westminster and ascertain that the man whose eccentricities had so enthralled his attention was not wholly without assistance on such a night, yet on emerging from the heated theatre into the frosty atmosphere without, his courage almost failed him.

As he issued from the public door in Bow Street adjoining the private one, a tiger in livery, with a cockade in his hat, touched it to him, and ran to resume his place in the cabriolet he had abandoned to the care of a brother atom in order to gossip with the footmen in the entry. His attention attracted by this irregularity, Basil perceived that two of the cabs in waiting were those of John Maitland and Blencowe, both of which were always at his orders; and aware that neither of them would be in request for two hours to come, he jumped into that of the latter, and having hurried as far as the entrance of Delahaye Street, desired the lad to drive back to the theatre, and await his master,—to whom he was to explain the occurrence. Thus secured from a chilly walk, Basil proceeded, on the opposite side of the pavement, to the house occupied by Abednego; and raised his eyes anxiously towards the attic story.—

Not a gleam of light in the windows,—not a token of habitation!—The old man might have been left alone and fireless, to wrestle with his disease; nay, he might have sunk under it, united with the inclemency of the weather.—It was just possible that the room occupied by the Money-lender might not face the street,—for Annesley had taken no note in the morning of its look-out; but if not, the idea of an old man in a high fever, half suffocated with a quinsy, (a disease of all others demanding the watchfulness of an attendant,) exposed to the chill of that deserted rat-hole, was indeed a picture of desolation.

In spite of the cold, he stood for some minutes wrapt in his cloak, contemplating the quaint old mansion. Then, as if conscious of the absurdity of interfering in the domestic affairs of one to whom he bore so little affinity, and who would probably resent his kindness as importunate or artful, he walked away as far as the corner of the street, on his road homeward.—Again, however, his steps were arrested by a sense of the isolated wretchedness of A. O.!—

"If the old creature should die in the night for want of aid!" murmured he; and, at the supposition, back he hastened to the house, and stepping down to the door, rang gently at the bell.—

Basil was prepared to allow the greatest possible latitude for the deliberation of the little sweeper, to whom, in sending the medicines from the chemist's, he had addressed a message, promising a reward on the morrow, if he adhered to his promise of not quitting the house. He therefore waited quietly at the door, till he conceived the poor urchin had found time to shuffle up stairs from the heap of shavings in the front kitchen, on which he had promised Basil to pass the night,—visiting, from time to time, the chamber-door of the invalid. But when five minutes had elapsed, Basil rang again;—at the end of ten, a third time.—Still, no answer!—

Weary of standing in the cold, he began to exercise his personal observations by examining carefully through the area railings whether light were perceptible through the cracks of the shutters;—the kitchen, in which Bill had promised to station himself, bearing evidence in the name of "front" of being overlooked by the street.—But the most careful eye could detect no straggling gleam betokening habitation.—

"Perhaps the poor boy may have fallen asleep in the cold?" mused Basil, drawing his cloak closer about his ears. "If I were to try and wake him? A stone thrown against the shutter, perhaps, might rouse him up!"

But where was a stone to be found on the frozen pavement of Delahaye Street?—Though St. James's Park, and all its gravel, lay within distance of a stone's throw, Basil might as well have required an "entire and perfect chrysolite" to fling at the shutter, as a single pebble!—After a moment's deliberation, he whistled loudly, in hopes that, if dozing, this signal might reach the ear of the boy.—

In an instant, an answering whistle sounded shrilly from the opposite side of the street, and a rough hand was placed upon his collar!—Basil started round to grapple with his antagonist, but stopped short on noticing the dress of a policeman!—Ere he had time for explanation, two more ran up to the assistance of the first.—

"Hold fast, Bill!" cried one of the new comers, panting for breath.

"I've been watchin' on him this quarter of a hour," cried the original captor,—"seeing as he'd a heye to the parlour winders o' the old Jew. He's been trying skeleton-keys, and what not, at the door.—S'pose we gives the alarm indoors? From his piping up, the chap has maybe got accomplices within?"

"Ay, ay;—a put-up robbery"—

"Jist the flash-cut iv a Wist-ind burglar!"—

cried the third policeman; all three keeping such fast hold of the collar of Basil, as to leave him scarcely breath for explanations, which, even when made, were utterly disregarded.

"A mighty likely story!" exclaimed the constable from Great George Street, who had now come up, in answer to the summons of his subs.—"Gentlemen who come to inquire after the health of other gentlemen do not whistle to the footman down the ary!"—

"Nor try skilliton-kays at the front doore!"—added the third policeman.—

"Besides, the old fellow at this 'ere 'ouse hav'n't e'er a friend as ever anybody hear tell of," observed the original captor;—"and from his anxiousness to have his house watched, I've a notion there's property past common inside."—

"In that case, knock at the door, and give an alarm to have the house searched," said the constable,—"B. 947, will assist in carrying this fellow to the station-house."—

"No assistance will be required,—I am quite willing to proceed there," said Annesley, perfectly composed. "But before I go, I should be glad to learn news of the old gentleman who resides here, who is dangerously ill."

The men, who were holding him as tightly as though Jerry Abershaw or Dick Turpin were in their clutches, now inquired, with expressive gestures, whether he saw any green in their eyes: to which inquiry, Basil replying by an eager renewal of his request addressed to the constable, B. 947, who, apparently less experienced in his calling than the rest, suggested that "no great 'arm 'ud be done by keeping him fast till the door uppen-ed."—

"Do you suppose, Sir, that I require to be obstructed in my dooty by the likes of *you*?" cried the indignant constable.—"I'm answerable to my super'ors, and that's enough. Carry him off!"—said he, addressing the "infer'ors" with the dignity of a Dogberry—"I'll be after you in a jiffy."

Annesley was accordingly compelled to hurry off between the two policemen, without waiting to hear the result of the alarm at the door of A. O. He offered no resistance,—concluding that his explanations at the station-house would produce his immediate release; and was only vexed to perceive, on entering the crowded room, that from the number of charges claiming priority, he should be some time detained.—It was no such pleasant sight to contemplate the number of wretches taken insensible from the door-steps of gin-shops; or, though it still wanted an hour of midnight,—the set of miserable beings,—more miserable from being less insensible, apprehended as wandering homeless in the streets at that inclement season.—Basil Annesley was far from needing Shakspeare's admonishment—

> Take physic, Pomp!—
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

in order to waken his sensibility to the wants of his fellow-creatures: still, till that night, he had been scarcely aware of the nature and amount of wretchedness infesting the streets of the Great Babylon.

At length, his turn arrived; and he was beginning to launch forth into a simple narrative of what had befallen him, when he was authoritatively desired to hold his tongue; and the depositions of the police assumed their due precedence.

Let those who, after listening in either House to a dull debate, consisting of incoherent nothings, hemmed and hawed by one honourable member,—mumbled by a second,—mouthed by a third,—and executed in dumb show by the hands and lips of a fourth, (inaudible in the gallery,)—peruse with wondering eyes on the following morning in the flowing periods of *The Times*, a concentration of the wisdom of Parliament, arranged under the several heads of "The Duke of ——;" "The Marquis of ——;" "The Honourable Member for Finsbury," or the honourable member for no matter-what; as a fair and true representation of the bald disjointed chat of the preceding night,—conjecture the amazement of Basil on hearing a most consistent and plausible narrative of his exploits as a burglar!—His face was recognised by several present as familiar at Marlborough Street; and one more general of information than the rest, facetiously reminded him of his two months at "the Mill!"—

It was rather a relief than a vexation when an examination of his person was ordered, preparatory to his being locked up for the night;—knowing that, instead of the skeleton keys and jemmy imputed to him, the property in his great-coat pockets would confirm the identity he had asserted. When, however, the initials on his handkerchief, and the name inscribed in a pocket-book containing his letters and memoranda, had sufficed, as he fondly imagined, to prove the delinquent of Brixton Mill to be an officer of the Guards, of honourable reputation, and he was anticipating apologies from the Inspector, new grounds of suspicion presented themselves.—The fellow who taxed his face with having been "up a matter o' twenty times at Mobbro' Street," suggested that the "soortoo might have been prigged" from the rightful owner, and worn with all his property, in order to establish an alias for the thief!—

"If you will send a messenger to the Guards' Club, and request Captain Blencowe, whose cab is waiting there, either to drive hither and identify me, or despatch one of my brother officers for that purpose, or even his own servant who accompanied me an hour ago to Delahaye Street, you will perceive that these men have deposed falsely, or rather to thrice as much as the truth!"—said Basil, in a tone that startled the benumbed faculties of the stultified Inspector; and after some further discussion among the deponents, he was locked up to abide the result of the message.

Three quarters of an hour did poor Annesley await the return of the policeman despatched to St. James's Street; in a room reeking with the vapours of gin and tobacco, emitted by three ragged human beings who lay huddled together, two upon a flock bed in a corner of the strong room; the third upon the floor, and breathing so hard and irregularly, as to betoken an apoplectic seizure rather than mere drunkenness. It was in vain he

remonstrated against being placed in collision with these outcasts. The charge of false-witnessing he had made against the police force, exposed him to the utmost rigour of what is called the Law.

At length, when heated and chafed almost to frenzy by this untimely incarceration and revolting companionship, the grating lock intimated that his probation was at an end; and he was summoned back into the police room,—now hotter than ever, and crowded with new committals.

The first objects that struck him, (their Chesterfield wrappers and laughing faces affording a singular contrast to the uniforms of the policemen and filthy tatters of the prisoners,) were Maitland and Wilberton, arm in arm, who, having issued from the supper-table into the frosty air on Annesley's summons, were just sufficiently affected by the cigars and brandy and water they had taken at starting, to enjoy beyond measure the part they proposed to play. Though satisfied by Basil's message of the nature of his scrape, they pretended, on reaching the station-house, to believe themselves summoned at the impudent instigation of an impostor; and the consequence was that, on emerging from the lock-up room, the prisoner found himself treated quite as cavalierly as before.

"Never saw the fellow in my life!" stammered Wilberton, who, more elated than his companion, was delighted at the prospect of the spree proposed by John Maitland, by way of retaliation on Basil's pretended engagement. "Some drunken dog of—of a pickpocket,—who has made fr—free with our names!"—

"It is deuced hard that a gentleman should be disturbed from his supper on such absurd pretences!" added Maitland, assuming an air of drunken indignation.—And Annesley was about to be removed to a cell for the remainder of the night, when something in the rollicking air and exulting tone of the two witnesses, so far attracted the notice of the experienced Inspector, that when Basil, appealing to him in the gentlemanly tone which rarely fails of effect, entreated that the servant or servants who had driven down with the two gentlemen to the Station might be called in, he readily complied. But before Maitland's tiger had time to make his appearance, whose testimony must put an end to the mystery, his master had begun to address Annesley by the name of "old fellow!" and to treat the matter as a joke.

The result was the instant release of the supposed burglar. Nothing had been found upon him confirmatory of the depositions of B 947, who had already sneaked off in anticipation of being given in charge in his turn;—and by way of conciliating the ex-prisoner, who, ere he followed his jocose friends out of the station-house, intimated his intention of lodging a complaint with the magistrates on the morrow, the Inspector acquainted him that, unable to obtain ingress to the house in Delahaye Street, and seriously alarmed for the safety of its inmate, the policemen had attempted to force the door,—the noise of which brought down the old man from his attic, pistols in hand, to certify his own safety.

"Nevertheless," added the Inspector, "the constable, who persuaded him to a parley with the chain up, states that the old gentleman was in such a state of debility that his voice was scarcely audible;—which account, Sir, ought certainly to have induced more belief than I accorded to the motive you adduced for visiting him at so strange an hour."

On his release from the tyranny of the police, Basil determined to return instantly to Delahaye Street; being now certain that the little sweeper had proved false to his charge, and that the miserable old man was left alone.

Just as he was quitting the door of the station-house, resisting the officious offers of a raggamuffin loitering near the door to run and fetch him a cab,—a strange figure appeared at the corner of the street; which, but for its venturing so near the head-quarters of the law, might easily have been mistaken for one of the calling to which Basil had just escaped the imputation of belonging.—But the moon shone too brightly through the clear atmosphere, to admit of any deception in the eyes of Annesley; who instantly discerned in that unsightly form, the individual to whose aid he was hastening, as perhaps on a bed of death!—

"What, in God's name, Sir, has tempted you out in your present state on such a night!"—cried Basil, eagerly accosting him.

But the answer was wholly unintelligible. Abednego leaned heavily against the area-railings of an adjoining house, as if overcome by his feelings or his infirmities, and groaned aloud.

"Fetch a coach!" cried Basil to the fellow who had been importuning him,—perceiving that, short as was the distance to Delahaye Street, there was much doubt whether the strength of the sick man would enable him to retrace his steps;—and while listening to the broken gasps, half invective, half endearment, in which Abednego attempted to express anger at his young friend's officiousness, and indignation at the dilemma into which it had betrayed him, a vehicle rattled up;—and the manner in which the invalid, after being lifted in, sunk breathless into a corner, convinced Basil Annesley that his previous anxieties were not exaggerated.

"It is as much as his life is worth to have encountered the night air on such a night!" burst involuntarily from his lips, as he compared the warm interest entertained in his behalf by the eccentric old Jew, with the desertion of his gay associates;—and a hoarse ejaculation of "MY life!" which escaped the lips of his companion, was the only intelligible sound that reached the ear of Basil till they stopped before the door in Delahaye Street.—

"You must allow me to assist you up stairs," said Basil, as the coachman held open the coach door, and Abednego taking a pass-key from his waistcoat pocket, prepared to open his own.—

"No, no!" muttered the old man,—"I tell you no!—*Who* is to put the chain up after you, when you quit the house?"—

But the effort he had made for this explanation proved too much for him; and on reaching his door, he tottered and would have fallen, while at-

tempting to place the key in the lock, had not Annesley started forward and supported him in his arms. A low moaning now escaped his lips; and Annesley having taken the key from his icy hand, and pushed open with his foot the slowly yielding door, carried him into the hall, and placed him on a bench.—After returning to pay and dismiss the coachman, he carefully closed the street door; and even so far conceded to the habits of Abednego as to bar it and put up the chain, ere he snatched with one hand the filthy iron lamp which the Jew had left burning on the pavement of the hall, on his departure for the station-house, and offered his arm to A. O., who was gradually reviving.

"Let me see you up stairs, Sir," said Basil. "It is useless declining my assistance. The night is half over, and since I know you to be alone in the house, I swear to you that I will not quit it before morning!"

The suffering man seemed fully aware of his incompetency under the influence of growing indisposition to dispute the point with his young companion; for, instead of offering further resistance, he accepted the proffered arm of Basil, and attempted to ascend the stairs.—The task, however, was by no means easy. His respiration was all but impeded by the increased swelling and inflammation of his throat: and on attaining the second landing, he clung with both hands to the arm of Annesley, and panted for breath.

It was not till after the lapse of some minutes that they were able to attain the attic, the door of which was locked,—from habit more than as a security, since there was no other human being in the house.

They entered the room. Basil saw with concern that there was not a vestige of fire; and that his suffering companion had risen from his miserable bed to answer the summons of the police. From the iron lamp he carried, young Annesley hastily lighted a candle that stood on the table, which, in strange contradiction to the habits of Abednego, proved to be of wax.

"Give me the lamp!" faltered the old man, rising from the *bergère* into which he had sunk exhausted on entering. "I have wood and shavings in the other room. Since you choose to abide with me, I suppose I must kindle a fire."

"Not on *my* account, Sir!" said Basil, eagerly; but on reflecting that the sentiment of hospitality might be the only means of inducing the old gentleman to bestow upon himself a necessary indulgence, he desisted: and Abednego tottered, grumbling, into the adjoining chamber. Thus left alone, on casting his eyes around him upon that wretched room, as much a place of penance as the police cell he had quitted, Basil noticed that, on a low table beside the flock bed, lay the book borrowed that morning by his host,—and beside it, a large crucifix of Berlin iron,—and a folded paper!—A CRUCIFIX!—The world then, and his own suspicions, had decided wrongfully?—Abednego the Money-lender was only in name and practices a Jew!—

While pondering upon this startling discovery, a heavy fall in the adjoining closet attracted Basil's attention; and though believing it to proceed only from a log of the wood mentioned by his singular host, he hurried to his assistance.—Either A. O. had entangled his feet in the long wrapper in which he had enveloped himself to confront the night air, or had fallen from weakness;—for there he lay, stretched upon the heap of mingled coals, cinders, and fragments of old wood, that encumbered one corner of the room!

The old man had struck himself too in the fall; for on lifting him up, Basil perceived, by the light of the lamp, (which, though overturned on the floor, was not extinguished,) that blood was gushing from his lips.—Lifting him hastily in his arms, he bore him like a child into the adjoining attic, and placed him on the bed;—Abednego groaning heavily at intervals,—either from illness, or the disastrous effects of his accident.

His host thus manifestly disabled, Basil felt entitled to bestir himself according to his own inventions. He was there alone, in the dead of night, without aid or comfort, in sole charge of a sick or dying man. It was no moment for scruples or nicety.—Throwing off his great-coat, and hastily gathering from the heap in the adjoining room materials for a fire, he soon produced a blaze in the rusty old grate, which diffused some degree of cheerfulness, and promised gradually to diffuse warmth through the desolate apartment. An old kettle stood within the fender; but as it proved empty, Basil proceeded to a stone water-jug that stood in a corner of the room to replenish it. The water in the pitcher was frozen!—In order to break the ice, which resisted his hand, Basil took up a faggot stick lying near it on the floor. The crash caused by the fracture seemed to rouse the faculties of Abednego, who instantly woke as from a stupor.

"What mischief are you doing there?" gasped he, evidently only partially sensible. "What have you broken?—I have not kept a piece of crockery entire since you began to wait upon me!—And how dare you light that monstrous fire?—Fool!—what have I to roast here besides your own wretched limbs, that you thus waste my fuel?"

From the little Basil Annesley could gather of this apostrophe, uttered in a hoarse whisper, he saw that Abednego's head was wandering with fever, and that he mistook him for the little sweeper.

Without attempting to undeceive him, he persisted in his self-imposed task;—filled the kettle, set it on the fire, and having found untouched the packet of dried lime-flowers he had despatched from the chemist's for an infusion, prepared a drink for the sick man, such as he remembered to have been administered to himself at Heidelberg, by the mother of Esther.

There was some difficulty in finding a cup in which to offer it to Abednego. As a last resource, Basil took from a shelf behind him what appeared to be a bronze ornament, which afterwards proved to be an antique silver goblet, a *chef-d'œuvre* of one of the old chasers of Lombardy!

The invalid drank and seemed comforted. His moans became less heavy.—After a time he opened

his eyes, and breathed as though the oppression of his chest were in some degree relieved. By degrees, and before he altogether regained his consciousness, Basil removed his outer garments, and having placed them under his pillow as a prop to his head, covered him closely up with the quilt of his wretched pallet.—With a second cup of the hot infusion, he now mixed some antimony as prescribed by the chemist he had consulted; and the invalid having again, almost mechanically, swallowed the soothing infusion, Basil left it to exercise its effect, and, wearied by his unaccustomed exertions, flung himself into the old *bergère* before the fireplace for rest and reflection.

The strangeness of his own situation afforded, of course, the first subject of his cogitations!—There was *he*, who had indignantly rebutted as an imputation, the charge of intimacy with A. O., brought against him at Lady Maitland's by Blencowe and his set,—actually established as sick-nurse beside his bed, in a filthy garret;—performing for him menial offices which he would have hesitated to execute for persons having claims upon his kindness!

Only a few nights before, his mother had refused to accept offices far less humiliating from him, in behalf of an old and faithful servant;—and now, he was attending, sole servitor, on the dying bed of a stranger,—whose very existence, a little month before, had been utterly unknown to him!—

But the strangest of all these incongruities was, that for the life and soul of him, he could not bring himself to regard Abednego Osalez as a stranger! Some mysterious tie appeared to unite them.—Though the common but most holy tie of fellow-creatureship, including even the Money-lender under the Biblical designation of "neighbour," ought to have sufficed as a motive for the exertions of the young Samaritan, so as to need no further adducement, Basil Annesley, as he contemplated the smoky fireplace, did not conceal from himself that he felt as if seated beside the hearth of one with whom he had been long accustomed to break bread, and take counsel. And yet, the man who lay breathing heavy and unconscious on that wretched pallet, was one whose vocation and habits were hateful to the generous mind of the young soldier! Though the vigorous language and force of intellect of Abednego had invested the calling of the Money-lender with a new character in the eyes of Basil,—though the keenness of his soul and greatness of his speculations had interposed a sort of veil over the littleness of his daily doings, and the detestable nature of his usury,—young Annesley did not attempt to disguise from himself that the man who contemplated with such far-sighted Philosophy the value and social influence of Money, was in practice a pettifogging miser!—Still, with all the inconsistency and odiousness of his pursuits, Basil was conscious of involuntary deference towards the proprietor of that filthy garret!—

"The power of thought,—the magic of the mind,"

the energy of soul of one so immeasurably superior to his own position, and so strangely master of the destinies of others, threw a sort of halo round the gloom of the place. It was such wilful, wayward, self-denying misery!—There was such a force of will, such a concentration of self-infliction in the privations of the starving *millionaire*,—that he felt as if contemplating De Rancé in the cells of La Trappe, or Charles V. in those of St. Quintin, rather than a vulgar miser undergoing his wilful Prometheanism!—While gazing on these denuded walls, if it were possible to abhor, it was not easy to despise the inmate of that iron chest of unavailing treasure!—

His greatest source of annoyance, now that he was satisfied of having afforded the best succour in his power to the physical ailments of the sick man, arose from the certainty of having exposed himself to the unsparing raillery of his brother officers.—Devoid as they were of entertainment at that season of the year, they would not fail to discuss among themselves his solitary visit to the theatre, after the pretext of an engagement; his having driven in Blencowe's cab to what would otherwise have passed for some rendezvous, but what was now discovered to be a midnight visit to A. O.;—a visit, moreover, so unauthorized, as to have caused him to be taken up as a burglar, and exposed him to the chance of a night in the station-house!—

It was not to be expected that such men as Wilberton and Maitland would deal leniently with these discoveries; and old Carrington was now too stale as a butt, not to impart due value to an adventure which exposed young Annesley for ever and a day to the bantering of those who had already so moved his choler by qualifying him as the arm-in-arm companion of the Money-lender!—

In order to escape the annoyance of his anticipations on this provoking subject, Basil proceeded to take from the table, the only book that naked room afforded for his amusement;—even the volume of Hollar which Abednego had so strangely chosen as the consolation of his hours of sickness!—As he removed it stealthily from the table, in order not to waken the sick man from his unquiet slumbers, he inadvertently brushed down the paper lying beside it, and stooped to restore it to the table. In the displacement something fell out.—On searching upon the floor, it proved to be a lock of hair;—a long, long tress, coil within coil,—which it was impossible not to recognise as that of a woman,—and difficult not to surmise as that of a woman young and lovely;—so silken was its texture,—so rich its hue!—

Without the smallest intention of prying into the household secrets of his host, Basil could not replace it in the paper without discerning this.—He even noticed the peculiar colour of the hair. It was a rare tint; yet long familiar to his eyes as that of a tress, all but similar, which he carried in his pocket-book, and which had been recently unfolded before him during the insolent examination at the police-office:—his mother's hair!—not silvered as now by the hand of time and influence of care;—but rich and glossy as during her sunny youth. Basil regarded this lock, which he had obtained as a gift from Dorcas without his

mother's knowledge, as the most precious treasure in his possession.

Irresistibly impelled to compare it with the tress he had now discovered in the possession of the Money-lender, he drew forth his pocket-book, abstracted it from the paper, and placed them side by side.—Not the variation of a hair in the length,—not the difference of a shade in their hue!—They were one and the same!—The most indifferent observer would have decided, as Basil was for a moment inclined to decide, that they had been shred from the same beloved head!—

But could this be?—What analogy,—what connexion could exist, or could ever have existed, between them?—The Money-lender of Greek Street, Soho, and the widow of Sir Bernard Annesley!—The haughty daughter of the proudest of ambassadors,—Lord L——, and the thrifty, artful usurer,—the degraded,—the notorious,—the infamous, A. O.!—

CHAPTER X.

Scarcely less sad than the scene in which young Annesley was officiating, was the one in which, at the same moment, his mother was acting a part equally humane, in her dreary abode at Barlingham Grange.

The old gardener was no more. The burst of feeling of which Basil had been a spectator, proved to have been the last effort of expiring nature; and it was the lady to whom from her childhood he had been devoted, who closed the glassy eyes of the old man, and placed the watch-lights beside the dead. Lady Annesley was, perhaps, the inmate of the Grange best qualified for that solemn duty. Her mind, rendered stern by habitual contact with care, was now of a consistency to encounter without trembling all or any of those earnest duties of life, from which the gentle hearts and hands of her sex shrink with terror, before either the one or the other have been wrung under the influence of anguish or remorse!—

Like one moving in her sleep, she had breathed in the ears of old Nicholas the prayers appointed by the Church for a dying bed; and if this effort were perhaps instigated by reluctance to expose the revelations of his infirm intellect to the ears of a stranger, it was no such apprehension that induced her to assist the sobbing Dorcas in straightening his limbs for the grave, ere consigned by the proper attendants to his last home.—Once placed in his coffin, she quitted the room;—quitted it with a heavy sigh,—an in-breathed prayer!—Early sorrows had been bitterly renewed by her trying attendance on the old man, who had unconsciously wounded her to the quick by his incoherent ravings;—and above all, by the hazard to which they had exposed her of betrayal to the child of her heart.—But he was now at rest.—Both had done their duty. The gray-headed man was released from his earthly penance;—it was she alone who remained to suffer and to atone!

Every person whose feelings have been excited by the performance of some severe and engrossing duty, must have been conscious of a strange vacuity of feeling when the influence of that painful tension is at an end. Like a sufferer whose infirm or shattered limb has been removed by the surgeon, undefinable sensations of uneasiness seem to possess its vacant place. So harassed had been Lady Annesley during the continuance of the gardener's illness, and the perpetual hazards to which it exposed her, that, on the afternoon of the day in which he was laid in the grave, when the old house was restored to its usual mournful quietude, and the two women in their mourning suits kept moving silently and sadly about her, she could not settle to her customary occupations. Involuntarily, she reëntered the room which had been appropriated to the use of the deceased;—the threshold of which she had never crossed of late save under the influence of awe and remorse. All was restored to its usual form. The winter sun was shining through the open casement; and driven back by the piercing atmosphere thus admitted, she had no resource but her own warm sitting-room, and the solace of her books and desk.

Nothing more common than for people of the world, on hearing some compulsory recluse complain of the cheerlessness of solitude, to exclaim,—"But why not read to amuse yourself?" in pursuance of the commonplace encomiums of "the sunshine of the mind produced by study," which our copy-book morality inflicts upon the use of schools. But the notion of reading for amusement entertained by such people, consists in a first-class subscription to a fashionable library, ensuring the earliest perusal of popular works,—new novels, brilliant periodicals,—holding up to the eye, as in a mirror, a reflection of the progress of civilisation, and a picture of the manners and prosperities of the day.

Lady Annesley's book-case, on the contrary, contained only old editions of the works of past centuries; philosophy rendered obsolete by modern improvement; and theology purporting to split so fine the straws of doctrinal casuistry, as to reduce them to chaff. The few sterling books she possessed, the bosom comforters to which we turn in sickness and sorrow, had been her sole companions for twenty lonely years; and with all one's partiality for a favourite writer, it is not more impossible for the dried leaves of the rose to retain the hue and fragrance of the living flower, than for the hundredth perusal to yield the charm of the first. It may indeed, perhaps, when voluntarily culled from the shelves of a voluminous library. But it is only the uninformed and unimaginative mind of the peasant that can derive amusement, Sunday after Sunday, throughout a long life, from his solitary volume of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Lady Annesley had been more than once forced to admit to herself, that her little library had ceased to charm; and if she pined after anything in her seclusion, it was for the charm of new book to create a new order of ideas, or a happier combination of the old.—But on that cheerless afternoon, she felt as if those ancient companions of her sorrow might perhaps renew their charm; and in accordance with the promptings of the solemn scene of the morning, in the little village church wherein she had seen ashes reconsigned

to ashes, and dust to dust, she proceeded to her book-shelf to take down her favourite Holbein, with its well-remembered philosophical interleavings.—It was gone!—The book was included in a set of six volumes of favourite works—The Essays of Montaigne, and George Herbert's Manual—all in the same antique binding. Of these, five alone remained;—the copy of Hollar was no longer there!—

Lady Annesley felt surprised and angry. So undisturbed was the tenor of her life, that no person but herself and her two waiting-women ever crossed the threshold of that chamber; of whom, Hannah could not read or write, while Dorcas was one of those fortunate individuals who find better companionship in the seam they are sewing, than the choicest *chef-d'œuvre* of genius.—Still, either the one or the other might have been tempted by the striking designs of the book, to remove it from the room for more leisurely inspection. She rang and inquired. Neither of them had ever noticed either the existence or the disappearance of the book!—She now demanded whether, during her attendance on the gardener, any stranger had been admitted into the room.

"No person whatever!" was the reply.

"Most strange and most vexatious!" was her rejoinder;—adding, in the depths of her heart,—"So few as are the relics I retain of those days,—so few and so precious,—ill could I afford to part with *this!*"—

"It was perhaps Master Basil who borrowed the book?" suggested Dorcas, struck with a brilliant idea. "The morning he was forced to remain here, after your ladyship's fainting fit, he was hours moping alone here, in the morning room. Perhaps he had begun to read it, and took it with him to finish on the road?"—

Lady Annesley expressed a contrary conviction, and dismissed her attendant. Yet so probable was the surmise, that the moment she was alone again, she seized a pen, and addressed an inquiry on the subject to her son. She had intended deferring till the morrow intelligence of the decease of poor old Nicholas; but so eager was her desire to assure herself of the fate of her book, that she lost not a moment.

Nothing could be more embarrassing than to address Basil on the subject of their old servant's demise; for she had ventured no subsequent explanation with her son after the terrible scene in which they had borne a part; and she was consequently uncertain whether suspicions had been excited on the part of Basil, or whether he attributed the terrible revelations of the gardener solely to aberration of intellect.

The moment, however, that her mind became possessed by anxiety concerning her beloved volume, she lost sight of these considerations; and after narrating to him with simple succinctness, the death and burial of one who, she said, "had been to her as a friend when her own kith and kin had deserted her—a good, faithful, and submissive servant, in days of adversity as in days more prosperous,"—she proceeded to inquire whether he could give her any tidings of the missing book.

"You are my only son, Basil," wrote Lady Annesley; "nay, the estrangement and prosperity of your sister render you my only heir. Yet a few years, and the little I possess will be your own. Even now, I am not, I trust, sparing in administering to your comfort,—or prodigal in the indulgence of my own. I cannot therefore think, Basil,—I would willingly not believe,—that you have surreptitiously abstracted from my house an object which you know I prize. How *much* I prize it, you are not able to conjecture. I shall go down to my grave, and neither you nor others will ever learn how dear—yet how cruel—are the recollections with which that relic is connected.—In my solitude here, I live but in the past. *That* which is gone—*those* who are gone, encompass me with an atmosphere holy and precious as themselves.—The Hope that abideth in *you*—the Memory that abideth in *them*,—hath a joy which is not of this world. I know not what I write; the loss of this book has disordered me!—It seems as if one of the unrestorable treasures of past affection were wrested from me for ever!—

"No delay, Basil, I entreat! Write to me, if you have any communication to make touching the object in question. Fear no reproaches on my part, if it should prove that your hands indeed removed it from my house. Too happy shall I be to welcome it back again, to hazard a single accusing word!"—

Such was the letter despatched from Barlingham Grange!—Such the letter which Basil Annesley drew from his pocket beside a decent camp-bed established in the attic of A. O., on the fifth morning after the critical night of his disorder.

So imminent had appeared the danger of the Money-lender on the morrow of his vigils, that young Annesley—doubly alarmed by the responsibility devolving on himself should the death of a man so richly endowed occur under his solitary guardianship and circumstances so suspicious,—had despatched the sweeper for the aid of his regimental surgeon; through whose means, he had subsequently procured a proper attendant, and a few of the necessaries of life.

Abednego was now too heavily oppressed by disease to take heed of the arrival of strangers or bedding in his attic; and all that Basil could do in excuse for their introduction into the treasury of treasuries, should the old man survive to question his proceedings, was to seal up the doors of the different rooms and the invaluable bureau, and give up a daily portion of his time to the superintendance of the establishment.—

Abednego was, however, more cognizant than he surmised of what was passing around him. He was aware of his own danger; aware of the urgent necessity for the precautions taken; and the nurse proving a decent, dull woman, content to sit quiet in view whenever not employed in serving him, he was better satisfied she should be there, than that the house should be surrendered to the discretion of Bill the sweeper.

Still, Basil had little idea how often, during his absence, the sufferer raised his head from his pil-

low, to inquire of the woman in attendance the hour of the day,—the length of time that had elapsed since the young man's departure,—and what promise he had given of return.—He had little idea how completely he imparted light and life to that sinking frame!—He could imagine, of course, that his disinterested services had proved acceptable to the infirm Money-lender. He knew that Abednego must be aware how solicitude in his behalf had exposed him to one of the most disagreeable dilemmas it had ever been his luck to encounter; and though such was the state of weakness consequent on the yielding of the quinsy, that they had as yet held no conversation on the subject, young Annesley naturally conceived the sufferer to be gratefully and kindly disposed.—It was enough for him, however, that so whimsical a being had not seen fit to resent his interference; and he looked forward to the convalescence of the invalid rather as a relief to himself from a painful and responsible attendance, than from any desire to receive his thanks or accord explanations in return.

The receipt of Lady Annesley's letter startled him into other feelings. It was urgent that he should regain possession of the book, and lose no time in restoring it to his mother. But how was this to be accomplished?—It had disappeared from the table, as well as the crucifix and paper containing the lock of hair; and the nurse, who seldom or never quitted the room, declared that she knew nothing of it. That the invalid, still scarcely able to lift his head from his pillow, should have removed it, appeared improbable; and Abednego was so weak, and, above all, so peevish from the effects of illness, that Basil had scarcely courage to molest him with inquiries.

"If he only surmised," thought young Annesley, as he sat contemplating the embarrassments of the case,—"how mysterious a resemblance exists between her hair for whose pleasure I require the book, and the lock he seems to treasure with such wild devotion, he would forgive my importunity."

On entering the room on the morning he received the letter, Basil accosted the invalid with his usual inquiries concerning his night's rest, and the visit of the surgeon.

"Your doctor is to come no more," said Abednego faintly. "I paid and dismissed him last night. It was only to satisfy *you*, I bore with him, as I now bear with the old woman dozing yonder in my easy chair. But for her being here, how do I know that you would not come tormenting me again at midnight, to light my fire, and snuff my candle?"

"By all this, Sir, I perceive that you feel much better!—It is only the man in health who quarrels with his physician. As to the nurse, you will admit her to be a safer guardian for you than a beggar from the street?" added Basil, in a lower voice.

"That is as it may prove!" retorted Abednego, gruffly. "In the time of the Plague, Defoe informs us, that such nurses used to twist the windpipes of their patients. Thank Heaven, I am now strong enough to take care of my own! However, till I can make my fire, and boil my kettle, she is welcome to remain. She 'finds *herself*,' as such people call it; and gives me less trouble than I give her. Nor is there much here," he continued, glancing round the naked walls, "to attract pilfering fingers."

"There *were* things here," Basil began,—perceiving that the nurse was really asleep, under the influence of a crackling fire on a frosty day.—"there were objects here, at the commencement of your illness, which I see no longer; and the disappearance of which makes me somewhat uneasy."

"How mean you?"—cried Abednego, raising himself on his elbow, and pushing aside the curtains to peer out upon the bureau, which contained property to the amount of thousands upon thousands!—

"No need to look so far, or so anxiously!" observed Basil. "The things I speak of are of no such urgent value,—save perhaps to you and myself:—an iron crucifix, a timeworn book"—

"And what do you suppose to have become of them, pray?" cried Abednego, sharply,—letting fall the curtain, and sinking back again on his pillow.

"I was in hopes, Sir, *you* might be able to inform me."

"And if I were—are you so miserly with your property that you cannot trust me with an old book?"—

"I would trust you with any property belonging to myself;—the care you take of your own satisfies me that mine would run no danger of being mislaid while in your keeping. Unluckily, I have little either to lend or to give; so that you are unlikely to be much the better for my confidence."

"But when I tell you that, valueless as it may seem to *you*, I hold to that book—"

"I should still be under the necessity of—"

"When I tell you," persisted Abednego, not heeding his interruption, "that it is my comfort by day and by night,—that in the anguish of my disease, it lay upon my bosom, and soothed its throbbings,—that, in the darkness of my despair, it shed light and peace around me, as from the wings of an angel—"

Basil began to entertain an opinion that the senses of the invalid were again wandering!—

"When I swear to you, that while treasured here,—here, beneath my pillow,—here, side by side with the emblem of eternal redemption,—dear to me as to yourself, although the lying world opprobriate me by the name of Jew,—it has yielded me more confort than the Cross of Faith, with all its promises of heaven;—do you still desire to take it from me?—No, no! Basil, leave it,—leave it,—unless you wish to see me sink again into the bruised and breathless mummy to which I was reduced when you snatched me from the grave!"—

Basil Annesley was silent. To dispute with him on a point that seemed so trifling, at a moment thus critical, seemed an act of cruelty; yet to disappoint the anxious expectations of Lady Annesley, was a deed yet more unpardonable.

"I told you, Sir," said he, in a hesitating tone, and after a long pause, "that the book was not my own, and that I had abstracted it from home without the concurrence of my mother."

"Well?"—demanded Abednego, again drawing aside the curtains, and fixing his piercing eyes upon those of his visiter.

"She has demanded it back again. She is greatly displeased at my having removed it from Barlingham."

"Send her down the last new novel from Hookham's!" muttered A. O., with bitter scorn;—"the lady will doubtless consider it a profitable exchange!"—

"You are too presumptuous, Sir, in deciding upon the tastes and feelings of a perfect stranger," retorted Basil, with spirit. "You little know the woman you pretend to judge!—Never in my days did I see a novel in the hands of my mother! Her studies are severe as her conduct is exemplary."

"A saint, eh?—Then send her a bale of sermons from Hatchard's! What matter under what form the weak nature of woman accepts its subjugating influence? Novels,—poems,—tracts—"

"In one word," said Basil, drawing Lady Annesley's letter from his pocket, "read, and judge for yourself, whether a woman, so exalted in heart and mind as the writer of this, is likely to accept ANY exchange for the book she prizes!"

On seeing his mother's sacred handwriting pass into the withered hands of Abednego, Basil almost repented the concession he had made. It was degrading a letter of hers to expose it to the eyes of a Money-lender!—The deed, however, was done!

In order to give time to A. O., in his weak condition, for the perusal of the letter, Basil Annesley walked gently to the window so as not to rouse the nurse from her doze. There was nothing very interesting in the look out. A mass of icicles, appended to the leaden water-pipe of the opposite attic, was the most interesting object he found to contemplate.

At the close of a few minutes, he returned to the bedside, intending to resume his conversation with Abednego; but all was still as the grave!—No movement—not a sound!—The old man uttered not a word, and made no attempt to give back the letter. At last, in a gentle voice of expostulation, Basil addressed him, and addressed him in vain!

Young Annesley now drew aside the curtains of the bed; and found that no vestige of its inmate was perceptible. Abednego had gathered up the bedclothes over his head. Like some mourner of Scriptural times, he had covered his face with his garment, and was weeping bitterly.—

Agitated, in his turn, by this unaccountable emotion, Basil Annesley was beginning to feel intolerably bewildered by the baffling mysteries that seemed to involve the fatal volume, his removal of which from Barlingham had been the cause of such general disturbance.—

"For the love of Heaven, Sir!" cried he, "explain all this!—Explain the interest which you and every one else appears to attach to that accursed book,—the source of distress to all with whom I am concerned!"

Still, Abednego answered not a syllable. By the movements of the clothes in which he had enveloped himself, Basil could alone infer the struggles of his emotion.

"I beseech you, Sir," cried the young man, after a second pause, "if you entertain the least kindness for me,—if you feel towards me a thousandth part of the goodwill which has prompted my own exertions in your behalf,—tell me the meaning of your tears. They had not been wrung out of such a soul as yours, save by some all-powerful interest. You are not woman-hearted, to weep for wantonness, or from the weakness of mere exhaustion. —Tell me—"

"I can tell you nothing," murmured Abednego, uncovering his face, and showing the letter of Lady Annesley crushed in his hand by the grasp of uncontrollable passion,—"save that this letter has roused emotions dormant for years. I had not thought,—I had not dreamed,—that this woman had retired from the world to ponder over feelings such as these!"—and again, with trembling hand, he grasped the letter.—"I believed her cold and callous as she was once worldly!—I believed,—but no matter!—These few words have wrung a dew out of the stony depths of my heart, of which I believed the fountains to be long dried up!—Thanks, Basil Annesley,—this is not the first benefit you have bestowed upon me!—Thanks!—Here,—take your book!" he continued, drawing the volume from beneath his pillow. "But, unless you would convulse her heart with agony, as you have unwittingly convulsed mine, tell her not, on your life, through what strange hands it has experienced a momentary transit!—Unless you wish to be expulsed for ever from your mother's house,—unless you wish to incur her malediction,—never, *never*, while you live, breathe in the ear of that unhappy woman, the reprobated name of Abednego Osalez!"—

Ere the sufferer ceased to speak, his voice was becoming lost in broken sobs; and so terrible and absorbing was his emotion, that Basil had not courage to pursue the anxious inquiries suggesting themselves to his mind. He was overpowered by the spectacle of so profoundly-felt a grief.—In order to relieve the feelings of the old man from his observation, he again rose and walked to the window, in order to straighten and restore to his pocket the book and crumpled letter replaced in his hands by Abednego.

By the time he finished his task and returned to the bedside, the old man had completely recovered his self-possession, and was lying with his face exposed in all its usual harsh composedness of feature.

"*You* are the comptroller of my household *now*," said he, addressing Basil with a grim attempt at a smile. "Tell me,—does the poor boy still officiate as my lackey?"—

"Bill is installed down stairs, Sir, to answer the inquiries of your numerous visiters," replied Basil, somewhat startled by his change of tone.

"Ay, ay?—I wonder, while you were about it, you had not the street laid with straw, and the

knocker tied up, as for some dainty goosecap's lying-in!"—muttered Abednego, forcing a laugh.

"Perhaps I might have done so, Sir, but from the fear of offending you," replied Basil, attempting to smile in his turn. "Methinks I have taken liberties enough in your establishment."

"My illness must have caused no little commotion among my customers!" resumed Abednego, evidently intent upon distracting Basil's recollections from his recent struggle of feeling.—"There are more people interested in the life and death of A. O. than in the fairest of the childbed puppets in fine linen, we were talking of!—Sore are their misgivings, poor prodigal souls, concerning the hands into which, on my decease, their bonds and securities might fall!—To *them* it is a matter of fame and name that the heir of the old Jew should prove a man as trustworthy as himself!"—

"There has been some anxiety testified, Sir, I must admit, if *that* be any consolation to you," replied young Annesley. "Every day, from twelve till two, the door is besieged, I am told, with applicants, concerning not alone your house in Greek Street, but dozens of other houses.—But as I am by no means qualified to act as your clerk or deputy, you must consult Bill on your recovery. Having little appetite for business, I have left all such matters in his hands."

"But my *letters*?"—inquired A. O., feeling, or affecting anxiety.

"As soon as you are better, the boy shall bring them up to you."

"I *am* better,—I *am* better,—I am quite well already!"—cried his companion, settling himself in bed. "I am always well enough for business!"—

Having roused up the nurse by a touch on the shoulder, Basil now despatched her down stairs in search of the letters and papers left for A. O.; of which, on her return, she brought back an apronfull.

"I find that you have had certain fair inquirers," observed Basil, while the woman was away,—"fully confirming your former attestation to me of the advantages of a Money-lender's calling!—You have had those pressing and sueing to be admitted to see *you*,—to be admitted to see whom, others are eager suitors!—You have had the Duke of Rochester here twice a-day, evidently believing your illness to be a subterfuge; and in the other room, there is a whole bale of necessaries,—sugar, arrow-root, wax candles,—despatched to you, *not* by a grocer's wife, (as the nature of the gift seems to indicate,) but by no less a person than the lovely Countess of Winterfield!"—

Abednego replied by a hoarse chuckle,—

"I should starve, but for that woman; and her family might starve but for *me!*" cried he, turning exultingly on his pillow. "She is the purveyor of my larder—the clerk of my kitchen! Well, well! I am at least as grateful to her for her sago, taploca, and Welsh flannel, (of which you might have found wholesale pieces had you looked in the lumber-room below, when you and the nurse were smothering me up the other night,)—as *she* to the memory of the husband who made her what she is, and whose portrait I have in pawn yonder in my bureau!"—

The nurse now reëntered the room with her burthen; and having deposited the papers on a chair beside the bed, Basil dismissed her, in order that Abednego might examine them undisturbed by her presence.

"Show me the minister who has a more voluminous correspondence on his hands than this!" cried the old man, pointing exultingly to the pile of papers.—"And, pray, who paid the postage of all these letters?"—

"*I* did, Sir; that is, I supplied the money to your servant."

"So, so!—you institute yourself my banker then, as well as my *maitre d'hôtel* and groom of the chambers?—With all my heart!—I am always ready to accept services and comforts I have not to pay for,—witness the tea and sugar of my Lady Winterfield!—Look here!"—he continued, pointing out, among the letters he was successively opening, several with seals that bore aristocratic emblazonments,—"Dukes, Marquises, Earls,—I have them all, *all* in my train! I walk like a king at his coronation, with Howards, Percys, Plantagenets, in the wake of the contemned and trampled A. O.!—Thriftless fools!—some flattering,—some cajoling,—some threatening!—as if any single word they could write or utter would influence me more than the winter's wind whistling through the crannies of my casement,—unless, indeed, the Open-Sesame called INTEREST!—at twenty per cent., fifty per cent., a hundred per cent.,—I am willing to hear of their bonds and post-obits, their wants and distresses! But what care I for the executions in their houses, or the seizure of their family plate, or their wife's jewels! Here's a fellow writes to me," pursued Abednego, striking the open letter in his hand, "begging me to save the honour of his family mansion from the desecration of sheriffs' officers, and swearing he will not survive such a disgrace!—Was it *I* who brought the disgrace upon him?—Was it *I* who decoyed him to Crockford's?—Was it *I* who induced him to hazard thousands, night after night, at piquet, when he had not even hundreds at his disposal? *Don't* let him survive his disgrace!—not the disgrace of bailiffs, but that of insolvency, brought upon himself by prodigality and vice!—When he first applied to me for assistance, he informed me, in answer to my remonstrances, (much in the terms once used by a certain Mr. Basil Annesley,) that he came for money, not advice,—that he wanted a Jew, and not a family chaplain!"—

Basil was vexed to find himself colouring deeply at this allusion.

"And here," continued A. O., bringing forward a perfumed billet from among the wafered communications of attorneys and stockbrokers—ill-favoured epistles from Birchin Lane, Bartlett's Buildings, and Hart Street, Bloomsbury,—"*here* is a dainty creature who wants me to oblige her with the loan of her own emeralds to appear at Windsor Castle!—The guest of royalty, forsooth!—yet writing in terms more abject than I ever heard used by Bill the sweeper to an old Money-

lender!—*More* delicate handwritings.—'Lucy Maitland?'—Ay, ay!—the old-china fancier!—And here, Basil—here, Mr. Annesley, is the first application of one of your brother officers!—My eye has been upon that boy these two months!—I knew I should soon have him in my books,—that is, *trying* to get into my books; for I have enough of the family affairs on my hands with those of his precious uncle."

"*Wilberton?*—is *he* in difficulties?" exclaimed Annesley in a tone of regret.

"Why not?—He keeps the finest company; and has a taste for opera-dancers,—as costly an item for a boy in the Guards as Sevres and Dresden to his mother. You needn't blush again—I did not say opera *singers*, Mr. Annesley. Trust to my delicacy to make no allusion in *your* presence to any such fragile commodities!"—

"I *do* trust to your delicacy never again to allude, with light mention, to the person at whom, though under so false a designation, you are aiming!"—cried Basil, with warm indignation.

"Well, well,—no offence, no offence! Esther Verelst is, I dare say, no more fragile than her neighbours; though *that* implies no great things in the way of discretion.—'H. R.'—So! then, my Pericles of the day! the five thousand for which you pledged your public honour, and the title-deeds of an estate, in your family since they wheedled it out of the scurvy soul of James I., has not sufficed you?—You must cut a figure as a giver of banquets, must you, as well as on the Treasury Bench?—What is the joy of place, I marvel, unless its salary suffice to grease the wheels of office?—'The expenses of his very ostensible situation to be maintained!' he writes.—Jackass!—Because he chooses to have Rhenish wines and French *entrees* at his dinner, and to be a fop and a fribble as well as the first orator of the day, must he needs make false pretences to the Jews about 'the expenses of his ostensible situation?'—Excellent H. R.!—though you date from Downing Street, you will not throw dust in the eyes of A.O.!—Were you half the clever fellow the world believes you, your letter would contain three lines.—'I want two thousand pounds,—can give landed security, and not more than twelve per cent.'—*That* is coming to the point;—between knowing one and knowing one, the best statesmanship. I should have thought the experience of office might have taught him the futility of fine phrases,—mere loss of time to writer and reader!—It is not by locking up brickbats in a plate-chest, Mr. Basil Annesley, that you can convert them into family plate."—

"I am afraid you will tire yourself, Sir," said Basil. "I would fain see you take some nourishment before I go. Let me call up the nurse, and lay aside the remainder of these papers till the afternoon; for I have only a few minutes more to be here."—

"No, no!—you must wait a bit!" cried Abednego.—"I have something to say to you. I have a present to make you."—

"I want no presents!"—cried Basil, instantly rising, and preparing for departure. "I never accepted one in my life, save from kinsman or friend."

"From the former, I suspect, my poor Basil, your gifts have been scanty enough!"—ejaculated Abednego, with a degree of familiarity that served only to aggravate the displeasure of his companion.—"With respect to the latter, I flatter myself I have as good a title to the name as such flimsy things as Wilberton or Maitland."

"They are my brother officers,—not my friends!"—interrupted young Annesley.

"Then, how came you to accept from the latter the desk-seal, with which you daily seal your letters?"—demanded Abednego, having thrown young Annesley completely off his guard, and enjoying his uncontrollable start of astonishment at this minuteness of information concerning his private affairs. "But no matter! I will not force my benefactions upon you.—I do not deal in jasper desk-seals; and any day I choose, the Duca di San Catalda will give me a hundred ducats for the miniature I intended to throw away upon you.—Good morning!"—

The attention of Basil Annesley was arrested by mere mention of the name of the Duca di San Catalda. He was eager for a pretext to sit down again, and await an opportunity of renewing the conversation.

"I forgot to tell you, Sir," said he, "that among the applicants for the loan of the house in Greek Street, is a picture dealer who resides in that neighbourhood."

"Apropos to miniatures?" demanded Abednego, fixing his shrewd eyes, with a cunning smile, upon the young man's face.

"Apropos to your own affairs!" was the indignant rejoinder of Basil.

"As regards my own affairs, then, be so obliging as to inform my ragged footman, pray, when you go down, that when Mr. Stubbs calls again——"

"You know him, then?"—

"You told me his name, just now."

"I said a picture dealer in Soho. There are dozens upon dozens of such!"

"No matter! I know enough of the prying and intrusive dispositions of a certain Mr. Stubbs, to feel convinced that *he* is the man who, with the view of entering into personal communication with me on ANY subject, is likely to pretend a desire of becoming my tenant.—I desire none such!—He is a swindler and a liar. I will have none of him! I say,—let Bill inform the blackguard I will have none of him!"—

"You need not address yourself so pointedly to me, my dear Sir!" said Basil, unable to repress a laugh. "*I* am not the advocate of Mr. Stubbs. You might pitch him out of yonder window before I should lift a hand in his behalf. I merely mentioned to you that the boy complains of his coming here every morning between twelve and two, insisting upon seeing you on the subject of your house, conceiving you might be sorry to lose a good tenant."

"A good tenant in Mr. Jeremiah Stubbs?—But no matter!—He has no more real intention of engaging those premises, than you of bidding for

Northumberland House!—Besides, I am in no such torture about the lease of my house in Soho! I have half a dozen others standing empty,—one in Park Lane,—one in St. James's Square,—and I shall soon have one, I suspect, in Arlington Street; for unless I am much mistaken, I shall be forced to make a crash at Lord Maitland's. I have given him three years' law to redeem engagements, which I knew from the first to be thousands upon thousands beyond his power of redemption!"

"Lord Maitland?"—exclaimed Basil, aghast.

"Ay! Lord Maitland!—Why not, as well as another?"

"But his unfortunate wife and daughters——"

"His wife is some degrees worse than unfortunate.—But that is *her* concern, and her husband's. As to their hopeful progeny, it is written that the sins of parents are to be visited on their children; and seldom were less deserving children exposed to ancestral retribution.—Like father, like son;—like mother, like daughters;—all empty-headed fools together! But that his Lordship has been trying to defraud me of my just due, I should, however, have felt disposed to deal less harshly with him. But when I find a fellow profiting by his privilege of peerage to——"

"Pardon me if I entreat you to give me no undue insight into the private affairs of my friends," —interrupted Basil, again rising from his chair, on finding that they were straying further and further from the miniature.

"Ay, ay!—You are afraid of finding your chains of gold mere pinchbeck.—You want an excuse to your conscience for continuing to flirt with Lord Maitland's giddy daughters, to eat his pine-apples, and drink his claret,—though certain that, by payment, they are no more his than yours!" cried A. O., with a caustic sneer.—"What curious calculations might one make, after some royal or noble banquet, of the number and names of the persons at whose real expense the noble guests have been entertained!—Messrs. Grove, the fishmonger,—Giblett, the butcher,—Fisher, the poulterer,—Gunter, the confectioner,—Fortnum, the grocer,—Morel, the oilman,—Durand, the wine merchant,—Garcia, the fruiterer!"—

"You are at least making out a very tempting bill of fare, Sir," interrupted Basil, anxious to get away.—"I can discern a Barmecide's feast through this bare muster-roll of names."—

"You are that filthy thing, a *gourmand*, then, as well as the slave of a pretty face?"—coolly demanded the old man.—"Well, well! God mend you!—In my time, young men were content with the vices of young men!—Now-a-days, they monopolise the weaknesses of boyhood and senility, —reconciling all extremes,—the follies of beardless chins and greybeards!"—

"I must again say, good morning, Sir, since you seem disposed to take me so severely to task," said Basil, abruptly.

"Before you go, however, I have a service to request of you," said Abednego, suddenly lowering his voice. "Don't be afraid!—I am not going to ask you for the *book* again. You have wisely put it into your pocket, and I honour your caution. All I have to request is, that you will break with your own hands the seals you prudently placed on yonder bureau. Here is the key!" said he, producing one which Basil had already noticed under his pillow, when they effected the sick man's change of bed.

Having readily complied with Abednego's desire, Annesley stood awaiting his further orders.

"Touch the head of the brass nail to the left of the last pigeon hole,"—said Abednego,—leaning on his elbow, and watching the proceedings of his delegate.

Basil Annesley did as he was required; when, lo! there started up, from the bottom of the old-fashioned bureau, a trap or hide, the well of which contained a variety of articles, apparently of less value than those which lay unguarded and exposed above.

"You will find a brown paper packet among those trinkets," said Abednego. "Take it out,—close the trap,—and see that the spring is secure! —Then lock the bureau, and bring me the key and the parcel."

More amused than angry at the imperative tone in which these orders were conveyed, Basil obeyed.

In another minute, he had laid both upon the pillow; and was again taking his leave, when Abednego bad him wait a moment.

With trembling hands, the old man was proceeding to undo the packet.

"Can I assist you, Sir?"—said Basil, conceiving that it was with this view Abednego had delayed his departure.

The old man answered not a word; though his hands trembled so exceedingly, that it was evident he would have some difficulty in accomplishing his purpose. There was a knot in the slight cord that tied up the packet.

"Better cut it!"—said Annesley, after a few minutes lost in unfructuous attempts, and presenting a penknife from his pocket-book for that purpose.

"Waste not—want not!" murmured the old man, in a feeble voice; and after another moment or two, Annesley perceived, to his utter amazement, that, in spite of Abednego's homely proverb, and deliberate parsimony, his feelings were so deeply involved in his task, that tears were actually falling upon the little parcel!—

"*Again* thus agitated!"—thought Basil. "This must be the very weakness of disease!—Twice in one day, for this iron man to evince tokens of sensibility!—Yet, *who* would believe me, were I to assert that I had seen tears shed by the stony eyes of A. O.!"

The packet was now open;—but Abednego's hands had not ceased to tremble, or his tears to fall!—

It contained only a miniature case; and Basil's heart began to beat strongly on recalling to mind the recent allusion of his host to such an object, in connexion with the Duca di San Catalda.

"Accept *this* from me!"—said the old man, placing it open in his hands.

And to the utter wonderment of Basil Annesley, he found, on opening the case, that it contained a

beautiful enamel copy of Verelst's exquisite picture of the Esmeralda,—the female figure of which presenting a striking likeness of his beloved Esther!

The gift was indeed inestimable!—But by what strange series of coincidences was he indebted for such a treasure to the munificence of the Money-lender—A. O.?—

AFGHAUNISTAN—*PRO* AND *CON*.

KYBER PASS.

My song a mournful muse invokes:
Pale, bleeding o'er the vale she stands,
  Wildly waving forth her hands,
Where Kyber, from his snow-clad rocks,
Poured down his fierce, insatiate bands,
To bathe their keen, deceitful brands
In blood that looks to heaven, and smokes
  For Vengeance on their cursed lands.

The troop has reached the fatal vale—
Slowly the lengthening lines ascend;—
The crags in horrid tumult bend:—
Each eye is fixed—each cheek is pale;
  For, rising like a fitful gale,
A thousand echoing voices blend—
The heralds of a dreadful tale!

Gleaming athwart the firmament,
Like fiends by frenzied Murder sent,
  Wild figures blot the sky;
While one dire havoc, deeply pent,
Ten thousand bosoms' element
  Bursts like a flood on high;
And they who dare, and they who fly,
In one wide waste of death are blent,—
  Unburied there to lie.

The horseman rears his battle blade;
Secure the vengeful foemen crowd:
High, hanging like a thunder cloud,
  He falls—nor asks for aid.
The startled steed defiance neighs,—
Son of the desert! think not now
Thy freely-tossing mane will flow,
  As in the pride of other days,
  O'er half a nation low;
When sandy plain and sunny slope
Beheld thee rise, the Arab's hope,
Where Carmel's rocky mountain smiled
Upon thy birth, proud desert child!
High towers his head—quick heaves his breath—
The sun, like lightning, gilds his mane—
It ne'er will see it float again—
He sinks—the majesty of death!

Swift from the musket's deadly throat
The winged wanderer flies:
The mountain chieftain's wild war-note
Throbs on his tongue, and dies.
With streaming robe, and grasping hands,
A thousand feet beneath his bands
  The bleeding wretch is driven;
While coloured shawl, and caftan rent,
Wave far along the dread descent,
  Prone from the verge of heaven.

In vain, alas! devoted brave,
Firm as the rock that marks your grave,
In crowded rank ye stand;—
One effort more—one thought of home—
A prayer to heaven—then bid your hand,
With dying grasp, and dripping brand,
  Carve o'er your bloody tomb—
"The glory of an injured land
  In Vengeance yet will come!"

A.

CRUSH THE AFGHAUN!

Crush the Afghaun! Why does *he* dare
  To claim man's birth-right and be free!
Go, slay him in his mountain lair,
  Go, teach him magnanimity.
Tell *him* about your gentle creed,
  Good will and Peace to wildest horde,
And preach it while his heart shall bleed,
  Revenge the grace that plunged your sword.

What is he, the bold Moslem thief,
  Rude Gheber, Bhuddist, blind Hindu!
All but your orthodox belief
  He dares to have:—wants freedom too!
Lifts *he* his sword 'gainst British wrong!
  Plucks *he* the lion by the mane!
The Rebel! Is not Britain strong!
  Sweep forth his race from hill and plain:

Go, crush the Afghaun! Ask him why
  He, dog! prefers *his* will to yours!
Full many a slave, 'neath ev'ry sky,
  Your mighty Helotry endures;
Toils to fill your cheating coffers,
  Your bondage feels, nor dares to sigh;
Who are Afghauns! Crush the scoffers,
  They dare refuse!—Then let them die.

Pomp of empire, blood-cemented!
  —Witness ye orphans', widows' tears;
Strife by treachery fomented,
  Proud conquests of a thousand years;
Can the mountain jackals tarnish
  All your glorious long array!
Christian Love is gloxing varnish,
  Shout out Revenge!—like Christians slay.

Kind,—you wished to ease the burden
  Which Freedom's independence gave;
He, for bonds of steel and hurden,
  Took all the promises you gave.
Stiff-neckèd! not to trust you better,
  Freedom,—a free man loves to be,
He broke your pious Christian fetter,
  And you denounced, for tyranny.

So, crush the Afghaun! now be bruited
  Throughout your realm,—with noble port,
Magnanimously spurred and booted,
  Ride down his children—spoil their sport.
Strew bones to bleach, and skulls to whiten,
  In every gorge round Afghaun's throne;
And, your triumphant march to heighten,
  Be careful that they're not your own.

J. A. O.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.*

The Memoirs of Bentham, up to middle-age, have already appeared in a series of articles in *Tait's Magazine*, from the pen of his latest and most confidential friend, as well as his best beloved disciple, Dr. Bowring. On this gentleman Bentham fully relied, both for giving his works to the world in as perfect a shape as possible; and for letting posterity see, without disguise, what kind of man, in his daily private life, the most original thinker, and the most eminent jurisconsult, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had been.

After so many pages, filled with Memoirs of Bentham, from the pen of Dr. Bowring, have appeared under our immediate sanction, it would, perhaps, be hardly graceful, or even decorous, to advert here, in any shape, to the manner in which he has performed his delicate and very onerous duties. There can, however, be no breach of decorum in adverting to the earnest spirit, the minute fidelity, and, above all, the affectionate warmth of feeling with which he has performed his sacred office to the dead. Bentham, in all the simplicity and truthfulness of his everyday life, and, as seen close at hand, has, to his biographer, appeared so truly great and amiable, and, in spite of his little foibles or peculiarities, (perhaps in some degree for them,) was so worthy of affection and reverence, that his biographer may have revealed trifling matters which more imparial or indifferent historians had thought better left in the shade, suppressed, or passed over with slight notice.

The period over which this new portion of the Memoirs extends comprehends above forty years: from 1792, when Bentham was in his forty-fourth year, until his death in 1832. The events are few, as the greater part of those years were spent in nearly entire seclusion from what is commonly called society; yet the narrative of their lapse is pregnant with matter, as the retired philosopher was cognizant, and, indeed, intently watchful of the complicated political movements of society, and personally acquainted with many of the most distinguished leaders of public affairs, during the various revolutions both of Europe and America.

Presuming that our readers cannot have forgotten those earlier portions of Bentham's Memoirs which appeared in our pages, we may now mention, that about the year 1792 his father died; and his income, already sufficient, if not ample for his wants, was increased by his succession to the family property in Queen's Square Place, and to farms in Essex yielding from £500 to £600 a-year. He appears to have immediately settled in the house in which he died forty years afterwards; though he often occupied country residences, and in particular Ford Abbey, which he calls "a monkish and magnificent place," and which, with the fine grounds, he rented for several years. He, at all times, as has been noticed, maintained a rather extensive correspondence with the most distinguished of the leaders in the great political and social movements, both of the new and the old world; and was, in his retreat, visited by the more remarkable of those foreigners who came to London for purposes of a liberal kind. An invitation to dinner given to one of those persons, General Santander, amusingly describes his precise locality:—

(Translation.)

"1*st July*, 1840.

"Dinner with the Hermit, at the Hermitage, a quarter past seven on Monday. On entering St. James's Park by the gate, called Storey's gate, at the end of the street called Great George Street, you will find yourself in the alley called the Bird-cage Walk: midway in this alley are the barracks for recruits. Before reaching this building, you will see a garden entered by an iron-rail gate, near the barracks, where you will see a sentinel. Having entered this gate, you will find yourself in a narrow path, which takes you in a straight line to a walk, where there is another iron gate, which you will find open. Enter by it, and you will find yourself in another garden, on the left of which is the house I inhabit. You will mount by a step, which takes you to a door; and you will find yourself in a small hall, with a staircase before you, and a small chamber at the left, at whose door you will knock: as to porters, or other men-servants, they are a sort of animals not kept in my den."

In lieu of these animals, he kept as secretaries, young men, whom he honoured with the name of his "Reprobates;" and of whom he seems to have had a numerous succession. Besides these regular inmates, he frequently had guests domesticated with him—though never but with a view to those great objects to which his life, and every hour of it, were unreservedly dedicated. His letters to some of these individuals will best describe his domestic habits. The first is addressed to Mr. W. Thompson, of Cork, who had consulted him on the subject of establishing a Chrestomathic school in Cork, on the plan which Bentham had unfolded in his *Chrestomathia*. Having given this gentleman all the information and advice in his power, as to his laudable scheme, the correspondence is concluded by this invitation, which, with the next, to a more distinguished Irishman, we copy; as they vividly exhibit the interior of Bentham's hermitage in the heart of the busy world:—

"29*th September*, 1819.

"During your stay in London, my hermitage, such as it is, is at your service, and you will be expected in it. I am a single man, turned of seventy; but as far from melancholy as a man need be. Hour of dinner, six; tea, between nine and ten; bed, a quarter before eleven. Dinner and tea in society; breakfast, my guests, whoever they are, have at their own hour, and by themselves; my breakfast, of which a newspaper, read to me to save my weak eyes, forms an indispensable part, I take by myself. Wine I drink none, being, in that particular, of the persuasion of Jonadab the son of Rechab. At dinner, soup as constantly as if I were a Frenchman,

* "The Works of Jeremy Bentham, now first collected; under the superintendence of his Executor, John Bowring. Parts 19th and 20th, forming the tenth volume, and containing the Memoirs of Bentham, by John Bowring; including Autographical Conversations and Correspondence." Edinburgh: Tait.

an article of my religion learnt in France : meat, one or two sorts, as it may happen ; ditto sweet things, of which, with the soup, the principal part of my dinner is composed. Of the dessert, the frugality matching with that of the dinner. Coffee for any one that chooses it."

When, in the year 1828, he entered into a correspondence with O'Connell, from whose zealous coöperation in Law Reform he anticipated great benefit to the cause ever nearest his heart, in inviting him as a permanent guest, we find Bentham thus describing his domestic habits :—

"17*th July*, 1828.

"To obviate disappointment, it is necessary that my peculiar manner of living should be known to you. My lamp being so near to extinction, and so much remaining to do by such feeble light as it is able to give, I never (unless of necessity, and then for as short a time as may be) see anybody but at dinner hour, that which is here a customary one—seven o'clock. As to place, I never dine anywhere but in my workshop, where the table admits not of more than five. Having learned, from long observation, that as in love so in business, when close discussion is necessary, every third person is a nuisance ; in addition to any inmate I may have, I never have more than one person to dine with me—a person whom either my inmate or myself may have been desirous to hold converse with. After the little dessert, the visiter of the day, if mine, stays with me ; if my inmate's, goes with him into the inmate's room till tea-time—my two young constant inmates taking, as above, their departure of course. The evening, not later than to half after eleven, is the only time I could regularly spare for conference, so far as regards the purpose of questioning. Your mornings would be passed in reading any stuff in print, or in manuscript, or in receiving explanation from some young friend of mine, or in ambulatory conference, for health's sake, in the garden with me. Let not the word appal you, for, how much soever your inferior in wit, you would not find me so in gaiety. My abode, you see, is not without strict propriety termed a hermitage. Servant of the male sex, none—cookery, for a hermit's, tolerably well spoken of. As to the hermit himself, smell he has absolutely none left ; taste, next to none ; wine, such as it is, guests, of course, drink as they please—the hermit none. None better has he to invite you to than a few remaining bottles of Hock laid in in 1793 ; older, at any rate, than that which Horace invited his friend to in an Ode I have not looked upon these seventy years."

To this invitation Mr. O'Connell, who seems to have been a cordial and sincere admirer of Bentham, replied in this warm strain :—

"Would to Heaven I could realize your plan ! how I should relish a political retreat in your hermitage, to prepare for all of practical utility that my faculties enable me to effectuate ! But I cannot leave Ireland. The progress of political and moral improvement seems to me to want my assistance here ; and certainly there would be some retardation in the machinery, if my shoulder was not constantly at the wheel, and my *back* on the shoulders of those who help to force it forward. Without a metaphor, I am not able to leave Ireland, even for the purpose of replenishing myself with the reasons of that political faith which is in me. I am, in good truth, your zealous, if you will not allow me to call myself your humble disciple. It is said somewhere, that Irishmen frequently catch glimpses of sublime theories, without being able to comprehend the entire plan. For my part, I certainly see a part, and would wish to comprehend the details of the whole. My device is yours :—'The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number.' And I say it with sincerity, that no man has ever done so much to show how this object could be realized, as you have. I sincerely wish I could devote the rest of my life to assist in realizing this object ; but my profession gives my family at present between six and seven thousands of pounds in the year, and I cannot afford to deprive them of that sum : all I can do, is, to dedicate to political subjects, as much time as can be torn from my profession.

"I am deeply imbued with the opinion that our *procedure* is calculated to produce anything but truth and justice ; and if ever they are elicited, it is by accident, and at an expense of time and principle which ought both to be otherwise employed. *How is it possible* that *law stamps* and *law fees* have survived—about *forty years*, I think—your protest !

"I am also convinced, that, to be without a *code*, is to be without justice. Who shall guard the guardians !—who shall judge the judges !—A code ! Without a code, the judges are the only efficient and perpetual legislature. There is a melancholy amusement in seeing how the '*scoundrels*'—pardon me—do sometimes *legislate*. In England, it is bad enough. In Ireland, where the checks (such as they are) of parliamentary *talk*, and of the press, are either totally removed or rendered nearly powerless, the mischief of *judicial legislation*, is felt in its most mischievous, ludicrous, and criminal operation.

"Mr. Brougham's *evils* are plain, and sometimes well displayed. His remedies are but patches placed on a threadbare and rent coat, and cut out of an unused remnant of the original cloth."

Unfortunately, some of the persons to whom Bentham's kindness of heart laid him open, were neither remarkable for gratitude, nor for a very nice sense of propriety. Among the latter class was JOHN NEAL, who requited his confidence and his hospitality, in a manner which Dr. Bowring blames only with too much gentleness, when he says :—

The rough republican frequently annoyed Bentham by his abruptness and incaution. His mind and manners had not been trained to that gentle and courteous bearing which so peculiarly distinguished Bentham, and to whose absence he could not reconcile himself. Quarrels with Bentham's servants added to the perplexities of his position : yet they parted with mutual, and, no doubt, sincere expressions of good will. . . .

Speaking of John Neal, Bentham said,—

"Neal's 'Brother Jonathan' is really the most execrable stuff that ever fell from mortal pen. No probability—no interest—no character resembling human character. Neal is a nondescript. We have no such being here : he was always cheerful and talkative—and talked on every subject with equal confidence. I might as well have had a rattlesnake in my house as that man."

Though entertaining an antipathy to the whole "*rattlesnake*" genus, Bentham was fond of animals, and especially of cats, which are often, probably from juxtaposition, *pets* of the studious and retired man. He was also fond of solemn music, and had an organ in his "workshop," which was played while he and his inmates, or guests, sat at dinner. Upon a platform in this apartment, which seems, in some sort, to have been library and study, as well as dining-room,—

Stood a bookcase named "the Caroccio," which he could reach without leaving his chair, and a reading stand with the MSS. on which he was occupied, a plate with writing materials, sticks, pens, and pins, wax, scissors, &c. The table was never removed. Opposite him was an arm-chair for a single visiter, for he did not like to have conversation divided and distracted by the presence of many persons. One, sometimes two secretaries dined with him, who were honoured with the name of "Reprobates." Himself he liked to call "the Hermit," and his house "the Hermitage."

A usual phrase on the arrival of a visiter for dinner was, "Let me whisk you round the garden. I always indulge in an ante-prandial circumgyration." The first time (says Dr. Bowring) I visited him, when he came to a corner of the garden, in which is a fine sycamore tree,

and behind it an obscure brick house, he suddenly stopped, and, laying Dapple* on my shoulders, shouted out, "On your marrowbones, Sir!" I saw on a slab, to which he pointed, "Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets." It was Milton's house, the house he occupied when he was secretary to Cromwell. The garden was an object of special delight to Bentham, who was passionately fond of flowers; and the garden had once, he said, been distinguished for its variety of fruits; but the growing deterioration of the atmosphere had destroyed one sort after another, so that a few currants and gooseberries, with abundance of fine mulberries, were all that time and smoke had left. Anne, the housemaid and waiter, always summoned us to dinner. His table was always liberally, not to say daintily served; and when he discovered that a particular dish was a favourite, that dish was sure to be found by the guest, and often bore the guest's name. I remember that "fried parsley" was Dr. M'Culloch's dish, "scolloped oysters" was mine. He ate abundantly, for dinner was his only substantial meal. "Let me have the ensign of authority," he would say, taking the bell-rope: and at ten o'clock tea was brought in; but he had a tea-pot of his own, which nobody else was allowed to use: the "sacred tea-pot," he styled it, its profaner name was "Dick;" and Dick was always put over the lamp to sing. Many an odd phrase did Dick give birth to: "Has my Dick begun his song?—then take him off his perch." "Take down Dicky: he is in a passion. What a piece of work he is making!" In Dicky the tea was made according to Bentham's peculiar notions of tea-making. The water was put in at once, so that the tea might be of equal strength to the end. To the sacred vessel a history was attached.

Dr. Bowring's connexion with Bentham commenced in 1820, and only terminated with the life of the great jurisconsult, who peacefully breathed his last breath in the arms of the affectionate, faithful, and reverential disciple, whose zealous service and filial ministrations must have shed so much of happiness over his latter years. Dr. Bowring's manly and tender account of their long and intimate connexion does even more honour to his own heart, than to the memory of his illustrious friend:—

My acquaintance with Bentham began in 1820. The politics of Spain were the first bond of intimacy. Blaquiere had suggested to Bentham that my knowledge of Peninsular matters might be not wholly without use to him. He invited me to his house. The intimacy strengthened from day to day. For the last ten years of his life, I believe, not a thought—not a feeling of his was concealed from me. Considering the disparity of age, I doubt if any man was ever more thoroughly possessed of the confidence of another than I possessed that of Bentham. Frequently I was an inmate of his house—always was I a welcome guest at his table. During his lifetime he placed in my hands the most interesting portion of his correspondence; and at his death, he bequeathed all his MSS. to my care, in order that I might select and superintend their publication.

Blessings, benefits, benignities, courtesies in every shape, I have received at his hands. No son was ever honoured by an affectionate father with more evidence of fondness, esteem, and confidence. And to me his friendship was that of a guardian angel. It conducted me with faithful devotion through a period of my existence in which I was steeped in poverty and overwhelmed with slander. His house was an asylum—his purse a treasury—his heart an Eden—his mind a fortress to me. It is only since his death, and when, in my situation of executor, all his papers have fallen into my hands, that I have learned how much I owed to his courageous friendship—his unbroken, his unbending trust. For I was calumniated on every side; and the calumnies were addressed in multitudes to my protector. His good opinion was turned aside by no insinuation; and the heavier the accusation, the more cordial and earnest was the defence. I give one of his earliest letters to me:—

"*Queen's Square Place, September*, 1820.

"Dear Sir,—Now that you have taken me under your protection, there are some hopes for me. I am a hard-working, pains-taking man: a law-maker by trade—a shoemaker is a better one by half—not very well to do in the world at present: wish to get on a little: have served seven apprenticeships, and not opened shop yet; make goods upon a new pattern: would be glad to give satisfaction: anything they may be thought wanting in quality, should be made up for in cheapness; under your favour could get up some choice articles for the Spanish market: would not interfere with my protector: scorn any such thing: mine a different line: would allow a per centage for agency, if agreeable. A few samples were circulated some time ago by an agent of mine, M. Dumont, of Geneva: think they were approved of. He has set up for himself, and got a job there. I let him have some of my tools and materials. He was forced to take in partners. They had been so used to the old way, that they were a little awkward at the new one: they have been coming out by degrees; still it is but up-hill work. He would have had me take the job in hand and go through with it. If I lived, so perhaps I might one of these days, rather than the thing should not be done; but the market there is so narrow. Spain! Spain! there is something like a market. An order from that country would make a man work early and late." . . . . . .

For some months before his death, Bentham had been anticipating the event. The loss of many of his faculties, particularly of his memory, was very obvious to him, and he frequently expressed his conviction, that mind and body were giving way together. I was absent from England a month or two before he died. So anxious was he to save me from the distress which the knowledge of his situation would have caused, that he directed certain letters of his to be sent to me, only in case of his recovery or death, lest their contents, by evidencing the state of his health, might be the cause of suffering to me.

From gentleness and kindliness of disposition, Dr. Bowring must have been much better suited to the temper and habits of the somewhat exacting and occasionally whimsical aged philosopher, than such sturdy disciples as Mill, or such admirers as Brougham. To the former, who, next to Dumont, was the most successful propagandist of his peculiar doctrines, Bentham had been a kind and liberal friend, when kindness was greatly needed, and, therefore, of tenfold value: but Dr. Bowring does not quite make out that in the misunderstandings—for quarrels would be too strong a word—of these distinguished men, there was not, as is usual in all such cases, faults upon both sides. However hard and unamiable the temper of Mill may have been—however impatient of contradiction and unsympathizing he was, there must have been some powerfully irritating cause at work, and that for a long period, before he could have written in this strain, while living under the sanctity of Bentham's roof:—

"I should contemplate with great dread the passing another summer with you, and think that we ought by no means to put our friendship to so severe a test. I am desirous of staying with you this season, as long as you yourself continue in the country, both for the sake of appearance, and because you have had no time to make any other arrangement for society: and I shall remain with so much the deeper an interest, that it is a pleasure not to be renewed. For I can most truly assure you, that at no moment were you ever more an

* *Dapple* was the name Bentham gave to his walking-stick.

object to me of reverence, and also of affection, than at the present; and nothing on my part shall be left undone while I here remain, to render my presence agreeable to you: perhaps, I ought rather to say, as little disagreeable as possible."

After some details respecting family and pecuniary arrangements, Mill concludes:—

"As I propose all this most sincerely, with a view of preserving our friendship—and as the only means, in my opinion, of doing so,—the explanation being thus made, I think we should begin to act towards one another without any allusion whatsoever towards the past; talk together, and walk together, looking forward solely, never back; and as if this arrangement had been the effect of the most amicable consultation, we can talk about our studies, and about everything else, as if no umbrage had ever existed: and thus we shall not only add to the comfort of each other during the limited time we shall be together, we shall also avoid the unpleasant observations which will be made upon us by other people. For my part, I have been at pains to conceal even from my wife that there is any coldness between us. I am strongly in hopes that the idea of the limitation will give an additional interest to our society, and overbalance the effects of a too long and uninterrupted intimacy, which I believe to be the great cause; for there is such a disparity between the apparent cause, my riding out a few times in the morning with Mr. Hume, to take advantage of his horses in seeing a little of the country, instead of walking with you,—and the great umbrage which you have extracted, that the disposition must have been prepared by other causes, and only happened first to manifest itself on that occasion.

"I remain, with an esteem which can hardly be added to, and which, I am sure, will never be diminished, my dear Friend and Master, most affectionately yours."

The part of this letter, quoted above, or the whole of it taken together, will give, we should imagine, the impartial reader a somewhat different impression from that which Dr. Bowring, viewing the affair with Bentham's eyes, must have received from it, ere he could say—

This letter admirably exhibits the character of Mill's mind; not amiable, but most sagacious—impatient of contradiction or of check, but penetrating and philosophical. No man ever reasoned with stronger logical powers—no man had ever a more accurate perception of truth, or a more condensed form of expression. No man was ever more efficient as a controversialist, or more felicitous in the exposure of a fallacy or a flaw. His weaknesses were those of temper. When listened to, he was admirable; it was only when the tide of his feelings, and the peculiarities of his nature met with resistance, that he appeared in an unattractive light. Of his intellectual capacity, Bentham thought most highly: but the scholar had none of the gentleness, none of the tenderness for the feelings of others, which distinguished the teacher. "He argues against oppression," said Bentham—"less because he loves the oppressed many, than because he hates the oppressing few. He fights for the people—not that he cares for the suffering people, but that he cannot tolerate the suffering-creating rulers." While Bentham lived at Ford Abbey, "Mill," said Bentham, "his wife and family, and a servant, were there the whole of the time; and so it was at Barrow Green—only one summer was I there without Mill. Mill came in the train of Sir John Stuart, a man of good estate, married to a lady of quality. Mill's father had been his tenant. Sir John finding Mill something different from other men, sent him to Edinburgh for education—there he became bearleader to a Marquis, [the Marquis of Tweeddale,] who gave him an annuity. Through Sir John, Mill got the faculty of attending Parliament. He was writing his *British India*, while I was writing all manner of things. He was also writing for the *Edinburgh Review*. His work got him the situation he holds. Mill thought it was through Canning's suggestion that they applied to him. I brought him and his family hither from Pentonville. I put them into Milton house, where his family were all at ease. Afterwards gave him the lease of the house he holds, and put it in repairs for him. He and his family lived with me half of every year, from 1808 to 1817 inclusive. When I took up Mill he was in great distress, and on the point of migrating to Caen. Our scheme, which we talked for years, was to go to Caracas, which, if Miranda had prospered, we should have undoubtedly done."

Bentham, however, was not without just pride in his eminent Scottish disciple. Fourteen years after the above difference,—which, by the way, ought to be a warning against even the greatest and most equal-minded philosophers becoming too intimate where there are wives, children, and servants in the case,—we find Bentham writing thus to a friend:

"The bearer is Mr. Mill, author of the celebrated History of British India, which, if you have not read, you cannot but have heard more or less of. Under the obscure title of *Examiner*, he bears no inconsiderable part in the government of the threescore or fourscore millions which form the population of that country. On the death of the chief of the four Examiners, which is expected to take place ere long, he will succeed him, with a salary of £2000 a-year.

"He was one of the earliest and most influential of my disciples. The house he lives in looks into my garden.

"Hearing of the two spots in your neighbourhood, both of which I several times took up my summer quarters, he expressed a desire to make a pilgrimage to them, as he did once to my birth-place in Red Lion Street, Houndsditch, and the unfortunate half-burnt-down residence in Crutched Friars. There are your own quondam residence in Chertsey, which you cannot but remember, and the farm-house at Thorpe, to which George Wilson and I used to repair in the long vacation, as you probably remember.

"Perhaps, after reading this, you may have the charity to send some servant or retainer to accompany Mr. Mill and conduct him to the two spots."

Again, he says:—

"Mill will be the living executive—I shall be the dead legislative of British India. Twenty years after I am dead, I shall be a despot, sitting in my chair with Dapple in my hand, and wearing one of the coats I wear now. It was Mill who induced Ricardo to get into Parliament, and I took some trouble to get him a seat."

Mill, however, had his heresies—among others—what Bentham called "an abominable opinion" with respect to the inaptitude of women, and one "scarcely less abominable," that men should not hold office till they are forty years of age.

Though an exceedingly able, Mill was by no means an amiable man. Bentham said of him that his willingness to do good to others depended too much on his power of making the good done to them subservient to good done to himself. "His creed of politics results less from love for the many, than from hatred of the few. It is too much under the influence of selfish and dissocial affection.

"He will never willingly enter into discourse with me. When he differs, he is silent. He is a character. He expects to subdue everybody by his domineering tone—to convince everybody by his positiveness. His manner of speaking is oppressive and overbearing. He comes to me as if he wore a mask upon his face. His interests he deems to be closely connected with mine, as he has a prospect of introducing a better system of judicial procedure in British India. His book on British India abounds with bad English, which made it to me a disagreeable book. His account of the superstitions of the Hindoos made me melancholy."

No part of these Memoirs will be found more interesting, or more instructive, than the opinions which Bentham expressed of the more eminent and remarkable public characters, who were his

contemporaries; though these opinions were sometimes rash, and not always just; at least in our opinion. We shall glean a few as specimens; and first, PITT:—

"Pitt the second," said Bentham, speaking of him to me in 1822, "had that quality,—the only quality necessary for a ministerial leader,—the quality of an orator. He had no plans—good or bad—wide or narrow. In fact, he came into office too young to have any,—just at the age when a man is intrusted with the conduct of his own private affairs. The Secretaries of the Treasury were Mr. George Rose and Mr. Charles Long. All that was wanting to the art of government was, that, from time to time, certain changes should be proposed, to prevent the machine from falling to pieces; and George Rose was generally employed to prepare and give an account of those intended and necessary changes. Mr. Long was the *arbiter elegantiarum*—the master of the government ceremonies. The work that was to be done was concocted by Rose,—the secret superintendence of the workmen was managed by Long. . . .

"I remember a curious *partie quarré*, consisting of Pitt, his elder brother, another, and myself. They stayed at Bowood some days.—I one day rode out with Pitt, and we talked over Indian affairs. I had just been reading an unpublished pamphlet,—and Bailey (an E. I. Director) said he wondered where I had got so much knowledge,—so much more than he had got. Yet I had only read that pamphlet, and really knew little about it. Pitt was like a great schoolboy, scorning, and sneering, and laughing at everything and everybody,—in terms of great insolence and pretence."

His opinion of Fox was not much more favourable. Dr. Parr had anxiously laboured to make them acquainted, and friends; but they seem never to have even met. After the death of Fox, Bentham wrote of him thus to Sir James Mackintosh, then in India:—

"Alas! while the propitiatory incense was lighting up, the idol [Fox] was no more. Peace be to his ashes! —My expectations of him were never sanguine. He was a consummate party leader: greedy of power, like my old friend Lord Lansdowne,—but, unlike him, destitute of any fixed intellectual principles, such as would have been necessary to enable him to make, to any considerable extent, a beneficial use of it. He opposed the Grenville Act; he opposed the Irish Union: Pitt, or anybody else in power, might have made him oppose anything by adopting it. I knew not where to find him, —and if I understand right, no more did anybody else. —He magnified Jurisprudential Law in preference to Statute; (this is a private anecdote that fell within my own knowledge;) an imaginary rule of action in preference to a real one,—the profligacy of a hireling lawyer, without the excuse; the power of the lawyer is in the uncertainty of the law. Like that of the lawyer, his wish was to see all waters troubled:—why? as feeling himself, in so superior a degree, a master of the art of fishing in them.

"Since your leaving England, three opportunities of being made known to him presented themselves to me: two by relatives of his when he was in the zenith of his power, were often expressed, or implied;—I closed with neither. Had he had anything to say to me, I would have heard it, with the respect due to his character:—having, on my part, nothing to say to him, I should have considered the time spent in his company as so much time thrown away. Dr. Parr, in his kindness, under the notion, I suppose, of doing me a service, took pains to throw me in his way, or draw down upon me the light of his countenance. He seemed disappointed at observing me as indifferent to his living idols, as Shadrach and Meshech were to the golden one of Nebuchadnezzar. Had I seen any opening for entertaining any such expectations from him in respect of the cleansing the Augean Stable, as I should from you, if you were in his place, I would have cried, Lord! Lord! till he had been tired of hearing me.

"When I saw you enlisted in the defence of a castle of straw, which I had turned my back upon as fit for nothing but the fire, I beheld with regret what appeared to me a waste of talents so unprofitably employed.

"When I heard of your being occupied in teaching the anatomy and physiology of two chimeras, the same sensation was again repeated. A crowd of admiring auditors of all ranks,—and what was it they wished for or expected? Each of them, some addition to the stock of sophisms, which each of them had been able to mount by his own genius, or pick up by his own industry, in readiness to be employed in the service of right or wrong, whichever happened to be the first to present the retaining fee.

"'There he is,' said George Wilson to me, one day, pointing out to me the Lecturer; (*pulchrum est digito monstrarier.*)

"To Wilson I said nothing;—to myself I said—'There or anywhere he may be—what is he to me? What he does—if anything, is mischief! What if he be Jupiter? So much the worse:—περὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς; the cloud-compelling Jupiter, heaping clouds on clouds. When I pray, it is with Ajax, for clear daylight: smoke I abhor, and not the less for its being illuminated with flashes.'"

The whole of the letter is characteristic, and exhibits Bentham's mind in its highest attitude, though wanting something of the indulgence, gentleness, and charity which he himself so frequently and earnestly inculcates; though his courteous admonition to Mackintosh was not altogether ill-deserved.

Horne Tooke.—Speaking of Horne Tooke, in relation to this period, Bentham said:—"Horne Tooke had a narrow mind. His library was narrow. A man may be judged of by his library. He was of great use to Burdett. He gave him some degree of intellectuality. Burdett always travelled with some stuff of mine—but I could not get him to give up the common law. He thought it 'a beautiful theory,' and Lord Coke 'a beautiful person.' What a sad thing it is that imaginary law should be confounded with real law. What authority has the maker of the common law?

"Horne Tooke's dinners were pic-nic dinners. Every man sent something, and more than he took. Among the eaters, Colonel Bosville was a republican. Humphreys was admitted on the strength of a *bon mot.*"

From first to last Bentham had that true idea of Sir Francis Burdett, which every man of ordinary penetration seems at once to have formed, who saw that pseudo-patriot close at hand. Burdett, who had recourse to every man who could assist him in bolstering up a factitious reputation for statesmanship, upon one occasion applied to Bentham to draw up a Bill for Parliamentary Reform, which he was, of course, to introduce to the House—as his own. From the philosopher's reply to this proposal, we copy out one pithy sentence:—

"I never can bring myself to put my name to any plan of Parliamentary Reform, under which suffrages would not be free; nor do I see it possible how they ever can be free, otherwise than by being placed under the safeguard of secrecy."

The correspondence went on, Sir Francis freely promising,—

"I shall not only be happy, but proud to use every exertion in my power, to tax all my faculties to the utmost, in order to carry into effect your wishes upon this great and important, and indeed only important, subject. My tongue shall speak as you do prompt mine ear; and I will venture to promise, knowing so well whom I promise, that I will refuse attempting no

himself—the hero of peace,—of that peace which is the child of Justice.

"After subduing the three kingdoms, he attacked the army of lawyers. They repulsed him. They were too many for him.

"About sixty years ago I deserted from it, and have been carrying on against them a guerilla war ever since.

"I have got together a body, which is every day augmenting. I am now on the point of attacking them in force.

"The *materiel* of my army may be seen in the volume accompanying this, intituled, 'Justice and Codification Petitions.'

"On the opening of the next campaign in Saint Stephen's, my Commander-in-chief (a truce to his name for the present) will commence the attack. His baton, the Bill (styled the *Despatch Court Bill*) which I have prepared for him.

"Under him will serve some stout fellows, whom I am occupied in enlisting and training.

"But a truce to allegory. It is time to speak in plain language.

"Our whole *Judiciary Establishment*, with the system of *procedure*, self-styled the *regular*, by which it works, is one entire mass of corruption: fruits of it, depredation and oppression,—both upon an all-comprehensive scale: its proceedings have, from first to last, had these for its objects and effects. Mere illusion the so indefatigably trumpeted purity of it. In comparison of the plunderage made by it, trifling is that made by the most corrupt, whichever it is, of those whose corruption is most notorious. By the plunderage which they make, *they* are always more or less exposed to punishment. Of that which our Judges make, the whole mass is intrenched in impunity; and by Parliament itself, under their influence, the fortress has recently been made impregnable. I mean—by the Statute of the 22d July, 1822, (3 Geo. IV. c. 69,) by which the Judges are authorized to impose on the afflicted suitors taxes without stint, and put the money into their own pockets.

"Open the accompanying volume. To one of the pages you will find a keep-place paper pinned. A single glance will suffice to show you fourteen *charges*. By the unreserved confession even of practising lawyers,—lawyers high in practice,—high even in Mr. Peel's confidence,—these charges are incontestably, every one of them, proved.

"The eyes of the people at large are fast opening, not to say already opened: opened to the slavery in which they have been so long held by lawyers. Soon will you hear the self-emancipated slaves, chorus upon chorus, in full cry for justice! 'Away,' say they, 'away with the *technical*, the unintelligible mode of procedure—the *regular*, as the so-monstrously-irregular chaos so falsely calls itself. Give us the only plain,—the only intelligible,—the only honest,—in a word, the *summary* mode. Give us the only mode employed by those who wish sincerely, seriously, and steadily, to give execution and effect to that rule of action for the effectuation of which this adjunct professes to be employed. Give us the mode employed in the *Small Debt Courts*. Give us the mode employed in the courts composed of *Justices of the Peace acting singly*, or in any numbers elsewhere than in Quarter Sessions. Give us the only mode employed where evidence is to be elicited—where information is to be obtained, by either House of *Parliament*,—the only mode, in a word, which is employed where a real desire has place to bring out 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Thus say already in numbers, and will say every day in greater and greater numbers, the people at large. But, to crown all, speaking, as I do, to the *Head of the Army*, *I* say—Give us the mode—the only mode—employed in and by *Courts-martial!*

"Yes! give us the simplicity, the honesty, the straightforwardness, of *Courts-martial*.

"Yes: look here, Duke! Here you are at home. Had you a military offence to *try*—had you a *dispute* to settle between *two* officers—would you be satisfied to let *five years* pass before so much as the *first* question put received an answer? Would the sound of a *word*—the word *equity*, or any other—suffice to reconcile you to an absurdity so palpable, so abominable—to every mouth that can gulp it down, so dishonourable? But, if not, in what respect can such a delay, with the expense and lawyer's-profit for which it was created, be more conducive and favourable to *civil* than to *military* justice?

"No! the head of the army—in so far as it depended upon him—as often as a military wrong took place one moment, would not wait another moment before he applied the remedy.

"There sits Lord Eldon! for five-and-twenty years and more, to the ruin of so many thousands of families, head of the law. What says this, or any other head of the law, to the *five* years? Would he abate so much as a single moment of it? Ask him. Not he indeed.

"Think now of the difference! and—the cause of it—what is the cause of it? What but this:—The head of the army would be a ruined man—his army a ruined army—were he mad enough to *establish* any such matchless absurdity; or, though it were but for a moment, *permit* it to have place. But the head of the law, who not only permits it to have place, but would be ready to faint at the thought of its ceasing to have place—in what way is *he* a sufferer by it? Instead of being so, he is, and to a matchless amount, a gainer by it. His vast, his needless, his useless, his most mischievous income, so many times as great as that of the head of the army, is mainly constituted by it.

"Theory! speculation! visionary! enthusiast! *Utopian!* Of words such as these is composed the only sort of answer which the opposers of Law Reform—the defenders of established turpitude—are wont, or can find, to make to such damning truths.

"Head of the army! I repeat the question. In any Court-martial that ever sits, would you have five years elapse before so much as the first question received an answer? Would you have every innocent man, who, by some untoward occurrence, had been brought before a Court-martial *regularly* plundered of his last shilling before he received his acquittal? Well, then, if you would not, and forasmuch as you would not, you are as undeniably a theorist, a speculatist, and so forth, as *I myself* am.

"By the last returns, a sum, within a trifle of £40,000,000 was lying *engulphed* in Chancery. By this time that sum must have been exceeded. By my plan, this vast sum would, within a trifle, be given to the right owners, instead of being, in so vast a proportion of it, divided by the lawyers amongst the lawyers, while the remainder remained in the gulph, ready to be drawn upon by them, as occasion offered."

About this time occurred the duel between the Duke and the Earl of Winchelsea, upon which the octogenarian sage reads his Grace a homily against duelling, commencing,—

"Ill-advised man!—Think of the confusion into which the whole fabric of Government would have been thrown, had you been killed; or had the trial of you, for the murder of another man, been substituted in the House of Lords to the passing of the Emancipation Bill!

"I told you I was your *well-wisher*. Even in the common form of a letter I never speak unadvisedly. I now prove myself so."

Having adverted to a plan which he had in view, to put an end to "the pestilential practice of dueling," he leads the way to a curious piece of private history. Hitherto it has been generally imagined that O'Connell had never fired a pistol in his life, until he had the misfortune to kill Mr. D'Esterre; while, on the contrary, he had been a long-practised and an admirable marksman:—

"T'other day, O'Connell was with me. Amongst other things, he gave me his history in relation to duelling. About a dozen years ago, it happened to him to kill his man. He declares himself, in private as well as in public, and (strange as it may seem to many of us) as

far as I can judge, with sincerity, to be a believer in the religion he professes in public. Not without visible signs of emotion did he speak to me of the catastrophe. The effect produced by it on his mind was (he said) such, that he made a vow, and that vow was—to make atonement for the transgression: and that atonement consisted in the determination never to engage a second time in the like contest; but to submit to any insult or indignity, how atrocious soever, rather than seek or accept of satisfaction in that shape. Yes: and to make this determination matter of general notoriety; and to this his determination he had hitherto maintained, and ever resolved to maintain, the most inviolable adherence.

"Not so much as five minutes had the report of the occurrence reached me in this my Hermitage, when I sat down to write the scribble, which, in the original, would not have been legible to you: in the meantime, what I hear is—that instead of being the challen*gee*, which would have been too bad, you were actually the challen*ger*, which is still worse. Friends, forsooth!—How narrow must have been the views and minds of friends, by whom advice, with such effects in the train of it, could have been given!

"These friends—in name, profession, and appearance; to whom were they so in reality? To yourself, to the king, to Great Britain, to Ireland, to the human species at this present time? To the same species at any future time?—Put to each of them these questions: and take note of his answers.

"In the United States, I am neither unknown nor unheeded. The President, and the present Finance Secretary, were my familiar friends. Propensity to duelling is, in that country, the cardinal vice. In that country, still more than in Ireland, the *plague* in that shape *rages*. If I live two years, or at the utmost three years longer, I shall be, in no small degree, disappointed, if I do not see the *plague* (as the Bible phrases it) '*stayed*.'"

The Duke's reply to this epistle was immediate, and must have been kind, for now Bentham addresses him, "My dear Duke," telling him, that he could not afford to lose one whom he wanted to make "greater than Cromwell," and then comes a string of warning anecdotes—of duels:—

"First, as to O'Connell's. What I did not mention before is this. O'Connell was sure of his mark. He had made himself so in an odd way. In his part of the country reigns a commonwealth of dogs: their practice was to attack men on horseback, biting the horse's heels.

"Think not this incredible. A similiar commonwealth had place years ago, and probably has still, at Constantinople. Anno 1785, it made war upon me there: fortune saved me. O'Connell travelled with pistols, and practised with them upon those dogs, till he became expert as above. Hence the contrition spoken of in my last.

"2. Colonel Burr's case. Colonel Hamilton stood in the way of his ambition. Burr determined to put him out of the way. He too had made himself sure of his mark. Not confession this, but boast. I had it from himself. Anno 1807, or thereabouts, he was my guest for months.

"3. Target Martin's. John Wilkes got him christened by this name; the import you see already. In this Martin's case, it was an affair of *speculation*. How to use pistols, he had learnt from his target: whom to use them upon, from the case of St. Becket, in Hume's History. George the Third was his Henry the Second.

"4. Another case comes in this moment. Adam's,—Lord Commissioner Adam's case. Shooting at a great man by his leave, then figuring away and making a friend of him. Speculation this in another shape. . . .

. . . . With reminiscences such as these in his mind, could a man do otherwise than I have done, and am thus continuing to do? Had I not, I should, in case of your falling a victim, as above, to rage or speculation, read my own condemnation in my own Penal Code."

The correspondence between Bentham and O'Connell commenced in 1828, when the latter, in some public speech, had eloquently attacked the abuses of the law, and eulogized the great philosophic Law Reformer, JEREMY BENTHAM. The whole correspondence is highly animated and interesting, from the characters of the men, and also from the political views which it embodies, and those with which the sage wished to indoctrinate this new and promising disciple.

Lord Brougham, whose forbearance, and genuine respect and regard, the somewhat impatient and testy octogenarian jurisconsult seems often to have tried to the utmost of man's endurance, was about this time not keeping so kindly or gently to the leading strings in which Bentham tacitly insisted that all his "boys" should walk,—and O'Connell was hailed as "comforter of my old age! Illustrious friend! Invigorator of my fondest hopes!" And certainly O'Connell's letters breathe admirable sentiments, and excellent tendencies. His vehemence or impetuosity of temperament, and furious outbursts of abuse, coarse invective, and gross personality, often and deeply grieved his sage and courteous friend; and after they had corresponded for some months, we find Bentham, who playfully styled now Brougham and now O'Connell his grandsons, remonstrating with him as,—

"Dan, dear child,—Whom, in imagination, I have, at this moment, pressing to my fond bosom,—put off, if it be possible, your intolerance. Endure the conception, and even the utterance of other men's opinions, how opposite soever to your own. At any rate, when you assume the mantle of the legislator, put off the gown that has but one side to it,—that of the advocate."

O'Connell and Hunt were at this time abusing each other to the great amusement of the public and their own hearts' content; and Bentham, who endeavoured to restrain Hunt, conveys this affectionate admonition to O'Connell:—

"What is past cannot be recalled; but, in future, if he can be kept from abusing you, so much the better. In his pericranium, the organ of abusiveness is full a yard long. It must be driving at something. Driving at what is *abuseworthy*—it may do good; for there is no small strength in it: driving at what is praiseworthy,—it either does nothing, or does evil. Driving at the city of London abuses, he has already done considerable good, and is in the way to do considerably more.

"All that a vituperative epithet proves is—that he who uses it is angry with him on whom he bestows it, not that he has any reason for being so.

"Should you ever again have occasion to speak of Henry Hunt, I hope you will not again bring it up against him, as if it were a matter of reproach, that he sells Blacking, or anything else; for besides that there is no harm in selling Blacking, the feeling thus betrayed belongs not to us democrats, but to aristocrats who make property (and that more particularly in a particular form, the immoveable) the standard of opinion. Moreover, men of our trade should be particularly cautious as to the throwing into the faces of antagonists vituperation as to their trade; for thereupon may come in reply—Junius' aphorism about 'the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong.'"

As a literary curiosity, we copy out a Ciceronian epistle, which must in future times form a portion of the Derrynane Papers, and of the Memoirs of its remarkable writer:—

"*Derrynane, Sept.* 13, 1828.

"I am here amongst my native mountains, for a few, very few weeks. I decide all the controversies in the district. I never allow a witness to appear, until the plaintiff and defendant have both fully told their tales, and agreed their *points*. In nine instances out of ten, other testimony is unnecessary. This tribunal is so cheap, it costs them nothing; and is so expeditious (I decide as soon as the parties have exhausted their arguments, and offered their witnesses on the facts, ultimately in dispute) that they reserve for me all their disputes, and it appears to me that they are satisfied with the results. This deduction I the more readily draw from the purely voluntary nature of their submission to my awards. It proves, however, nothing, but as far as it shows *me* the great value of hearing the parties themselves."

It must be confessed that there was no want of "soft sawder" in the epistles of the Liberator to the Hermit of Queen's Square Place; yet O'Connell must at the moment have felt much of what he expressed, and been very sincere in making those promises which he has not yet been able to redeem. For example, the one for his long-announced, ever-delayed motion on Libel Law.

No one of those eminent persons, whom it filled Bentham with pride and hope to number among his disciples, seems to have piqued him more deeply than Brougham; who has accordingly been judged with unreasonable severity, and even with intolerance, as often as his compliance stopped short of the exact point whither Bentham wished to lead him. His differing in opinion as to the proper course to be pursued, was too often, if not uniformly, set down as coldness in the cause, or else insincerity. In 1812 occurs, in a characteristic letter, the first notice of Brougham, who then stood very high in the opinion and favour of Bentham, though even thus early he had probably not been all submission, however filled with regard and deference:—

"The member by whom this letter is franked, is the famous Mr. *Brougham*—pronounce *Broom*—who, by getting the Orders in Council revoked, and peace and trade with America thereby restored, has just filled the whole country with joy, gladness, and returning plenty. He has been dining with me to-day, and has but just gone. This little dinner of mine he has been intriguing for, any time these five or six months; and what with one plague and another, never till this day could I find it in my heart to give him one—I mean this year: for the last we were already intimate. He is already one of the first men in the House of Commons, and seems in a fair way of being very soon universally acknowledged to be the very first, even beyond my old and intimate friend, Sir Samuel Romilly: many, indeed, say he is so now.

"The editor of *The Examiner*, Hunt, has taken me under his protection, and trumpets me every now and then in his paper, along with Romilly. I hear so excellent a character of him, that I have commissioned Brougham to send him to me. . . . .

"Brougham is the sole confidential adviser of the Princess of Wales, in her contest with her husband. The Princess takes in *The Examiner;* and, as being in such pointed hostility against her said husband, reads it with great interest. The Princess Charlotte comes once a-fortnight, on a stated day of the week, I forget which, to dine with her mother, and there she steals a peep at the said *Examiner*. The Princess Charlotte had been taught by her father to be a great admirer of Charles Fox. Upon her father's casting off that party without reason assigned, she would not go with him; but being disgusted with his behaviour towards her mother, and on so many other accounts, adheres to her mother, and retains her original political feelings in great force. Brougham and Romilly are the Princess Charlotte's two great heroes, whom she is continually trumpeting. If she were on the throne, Romilly would of course be Chancellor, Brougham either Minister, or in some other high office. They are both of them more democratic than the Whigs; and Erskine, having already been Chancellor, would probably have been preferred for that office, to Romilly, by the Whigs, had they come into power when they were so near it. Romilly's is the only house I go to; and Brougham one of the very few, indeed, that I admit into mine. When the Earl of Dundonald dies, Lord Cochrane, who is his eldest son, will succeed to the peerage; and then it is understood to be certain that Brougham will succeed him as member for Westminster."

From his early years, Bentham indulged in a playful strain of badinage in his conversation and letters; in which vein of light pleasantry, it must however be confessed, that he was not always eminently felicitous. In this style he replied to an announcement made by Mr. Brougham in 1827, of "Opening a Budget of Legal Common Law Enormities," or of his purpose in his own words—

"To lift the floodgates of whatever stores I possess or can borrow (and herein don't doubt your reservoirs being freely tapped) of exposition—detail—illustration, homely and refined—attack, invective, sarcasm, irony, broad-joke, and drollery—in short, every kind of attack, not neglecting the pathetic, on our Criminal Code, and Debtor and Creditor Law. I mean, moreover, to *carry my motion*, not by moving for leave to bring in a code, or even one *per* of the said code, for I well know all powers of Church and State are against that; but by moving for a good commission, as good as the charity one was bad; and I *know* that their report must produce some proofs of changes, and large changes, being required. . . These things coming from a practical man, who is making many thousands a-year by the craft, must have a good effect. And now, to answer your second query—Why *out* of office is better for this great *delivery* than *in*? If I were Attorney or Solicitor General, they would have a right to gag, at least to mitigate me; and I want to be well delivered of my burthen before that happens."

With this announcement Bentham was enchanted, and he instantly replied in his favourite style:

"My dearest best Boy.—You are not so much as fifty. I am fourscore—a few months only wanting: I am old enough to be your grandfather. I could at this moment catch you in my arms, toss you up into the air, and, as you fell into them again, cover you with kisses. It shall have—ay, that it shall—the dear little fellow, some nice sweet pap of my own making: three sorts of it—1. Is Evidence. 2. Judicial Establishment. 3. Codification Proposal—all to be sucked in, in the order of the numbers. . . . . .

"In conclusion, hear grandpapa again, and accept his blessing, which, however, (remember!) is but a conditional one, and conditioned for your continuing as a law reformer till the end of the next session, the same *bonus puer* which you were on the 22d of this instant September, 1827. Should you become naughty any part of that time, though but in a parenthesis, the *Bête Noire* shall be set upon you, and will gobble you up at a mouthful, screaming and sputtering notwithstanding."

Lord Brougham humouring the old man's fancy, replied in the same vein:—

"Dear Grandpapa,—Many thanks for the *pap*, I am already *fat on it*. I did not acknowledge it, being busy eating it; and saying nothing at meals is the way with us little ones—when hungry.

"I shall be in town next week, late.—Yours dutifully."

The correspondence was not allowed to drop.

"DEAR SWEET LITTLE POPPET,—If it continues, *unus bonus puer*, it will toddle hither immediately upon its return; and besides some more pap, made in the same saucepan, it will get fed with some of its own pudding; for a dish there is, which, in the vocabulary of Q. S. P. goes by the name of '*Master Brougham's pudding*,' though, if, in an indictment for stealing it, it were named by the name of *pudding*, defendant prisoner would be acquitted, had the whole of the noble army of martyrs kissed their thumbs in proof of the fact.

"Seriously, if you think seriously of making any use of that stuff of mine which you have, it will be material, (as I am sure you will be satisfied,) that you should have the earliest cognizance of a quantity of other stuff that is connected with it.

"J. B.

"At sight of this, employ two words in naming a day when I may expect you. All other engagements shall give way to the one so made."

"MY DEAR BOY—You have now been breeched some time; and, with a little study, you are able, I am sure, to get a short exercise by heart, and speak it quite pretty. Here is one for you: the next time you toddle to Q. S. P. let me hear you say it; and if you say it without missing more than four words, I have a bright silver fourpence for you, which you shall take and put into your pocket.

"When you say it, you are to fancy you are in the House of Commons; that I am Speaker; and you sitting on one of the forms, with a pretty silk gown on your little shoulders, and a fine bushy wig on your little pate; and then you start up, as fierce as a little lion, and say what is in the paper which is here enclosed.

"Do as you are bid—I am sure you can, if you will—and the one I have mentioned is not the last of the silver fourpences you will receive from the hands of your loving guardian,

"J. B.

"*Master Henry Brougham.*"

If *Master Henry* had been docile, and taken kindly to all of his lessons, he would, beyond a doubt, have stood so much higher in the good graces of his grandpapa, that certainly no one would have been found his equal. In the instance in question, Mr. Brougham's plan, when propounded, fell very far short of Bentham's hopes. He had already learned the important secret, which Brougham had not then learned, that it is quite as easy, under certain circumstances, to carry a great and effectual measure of reform of any sort, as one of those half-ones called "a practical measure." Under the signature of *Misopseudo*, Bentham, therefore, wrote a letter criticising Brougham's measure, which was intended for publication, though we are not told in what journal it appeared, or whether it appeared at all. Though alloyed by some degree of impatience and injustice to Lord Brougham, much important truth mingles with Bentham's strictures. Having maintained his own view as to the parties to every suit appearing face to face before the Judge,—if to the satisfaction of the Judge the plaintiff has previously made out a case for trial,—he thus continues:—

"Mr. Brougham's mountain is delivered, and behold! —the mouse. The wisdom of the reformer could not overcome the craft of the lawyer. . . . .

"So would the interests of truth be served—but not the interests of lawyers.

"The system of special pleading is the pregnant, the prolific mother of lies. *That* is truly a mendacity license,—a reward and an encouragement to falsehood. All lies are bad,—judicial lies are the worst of all. Are they not, Mr. Peel? Are they not, Mr. Brougham? Those who like lies and lying, whether for the purposes of selfish interest or those of private and public injustice, let them cling to special pleading with the tenacity of the fondest affection. But if lies and injustice be objects of abhorrence, so will special pleading be. Mr. Peel will laud it, and so will Mr. Brougham. Special pleading cried up by both. Bavius and Mævius! Mr. Peel and Mr. Brougham! Those who laud the one, may laud the other. Boys of the same school,—heirs of the same inheritance,—preachers of the same faith! Shake them in a bag: look at them playing at push-pin together. Mr. Peel will have no short pleas; so he establishes long ones. Mr. Brougham will tear up this and that and t'other root of lies, with the special care to plant others just as noxious in their stead. Mr. Brougham! instead of six hours, you may talk for sixty. The public will be enlightened at last. They will look upon you as the sham adversary, but real accomplice of Mr. Peel, unless you can sacrifice (hard sacrifice, but how illustrious!) your interest and profit in this wholesale manufacture of lies,—of lies as mischievous as were ever devised by their great author and father. You know their paternity. 'Is it not written in the Book?'"

The *Westminster Review* was commenced in 1823, with the funds and under the immediate auspices of Bentham. In that work, Lord Brougham was, to say the least of it, very unceremoniously handled, though for his own share in the attack, whatever it had been, Bentham assumed high grounds of justification. But however dissatisfied Bentham might have been with Mr. Brougham's public conduct or backwardness, or however piqued upon personal grounds, he was always ready to be appeased. This is no small merit in one who has been the aggressor; which we are afraid Bentham was in this particular instance. Brougham was already Lord Chancellor, and it is probable that his appointment was generally known when his ancient friend, on the 19th November 1831, wrote this volunteer epistle:—

"MY DEAR BROUGHAM,—It is with no small gratification that I heard Doane's account of the kind mention you made of me in the short conversation he had with you this day: finding thereby that the state of your affections towards me harmonizes so exactly with that of mine towards you. Whatsoever may be in the *Westminster Review* notwithstanding, be assured that no sentiment of personal hostility has ever had place in anything I have said of you there or elsewhere.

"It is accordingly truly delightful to me to see such good reason for believing that no considerable, if any, uneasiness has been produced in your mind by what has been called my '*truculence*:' for assuredly, if you were sitting opposite me, (as I hope you will shortly be ere long,) it would not be possible for me to witness any symptoms of uneasiness on your brow, without imbibing, through the channel of sympathy, more or less of it. Not that in substance my course would be altered by any such irrelevant observation: for, if you were my brother in the flesh, instead of being my *soi-disant* grandson in the spirit, (Oh, naughty boy!) never could I sacrifice to my regard for any individual that affection for my country and mankind, to which my whole soul has been devoted for I forget how much more than threescore years. As I am dealing with you, so dealt I by my friend Romilly: for, on the occasion of the *Westminster election*, he being, in my phrase, *no better than a Whig*, I wrote against him in favour of—I forget who, (Douglas Kinnaird, I believe,)—of whom I knew nothing, but that he stood upon Radical ground. What the *Review* has said of you, either this time or the former time, I know not; nor do I think I ever shall. Sure enough did I send in the *meat* for that meal; for it was what nobody else could have done; but, as to the dressing, I neither know how it was done, nor who were the cooks.

"I have understood that it was you that let slip the dogs of war at me in the *Edinburgh*, and perhaps else-

where. The more there are of them, the more tickled I shall be ; and in so all-comprehensive an assurance you would find a good and valid license, should you ever suppose yourself to have need of any such thing.

"I have my views, you have yours ; but, in all other respects, I am—yours most truly," &c.

Brougham, now Lord Chancellor, immediately replied, and on the day we believe before the names of the Grey Ministry appeared in an Extraordinary Gazette.

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your kind letter ; but how could you listen to such a tale of tales as that *I*, of all your friends, ever could have let slip the dogs in the *E. R.* at *you?*

"The truth is, I had a correspondence of weeks, and all but a rupture, with Jeffrey on the subject. He had got committed on the point before I could remonstrate, not having a conception of what was doing till I saw it on my table in print, and published.

"I succeeded afterwards in stopping the useless, and worse than useless controversy between varying or differing allies ; for so it was,—not enemies.

"I want to see you one of these days ; and when you summon me to dinner, I will attend ; but don't make it next Wednesday, for I go that day to our society's monthly meeting.—Yours ever."

It has been whispered, that when this dinner was to take place, some pressing public business prevented the Chancellor from attending, and that this involuntary failure on his part swelled the measure of his iniquities, to a degree that his venerable friend could never afterwards forgive. Of intentional disrespect, or want of regard, it is next to impossible that, while his mind was in its pristine vigour, Bentham could have suspected Brougham.

AFFAIRS OF HONOUR.

"An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour."
Othello.

Mr. Ferdinand Keane was tried at Ballinasloe Quarter Sessions, on the 7th of April, for horsewhipping Mr. Hislop, with intent to provoke him to a breach of the peace. It is an ancient practice, recognised by the laws of chivalry ; but the discipline used by Mr. Keane was more rude than *honour* required, having been administered with the butt-end of a loaded whip, which he applied with such force to the back part of the prosecutor's skull, as to render the attendance of a surgeon necessary for some days thereafter. Such a *horsewhipping* being deemed more than was requisite to bring a man of proper feeling *out*, the Jury, albeit composed of Galway men, brought Mr. Keane *in* "Guilty ;" and he was sentenced to an imprisonment of six months.

This was *sarving* Mr. Ferdinand Keane *right :*—for although the code of honour permits an appeal to the whip, in the last resort, it must be handled with discretion. Besides, a bludgeon is not a horsewhip. "Consider yourself horsewhipped, Sir," says your true cavalier, to an adversary who will not stand at twelve paces to be shot at, upon lesser compulsion ;—and suiting the action to the word, a switch is then laid gently across the shoulders, as who should say—"Exert your imagination, Sir, to consider yourself horsewhipped."

Such a procedure is generally found sufficient to rouse the lion—if there be a lion to be roused. But it does not always lead to the desired result ; for it is impossible to draw blood from a turnip. Joe Miller cites a case in point,—in the matter of a certain Irishman, who had more brains than he wished to see blown out before his face :—"Consider myself horsewhipped, indeed ! (said *Pat ;*) and is that the way of it? Well, then—*you* may just consider yourself whipped clane through the lungs, with a short sword ; and so we are quits."

Nevertheless, the *accolade* I would describe is, in most cases, found sufficiently *cutting*. A great deal must be left to a man's own feelings in such affairs ; it being accounted a violent and unhandsome proceeding to resort to the *peine forte et dure*, when the object is simply to draw out an opponent to the daisied field. Honour is either a very sensitive or a very callous thing. If a nettle will not sting, a cudgel cannot provoke it.

But horsewhipping does not always go by favour, or by fancy, in this manner. There are in the lists of honour, as elsewhere, matter-of-fact fellows, like Mr. Ferdinand Keane, who look upon words as things, and whose minds can no more comprehend the humour of horsewhipping a man metaphorically, than their palates can relish the aroma of an ethereal banquet, or their lips smack of champaign sparkling *à la Father Mathew*. When such customers make up their minds to inflict a castigation, they do inflict it. Horsewhipping *is* no joke in their hands.

Honour is not only a nice thing with these persons, but a serious thing. It abhors a squib. The late Lord Ffrench "went out" on a time, to satisfy the punctilios of a gentleman who had been very valiant over-night ; but somehow the bite of a frosty morning in April so abated his rage, that he proffered the apology he had disdained to make twelve hours before. "Why, see now," said the aboriginal peer—"that would have done uncommonly well last night : but people are not to be taken out of their warm beds, on such a shivering sort of a morning, *for nothing*. We must take the dead cowld out of the air, by burning a little powdther ; but don't let the gentleman be at all unasy : we'll make a thrifle of it !" He shattered the man's arm ; which was indeed a trifle, compared to what he might have done ; for with the same saw-handled tool, he could just as easily have bored a hole in his mazzard.

Let a peaceable man, who desires to see length of days, and live in the use and enjoyment of whole bones, avoid collisions with blunt reasoners, who do not know how *to abstract*. To fight with the like, is to fight in earnest. They take everything *au pied de la lettre*, as French Barrington did, when—being

dissatisfied with a Maryborough Jury—he was advised by counsel, learned in the law, to "challenge the array."

"That's the very thing I was thinking of," said Barrington; and straightway he not only called out the twelve, but, lest the right man should escape, tweaked the *High Sheriff* by the nose into the bargain. At the point of day he was on the ground, with a cow's horn brimful of powder, and a worsted stocking crammed with bullets; but the gentlemen of the jury did not attend, and it would not answer to *pray a tales;* so he went back and *posted* the whole panel.

It is possible, however, to be too polite, as was Henry Grattan, when he pinked Isaac Corry. Grattan was short-sighted, and wishing to bring his man within the proper focus, put on one of his most bland and insinuating smiles, which, as some old gentlemen may recollect, was a *rictus* from ear to ear; then addressing Mr. Corry in his peculiar and measured accent, he said, "Will the honourable gentleman please to step a little nearer?" The honourable gentleman most obligingly did so, and was winged accordingly. This was quite overdoing the thing, on the side of urbanity.*

Old Sir Capel Molyneux (not the last Sir Capel, but his predecessor) was one of those "butchers of a silk button," who would not allow friendship to cool in the very heat of a rencontre. When about eighty, he took offence at something said by the late General Mahon, then a youngster and Major in the 9th Dragoons, quartered at Armagh; and he invited the Major to come out to Castle Dillon, to be shot, and then to breakfast, with what appetite he might. They fired a brace of pistols, the young soldier taking heed to shoot wide of the grey head, while the palsied hand of the old man was a sufficient security against anything but that which, they say, may kill the d——l, namely, a *chance-shot*.

Six rounds were exchanged in this manner, the old cock stepping out at each interval during the reloading of the pistols, to interrogate "Mahon," as he familiarly accosted him, about his father's agricultural pursuits, and to enlighten him upon the relative virtues of red and white Norfolks. At last the young major got tired of the amusement, and sent a ball whizzing by the baronet's ear, which brought him to. "Thank you, Mahon," said he, "that was well-meant,—but come along now; we've had enough of it. My hand's not *in*, this morning. Let's finish it some other time." So saying, he took the major by the arm, and they walked together into the breakfast-parlour, where Lady Molyneux, a pious woman, was waiting with the family Prayer Book open, and wondering "what in the world had kept them so long?"

It is sometimes well to be of a lowly origin, and, therefore, unworthy to be laid in the bed of honour. Old Bagenal of Carlow, the proudest man in the king's dominions, had a neighbour named Weld, who was rich, and admitted into society as a gentleman, but he kept flour mills. This circumstance saved his life; for his pigs, having trespassed upon the aristocrat's demesne, were sent home with their tails shaved off to the stump; and, of course a challenge was the consequence.

Bagenal was in a fit of the gout, but he had himself carried into a church-yard and propped up against a tomb-stone, in which position he received the miller's fire. The shot struck a *Death's head and cross-bones* under his elbow, scattering a hundred splinters about his ears. It was now Bagenal's turn: but he disdained even to let off his pistol in the air. "You shall never boast," said he, haughtily, "that a gentleman's ball traversed *your* carcass;" and then letting down the pistol to half-cock, returned it to his second, and hobbled into his carriage.

There is an *esprit de corps* in your professional duellist, which will shrink from nipping in the bud a promising scion of the feather-spring, under any provocation. Bryan Maguire—who does not

Remember the glories of Brian the brave!

—was paraded one morning, to his infinite amazement, upon Marlborough Green, by a stripling of sixteen, named Rowan Cashel. Marlborough Green was then classic ground. John Claudius Beresford had his famous riding-house in a corner of it; and it was a convenient place for gentlemen who had little differences to settle, under cover of the fog that arose from the marshes about the Custom House. But like other venerable institutions, *the Green* is "gone to the bad;" being now drained and desecrated to the uses of the National Board of Education. A Model School stands on the spot where the twenty-pace ground was wont to be measured; and Professor Magawley is teaching "the young idea how to shoot," where Bryan came down that morning, like Goliath of Gath, sending forth two curling pillars of smoke from his distended nostrils.

His opponent, a firm-set, fierce, little fellow, was already in waiting; and touching his hat slightly, went to work at once, like a French falconer, without a quiver in his eyelid, or a shake in his hand. Bryan stood his fire admiringly; and the more so, when he felt his whisker gently brushed by the passing missile, as it went on towards the riding-house.

"Ha!" said he.—"You'll do, my pigeon. I prophesy that the name of Rowan Cashel will stand high in the roll of history after I am gone. Why should I endeavour to cut short a career, which opens with such brilliant auspices? Your hand, young Sir; and now come, let me give you a lesson in our common art."

The champion's second, a little midshipman of the Royal Navy, placed a fivepenny piece on the flat head of the ramrod, and holding it at arm's length, Bryan, without seeming to take aim for an instant, sent the diminutive coin spinning through the air, in pursuit of the youngster's bullet. His prognostication of the youth's future fame proved him to be a discriminating judge of character. For Rowan Cashel has since attained great renown as a *Fire-eater*, having killed his friend

* The late Mr. Thomas Galoin, finisher of the law at Kilmainham, had a phrase, in *the line* of his business, very like that of the Great Orator and Patriot.—"One step farther," he would say, as he settled his man upon *the drop;* "one step farther, for your own aise, and long life to you!"

in a duel, and assisted, on several occasions, in rightly *placing* other honourable gentlemen, bent upon doing likewise.

An antagonist, who is half a fool, is about as dangerous a competitor "as you shall meet of a summer day." I would rather have an appointment with Mr. Ferdinand Keane himself; seeing that an ape is infinitely a more mischievous creature than a bear. One of this sort, known in the sweet county of Tipperary by the *nom de guerre* of "Goose Ryan," sent a hostile message to a dragoon officer quartered at Caher; and as the bearer of the cartel was not to be trifled with, the meeting took place in due course. "The Goose" came to the ground, wrapped up in a light drab-coloured fleecy *Petersham*, which made him about as tangible a mark as a haycock, were any man so malicious as to take deliberate aim at him. But the honest soldier had no such intention; as he laughingly said to his *friend*, he thought it "pity to singe a goose so well feathered."

After the usual formalities, however, had been gone through and the parties invited to take their ground, "The Goose" suddenly flung aside his covering, and appeared laced up in a suit of black from the chin to the toe, "a bare forked animal," like Romeo's apothecary, and offering such a profile to the gallant son of Mars, as none but a marksman, practised at splitting bullets upon the edge of a knife, could hope to hit. The word was given, and the unfortunate dragoon fell, while the *featherless biped* capered and cackled about the field, snapping his fingers and shouting—"Oh, what a goose I am!—Oh, what a goose I am!"

While the Galway militia was under arms, a scene occurred at the mess-table, showing what edged tools they play with who choose a *half-natural* for their butt. There was a sleepy, moping lieutenant in that corps, who went about with his mouth half-open and his lids half-closed, never addressing his brother officers, and when spoken to, replying in monosyllables "long drawn out," which he delivered in a tone pitched between a moan and a whisper. He was patient of slight taunts, probably because the trouble of resenting them would have been too great an exertion; and as for jests and witticisms—spoken *at* him—he heeded them not at all:—perhaps he heard them not.

But on the occasion in question, one of those would-be wits and couldn't be gentlemen—in which variety, every rank of the *featherbed* service abounded—proceeded beyond the limits of the quip modest and the cut circumstantial, to express his wonder, "Why the d—l Lord Clancarty had admitted such a spooney into his regiment at all?"

The sleepy lieutenant rose from his chair, strode across the floor at his usual pace, till he came to the door, which he locked, and putting the key in his pocket, drew forth his cut-and-thrust sword, and called on his laughing insulter to "dthraw." A broad grin was the only notice taken of this defiance. "If *that* won't do," said he, in his wonted sesquipedalian snuffle, "take *this*;" and he gave him a tap on the shoulder with his "King's-Order."

The gentleman's broad grin now became a broad stare. "Zounds," he exclaimed, as he lugged out his reluctant blade, "would you cut my throat for a joke?"

"I'll thry," replied the sleepy lieutenant, making a pass at the bright gorget, with which it was then the fashion to decorate and protect the midriff of officers of a certain rank.

Great confusion ensued, as commonly happens when half a score of Irishmen, over their third tumbler of punch, raise a simultaneous voice for "Paice;" but before order could be restored, the best uniform coat of the giber had been spoiled by an unmannerly gash in the right sleeve, through which a stream of martial ichor flowed, enough to shelve any garment in the world.

During the whole of this exciting controversy, it was remarked, that the gawky lieutenant neither closed his mouth nor raised his eyelids above their ordinary angle of inclination; but when all was over, and the key replaced in the door, he uttered a sort of chuckle over the remains of his tumbler, which was the only sound resembling a laugh that was ever known to pass through *the fence of his teeth*. It is hardly necessary to add, that he was *let alone* at the mess, after that evening.

I knew a booby of another description, who was challenged by a tenant of his own, a gentleman-farmer, who was bound by lease to pay him an enormous rent for a large tract of land. This squire was extremely pugnacious, and knew not what fear meant. Better sport than fighting he would not have desired, and he was an unerring shot. But like most of the *Thickskullo-de-Half-witto* tribe, he was also remarkably cunning and fond of money. When the challenge came then, accompanied by some taunting language, enough to "stir mood" in a wiser man, he declined it, alleging that it would be rare fun indeed to shoot the fellow; but then, said he, "who would pay me the big rent after that?"

The law, as it is administered against duellists, is as strange as anything else belonging to the subject. Indeed it is the cause, that so absurd and barbarous a practice still exists. Thus, it is much safer to kill your adversary than to thrash him,—and attended with less cost or bother, to blow his brains out, than to write a letter, upon which a criminal information may be grounded. A stage coachman, who is apt to meet with accidents, better consults the interest of his employer, by breaking the necks of the passengers, than by dislocating their limbs; because, in the latter case, they can sue for damages, but in the former all accounts are settled: and in like manner, the law (as far as its *practice* goes) punishes the threat or provocation to fight a duel, more surely and more severely, than the actual commission of murder in that form. It is "the attempt, and not the deed, that confounds."

Had Mr. Ferdinand Keane succeeded in inducing Mr. Hislop to *go out*, and had he shot him dead, after the proper forms and moods of honour, does any one suppose that Mr. Ferdinand Keane would have been sent to gaol for six months as a criminal? Most certainly not. He would have gone out of the way until the Assizes. The police would never have made their zeal and activity con-

spicuous, by ferreting out his hiding-place in the meantime; and when the Judges had made their *entrée* into the county town, this hero would have walked into the county gaol, given himself up to justice, (as the phrase is,) and stood his trial; if a trial that can be called, where the witnesses are not obliged to state what they know.

The inquiry would last about half an hour; and then Mr. Ferdinand Keane would walk out of the dock, an object of universal sympathy and of particular congratulation, "the observed of all observers," admired by the young ladies, and envied by all young gentlemen who had not yet achieved distinction by killing their man.

I do not advance this without proper warranty. Something better than a year ago, near to the same town of Ballinasloe, where this person performed his feat of horsewhipship, and received his due meed for it, a duel was fought, in which one of the combatants was mortally wounded. It was a blackguard affair (if one may venture to call things by their proper names) about a horse race.

Two of the persons implicated in this affair were tried before the Lord Chief Baron, at the Spring Assizes for Galway in 1841. Four individuals who had seen the duel, were brought upon the table and sworn to tell the whole truth. But, on being interrogated as to the circumstances which they had witnessed, they all declined to answer, alleging that they would not consent to criminate themselves.

One of these persons was the brother of the murdered man; and the Judge expressed his opinion pretty roundly, at his appearing to shrink from the question. "It must be a case of unparalleled atrocity, indeed, (said his lordship,) if the brother of a person who has been killed in a duel, really apprehends danger to himself from a disclosure of what he knows about the transaction." The rebuke had no effect. The young gentleman was *game*, and still refused to answer.

Another gentleman who had become accidentally a spectator of the encounter, and had even exerted himself with laudable humanity to prevent matters from being pushed to extremity, sheltered himself behind the same legal fiction, that he feared to inculpate himself; and the learned Judge being bound by the decision of the House of Lords—which he was pleased to call the Highest Court of Justice in the kingdom—was obliged to consent to these evasions. That lofty tribunal had ruled the point in Lord Cardigan's Trial; and until its decision is qualified or reversed by an Act of Parliament, it must henceforth be impossible to obtain a conviction in any case of murder, upon the evidence of eye-witnesses, unless they choose to give their testimony voluntarily and without compulsion.

THE CHANT OF AN OLD EDINBURGH STUDENT.

My College days,—my College days!
I'll still, whilst life's warm fountain plays,
In glad remembrance, chant the praise
Of days I spent at College.
My labours easy, studies light,
Lectures by day, my friends at night
To meet, and join in converse bright
Of pleasure and of knowledge.

The pleasant strolls in Prince's Street,
'Mongst brilliant crowds of ladies sweet,—
Whose bright eyes sparkle when they meet
Alumni bold and gay;—
Who fly from town when classes close,
For then the streets contain no beaux
Worth their regard,—Edina grows
A waste when we're away.

For where are men like students true,
To sport, to jest, to fight, to woo?
"Auld Reekie" might indeed look blue,
Should they no more return.
The ladies pale,—shopkeepers poor,—
Charleys would hold a sinecure,—
Professors beg from door to door,—
And good old Murray* mourn.

But let me not desert my theme,
Instead of Students' life, 'twould seem
I'm praising Students' selves. You'll deem
Me rather egotistical.
Then be those days with roses strewn,
In memory whilst she holds her own,—
Those days when *Charleys* were o'erthrown
With arguments *so-fistical*.

When cudgels rattled,—snowballs flew;
When Bluecoats blench'd and backwards drew;
When Provost, Bailies, and that crew,
For soldiers sought in fear.
O swiftly sped, and pleasantly,
Those days of mirth,—those nights of spree,—
When all was gladness—all was glee,
Good humour, and good cheer.

And here's a health in glorious wine
To all those comrades dear of mine,—
To Students all who still combine
Pursuits of fun and knowledge.
And here's that fountain-head of lore,
(And may her fame from shore to shore
Resound until this earth's no more,)
Hurrah! Old Edinburgh College! A. C. G.

* Mr. Murray of the Theatre.

LINES

ON WORDSWORTH'S GREAT SONNET WRITTEN ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Many, with eye dilate, from some such perch,
In similar observances, have seen
The huge, wide city in its morning sheen;
And, though they felt the longing, and the search
For apt expression, not could call it "fair."
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
The domes that seem asleep in smokeless air,
"The mighty heart," "the river gliding" by,
Were felt; not also felt the power to name;
Bewildered intellect could, struggling, frame
No utterance. But he, the mighty one,
Had but to see to pour his words divine;
His eye, keen flashing, instant seized upon
The mystery; gave character and sign. C. B.

SUMMER READING.—THE NEW NOVELS.

I.—FATHER CONNELL; a Novel. By the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. London: Newby; and T. & W. Boone.

II.—THE MARCHIONESS; *A Strange but True Tale.* By Elizabeth Thornton, Author of "Lady Alice." 2 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

III. THE HERBERTS. By the Author of "Elphinstone." 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

IV.—MORLEY ERNSTEIN, or the TENANTS OF THE HEART. 3 vols. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. &c. Saunders & Otley.

The close of the publishing season, if it can now be said ever to know a close, is, in 1842, its most brilliant period;—so far at least as respects the daily bread of the large majority of the English "reading public:" namely, novels, romances, and poetry. The works enumerated above, are among the more choice of their kind, and, at all events, one of them, Father Connell,—is destined to an existence which must extend far beyond the *season*, and add fresh laurels to the most national and pathetic of the imaginative writers of Ireland. Although the name of the O'Hara Family were not emblazoned on the title-page of Father Connell, no one who has perused '*Crohoore of the Bill-Hook*, *John Doe*, or *The Nowlans*,' could for a moment remain in doubt as to its authorship. The new work possesses, in a lavish degree, all the beauties, and also the idiosyncracies, the peculiarities, the strong mannerism of Banim. It displays his peculiar power of working out strong effects by means apparently the most rude and simple; of fathoming the depths and threading the intricacies of that greatest of all puzzles and mysteries,—the human heart; and especially of those hearts carried in Irish bosoms, in which the horrible and the ludicrous, the piteous, and the humorously grotesque, are either found in close proximity or in fantastic combination. It is the charm of Banim's writings, that all his pictures, though true in design to universal nature, are coloured with the hues of Irish fancy, and are, in style and costume, strictly national. Banim is indeed nothing if not Irish; and his fictions cannot be appreciated by those who do not relish them the more for this exclusiveness. If less national in his feelings, partialities, and even prejudices, he would, in our opinion, be a much less powerful fictionist, and less worthy of admiration, though probably much more popular with the ordinary class of English readers.

Than Father Connell, the hero and the *heart* of this new story, Mr. Banim has never painted anything more perfect, more true, or half so morally beautiful. Whatever is finest in the characters of Chaucer's good Priest, of the Vicar of Wakefield, or of Abraham Adams, meets in Father Connell, whose heart is a perpetual well-spring of overflowing love, and softest charity, and milkiest human kindliness. As good Protestants, we could be almost jealous of a Roman Catholic priest being made so very fascinating to the affections, while to the judgment he is faultless; especially as it seems impossible that Father Connell, unless vowed to celibacy, could have been, to the same degree, the pitiful and tender father, as well as the watchful pastor of his little flock. His locality is one which Banim has often painted; a small provincial third or fourth-rate ancient city, with its old-fashioned shopkeepers, petty tradesmen and vagrant mendicants; not without its religious and party jealousies and animosities; but with an under current of kindness and neighbourly feeling running through all, and brought into play by casual events. The *personnel* of the good priest is in all probability a portrait from the life; which some minute traits of identity, such as "his fingers closing on the palms of his hands, and almost always working against them," make almost a certainty. He was a hale sturdy man, of at least seventy-five, "yet without any indication of old age about him."

His face showed scarce a wrinkle, and it was florid;—not red and white, however, like some old people's faces, nor yet purple like those of others, as if the smaller blood vessels had burst, and become congealed within the surface of their skins;—but it was overspread with a still rosy colour of health. His forehead was expansive, and, at the temples, square; his eyes were blue, and generally expressing thought, and abstraction—in which state, they used to stare straight-forward, almost without ever blinking;—yet, they often relaxed into a smiling, or, as it might be, moistened expression; during which change they appeared half closed, and opened and shut very fast indeed. His scarcely grizzled eye-brows were bushy and protruding; his nose was long, large, but well formed, and with a broad back. His lips were full, and, for his age, remarkably red and handsome.

But above all, there was about his countenance the indications of a great singleness, and primitiveness, and beauty of character;—so that if you met him, stepping measuredly, yet almost springingly, along his suburb street, or the adjacent roads, and silently moving his lips, and working, as usual, the palms of his hands with his fingers, and taking no notice of you, though perhaps you might be an intimate friend, and his old eyes winking, and his whole face smiling to itself, you must inevitably have said, that the smile was not provoked by any object or circumstance then noticed by him, but rather that it came from a heart enjoying, at that moment, the sunshine of a virtuous, and therefore very happy intention; or—excuse poor, human vanity, even in its least offensive shape—recollection, perhaps.

Since the day he had become a clergyman, Father Connell had never altered the form or the texture of any article of his attire. He still wore the curious headdress which his present biographers have already endeavoured to describe—in their tale of John Doe in fact—as worn by father O'Clery—or indeed, if they had told the perfect truth, by the celebrated Irish friar, Father O'Leary.

A painter could paint Father Connell from the description given. Without being the ideal of an Apostle, his figure, countenance, manners, and dress harmonize well with his genuine character of the most benevolent of Irish priests, the most kindly-natured of human beings. And such he is from first to last,—whether cherishing the orphan,

comforting the afflicted, reproving the vicious in the spirit of the purest love, or making the most heroic sacrifices for those he loved, and to whom he was bound by his personal feelings as much as by his pastoral office. The following scene, beside exhibiting Father Connell in his most engaging aspect, as an officiating priest, shows Irish Catholicity in the modesty and humility of past times, and the long way between St. Peter's at Rome and that little rude chapel, which is quite as near to heaven :—

It was Twelfth Night. Six o'clock, the hour for vespers in father Connell's little parish chapel, jingled from a little, cracked bell, set up at the top of a ruined, square, Norman castle, some distance from the half tolerated place of worship ; for at that time there existed a law that no Catholic house of prayer should summon its congregation from its own walls by means of a bell ; and, in removing the illegal monitor from immediate contact with his chapel, the priest hoped to elude the pains and penalties awarded by this large-minded piece of legislation, for any breach of its mandate.

So, the little old cracked bell was ringing ; the candles in the two badly gilded, wooden branches, which hung from the ceiling of the chapel, had been lighted ; and six others, supported by tall candlesticks, also wooden, and badly gilded, on the altar, were in process of illumination, by the agency of a very handsome little boy, with auburn hair, which curled and glittered over his white surplice, as far as his shoulders ; and the people summoned to evening devotion, were coming in ; or, after bending before the sacrament, enclosed in the altar tabernacle, were decently taking their places throughout the poor building.

In the centre of the chapel certain moveable seats, technically called the choir, were arranged. When put together they formed three sides of a long parallelogram, running from the semicircular railing around the altar (which enclosed a space called the sanctuary) to nearly the other end of the edifice. The top of this choir consisted of three old, worm-eaten chairs, with high, triangular backs, of which the middle one aspired to the dignity of an arm chair, and further in assumption of its dignity, it stood upon a kind of little dais, one or two steps above the clay and mortar floor. At right angles with these old seats, and almost touching them at either hand, were two long benches with railed backs ; while plain forms continued the side lines of the parallelogram, down to, as has been said, the railings before the altar.

It need not be said that the old arm chair, of little ease, was occupied by Father Connell, during vespers ; while its two humble attendants were filled by his two curates. The confronting benches, proceeding from them towards the altar, afforded places to very religious men, wearing long linen garments ; and after them, to little boys, wearing nice muslin surplices—the most eminent for good conduct in every way, to be found in the parish, as well as being the most distinguished for attention to certain small official duties of the chapel—*enfans de prêtre* in fact. And upon the forms continuing the lines of the benches, sat a second class of pious men and boys, not indeed robed in white, but still honoured with the distinction of immediately assisting in the chant of the vespers—although, be it noticed, every man, woman, and child of the congregation, might, if he or she liked, do the same thing. . . . . Father Connell's curates already stood robed ; and the old priest himself knelt, in silent prayer, to a kind of desk, in a corner—no one around him speaking above his breath.

He arose, and proceeded to put on his ceremonial surplice. To aid him in this task, immediately bounded forward the very handsome, glossy-haired boy, who has been seen lighting the tall candles on the altar, and who, that business ended, had been waiting in the sacristy to enjoy the honour of discharging a conferred duty of a higher degree. In his buoyant eagerness to exhibit as an expert priest's valet, he happened to tread too familiarly upon one of Father Connell's feet ; at which, smarting a good deal, and therefore a little ruffled at first, the clergyman suddenly turned round upon him ; but so soon as his eye rested upon the half penitent, half-laughing face of the blooming urchin, he could not help—for the old man loved the boy—smiling in sympathy ; and then he took him by the ear, in a make-believe show of punishing him, while thumb and finger pressed no harder than could a touch of velvet have done, and proceeded to address the offender.

"Neddy Fennell," it was in a whisper he spoke, and there was a curious contrast between his assumed tone of reproof, and the reflection in his eyes of the glances of his half-spoiled pet ; "Neddy Fennell will you ever stop doing mischief ? Neddy, while you are in the house of God, my child, you must behave quietly, and with decorum and gravity ; in the fields you may jump and play, Neddy Fennell, but in God's own house you must, I say, be orderly and well behaved." And again he feigned to inflict punishment on the boy's ear, only playing in the meantime with the little silky-surfaced organ. The moment he let it go, Neddy Fennell, covering it with his own hand, assumed such a farcical face of mock terror and suffering, and so well acted the part of pretending to wipe off his surplice imaginary drops of blood, which had trickled on it from the tyrannical pressure of the priest's finger and thumb, that his little companions, amongst whom he now resumed his place, grew red in the face, with the efforts they made to suppress their laughter.

The priest having adjusted his surplice, at the vestment press, stood inactive for a moment as if in thought, and then turned round and spoke in a low voice to all those who stood by :

"The men and the boys of the choir are to wait here in the sacristy after vespers for me ; I have something very particular to say to them."

No one distinctly replied, but there was a murmur of assent with a bending of many heads which gave a sufficiently satisfactory answer.

Vespers ended, the priest, and his curates, and other assistants, were unrobed, and Father Connell came back to his congregation.

Were there none among them who well understood what his formal intimation before vespers meant ! Ay, indeed, a good many, boys as well as men ; and they could scarcely now suppress, although, under the influence of a decorous feeling, they had lately done so, indications of their knowledge of Father Connell's intentions towards them, for the evening. It was Twelfth Night, in fact, and the majority of them knew his practices well.

He came back to them ; he gravely unrobed himself, not confronting them ; he bent his head over his clasped hands ; and then he turned round, and, his face shining with the delight which he knew he was about to impart to his auditors, said—

"My good friends and little children, this is the season for offering with pure and light hearts, to a good and great God, praises both in solemn hymns, and in cheerful acts, for the wonderful and merciful bounty of his coming to redeem and save us; and my friends, and you my little children, we have returned here after singing praises and thanksgivings to the Lord of Heaven and of earth ; and He in his love will not be displeased if we now enjoy ourselves in making use—temperately, however, and very temperately—of some of the good things which he has placed at our disposal—yes, my friends, big and little, we will now make merry amongst ourselves ; so come after me, my good friends and little children: it is Twelfth Night, and we ought to rejoice, and we will rejoice ; come —I have prepared a little treat for you—come after me and let us rejoice."

Father Connell and his invited guests had not far to go to their house of entertainment, for it was not more than a hundred paces from the chapel. He stopped at the head of his troop—the urchins partly composing it, shouting shrilly, though in a low key, and the pious men

chuckling at their antics—he stopped, we say, before the humble entrance-door to his thatched dwelling, and after laughing heartily himself, knocked loudly. His old housekeeper, whose business it had been to prepare for the *soirée*, and who therefore expected the throng of revellers, quickly opened the portal to his summons, and, as amiably as her curious nature and habits would permit, bid everybody welcome.

Mrs. Mulloy was a peculiarity in her way;—tall, coarsely featured, pock-marked, and with an authoritative something like a beard, curling on her doubled chin; and almost fat in person and in limbs. Her bearing was lofty; her look arbitrary if not severe, and in every respect she seemed fully sensible of the importance of her station as house-keeper to her parish priest;—though it was whispered that even upon him, the source from which she derived all her consequence, Mrs. Mulloy did not always hesitate to forbear from dictatorial remonstrances, whenever, in the exercise of his charitable extravagance, she was pleased to detect a wasteful system of dissipation. Let it be added that her voice was the contrary of what Shakspeare calls,—

"An excellent thing in woman."

and that her master was a little afraid of its not unfrequent eloquent exercise.

Yet on the present occasion, allowing, as a great rarity, her usual inhospitality to unbend a little, Mrs. Mulloy, inspired by the pervading spirit of the hilarity of the season, did, as we have hinted, behave very graciously in her capacity as portress.

"Welcome then," she huskily said, "welcome all, and *cead mille a faultha*, to the Twelfth-night's faste; come in, your reverence;—come in, men and boys, every mother's son o' ye."

"Come in my children," echoed the old priest, gleeishly, "come in, in the name of God;" and he bustlingly led the way into his white-washed, earthen-floored, and only sitting-room; in the black marble chimney-piece of which was, however, rudely carved a mitre, indicating that the paltry apartment had once, and very recently, been inhabited by a Roman Catholic bishop; but such was the fact; and such were the times. Father Connell was himself Catholic dean of his diocese.

Seats of every description had been arranged all round the parlour; in its centre stood a large square table, at the four corners of which was a mighty jug filled with ale, whose froth puffed over and adown the sides of each vessel. Rows of delft mugs were placed at the edges of the table; but the crowning feature of the Twelfth-night's feast, was a great two-handled osier basket, filled and pyramidically heaped up with brown-skinned, shining cakes of a fragrance so delicious as to perfume the apartment, and penetrating so keenly the nasal nerves of at least the younger portion of the guests as to give them fair promise of the capability of the contents of that basket to gratify equally and even more satisfactorily another of the senses. We could dilate at great length on the marvellous and long inherited excellence of these cakes. In our childhood they were termed, after the name of their then manufacturer, "Biddy Doyle's cakes;" in generations farther back they had borne, out of reverence to their great inventor, the appellation of "Juggy Fowler's cakes;" and Juggy Fowler had sold or bequeathed to Biddy Doyle the secret of making them;—but Biddy Doyle died suddenly and intestate, so that the grand secret died with her; and alas, from that day to this, no succeeding *artiste* has possessed genius enough, truly to imitate, in the estimation of the experienced, Juggy Fowler's far-famed and unique condiment.

We have enumerated all the dainties provided by Father Connell for his Twelfth-night's *soirée*, nor did he in his heart deem anything better or rarer could have been supplied on the occasion, in which opinion not one of his company differed from him; for indeed when they had taken their places, as exactly observed by them in "the Choir" at vespers, around the board, but at a distance from it, a set of happier faces could not on that same evening have been seen at any other board, no matter how costly, nor in any other mansion, no matter how magnificently contrasted with the poor priest's parlour. Our host hurried about, as if his very heart and soul were in the scene;—though why our mysterious "as if!" There is no doubt at all upon the subject; his heart and soul *were* in it. With one or two favourites assisting him, he walked round and round the circle until each individual of it held a "Biddy Doyle" in one hand and a merry mug of ale in the other; and he patted the children on the head; or rallied the men on their peculiarities; or joined in their homely jests upon each other; and loud and general arose the frequent laugh, in which none joined more gleeishly than he did; and almost as frequent as his laughter, and fully as loud, were his calls upon "Peggy," to replenish from the half barrel, under the stairs, the gigantic jugs which stood at the four corners of the square old oak table in the middle of the banquet hall.

Be it understood that all the members, men and boys, of our old friend's choir were unpaid volunteers; and moreover, of a very humble class in society; in fact working masons, or slaters, or carpenters, and so forth, or else very inferior shop-keepers—and with few exceptions, the sons of all such. And yet with these men and boys our good priest laughed, jested, and made merry; and anon, story-telling, himself setting the example, became the order of the evening.

Very curious and very Irish those stories are, in their blended gross credulity and rich grotesque fancy. These were succeeded by songs; many, and the best of them, old Irish ones, and then Father Connell himself being called upon—

Tried to recollect the only song—we do not know what song—that he had learnt in his early youth, but after repeated failures in his own mind, and half irritated by his sense of the necessity of contributing to the mirth of his revellers, he suddenly broke out into a joyous Latin hymn, and as suddenly stopped short, grievously scandalized at himself: and then, to cover his confusion, he appealed to "his boys," to help him out with "his portion of mirth;" upon which all of them became dumb and sheep-faced, except his old pet, Neddy Fennell, who, when no one else would befriend his patron, in this urgency, nimbly stepped to the middle of the floor, and with the small portion of a "Biddy Doyle" in one hand, and a half finished mug of ale in the other, sang with much spirit and fun, if not with skill or science, "Billy O'Rourke was the boy for it—whoo!"

This little display affected his parish priest in a peculiar way. Perhaps it was the first time he had ever heard a song of such a character; but however that might be, the old man now looked amazed, and as if admiringly, on such a new proof of the cleverness of his young friend; and then, as the little fellow swayed his body and limbs, and frisked here and there, humouring the burden of his melody, Father Connell smiled and winked his eyes, and laughed, and wagged his head from side to side, and almost attempted to whistle in unison with the unexpected talent and capers of the public performer before him; and when Neddy had finished, he beckoned to him, took the pretty boy in his arms, kissed him, played with his auburn hair, made him promise over and over again to be a good boy, slid a shilling into his pocket, although at that time neither Neddy Fennell nor any of his family wanted such a donation; and finally, laying his hands on the urchin's shoulders, gently forced him down on his knees, to give him his blessing.

And Father Connell's *soirée* almost so ended. True, he topped the delight of all his juvenile guests by giving them each a silver sixpence, as a Christmas-box; and cordially gratified and made important in their own estimation, the seniors of "the choir," by very often shaking hands with them at parting, whilst every one received with bent heads and knees, their old pastor's blessing. But with little Neddy Fennell he lingered at his humble postern door when they were quite alone; again put his arms round him, again kissed him, while Neddy thought he felt a warm tear drop on his sunny cheek; and again, and again, besought him to promise

to be good: sighs of apprehensive doubt for the future—as we know them to have been—now and then interrupted the voice of the monitor.

Neddy Fennell is the secondary or lesser hero of the tale; and he is worthy of his high destiny, and of the warm affection of the good priest, who, loving every one, had yet taken this merry and kindly orphan boy into his very heart's core.

The penal laws, under which the Irish Catholics long groaned, were but little relaxed when Father Connell first became a parish priest; and, among other tyrannical prohibitions, no Papist durst then give instruction to youth, either privately or in the public schools. This unholy statute was of course at all times, to some extent, eluded; but when the detestable law was abrogated, and when the little ragged Papist children could legally be sent to school, and even placed under Papist instructors, Father Connell projected a school for the instruction of the children of the poor. The children themselves, by a happy idea originating in his fertile though simple mind—fertile in schemes of philanthropy, though far from being expert in arithmetical calculations—were, under his inspection, made the collectors of the stones and sand required to erect the wondrous edifice. After an immense mass of stones, of all sorts and sizes, had been collected in the wooden bowls with which the priest furnished each urchin, in lieu of a hand-barrow, sand was gathered in a similar way—no great scrupulousness being observed by the purveyors as to questions of private property, the end perhaps justifying the means. The history of Father Connell's parish school, built and thatched by tiny hands, and that of the beautiful Catholic College, now nearly finished, at the aristocratic end of his native city, and already inhabited by Popish ecclesiastical students, walking under handsome colonnades in academic caps and gowns, is that of the Catholic faith in Ireland for the last hundred years—first persecuted, then triumphant. At the period in which the story opens, the teacher of the priest's school was a certain Mick Dempsey, a poor lad, who had been educated in it, and who, from the "priest's boy," had been elevated to a dignity which he did not wield without control, or single-handed. And here we may learn one of the chief means by which the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland gain the hearts of the people, old and young, and, by inspiring love and reverence, spread their dogmas. In a very characteristic scene, the priest, whose benevolence was unbounded, though his means were narrow, bestows a watch upon the teacher, as a reward and encouragment to his virtues and to his usefulness, in labouring among the poor children. Mick had saved as much money as had bought him a handsome suit of new clothes. Hitherto—

Every Thursday the parish priest and his curates used to attend, in their very humble little chapel, for the purpose of instructing the poor children of the parish, principally composed of the pupils of the school-house, in their catechism; and, during Lent, every evening after vespers was devoted to the same purpose. The curates each taught a class; but as the number requiring instruction was large, and made up of different ages and capacities, it became necessary that these clergymen should have lay assistants, who were also appointed by Father Connell; and while the boys on the earthen floor of the chapel, and the girls on the galleries, assembled in little groups, each group attending to its own instructor, the parish priest walked up and down, from place to place, now superintending the business of one class, and now of another. . . . . Mick had been attired indifferently enough; but on a certain evening in Lent, in the dimly lighted chapel, Father Connell having listened to, and observed, as usual, his catechism classes, one after the other, and reprehended or encouraged, as the case might call for, suddenly remarked a tall and exceedingly well-dressed young man, in the centre of a circle grouped round him, very fitly discharging the office of teacher. The old clergyman stopped short and looked hard at the young man, standing at some distance from him. "Who was he?" questioned Father Connell—"was he a stranger, or had he seen him before?"—he thought he had; yet the dress, and even the air of the individual (for new clothes, when a rarity, do alter for the better even the very mein of their wearer) seemed quite strange to him. The person's back was, however, at present, turned to our priest, and he longed to look into his face; but feeling that it might be an indelicacy in manners to go at once up to him and stare into his features, he walked down the chapel, as if quite unobservant, yet turning his head every now and then in curious criticism: and presently he made a wide circuit, that the object of his interest might not suppose he was rudely inspecting him; till, at length, by prudent management, he stood face to face before his own schoolmaster, Mick Dempsey. And now he opened his smiling blue eyes, and contracted his brows, and poked forward his head, from its usual erect position, and drew it back again, and stood straight as ever, and smiled and smiled until his whole countenance lighted up—the degree of severe authority which he had thought necessary to assume in it, as befitting his character of inspector of the catechistical instruction, quite subsiding; until, finally, he nodded with undisguised delight, and almost with familiarity, to his quondam "boy," now attired from head to foot in a "spick and span new suit" of elegant clothes.

But, anon, he bethought that the young observers around him might notice his raptures, strange and unaccountable to them, and that such an exhibition might not, in their eyes, be seemly for the place and the occasion; so he suddenly resumed his former austere bearing, and addressing his schoolmaster, said aloud—laying a particular stress on the first word, and using much courtesy of manner—"*Mister* Dempsey, I shall be glad to see you below in my house, when the teaching is over; and don't fail to come, *Mister* Dempsey; I have something very particular to speak about, Sir." . . . .

The evening's instructions terminated; Mister Dempsey followed Father Connell to his house, and found him anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"Mick, Mick, is that you? Is that you, Mick?" began the priest, gently rubbing his hands within each other, and again smiling with peculiar pleasure, while he dropped the term *Mister*, which he had deemed fit to assume in the chapel.

"Indeed, and it is myself sure enough, Sir," replied Mick.

"Upon my word, Mick, very good—very good indeed, Mick, upon my word,—turn round Mick, my good boy, till I can have a full view of you; very nice, very handsome indeed; and very good, Mick, I declare you *are* a good boy; I do declare you *are*—a very good boy;" and while thus addressing Mick Dempsey, he turned the young man round and round by the shoulders; now viewing him in front, now in the back, and now upwards and downwards, and in conclusion walking round about him, and clapping his hands softly together and laughing outright.

"And now, Mick," he continued, more seriously, after fully indulging his joy; "now Mick, I like that! It shows that you don't throw away your little savings; and isn't it a fine thing, Mick, for a good boy to buy elegant new clothes for himself, and look so decent and respectable in them, and not lay them out on whisky,

or cockfighting, or dancing-houses, isn't it a fine thing Mick? . . . . . Sit down Mick, sit down, my good boy—Peggy!" and here Father Connell cried out as loud as he could, and the burly person of his housekeeper appeared in the doorway of the parlour. "Come in, Peggy, and look at Mick Dempsey's new clothes, Peggy, ar'n't they very nice, Peggy? and all bought with his own earnings; ar'n't they very nice, Peggy?" and he again made Mick Dempsey revolve on his axis, for Mrs. Molloy's inspection, who, with her hands and arms thrust up to her elbows in her capacious pockets, critically analyzed her former fellow servant's outside, and then happening to be in something like good humour on the occasion, Mrs. Molloy pronounced Mick Dempsey to be a first rate beau.

"Bring Mick Dempsey a drink of ale, Peggy," continued Father Connell. "'Pon my word I think he deserves a little treat," and Mrs. Molloy not demurring, a pewter vessel of ale was shortly placed before Mick, who drank from it to the health of his entertainer, and to that of Mrs. Molloy also; and here be it noticed that to a measure of good ale was limited all the libations in which our priest indulged his favourites, or himself.

"Now, Mick, don't you think that something handsome, and respectable, and a little like what gentlemen wear, would be very becoming, with the new clothes, Mick? a watch now, Mick, suppose a watch! don't you think so, Mick? . . . . . And now, Mick, because I brought you up, and because I see that you are careful and don't spend your money badly, and because I am sure that your good conduct gives good example, I will take on myself to bestow a token of my encouragement and approval, where I think it is so well due. I'll give you the watch myself, Mick, to wear with your new clothes; and you may tell the people when you take it out of your fob to see the hour of the day, you may tell the people, Mick, that your poor priest made you a present of that watch; and you may tell them too all the reasons why he did so, just as you have now heard them from his own lips,—and when I am in my grave, and you show that watch as your priest's gift, it will do you no harm to be a little proud of it, and people may not think the worse of you for having deserved it."

"Take this to Tommy Boyle, Mick," meaning by Tommy Boyle, a wealthy and much respected inhabitant of the town, fully of the middle age of human beings, on whom, however, he still continued to bestow the appellation, by which he used to address him a good many years before, when that person was only a boy; "take this to Tommy Boyle, Mick; I have told him in it, to give you a watch, to wear with your new clothes, which he will charge to my account: 'tis not to be an expensive watch, Mick, because I have not much money to spare; but I have told him to give you a watch to the value of four pounds; and when he gives it to you, which I make no doubt he will do, wear it for my sake, Mick."

The young man was sincerely thankful for this handsome gift, and now found words to express his feelings.

But though the prudent and well-behaved teacher was thus handsomely equipped, his poor little scholars remained as ill-clad as ever; and it was Christmas-tide, and the weather very severe, when Father Connell went to the school.

Father Connell's business to the school-house, on the present occasion, was to superintend the distribution, amongst the most deserving of his pupils, of certain clothing which he had purchased for them; indeed if we said the worst clad amongst the poor creatures, we should be nearer to the real motive that guided him in his selection of objects for his benefaction.

About fifty suits of clothes awaited his arrival in the school-house, some of one calibre, and some of another; in fact all selected to the best of his judgment, as available to boys of from about five to twelve or thirteen. They were of nearly uniform material; namely, a shirt, a felt hat, a grey frieze jacket and waistcoat, a pair of worsted stockings, and a pair of brogues, with the addition of a very peculiar pair of breeches, or small-clothes, locally termed a "ma-a." And of course this word "ma-a," requires some passing explanation from us. It was, then, in the first place, bestowed on the portion of dress alluded to, as seeming to explain its pristine nature and quality, by imitating the bleat or sound uttered by the animal, from which the substance of the article had been abstracted. In good truth the "ma-a" was fabricated from a sheep-skin, thrown into a pool of lime-water, and there left until its fleshy parts became corroded, and its wool of course separated from it;—and with very little other preparation, it was then taken out, dried in the sun, and stitched, with scanty skill in fashioning it, into something rudely resembling a pair of knee-breeches. . . . . Fifty shirts, fifty little felt hats, fifty frieze coats and waistcoats, fifty pairs of the now (we trust) immortalized ma-as, and at least twenty-five pairs of stockings and brogues were heaped before Father Connell, in his school-house; and many more than fifty poor little creatures assembled, upon the coldest day that came that year, each hoping to be chosen as a fit claimant upon the bounty of his parish-priest.

On entering the school-room, the good man's compassion had been forcibly appealed to, as many of the almost naked children, ranged on the forms at either head, turned up to his face (while their little bodies cringed, and their teeth chattered) beseeching, and yet doubting eyes, whose lids fluttered, and could not for a moment meet his questioning regard. In fact he knew the meaning of these self-doubting, mute appeals of the wretched urchins, and his primitive notions of justice battling with them, he was made unhappy. For in truth his keen glance discovered among the greater number of the wearers of the petitioning faces, individuals who were very irregular attendants in his school; whereas the Christmas clothing had been publicly notified to be intended for the most regular visitants of it, taking always into account the most generally deserving also; so that he plainly understood that a great portion of the present expectants were not, in point of strict school discipline, entitled to the promised periodical favours.

And this discovery, while it grieved, also puzzled Father Connell. Rigidly, and properly speaking, these young outlaws and street idlers, who daily sinned against his constant admonitions, deserved no such reward. Yet how could he send out again, into the snow, which drifted upon a cutting north-east blast against the windows of the school-house, their little shivering carcases! He turned his back upon them, looked out through the window at the weather, shook his head, prohibitory of the measure, while a few drops, too warm and fresh from the heart for that weather or anything else to freeze, stole from his winking eyes. He quitted the window and walked up and down the school-room, pondering over the difficulty in his way. He sternly regarded the young vagabonds again and again; and, as if in answer to his every look, they cringed together, more and more piteously. What was to be done?—and he resumed his walk up and down the room; and finally stopped short again, nodded, but now approvingly to himself, and quite upright and austerely, went to Mick Dempsey and addressed him.

"Mister Dempsey," for in this style already noticed, he always spoke to Mick, in the presence of his pupils; "Mister Dempsey, I'd be thankful if you call over the list of your regular scholars, and then let every boy who answers to his name, come down to this end of the school-room;" and he bowed and waved his hand to Mr. Dempsey, while pronouncing aloud his request.

Mr. Dempsey obeyed the command; and when the muster-roll had been gone through, more than twenty, alas! of unfortunate young scamps, not comprised in it, remained huddled together at the other end of the apartment, with what looks of bitter disappointment must be imagined.

The priest then took Mr. Dempsey by the arm, and led him into a corner, where their whispered conference could not be overheard.

"Mick, the poor children below are strangers to our school, ar'n't they, Mick?"

"I hardly ever saw them here before, Sir, and now they only come to impose on your Reverence for the Christmas clothing."

"Mick, this is bitter weather, and the unfortunate little wretches have scarce a tatter to cover them against it, my good boy."

"But they have no right to get the clothes, Sir, from our own regular boys."

"That is true ; very true, Mick ; and I know it is a bad example to encourage the idle to the loss of the industrious ; so that I believe, to speak honestly and fairly, they ought to be turned out into the snow, without getting any clothes at all. But, Mick, they'd perish, they'd perish in this severe weather, they would indeed, poor little creatures, they'd perish, Mick ;" and he took the schoolmaster's hand and squeezed it, and shook it, and looked into his eyes appealingly, as if he would turn him from the rigid justice of the case, to its more merciful side.

"It would be a cruel thing, Mick," he continued, "to send them out, to have the snow and the biting wind going through their naked bodies ?"

"It would indeed Sir, but—"

The priest stopped him, before he could go beyond the the admission he sought for ; he did not want to hear the other side of the question at all. "Well, well, Mick ; —ay ;" and he more emphatically squeezed the hand he held, while his old face grew bright again. "I think I see how we are to manage it ;" and now he whispered certain instructions into the schoolmaster's ear, holding his mouth very close to that organ, lest a breath of the purpose of his plan should be overheard.

"Give me the cat-o'-nine-tails, Sir," he next said, in a loud and tyrannical voice.

And so, by a truly pious fraud, the good priest was enabled to distribute his pile of garments among the naked righteous and unrighteous alike. In the number of the latter was Neddy Fennell, who had lately lost his father; and whose mother, fallen into deep poverty and misery, now lodged in a wretched cabin in a thrice-wretched suburb named "The Green," or "The shower of houses," a locality inhabited by a population which Banim only could paint, and yet, amid all that is squalid and repulsive, contrive to interest the sympathies of beings, of like nature, in the fortunes of the miserable inmates of those hovels. But we must first turn to Father Connell, in triumph waiting to see his newly-clad boys, ere we follow him to the abodes of sin and poverty.

In a few minutes the old gentleman occupied his post at the little gate of the churchyard of his chapel ; and half secreted between its piers he now stood. "The Bosheen,"—a solitary, and unfrequented green lane, running to his right and to his left.

For a few minutes he waited here, smiling to himself, and clawing the palms of his hands with his fingers ; and anon, his ears were gratified by the expected sound of a great many little feet, softly tramping through the yet thin layer of snow, in the bosheen ; and in a few seconds more, appeared Mick Dempsey heading his army of newly-clad pupils, who coming on in great order, only two abreast, formed a goodly column. They slowly defiled before their priest and patron, each as he came up, squeezing hard, betwixt his finger and thumb, the narrow brim of his little felt hat, chucking it downwards, and the head it contained along with it ; and then abruptly letting go, that both might bob back gain, to their usual position, and so altogether performing a bow to his Reverence. And for every bow he got, every single one, Father Connell gave another bow, performed with studied suavity, though his face all the while glittered ; and when the troop had quite passed by, he stooped forward, leaning his hands on his knees, to peep after them ; and again standing upright, he clapped those hands softly together, and laughed, almost shouted forth his delight, while not tears alone, but little streamlets of tears, of happy, happy tears, trickled down his bloomy old cheeks.

It was some time before his outbreak of enjoyment permitted Father Connell's mind to recur to his engagement with Neddy Fennell ; but now suddenly starting, he looked about him for his young friend ; saw the boy standing timidly and alone, at a little distance, walked hastily to him, seized him by the hand, and under his guidance went to visit the widow of poor Atty Fennell.

"The Green," so called by Neddy Fennell, had not a bit of green about it, being a space, enclosed, at three sides, by wretched cabins, and at the fourth side by the high wall of the county hospital, within which that sedate edifice stood. The cabins were tenanted by the poorest of the poor ; their thatch half rotten, and falling in ; with holes in their clay walls for windows, and holes in their roofs for smoke vents ; and if ever the semblance of a chimney rose above one of them, it was contrived of a kind of osier work, plastered with mud. Upon the area of the ground thus hemmed in, presided disorder, and want of cleanliness, in many inert varieties : heaps of manure before each door, and everywhere about, carefully collected by the inhabitants, as their most considerable source of wealth ; little pools of dirty water, and puddle in all weathers ; stones, great and small, wherever they could find room ; while through these pleasing resorts pigs grunted and wallowed, vicious cur dogs barked, and gambolled, or else snarled and quarrelled, and bit each other ; miserable half-starved cocks and hens stalked here and there, in quest of something to pick up, and found nothing ; and half naked, and sometimes wholly naked, children ran, shouting, and playing, and enjoying themselves.

Fronting the hospital gate, but nearer to the opposite side of the irregular square, the gallows destined for the reception of city malefactors of the highest degree, used, occasionally—yet, we are bound to say, very seldom, recollecting the mass of squalid poverty around it—to be erected ; and this was one feature of notoriety for the green, from which it improved on Neddy Fennell's appellation, and was more emphatically termed Gallows Green. But there was also another trait of its celebrity, now to be indicated.

It had, time immemorial, been a kind of city corporate commonage. Everything with and without life might take possession of it ; no questions asked ; and the liberal indulgence was not long unacknowledged. When the hospital was being built, sand had been scooped irregularly, here and there, from beneath the surface of the green, nearest to the edifice's site, so that, after its completion, and the erection of its boundary wall, hollows remained. Upon the verge of one of those, or haply at its bottom, some speculating vagabond pauper experimentally ventured to erect a hovel, still more wretched than the buildings enclosing three sides of the space around it. How he procured the materials, even for such a dwelling, Heaven and he know—not we. No one interrupted his proceedings, and he lived for years, rent free, and tax free ; and in every way luxuriantly free, in his new house. His success emboldened others like himself to imitate his example ; and in a few years, copies of his domicile, perhaps to the amount of one hundred or of one hundred and fifty, were to be seen on the edges, or on the sinking sides, or in the very depths of the old gravel pits, and the population of the precious colony soon became very numerous.

To get into this jumble of miserable dwellings was a puzzle ; to get out of it, once in, a still greater one ; for it contained no streets, no lanes, no alleys, no enclosed spots, no straight ways, no level ways ; but hovel, turned its back upon hovel, or its side, or its gable, or stood upon the verge of an excavation, or upon the declivity, or at the bottom of one, as before hinted.

The fortuitous squatting or tumbling down of these hovels, had procured for the place the quaint appellation of the "shower of houses," a genuine Irish Alsatia, with this difference, that it was to be

found at a not very distant day, and is not a thing of tradition or of centuries long elapsed. The owner of the cabin in which the Widow Fennell lodged is a rarer or more racy specimen of feminity, than the pious and patient suffering creature, her lodger, whom Father Connell had come to visit and to relieve, and therefore more entertaining; and the hovel is the perfection of squalor and discomfort; yet bright scenes of animal enjoyment passed in it. We pass at once to the mistress :—

Before the ardent little fire, and almost touching it, squatted a middle-aged woman, dressed in rags and tatters; cooking upon a "griddle," (a round flat piece of iron,) a cake which occupied the full space of her apparatus; and curious to relate, she was so happy in her den of seeming wretchedness, that she endeavoured to shape her cracked voice into what was intended for a merry song.

Catching the sound made by the old squeaking door as Father Connell came in, the woman stopped short in her melody, though not in her cooking process; and without turning or looking behind her, she jocularly shouted out—

"Ah, then, the divil welcome you, honey, and is that yourself?"

A step or two brought Father Connell close upon her. These steps did not sound like those she had expected to hear. She glanced sideways at the feet and legs which now almost came in contact with her own. The friend she had counted on, and for whom her salutation was intended, certainly did not wear black knee-breeches, and large silver buckles in her shoes. She looked quite up, and recognised the formidable hat and wig of her parish priest; and then, with surprising agility, up she bounced from her squatting position, retreated as far as the dimensions of her dwelling would permit, and there clasping her hands, gazed in terror at the old clergyman.

"I fear the word that is on your lips is in your heart," he said sternly, "sinful woman."

"Och, then, may the word choke me if—"

"Stop!—or I fear you may get your prayer; I fear you will die with that very word in your mouth."

"I won't—I won't, your rivirince!—I'll die a good Christian."

"Well, well—God mend you—God mend you!" and Father Connell passed into the inner chamber of her house.

Here, not able to see distinctly any object, he called at the orifice, through which he had squeezed himself, for a light; the woman without came with some burning straw in her hand, which only flared for an instant, and then left him in redoubled darkness. He asked for a candle, and unable to produce such a luxury herself, the dame tucked up her tatters and left the wigwam to hunt, as she said, "among the good neighbours for a scrap of one;" during which hunt she did not fail to telegraph through the shower of houses, that their most dreaded enemy, their parish priest, was among them.

Having visited and consoled the dying inmates of the inner compartment, and resolved upon what was to be done for their immediate comfort, the priest passed out—

Not, however, without taking the poor young widow's hand again, squeezing it hard and whispering to her—"I'm going from you, my child, but I won't be long away; rest you here as quietly as you can till I come back."

"Where are you, Neddy?" he called out: the boy ran to him from one of the hobs of the densely glowing little fire; "give me your hand, Neddy, and lead me out of this sinful place, as you led me into it; and, after that, come home with me; yes, Neddy, my poor little boy, come home with me; but we will come back soon again to your mother—we will indeed, Neddy—indeed we will."

In quitting the abode, holding fast by Neddy Fennell's hand, Father Connell had no eyes for anything around him. He did not therefore perceive, that the woman he had first seen cooking her griddle cake, was now sitting on her heels at the fire, along with another woman, habited very like herself; the friendly visiter, in fact, for whom she had mistaken Father Connell on his coming in; and who, during his conference with Mrs. Fennell, had really returned to her copartner in a certain traffic, her body bent under a little sack secured thereon by a hay rope passing across her forehead.

Upon the meeting of the two friends, a subdued "whist!"—and nodding and winking towards the inner room, on the part of the cook, and then, whispering explanations at the fire, enabled them to sit quietly until the priest passed out—not, however, without disagreeable apprehensions of what might be his notice of them before he left their house. But he did leave it, paying no attention to them; and then, after a cautious pause to give him time to get far enough away, they ventured to indulge a few sneers and jests at his expense; turning by and by to other topics.

The two persons before us were, what is locally called "potatoe beggars;" it should be added potatoe sellers too, as they certainly vended to good advantage, the food received as alms. Amongst the farmers' wives, whom in pursuit of their calling, they very often visited, one of them was in the habit of admitting that she "*went by the name*" of Nelly Carty, and the other by that of Bridget Mulrooney; and both used to tell pathetic stories of their large families of orphans, and how they were left alone in the wide world, without a "mankind to do a hand's turn for them on the flure," or to earn as much as a cold potatoe for themselves and their starving children. Copartners in trade, it has been said they were; joint owners of their crumbling hut, they also were, and every article of its furniture had two mistresses; and in all the hardships of business, as well as in all its profits, they had share and share alike.

Perhaps the majority of the colonists of the shower of houses, living upon chance, as we have intimated, were made up of potatoe beggars; as well, indeed, as were a good portion of the occupiers of all the miserable suburbs at that time surrounding our city; yet, none of them seemed dissatisfied with their social position; and, in fact, compared with the less brazen-faced paupers around them, who were ashamed to beg, little reason had these sturdy vagabonds to be so. If famine did not reign over the land, in consequence of the destruction, by an unfavourable season, of the potatoe root, "there was little fear o' them," as they said themselves; and a passing notice of the manner in which Nelly Carty and Bridget Mulrooney drove their thriving trade, may prove the assertion, as regards the whole of their numerous and respectable body.

At break of day in winter, and at six o'clock during every other portion of the year, out sallied either one or other of them; her well patched bag of indefinite material chucked under her arm, leaving her helpmate at home, to take care of the house, and perform other necessary duties of the firm. And suppose, Nelly Carty went out, Bridget Mulrooney had, compared with Nelly's responsibilities, a day of exquisite rest,—and hence, by the way, arose the necessity of the extensive association of potatoe-beggars following their vocation, in couples at least, if not in trios, or quartettos. So, Nelly went out, and after clearing the town and its environs, traversed a pretty wide district in mud and in mire, in sunshine and in all its contraries, hail, rain, snow, frost, fog, wind and tempest, and so forth; along high roads and bye roads, along *boskeens* and field paths; over hedge and ditch, over hill and valley, until at last she succeeded in amassing in her sack, a creditable load, amounting to about one hundred weight, gained by most plausible beggary from all the well-known farm-houses in her chosen haunt; and also very often from the cabins of the working peasants encountered on her way.

But Nelly was not such a fool as to carry her bag from door to door with any appearance of plenty in it. So soon as it began to assume a plethoric shape, she knew well some convenient spot in the open fields in

which to deposit its contents; after which, she could bear it quite empty and open-mouthed and beseechingly to the thresholds next to be visited; and before evening fell, after receiving the "bit and sup," along with her usual donation of raw potatoes, at more than one of the truly charitable dwellings among which she quested, Nelly recurred with the certainty of a raven, to the hiding hole glanced at; secured the mouth of her now well distended wallet; passed a rope of hemp, or of hay over its middle, when she had poised it between her shoulders; repassed the rope across her forehead; then gained by the shortest cut, a place of rendezvous on the high road, where she met perhaps a dozen of her sisterhood, though by no means in partnership with her, who there had sat down to rest a little while, after the happy termination of their day's ingenuity; rested, and smoked, and gossiped merrily and loudly along with them; in their company walked home, bent double, though on sturdy bare red legs and feet; gained the rent-free and tax-free dwelling, of which she and Bridget Mulrooney were joint proprietors; entered it, and found Bridget prepared to afford her in every way a luxurious welcoming, after her tramp of at least fifteen long Irish miles; relieved herself, with her helpmate's joyous aid, of her formidable fardel, and sat down at the brisk little fire to become very happy. And the next morning Bridget Mulrooney went out with the bag, of course, and Nelly staid at home to enjoy *her* day of repose; and so, day after day, the year round, the business of their concern was regularly carried on. . . . . .

When they became quite assured that the priest was beyond hearing or observation, Nelly recurred to her griddle cake, which, during his retreat into the inner apartment, she had not forgotten to take care of, and now found it done "to a turn," and to her heart's full satisfaction, as it exhibited on both sides the proper speckled surface of brown and white, which demonstrated her culinary success. She removed it from the griddle, cut it up into measured portions, and placed these on edge round the hob, to keep them still comfortably hot. She then put a short form in front of the smirking fire; and using a rickety old chair as a sideboard, deposited upon it her odd cups and saucers, as she called them—and indeed "odd" they were in every sense of the word, of different sizes, patterns, and colours; by their sides, or among them, one leaden teaspoon, a little jug with a broken nose, three white delft plates with blue edges, a wooden "noggin" a little black tin teapot, and a wooden-hafted knife. This done, she drew out of one of her capacious pockets a flat bottle, containing whisky, which, when used as on the present occasion, is jocularly termed "colliery crame;" again from the same ample receptacle a small folded paper, holding one quarter of an ounce of tea, and after it a second parcel somewhat larger, enveloping two ounces of intensely brown sugar. During her proceedings so far, a small three legged metal pot had been boiling away gloriously, after the removal of the cake and the griddle, on the fire; with the aid of the wooden noggin she now abstracted from this pot, water to make her tea in the little dingy tin tea-pot; and, still continuing her allotted household duties, split the different portions of her cake with the wooden-hafted knife, and then heaped butter upon the insides of each portion until the dainty was saturated through and through.

Pending these preparations, Bridget Mulrooney, squatted on the floor, at one end of the short form, looked on at Nelly's process with very pleasing anticipations, and asking a careless question, now and then, and uninterruptedly extending the palms of her red hands and the soles of her red feet so closely to the fire as, by nice and habitual calculation, barely to avoid the uncomfortable result of having them blistered, enjoyed, it may be boldly affirmed, a position and situation of great bliss. Her day of labour was over; she was deliciously resting herself; she had not to stir in the performance of any household duty; abundant and cheering refreshment was close at hand; and she was not to go on the tramp for one whole day again: what earthly lot could surpass hers? Ask a queen!

Everything being in readiness, Nelly Carty also squatted herself at the end of the form opposite to which Bridget Mulrooney sat. The pair rubbed their hands in gleeish anticipation; and the pig, nestled in his corner, thrust out his snout from his straw, regarded his mistresses, and good humouredly grunted his satisfaction at seeing them so comfortable and so near the point of perfect enjoyment.

Our hostess of the evening poured out the scalding hot tea, sweetening it well with the thoroughly brown sugar, and more than once sipping with the little leaden spoon from both the cups before her, to ascertain, as in duty and etiquette bound, the quality of the beverage, according to the judgment of her own palate. She next infused into each cup no stingy portion of the "colliery crame," which, as it gurgled through the neck and mouth of the flat bottle, so tickled the ears of both ladies as to produce a pleasant chuckle. And again the smiling Hebe of the feast stirred the compound mixture with her little leaden spoon, again took a sip out of each cup, wagged her head in approval of the final fitness of the beverage; and handing over one measure of it to her helpmate Bridget, cried out in a tone of utter joviality—

"Here, my ould Duchess—will that lie in your way, we wondher?"

"That's nate tay sure enough, Nelly," after swallowing a mouthful so hot and so pungent that it obliged her to close her eyes during its descent through her throat—"but I think yourself is as much of an ould Duchess as I am, Nelly?"

"'Faith we're a pair of ould Duchesses, Bridget; and much good may it do us, I say."

"There's them is worse off, Nelly, wid our good tay and our butthered cake."

"Well, well Bridget, alanah machree, if you were lookin' at me to-day evenin' when the ould priest came in! By this same blessed tay, I thought the ground would open and swally me. Sure I thought that 'twas your four bones that lifted the latch; and, so, what does I do, but sings out 'divil welcome you, honey,' to the face iv his big wig."

"Oh-a, oh-a! and what did he say to you, Nelly?"

"He has no good will to me of ould—and he tould me I'd die with that word in my mouth—but I won't—I'll die a good christian yet, Bridget, as I tould him."

"And we'll all do that, Nelly, and why not?"

"If there's anything comes across you, Bridget, the grass won't grow under my feet, till I hunt out the priest for you, and bring him to the bedside to you—and, by coorse, you'll do the like for me, Bridget?"

"By coorse, Nelly, by coorse; but tell me what's the rason that Father Connell would have an old grudge against you, Nelly?"

While these luxurious dames were still enjoying themselves, and seasoning their repast with reminiscences of early adventures in love, and in war with the church or the law, Father Connell returned to their door on his errand of mercy.

Upon now hearing a loud thumping and kicking at it, considerable was their surprise, if not alarm. Up they bounced together, and together bawled out, through the chinks in their door, a questioning challenge to the unexpected visiters.

"Let me in, ye unfortunate creatures," answered the tones of Father Connell's well-known voice, not angrily however.

Suppressing their screams, shouts indeed, if they had let them escape, one of the ladies hastened to hide away as quickly as possible, all evidences of merry-making; while the second, with frank and hearty avowals of answering the priest's request, seemingly fumbled with great zeal to try and open the door; and when at last she did pull it open, great was her astonishment to see Father Connell and little Neddy pass in, each heavily laden with different kinds of burdens.

These consisted of clothes, bed-clothes, straw, and food for the perishing invalid, Nelly Carty and Bridget Mulrooney's lodger, which the priest, from

dread of his thrifty housekeeper's opposition, had ingeniously purloined from his own stores, and from her bed and wardrobe. Having performed the burglary on his own house, he called to his accomplice, Neddy Fennell, whom he had secreted in the stable loft. He had felt little scruple in abstracting Mrs. Molloy's blankets and linen robes; but the few shillings which he borrowed for a time from the money begged for the support of his parish school, was matter of deeper concernment to his conscience, until compassion, and the resolution and power of making future restitution, made pity triumph over scrupulosity. When his thefts were concluded,—

Master Neddy Fennell saw so much drollery in the whole affair that, in assisting with all possible gravity, as he was desired to do, in every necessary proceeding, a looker on might have detected in his eye and manner signs of a waggish enjoyment, which, however, fully escaped Father Connell's notice.

But Father Connell was not to escape so easily. His "boy," Tom Naddy, though he had detected the manœuvres going forward, winked where he had been appointed by Mrs. Molloy to watch, and did not at all interefere to prevent the petty larency committed in that lady's bed-room. Tom Naddy, the "priest's boy," becomes a person of great consequence in the course of the story. He is the ingenious, scheming, and most devoted roguish friend of the hero, Neddy Fennell, the prime mover in the complicated machinery of the plot of the romance. His portrait, as we see him at first, is inimitable. He is seen left, by the housekeeper, who had gone abroad for a gossip, "in charge of the place," and taking but small charge of it.

As the evening was bitterly cold, Tom Naddy, the "priest's boy," resolved to establish himself, while keeping watch and ward, in the most comfortable position possible, within the house—which, as every one knows, or ought to know, must have been upon one of the huge hobs within the capacious kitchen chimney. Yet he paused for an instant, refinedly canvassing the question as to which hob he ought to prefer to the other. That on which the cat reposed he finally resolved upon preferring, and so displaced madam puss, and sat down exactly where she had been, his knees up to a level with his chin; and as some recompense to her for his unceremonious usurpation of her throne, he then fixed puss across his thighs, speaking fondly to her, and stroking her down, upon which his kitchen companion winked up at him with both her eyes, and began to purr gratefully. Thus established, the east wind might whistle, and the snow flake might dance to the tune, but neither Tom Naddy nor the cat chattered their teeth in unison with it.

Tom Naddy began to dose. The sound of a latch-key turning in the door of the house, fully restored him to his powers of observation. It was either Father Connell or Mrs. Molloy who was about to enter. If Mrs. Molloy, he did not care very much; if his master, he did fear a remonstrance against sloth and idleness, accompanied perhaps by some hard pulling at his ears; so without absolutely disturbing himself, he prudently bent his faculties of hearing, to interpret, to his own mind, the sound of the footstep which must follow the other sound he had just heard. Be it remarked, that Mrs. Molloy had, as well as Father Connell, a latch-key to the house door.

In one instant he became convinced that it was the priest who had come in.

But we have already seen the part which Tom Naddy thought it expedient to enact. Here is Tom:—

You were, at this time, about sixteen or seventeen though no one could venture to say as much by looking at you. You were very significantly described by your homely neighbours, as a "hard-grown brat;" short for your years, and not making up in bulk what you wanted in height. You had a jackdaw-coloured eye, of which it was not easy to define the expression. It did not we hope mean dishonesty; for, according to Lavater's rule, you looked straight into one's face; yet there was something in your glance, which made your philosophical observer curious to find out what that something was. Again, according to the sage mentioned, your nose had no hypocritical droop in it, but was on the contrary—a goodly broad snub; and a further and a greater puzzle about you was, that nobody could ever say whether it was a smile or a grin, which always played around your fleshless lips. And moreover, Tom Naddy, there appeared no boyishnsss about you. To be sure you had a certain easy slowness in your whole manner; not *laziness*, as your poor master would have called it, but a peculiar self-possession, often broken up by an unexpected briskness; and you were not a person of many words, although you whistled a great deal—not, however, it is conjectured, for want of thought; because your queer face never looked vacant; and even while seemingly given up, mind and soul, to produce the full pathos of "Molly Asthore," there used to be occasionally an abstract meaning in your eye, foreign from your harmony, and you would wink, or grin, or smile, or wag your white-haired head, in the very middle of the tune.

So, no sooner had Father Connell ascended to his own bed-room, than Tom Naddy, starting into one of his unusual instants of energy, very unceremoniously removed puss from his lap, darted through the open doorway of the house, and through that of the little yard also, and almost the next minute was shouldering into the cabin where he guessed Mrs. Molloy to be stationed; his assumption of briskness being, however, now forgotten, just as suddenly as it had seized upon him, while he moved very leisurely, and whistled slowly and beautifully.

When he confronted her, Mrs. Molloy paused in the midst of a holding forth, her hand suspended in mid air, and her tongue, for a novelty, between her open lips.

"Didn't I lave *you*, well latched in, to mind the house!" she asked in stern astonishment.

"There's some latch kays that opens what other latch kays shets in," answered Tom.

"What's that you say!"

"Fhu!" (shivering) "it's a cowld bitther night to sleep widout blankets," was Tom's far-off answer, and he resumed his interrupted whistling.

"Didn't you hear me, Tom Naddy!—didn't I lave you in charge of the place?"

"Yes ma—ma'am; but mostha, I couldn't stop his hand, if 'twas his liking to sthrip the house from the kitchen to the tatch on the roof in it, what I b'lieve he'll do afore he laves off."

"It's the masther at his work again, neighbours," cried Mrs. Molloy, starting up and seizing her cloak, "jist as I was telling you! He won't lave himself, poor fool ir a man, a blanket to cover his bed—no, nor a shirt to cover his ould skin! I'll tell ye something he done that-o-way, for the hundredth time, a little while agone—"

Tom Naddy deemed that she was staying too long from home, and interrupted her—"there's other blankets in the house as well as his own, and other things like shirts, too."

She started back, asking in her gutteral tones, with utter surprise—"Is it *my* blankets, or any of *my* things you'd spake of!"

Tom broke up his whistling only with a sedate nod of assent.

Mrs. Molloy bounded, as well as she could, out of the cabin. She encountered Father Connell and Neddy Fennell in the middle of the yard, each heavily laden, and just about to escape with their spoil. She whisked

e tails of her cloak over each arm, thus having her nds at liberty to stretch themselves out, while her oice croaked more than usual, and the beard on her two ins might be said to stir and bristle.

"Well to be sure! Isn't this a poor case! I'm downght ashamed o' you, Sir! It's a burning scandal, Sir -an' will you never give up these doings!—an' I'll not and this, Sir—an' I'll not put up with it, Sir—an' I'll ve you to know that I won't, Sir!"

Father Connell, thus detected, after all his precautions, ily smiled inwardly, however, as he said in a temporis- g voice, "Peggy, Peggy, anger is a deadly sin!"

"An' what kind of a sin do you call thievin', Sir. 'e, thievin'—*I* can call it by no other name, Sir."

"Let me pass out, good woman," said the priest sternly, though he was now more disposed to laugh heartily; and be patient, Peggy, be patient."

"Patient in troth! patient! I can't be patient—and old Nick I pitch patience!—Look at that big hape adther your arum—my own things rowled up along id yours!—patient! why, if a holy saint was sent o' urpose down to keep house for you, and to look afther urself and yourself, you'd torment the very life and wl out iv her in a week, so you would; here I am, om Sunday morning to Saturday night, striving, an' raping, an' piecing, an' patching, for the two ov us—' all to no purpose—no, but worser and worser for all an do; an' now to make up the matther, you come ov ch an evening as this, and ov sich a night as this will , to make me an' you get our death o' could in our beds."

"There is no fear of that Peggy; we can still manage rest comfortably for one short night, in a good, warm ouse; but I must go with these things, to the help of o poor, naked women, who might really perish before orning on the damp earth, and without covering of any ind; so you had better let us go on our way peaceably, eggy."

Mrs. Molloy darted quickly at Neddy Fennell, making grasp at his burden, as she vociferated—"go on your ay!—the long and the short ov it is, since you put me to , there is no blanket to lave this to-night—no, nor the hread ov a blanket."

Her master now became really severe and determined. le removed her arm from the boy's fardel, put her to e side, and saying, "be silent, my good woman, be lent, and stand out of my way;—more than once since ou came in here, you have uttered sin with your lips, nd offended me—of that we will speak another time;— ow, go out of my way, I say—I command you;—come, Neddy Fennell come;" and without further opposition rom Mrs. Molloy, who became perfectly stunned at this udden and most unexpected annihilation of her authority -the priest and his follower cleared the premises.

A moment after their departure, Tom Naddy lounged o her side from the corner of an end wall of the stable, ound which all along he had been listening and peeping; nd while Mrs. Molloy still stood silent and utterly con- ounded, remarked—"Ho! ho!—so, the priest is to do hatever he likes in the house for the future."

"Get out, you kiln-dried brat!" was the housekeeper's ady reply, as she stumped in much dignity, into her itchen; while on his part Tom only sauntered after her, nd resumed his place and his eat upon the hob.

We shall conclude Father Connell's day, having et to touch very briefly upon the more exciting, hough not more pleasing scenes of the story. His rrand of mercy is speeded. He has made the bed f the sick, spread comfort and peace around he couch of the desolate, new-made widow; who ad but lately been a young, beautiful, and thrice lest creature, the cherished wife of a loving hus- and, the mother of little merry Neddy; and now he good man takes his way back to his own humble abin, where—

In a very short time afterwards, Father Connell, and Mrs Molloy, and Tom Naddy, were as good friends as ver they had been in their lives. The housekeeper placed before him the little measure of ale, with a foaming head on it, which he emptied every night before going to bed, and which, with a crust to eke it out, was his beau ideal of luxurious indulgence. A good fire, renewed by cinders, heated his outstretched limbs, and glittered in the large silver buckles of his shoes. To his left hand, was his allowance of ale; to his right, pen and ink; and while he sipped his beverage, and munched his crust, we may transcribe—peeping over his shoulders, as well as the protuberance of the great wig above his ears will allow, the following entries, made by him in a curiously covered book, which he called his journal, and, in which, for very many years, he had made some daily notes.

"I got up at three o'clock this morning to say my usual matins: it threatened to be a bitter day, and a bitter day it has been. I went to bed at four, and slept very well until seven; attended the chapel at eight: the snow was pelting in my face. God help the poor! Will the disbeliever persuade the poor man that there is no Heaven!—he would then make the lot of the poor a hard one indeed. Those who sleep on beds of the softest down, and need but to wish for everything in order to have it, are they as good Christians as the Widow Fennell and her aunt have been! God bless the good friends whose bounty enabled me to put warm clothing on so many naked children and boys this day. Mick Dempsey would cover the shivering body of only a good boy. Mick does not remember that the blast is as bitter to the bad boy as to the good boy; and that the Lord does not send the sunshine to the good only. It is not wise to drive even the most wicked to despair; if they have no hope of being better, they will not try to be so; and Mick Dempsey was not right when he gave me to understand that I was encouraging idleness. I humbly hope that I was doing something that may help to change it into industry. Neglected my middle of the day prayers. *Miserere mei Domine!* Our prayers should never be overlooked, especially by a priest; a priest is bound to give good example; he cannot hope to do this without grace; and grace is chiefly to be obtained by prayer. Reprehended Peggy Molloy for her tongue and bad language—not too severely, I think—and she seems the better of it; she is faithful and honest; a faithful and honest servant is a treasure; but Peggy must be taught not to fall into a passion; violent anger is like drunkenness—for the drunken and the angry man both forget their wisdom; almost as many crimes spring from the one as the other. The first fair day I have, I must beg all through the town, and then in the country, for the Widow Fennell, her poor aunt, and young Neddy. God help them all. I love that little boy in my very heart; and with God's help will be an earthly father to him."

And so ended our priest's entries in his journal for one day.

Micah Balquhidder, in his own parish, nor yet Dr. Pringle of the Ayrshire Legatees, was neither more admirable than their Roman Catholic brother; though, for the honour of Protestantism, they may cope with him in warmth of charity and singleness of mind.

Nelly Carty's tales of her youth, related over their *tay* to Bridget Mulrooney, her co-partner in the potato-begging concern, found an eager listener in Neddy Fennell, who heard with astonishment and some doubt, that in an old vagrant, ruffian beggarman, followed by three children, and lodging for the night in the adjoining hovel, Nelly had, with love's own eyes, discovered that very Robin Costigan, whom forty years before this——; but the deed done by a woman for her lover is, so far as we recollect, quite original even in romance,—and, moreover, who could relate it like the heroine of the wonderful tale:—

"Well, Nelly," said Bridget, "here we are on the hunkers

before our little fire again, and what is left of the tay and the cake a'most as good as ever; and its mad intirely I am, yis indeed, to hear the rest that you have to tell about that Robin Costigan."

"Well an' sure, *lanna machree*, Nelly Carty won't be long till she satisfies you. Well, Bridget, sure, as I gave you to untherstand afore the ould priest kem in, Robin and myself were great cronies, and faix, I'll never deny that I liked the boy well. Bud, Bridget, sure it happened once of a time, that my poor Robin borry'd the loan iv a horse, widout axin lave; an' sure over again, he was cotch on the back of that horse at a fair in the Queen's county; and they brought the poor boy to his thrial afore the judge, an' I thought my heart would break, they found him guilty, an' sintinced him to die. An' sure enough, the ugly lookin' gallows was put up for Robin on the Green abroad, and sure enough he was walked to the gallows, and it was the same Father Connell that quitted us a little while agone, that stepped out by his side to the gallows' fut. Well, asthore, the day that was in it, was a winter's day. I'll never forget it, one o' the dark, black days afore Christmas; and the evenin' began to fall a'most before he was turned off; an' when the time come to cut the rope, cut it was; and sure meeself was the very girl that caught him in my arms."

"Yourself, Nelly?" half shrieked Bridget. As for Neddy Fennell, his jaws stopped grinding his loaf, while he stared in startled surprise at the narrator.

"Meeself, Bridget. Well, *alanna-machree*, sure I thought I felt a stir in my poor Robin," Neddy Fennell had taken another bite at his loaf, but again stopped short in his preparations to masticate it.

"An' you couldn't count twenty afore I had him in a good warm bed, and Darby Croak the bleether there by his side; an' surely, surely, the stir in poor Robin got more life in it from time to time; an' surely, surely, over agin, many hours didn't go by till we had my poor fellow alive, an' as well as ever—ay, an' laughin' heartily too at the brave escape he had—tho' that afther all might be a little bit iv a secret betuxt himself an' the *skibbeah*—an' faix we spent as pleasant a night as kem from that to this—in wakin' the poor corpse, as we called it."

"Are you tellin' the truth, Nelly Carty?" gasped Neddy Fennell quite aghast.

"Wait, Neddy, my pet—sure there's a little more to come. It was about an hour afore day-break, when my poor Robin strolled out, just to see how his legs would go on along some iv the roads convanient afther the dance upon nothin' they had the day afore. In the coorse iv the night, sure he swore a big oath to us, that he'd never borry a horse agin, becase they war unlooky cattle; but he made no oath agin cows; and it's as thrue as that I'm sittin' here tellin' it, afore the mornin' quite broke, Robin borryed a nice fat cow, out of a field by the road-side. Well, *alanna machree*, the cow didn't turn out a lookier baste for Robin nor the horse."

"What's that you're goin' to say now?" again interrupted Neddy Fennell, "was he hanged over again, Nelly?"

"Faix an' if he wasn't, Neddy, my honey, he had very little to spare that he wasn't; for the man that thought he had a betther right to the cow than Robin, soon missed her, an' ran thro' the town clappin' his hands, an' got all the help he could; an' sure they all kem up with the poor boy, on the road to the fair ov Bennet's-bridge, an' he in the cow's company; an' so they laid hoult on him, an' made him turn back, without the cow, and they rammed him into their gaol again."

"Well," whispered Neddy.

"Well, *a-cuishla-gal-machree*, there he was, shure enough—only not for a long time, for, well became Robin, he found manes ov breaking out ov their gaol, an' from that blessed hour to this no livin' creature but myself ever set eyes on him in the town. But now listen well to me, Bridget, and you, Neddy Fennell; afther five an' thirty years is past an' gone, an' I an ould woman, I seen Robin Costigan this day, as sure as I now see ye both forenent me."

Many were the ejaculations of surprise, and indeed almost of terror, uttered by the listeners. "And to-day, Nelly? when? where? how?" they asked together.

"Whist! spake lower; none ov us spoke very loud yet, but now we are to spake lower than ever—and for a good rason. I said that Father Connell had a sharp eye, and that he ought to remember Robin Costigan, for wasn't it he that made his sowl for him at the gallows' fut? But the ould priest couldn't know him now, Bridget, for Robin is changed by years, and he is changed by conthrivances, but *I* knew him well, Bridget, from the minute I saw him. I can't say that he had the same knowledge of me when he looked me in the face—but *I* used to be too fond iv *him* long ago, ever, ever to forget him. And I tell you I saw him this very day, and I tell you more than that; I saw him in the very next house—in Joan Flaherty's house."

Bridget Mulrooney thumped her breast, crossed herself, and turned up her eyes. Neddy Fennell jumped off the hob, breathing hard, and frowning abhorringly, and it would seem indignantly, at the remote end wall of the hovel, which divided him from Joan Flaherty's house. This wall however, did not rise higher than the point at which the wattles of the roof commenced; so that an inmate of either abode, could, by standing on a chair or even upon a stool, peep into the other.

After a few moments, Nelly Carty resumed slowly, and in whispers; and Neddy again seating himself on the hob, changed his wide-opened, glowing eyes from the end wall to her face.

"An' he is a beggarman now iv you plase; and he has a poor, withered limb, *morya*, an' I seen three childher wid him that he takes into the street, when he goes a begging."

"Tell me this, Nelly," asked Neddy Fennell suddenly, and as if wishing for an answer in the affirmative, "if the judge heard he was alive, wouldn't he have him hung over again?"

"Faix, an' I'm thinking he would, my *lanna;* sure they owe him the last hanging at any rate; an' I'd go bail that if they had a hoult iv him now, they'd—but be asy wid your thricks, ye young limb."

A handful of small peebles, as it seemed, clattering and jingling among Nelly's "tay things" caused her suddenly to interrupt herself.

"It wasn't I that did it, Nelly, though I often played you a trick before now," answered Neddy Fennell very slowly, and in the least possible whisper—"it wasn't I that did it; but just turn your head behind you, and look towards the far end of the room."

"Don't, Bridget! Don't for the world wide," admonished Nelly—"it's himself is in it—I know it is; for there is no male crature living on Joan Flaherty's flure along wid him."

So neither of the good ladies obeyed Neddy Fennell's command. The boy, however, saw indistinctly, in the almost complete darkness, at the remote point he peered at, the head and shoulders of a man elevated over the imperfect division wall.

"Is the ould priest gone?" asked this apparition, in stealthy and husky tones. Nelly winked at Bridget to answer, and Bridget accordingly said—"he is gone these three hours, neighbour."—"Will he come again to night, ye ould *collochs?*" continued the same voice. "No, surely, neighbour, he is gone for this night, sartin."—"*Bannath lath*, then," and the head and shoulders disappeared. A dead silence succeeded. Nelly Carty held up her hand, and significantly looked her meaning at Bridget Mulrooney, who, in return, nodded her head.

"Neddy Fennell," added Nelly, "for the worth of the life that's in you, and that's in all our bodies,"—she whispered these words into his very ear—"don't let out o' you a breath of what you have heard here this night; mind my words."

They all went to bed, Neddy lying down on some straw, confronting that side of the house occupied by Monsieur the pig; while his gentle hostesses unfolding certain rolled-up parcels in the corners to the right and left of the fire-place, but which, after all, contained only straw pallets, with very wretched covering, made their own couches thereof.

The idea of the man nearly twice-hung long

efore his own mother was born, and now alive and vithin a few yards of him, took such possession f Neddy Fennell's head that he could not sleep. Neddy and Robin Costigan were not thus to part. The excited boy's nocturnal watch, and their early ncounters, exhibit Neddy as the most brave and enerous of Lilliputian heroes. Having moved the earts of all "the Christian people," and especially f the women, by his pathetic street appeals for his desolate orphans," the felon beggar, a brutal ruf- ian, who is portrayed with great force, returned to is lair, and was attacked by Neddy for ill-treating lovely little girl who accompanied him.

The opportune appearance of Father Connell, t this time, saved both Nelly and Neddy, the ne from the dangerous recognition, the other rom the summary vengeance of the ferocious uffian,—but Neddy had thenceforward a deadly nemy.——Years pass away, and Neddy's school- naster, and school companions, and the folks f note in his native town, give the author an pportunity of writing what may be his actual eminiscences, and, in part, genuine autobio- raphy. We give but one scene, which is highly haracteristic of the time in which it passed, and he place in which it is laid. Something resem- ling Dicky Wresham's school may still be found ingering in quiet out-of-the-way country towns; hough reading-rooms, newspapers, politics, and eriodicals, have made great encroachments on such eminaries:—

It is still a bitter December morning, not a great any removed from that with which we have last had o do. Dicky Wresham runs to his open door, peeps up and own the street; runs in again to his drugs, and out gain in a few minutes, to take another peep. He evi- ently expects the arrival of some person, or persons, nd he is very anxious and fidgety on the point. And ne by one the wished for visiters arrive, and one by one e greets them heartily.

Are they customers? No: they are individuals who, very day in the year, come to polish the bottoms of the ld black-leather chairs, within doors, if it be inclement eather; or else the window stools in the street, if it be ir weather; and they come each to empty his budget f small gossip, or to have a similar one emptied into im; or to join, open-mouthed, in scandal, not always of harmless nature, or to make remarks on all passers by the streets; or, in a word, idly to spend their idle me, in the best way they can possibly devise. So Dick Wresham has them almost all about him for the day, at hich he rubs his hands and looks fully happy—and he so; for, doubtless, a stock of capital gossip, and scur- lity, and fun, is now laid in for him; and Dick's craving ppetite for such mental food would be satisfied every orning as soon as ever he had powdered his head and at collar.

And this assemblage, in Dick's laboratory, was fami- arly known, through the town, as "Dick Wresham's hool." They also styled themselves "gentlemen;" d Dick and many others admitted the title, though a od many people besides questioned whether the stand- rd used by the little apothecary and his immediate iends, for measuring a "gentleman," agreed, in all re- ects, with that adopted for the same purpose by Ulster King-at-arms." But however this may be, the hool has now assembled. All the scholars are, upon is particular morning, within doors, of course, the eather not permitting a meeting in the open air. Two their number post themselves as sentinels of observa- n, face to face, against the jambs of the doorway, and eir business is to look out for objects and subjects of mmentary, among the simple people who pass by; or haply (for the videttes are great wags) to beckon some one of the simplest among the simple into Dick Wres- ham's school-room, and there exercise some practical joke—that smallest and most country-townish way of pretending to wit. A few of Dick Wresham's school may just be pencilled in.

Gaby Mac Neary was one of them. He had begun life with, as he himself would beautifully express it, "a blue look-out;" that is, with little to recommend him, except a handsome person, and a good flow of red Pro- testant blood in his veins. These two qualities, however slender they might prove in other countries, gained him a rich enough wife in Ireland; legacies from her relatives afterwards dropt in, so that he was now, at an advanced age, able to live "genteelly," that is, without doing any one earthly thing, except to eat, drink, and sleep, and have his own way, right or wrong; and Dicky Wresham accordingly wrote him down "gentleman."

Gaby was tall and bulky, but stooped in his shoulders. He could not be said to have an ill-tempered face; but it had a domineering look, befitting a person of much importance in the world, both as to rank and religious creed; and this was one of the characteristics of what the Papists of the time used to term a "Protestant face."

Jack Mac Carthy was another of the school; whilom a gauger, but now retired on a pension and some money to boot. He was a sturdy-built, low sized "gentleman" of about sixty, with tremendous grey eye-brows, always knit together, and a huge projecting under lip. He seemed as if ever revolving some unpleasant subject; and Jack was said to have a "Protestant face" too; that is, he looked as if he did not like a Papist, and was there- fore conscious that a Papist could not like him.

And Kit Hunter was upon this morning at "school" also; and he possessed property sufficient, we will not stop to say exactly how obtained, to satisfy Dick Wres- ham of his pretensions to be admitted into his seminary. The wrinkles about Kit's mouth, had formed themselves into a perpetual smile. He was known as the shadow of the great personage of the town, whether a lord or a baronet shall not now be told. He constantly attended the great man's levée, was honoured by being leant upon by him, whenever he flattered the streets by walking through them; he was always ready to run on his errands; and to crown all his glory, frequently invited to dine with, and drink the choice old wines of the high, and for the present, mysterious personage.

An easy tempered, middle-aged man was Kit, with a great talent for picking up gossip of every kind, and for retailing it too; for it may be fairly conceded that the sack of a news-gatherer gapes almost equally at both ends. In person he was tall, slight, thin, almost emaci- ated, and bent and weak in the hams; and always drest carefully and sleekly, in the best-brushed clothes of the leading fashion of the day.

After the sages here particularly noticed, there were two or three others of less interest; the sentinels who filled the door-way were younger pupils, "gentlemen, bloods of the city," roystering, swaggering blades; and hoaxers or practical jokers by profession.

The "school" has repeated some of its lessons for its master, and for each other, conned since they last as- sembled before him. Dick Wresham occasionally eyeing a prescription, continues:—

"Ah Kit, what about the old friar and his bell?"

"Ay Kit, my worthy," echoed one of the sentinel wags, "tell us about the friar and his *belle*—ha, ha, ha!"

And the ha, ha, ha! ran through the whole "school" —for a sparkling and original witticism had been uttered.

"Ay, joke away on it," said Gaby Mac Neary,— "but by Gog,—" and he banged his stick across Dick Wresham's "genteel" and delicate subterfuge for a counter, "you'll soon have them friars devouring up the fat of the land again. Ha, 'tisn't ould times with them now; they're creeping out of their holes among us again, —an honest man can't walk the streets without being jostled by one of them."

"And how divilish sleek the rascals look," sputtered Jack Mac Carthy, knitting wickedly his awful grey eyebrows.

"Well, but Kit Hunter, tell us about Father Murphy," commanded Dick Wresham impatiently.

"Why, you must know, he has built a kind of a little steeple on the gable of his chapel, and hung up a small bell in it; and this he rings out for his mass, as sturdily as if there was no law to prevent it."

"Ho!" grunted Gaby Mac Neary, "if that's not popish impudence, the divil's in the dice. Gog's blug!" he continued in a kind of soliloquy, puckering his lips into a fierce snarl, as he stumped about the school-room, and punched his stick downwards at every step.

"Well, Kit!" again asked Dick Wresham.

"Well: the dean was made acquainted with the matter, and requested to use his authority, in having the bell taken down; and so he called on Father Murphy for the purpose. The friar, you know, is a big, bluff-kind of an ould fellow—and hah! he said to the dean—and can't I have a bell to call my coachman, and my groom, and my footmen, and all my other man servants, and ould Alley the cook, to their dinners—eh!—ha!"

Some laughed at Kit Hunter's anecdote; but Gaby Mac Neary and Jack Mac Carthy could only ejaculate their indignation at such a piece of audacious Papistry.

Other anecdotes of Papist audacity are related, and—

Gaby and Jack expressed a huger indignation than ever. Gaby, in particular, though not feeling half of the real asperity experienced by his friend Jack, burst forth in his might. He imprecated, he cursed, and he swore, he bellowed as he stumped about; and "the vagabonds!" he went on, "there is'nt a friar, no nor a priest of 'em, that I would'nt hunt out of the counthry, over again! Why, they'll ride rough shod over us, as they did before, by Gog! They walk the very middle stone of the street, already—*blur-an-ages!*"

"And here is one of them walking the middle stone of the street, this very moment," reported one of the sentinels.

"Father Connell, no less—hat and wig, and all," added the other.

The charitable quest on which Father Connell was bound this morning, had for its object the relief of the Widow Fennell; and Gaby Mac Neary, one of those hot-brained, peppery, irascible, Hibernian Celts, of whom it is proverbially said that "their bark is worse than their bite," got into a Protestant fume upon the occasion. Gaby is very probably a bit of genuine life, transferred to the canvass of fiction. He is the father of the true heroine of the tale, who is neither Nelly Carty, nor yet the lovely little mysterious beggar-girl. The dialogue in the school-room, after the priest had been summoned in, and had told his tale in few words, is characteristic of the time. It thus proceeded:—

"Ah, yes, Sir," resumed the young "gentleman." "I might have guessed that it was for one of the fair portion of the creation your reverence took so much trouble this cold day!"

"And indeed it is to the credit of clergymen in general that they are such champions of the weaker sex," resumed his comrade.

"I remember the little Widow Fennell right well," quoth Dick Wresham, "and a plump little bit of flesh she was, and must be to the present hour."

At these words, to the surprise of all who caught the action, Gaby Mac Neary suddenly turned his head over the back of his chair, and scowled very angrily at the speaker.

"There certainly is some satisfaction, in bestowing charity, on such a pretty little widow," continued the chief sentinel—"one of her smiles, is good value for a guinea, any day—" and he took out of his waistcoat pocket, a glittering coin, and with a face of much earnestness, placed it on the priest's palm and closed the old man's fingers upon it.

Father Connell glanced, however, at the offering, and then reclosed his fingers upon it himself. The waggery and the sparkling wit went forward.

"By my oath and conscience," said the really spiteful Jack Mac Carthy, "I'd give a leg of mutton and 'thrimmins' to any one that ud tache me the knack of making friends among the women, as the priests do."

"Why, Father Connell might give you an insight," said another, "but nothing for nothing all the world over; no money, no pather-nosther—eh, Father Connell!"

Gaby Mac Neary did not now look round, but he seemed to grow very uneasy or very hot on his chair.

"Father Connell is a spruce ould buck," cried little Dicky Wresham "and there is no wonder that the women should be friendly to him."

"But how does he make the hat and wig go down with them?" resumed the brutal Jack Mac Carthy.

"*Blur-an-ages-an-by-Gog!*" exploded Gaby Mac Neary, jumping up at the same time, and jostling forward to where Father Connell stood—"and," he continued during his progress, "and every kind of sweet damnation seize upon my soul, if I can stand it any longer, or if I *will* stand it any longer!—give me your hand Father Connell—how do you do, Sir?"

Father Connell did as he was bid, standing somewhat aghast, however, at the roaring approach of such a forty-horse-oath engine.

"Why, what are you at now, Gaby?" asked the principal hoaxer—"you that swore, as no other man can swear, but you,—a little while ago, that you'd hang every rascally priest of them, sky high."

"You lie, you whelp!" answered Gaby, "I never swore, nor said any such thing, you young rascal! and you're all nothing but a pack of rascals—nothing else—to bring this good-hearted ould gentleman in here, to scoff at him, and to insult him."

"Well done, Gaby," shouted the second hoaxer, and he slapped old Gaby on the shoulder.

"Do that again, ye *kout*, and I'll dust your puppy's jacket, while a dusting is good for it or you!" and he flourished his stick about him, at a rate that made his old friends jump out of his way; while the only object he hit was, the hat of the very person whose champion he now was, and this, with the violence of his unintended blow, flew some distance off its accustomed resting place. But Gaby soon picked it up, replaced it on the apex of the wig, and then slapped it down, with a force that betokened in his own flitting apprehension, much friendly energy, and a liberal promise of chivalrous protection towards the wearer.

"Come away, Father Connell, out of this blackguard place," he went on, passing the priest's arm through his, "come along, Sir, come along I tell you!"

"My dear," said Father Connell, laying his hand on the arm of his doughty defender, "do not get angry, do not curse or swear on my account; these gentlemen have done me no harm; I wish I could say they had done themselves any good; nor have they been as successful in ridiculing me as they think; neither my years, now nearly four score, nor my hat and wig have made me so very stupid as they suppose. As for the witty young gentleman who gave me this," and he held out the counterfeit guinea on his open palm, and then allowed it to drop on the floor at his foot—"I won't say God reward him, no, no;" the old man shook his head, touched the brim of his hat, and looked upward—"the reward, if my poor prayer were heard, might be in proportion to the gift; but I can, and I do say—God forgive him."

"Hah! take that, you dirty curs!" triumphed Gaby Mac Neary, as he and Father Connell turned into the street.

Gaby became one of the most liberal contributors to the fund raising for the widow and her poor family, and from that time forward the hot-tempered Protestant and the Papist priest became the best of friends. Gaby was a widower, with

one fair child, Helen,—but here is the heroine—the beloved from girlhood of Neddy Fennell:—

Her age was not more than ten years. No description of her face or person is about to follow ; but it is asserted over again that little Helen Mac Neary was very, very lovely, and bright, laughing, joyous—a very sun-burst of beauty, flashing over the freshness of life's almost break of day.

During the priest's statements, however, little Helen showed none of her usual brilliant joyousness. Her features became gently sorrowful, and tears started from her eyes. Father Connell took leave of his new friend. At the door of the house he felt his jock pulled, and turning round, he saw this beautiful little being looking up earnestly at him, and moving her fingers in a mute request that he might bend down to her. He laid his open palm upon her shining hair—of the same colour, by the way, as that of the poor little beggar girl—gazed in smiles, for a space, upon her glowing, up-turned features ; and muttered involuntarily—"May the Lord bless you, my little angel."

She beckoned to him again, and he bent his ear to her lips.

"I got this for a christmas box," she whispered, sliding half-a-guinea into his hand—"but will you give it, Sir, along with the rest you have, to poor Mrs. Fennell, and her old aunt, and to poor little Neddy?—Oh, you're hurting me, Sir!" she suddenly cried out, pained by Father Connell's ardent pressure of both her tiny hands in his. He relaxed his unconscious clasp ; but still held her tightly, and he still gazed at her, his lips working to keep in his emotion.

"Helen, Helen! where are you, girl?" bellowed out her father, descending the staircase.

"Good bye to you, Sir," she continued, again endeavouring to extricate her fingers.

"*Blug-a-bouns!* what's all this?" questioned her father, making his appearance.

"Your little daughter," answered Father Connell, "is a blessed child. She is beautiful to look upon ; but her fresh, young heart is more beautiful still. She—she has given me for the poor widow, what was bestowed upon her, these happy Christmas times, to buy playthings and sweet things—and she is only a little girl still,"—he inclined his head, and laid his cheek to Helen's—"I thought at first of giving back her little gift ;—and I thought too of bestowing upon her, a Christmas box, and a good one, out of my own pocket ; but I won't do either."

"Don't, don't," roared Gaby Mac Neary, half crying, "*blug-an-ages!*"

"No : I will not ; no my child I will not, I'll leave it in the hands of your God, to repay you for your charity. Here, Sir,—take your little daughter to you, and kiss her, and be proud of her." He took up the child, placed her in her father's arms, and left the house.

This sweet little creature, who, though not so beautiful, greatly resembled the beggar-girl Mary Cooney, was the worthy counterpart of Neddy Fennell who gained her heart at school by his gallant conduct. While Neddy, left an orphan by the premature death of his mother, resided under the hospitable roof of the priest, the darling of Mrs Molloy, and the beloved of Tom Naddy, he was, with his patron, a frequent visiter of Gaby Mac Neary, and the playmate of the pretty and gentle-hearted Helen. These were happy days, but they soon fled away. Seven years are gone, and Neddy is now the gay apprentice of Nick MacGrath, a comical, old, little, fat, oil and colour man, and indeed a very general dealer ; a bachelor well to do in the world, and a brilliant character at the Comic Club, though his mirth was now a good deal sobered down by the burthen of years. With Nick, and his old house-keeper Nelly Brehan, the sprightly Master Neddy, now almost out of his teens, was quite as much a favourite as he had been in the family of Father Connell ; and although he could not always refrain from playing off those mischievous tricks upon his master, to which the simple credulity of Nick, who believed in "the good people," tempted the light-hearted lad and his merry companions, he was warmly attached to him. Among the beneficences of Nick was suppering and lodging in his hay-loft all the vagrant pauper lunatics and idiots of the neighbourhood. The catalogue of his nocturnal guests, and the varied forms of their insanity, from the ravenous brutal idiot to the "fantastic madman," are depicted with wonderful discrimination and great force ; yet the general effect is painful and repulsive. There are things over which the skilful artist is bound to draw a veil, if not to keep altogether out of sight and thought. Along with the common horde of the idiotic and insane, there came one, on a particular night, who, for his own ends, outdoes them all in acting the extravagances of insanity. Yet there is horrible truth and wild eloquence in the seemingly insensate reiterated cry of Robin Costigan, the gallows-bird, who is "purshooed! purshooed!" Young Gloster's madness is not better feigned :—

"A poor boy that's burned wid the frost," whiningly appealed a fresh visitant, a man clothed in shreds and patches, and different portions of his attire kept on him by the aid of small hay ropes. As he announced himself he leaned lazily on a long, thick wattle.

As on the former occasion, the little half-door quickly opened to him ; and as he, too, very leisurely plodded his way into the inside of the house—he continued his egotistical account of himself.

"My fut is complainin' agin the road, an' my bones is grumblin' agin the weather ; an' I can't stop anywhere at all—an' I'm always goin' about over an hether—an' I don't see any business I have goin' about anywhere—no, no more business nor a starved bee in a fallow field." And at these words his voice died away, in the distance.

"They're purshuin' me over an' hether, an' here an' there, an' through the bogs, an' across the hills, an' over the river, an' into the thick woods—they're purshuin' me ever an' ever."

At this crisis the thrilling dramatic interest of this powerful story properly commences, and never again lags until the close of the narrative. The midnight murder, burglary, and arson, committed by this ruffian and his confederate imp in the dwelling of the hospitable Nick, is depicted with the same dramatic power and skill which Mr. Banim has so frequently displayed in similar delineation. In the thrilling and horrible he is more original, and excels as much as in the quaintly humorous.

Were we to be guided by the desire of giving an idea of the story, our specimens should be in a different style from those selected : but this we leave to Mr. Banim, contented with one or two isolated passages recommended by their delicacy or their pathos. By the generous interference of Ned Fennell, the beautiful beggar-girl is brought under the notice of Father Connell, who at once took her home. The developement of her affections and the expansion of her intellect, her progress in the arts of civilized life are beautifully depicted. She had been emancipated from the tyrannous yoke of Robin Costigan, which she had borne from infancy, when that ruffian fled from justice, after attempt-

ing the robbery and murder of poor Nick and his old housekeeper, and tried to conceal his crimes by setting the premises on fire. There is a magnaniminous disregard of ordinary romance in making this gifted creature merely the illegitimate daughter of Gaby Mac Neary, the half-sister of Helen, and the child of the potato-beggar, Nelly Carty, from whom she had been stolen in infancy by Robin Costigan. Nelly now recognises her for her lost child, and clings to her with the most passionate yearnings of a mother's heart, yet keeps the secret in her own bosom lest she should bring disgrace or injury upon her "beautiful *Colleen*," resolving, that though she is not herself a good woman, her child shall be good and happy, as she is fair and loving. There is much insight into the depths of the heart, and knowledge of elementary nature, of the universal sympathies of motherhood, shown in the character of the potato-beggar.

We do not know what, in this story, becomes of the theory of the bashful instincts of woman. Poor Mary never once attempts to conceal her passionate tenderness for Ned Fennell. By an accident, she becomes the casual witness of the celebration of his clandestine marriage with Helen Mac Neary, which, by a trick of the well-meaning rogue Tom Naddy, Father Connell had been induced to solemnize, though at great personal risk, it being then highly penal for a Roman Catholic priest to celebrate a marriage between a Papist and a Protestant. Her deep sorrow, her maiden shame, her low piteous wailing, are all beautifully pathetic; but we must not mar their effect by garbled extracts. Her initiation into the arts of domestic life, of which she knew as little as a native of the shores of New Holland, are not only charming in themselves, but allow the reader at once to trace the expansion of her knowledge, and the details of the good priest's humble household, with many points of his benevolent character, and of the condition of the Irish Catholic clergy. On the morning after he had rescued her from "the shower of houses," and committed her to the guidance and instructions of the dignified Mrs. Molloy, while that self-important personage prepared the priest's breakfast, we are told that Mary still looked on in silence with great wonder and curiosity.

Father Connell had been out about an hour. He now returned, and called out from the parlour, for "Peggy!" and Peggy, answering his summons, found that he had brought home a pair of shoes, and a pair of stockings, for his new protégée; together with materials, very humble indeed, for dressing her out, from head to foot. But until the latter could be made up, he earnestly consulted Peggy upon the best thing to be done, towards obtaining present substitutes for them. Peggy, after a pause, and bargaining for permission to have her own way in the matter, sallied forth from the house, and quickly came back, laden, however she had procured them, with a little stock of the necessaries required. They had been used indeed, but were clean, neat, and respectable, and Mrs. Molloy averred, would fit Mary to a T, for she thanked Providence she had eyes in her head. Her master, approving of everything, Mrs. Molloy swept the table clear of its little heap of habiliments ready made and raw materials for the same; and the next instant, she and her young friend were busily engaged in the housekeeper's bed-room, off the kitchen.

Father Connell would not—could not sit down to breakfast pending the great change that was going on under his roof. He walked about his parlour, bolt upright, champooing the palms of his hands, very very fast, and smiling smiles, as fresh as those of childhood. At last the parlour door opened, and Mary Cooney, ablutions and the other business of the toilet all gone through, appeared before him; Mrs. Molloy—as if Mary bodily and altogether were of her construction, and not merely the tie of the bau-knot of her cap, leading her in, with an air of great self-approbation. The old man stood still, and his smiling features half changed into an expression of surprise, at the vision of the beautiful creature he now gazed upon. Her newly polished face, burning with blushes, caused by her shyness of her fine clothes, and her blue eyes scintillating and enlarged, with a new-come excitement, the beggar girl did appear, indeed, surpassingly lovely.

He was struck, too, with her likeness to Helen Mac Neary—as any one might have been; and he thanked Heaven, in a silent aspiration, that his good child, Neddy Fennell, had been the means, under God, of directing his attention to the salvation, here and hereafter, of a creature so interesting in every way.

But this purely grave state of feeling, anon and quickly passed into a characteristic mode of expressing his delight in the change for the better wrought upon her outward appearance. As he has been seen to do, while the little ma-a-clad boys, were passing him in the bosheen, he bent himself, resting his hands upon his knees, admiring her finery, and then, standing straight, and laughing to himself, clapped the palms of his hands together softly, and declared to Peggy, that nothing on the face of the earth could be better; and, as will also be called to mind, in the same way that he had turned Mick Dempsey round and round, and walked round and round him, in approbation of Mick's first new suit of respectable clothes, he now turned Mary Cooney round and round, and walked round her. At length, the inspection over, he dismissed Mary and her new protectress, to their breakfasts in the kitchen, and then sat down to his own, very happy.

But though Mary was happy too, even to tears, which constantly streamed on, she made but little impression on the dainties before her, at least not one half, nor one third enough, to satisfy the ostentatious hospitality of Mrs. Molloy. The poor girl's mind had been suddenly stopt, and turned back in the circle in which it was wont to revolve, and though all was very blissful, all was, from its novelty, still very confusing. She did not yet understand, nor distinctly feel her changed position. She glanced shyly from one point to another of her new attire. She studiously regarded, above all things, her new shoes and stockings, and particularly admired the smallness of her feet, now shut up, for the first time, within limits which controlled their usual flatness and expansion. Opposite to her was a mirror hanging on a nail in the wall, of about six inches in height and three in breadth, at which Mrs. Molloy upon a sudden call from the parlour used to adjust her cap, and her strong wiry hair; and into this Mary could look at her own face, with its recent decorations; and all these little things at first deeply occupied her, almost to the exclusion of any other sentiment or feeling.

Father Connell went out on business, and she was left alone with the housekeeper, at the kitchen fire. After a while, recollection began to engage her. Darby Cooney, was she indeed safe from his hand? She asked Mrs. Molloy to give her assurance on the subject. The housekeeper, still obeying her master's instructions, asked in return, how could she know anything about it? And who was Darby Cooney? But wasn't she safe at present; and wasn't she with friends, who would keep hurt and harm far away from her? . . . . . Mary had other questions to ask, but she suppressed them. She arose, stumbling for the first time in her life, from the cramping effects of the first pair of shoes she had ever worn, her feet swollen by the influence of the fire, as well as by their novel state of captivity; and followed Mrs. Molloy on the proposed tour of discovery.

She had been in the parlour for a moment before, but under such circumstances, as only to have felt embar-

rassed with an overpowering sense of its importance. Now she dwelt under Mrs. Molloy's special instructions, on each article of furniture it contained. A small glass bookcase, filled with books, sparingly and smearingly gilt on the backs, particularly attracted her attention and her wonder; she did not think that there were so many books in the world, she said. Leaving the parlour, an old eight-day clock, almost eight feet high, placed in the little hall, with an old brass dial-plate, struck her with great awe, as well it might indeed. She stopped before it, and listening to its clogged and wheezing tick, tick, she shrank back, asking in a whisper, if there was not something alive within it? Mrs. Molloy then pointed out to her the cellarage, under the open stairs, with its constant occupant, the half barrel of beer; and Mary conceived great notions of the abundance of the house.

They proceeded up stairs to the priest's bed-room. Here were a few little religious prints, "framed and glazed," as Mrs. Molloy desired Mary to observe well; and in a corner, hung upon great brass hooks, Father Connell's Sunday hat and best wig; together with the mysterious old chest of drawers: and the young girl felt, she knew not why, an indefinable sense of a something—almost dread, which made her hurry out of the apartment.

They passed into the yard. The stable containing Father Connell's fat, strong mare; the step-ladder going up to it's hay loft; Neddy Fennell's black hole of yore—the coal-shed; the cask to catch rain-water; the lines to hang the house-linen on for drying; all this, and much more, were pointed out to Mary, whose mind still continued to fill and fill with great conceptions of the magnificence of the establishment. From the yard into the narrow strip of garden—and Mary clapped her hands, and almost screamed out with pleasure. Small as was the little plot of ground, it was neatly kept, at all seasons of the year, and even now, on a November day, looked trim and pretty. . . . . She glowed with a new pleasure. It was as if a garden had suddenly and freshly sprung up, amid the hitherto moral wilderness of her own mind. She prayed, she begged of Mrs. Molloy to let her pluck one rose—no, one rosebud—only one; the old lady consented, and as Mary placed it under her young bosom, it sparkled with her tears.

They left the enchanted spot, and proceeded up the silent little approach to the chapel, walled in at either side. They arrived at the very limited space before the chapel, almost entirely covered with the branches of a large lime, having a stone bench under it. Mary sat down on the bench, looking earnestly around her.

"And was that a chapel? A 'chapel of God?'" she asked of Mrs. Molloy in a whispering voice, pointing to the low built and rude little edifice, now straight before her.

Mary's only concern now was, that her "tender-hearted boy," whom she innocently told the priest she longed to see "for the great love was in her heart," never came near her. Her religious knowledge, or rather devotional feelings, ripened by culture; she was baptized, and received her first communion.

Oh, happy, happy was Mary, while she went through the business of that day, clad in her white muslin dress, and her cap with white ribbons in it. Happy, and yet tearful; proud of the day, and of herself, and yet the humblest of the humble. It was a time of flowers, too, and Mary had them all around her.

But Father Connell encountered a little more difficulty in removing from her mind a certain impression. Recurrence must again be made to the first days she spent under his roof. Her question of—"bud when would Masther Neddy Fennell come?" was almost ceaseless, and the priest at first only told her why he could not come. His old master was so ill, and he was so much engaged. "But if the whole world was dyin' I'd go see my tender-hearted boy," she said. Nick Mac Grath died, and she allowed some days to lapse, but then repeated her question. Father Connell now met her with an account of Edmund's great occupation in superintending the old man's affairs, and with a statement of his newly-acquired riches, according to the will made in his favour by his master. Mary was glad he was so rich, but sorry that his great business kept him away. Days passed over and she said she should like to go out on the roads, and walk here and there. The priest himself accompanied her forth, and led her for a walk, by the adjacent river's brink—a delightful walk, during the course of which everything around her was arrayed in nature's fully-matured gorgeousness. Thoroughly did she enjoy this recreation; but still she came back to Father Connell's house, dispirited, and feeling a great want.

Some more days passed on, and Father Connell told her that Edmund Fennell was to come and dine with him, previous to his going a great, great way off—to Dublin, in fact—there to engage in new pursuits, which the good man tried to explain to her. Mary changed colour, but listened meekly, and only said—"God spread the good luck an' the happiness in his road, wherever he goes!"

Edmund did come to dine with Father Connell, and Mary was summoned to speak with him in the parlour, in Father Connell's presence; but though her heart at first bounded to meet his heart, and though herself first bounded forward to be encircled in his arms, and though Edmund was not wanting in all show of affectionate interest, still the poor girl began to feel vaguely that there was in future to be a distance measured between them, and she retired weeping to her kitchen. Dinner came on, and she received the impression more strongly when she observed that Edmund and Father Connell dined together, and that she and Father Connell's servant dined together.

Edmund was retiring for the evening—the last he was to spend, for some time, in his native city. Mary was again called in, that he might bid her farewell. She entered the parlour with a humiliated and touching air—but not a bit of ill temper in it. Edmund shook her hands, kissed her cheek, and spoke still most affectionately to her. In return, she kissed his lips and prayed the blessing of God "on his road, wherever he went."—He left the house, attended to the outside door by Father Connell. The priest returned to Mary, and found her sitting stupified on the floor.

"When he was a very little boy, my poor child," the priest said, "he promised you if ever he should be rich, he would share his riches with you; and now, my poor child, see whether he does or not—only see;" and he emptied a purse of gold into her lap.

Mary put her hand under the guineas and let them drop, almost one by one, back again into her lap, and at last dolefully said—"May the good God reward him for his charity; but I'd rather have the love from Neddy Fennell than all this goold, Sir."

It was after this that Mary became the hidden witness of the marriage of him she loved. Much of the machinery of the plot henceforth hangs upon the agency of the potato-beggar, who, in the strength of her one passion, a mother's love, moved heaven and earth to promote the happiness of her child. She was besides entirely ignorant of the marriage of Edmund and Helen Mac Neary, though not of their attachment, which seemed the only barrier to her darling's felicity. It was now her first object to establish the identity of her Mary as the child of Gaby Mac Neary, and to alarm that hot-blooded Protestant gentleman, for the honour of his house and of his legitimate daughter, who had clandestinely bestowed her affections upon the "Papist-beggar." Kind as Squire Gaby had been to the priest's *protégé*, the orphan boy,—Edmund, as a future son-in-law, as the accepted lover of his sole heiress and darling child, was despised and hated. Yet Edmund was now studying in Dublin for the bar, and the wealthy heir of the grateful master he had rescued from the knife of Robert Costigan,

though poor Nick died of the fright. In a very striking scene, Nelly Carty the poor potato-beggar, threw herself in the way of the father of her abandoned child, to warn him of the danger in which his legitimate daughter was placed, and to which his family honour and fierce pride were exposed by her degrading attachment. The violent rage, the sensitive pride of a good-natured man of loose principles, who has, without remorse, practised upon female ignorance and simplicity, (for we dare not call it innocence in Nelly,) when he is touched or menaced with danger to himself, is instructive as well as striking: one of those moral lessons which society requires. Poor Nelly Carty the potato-beggar, had once been rich in beauty, and not without womanly virtues. Her ruin and shame were no cause of regret; yet touch the Squire in his own person, in his daughter, and who so jealously sensitive to female honour and disgrace?

The contending interests and passions of the more important personages of the drama are now complicated and contrasted with great dramatic skill. The unconscious sisters are the innocent rivals of each other. The skulking felon, Robin Costigan, burning for revenge on Edmund, and finding that his own safety depends upon the removal of the beggar-girl by any means, resolves on her murder. Nelly Carty is watchful for Mary as a she-bear over her cubs; Squire Gaby is raving over the presumed dishonour of his daughter, and Tom Naddy, the scheming organ of much of the mischief, is driven to his wits'-ends. Father Connell alone, feeling deeply, yet ignorant of much of the complicated misery and villany around him, is true to his character of the most exalted Christian love, tempered by the tenderest human charity. We have said, that we purposely refrain from marring the effect of a highly interesting plot, by hinting at its progress and developement. After many thrilling scenes have harrowed the reader, it ends happily. Poetic justice is rigidly dispensed; and the sudden death of the aged Father Connell, while on an errand of love and mercy for his orphan protégé, to which his feeble strength was unequal, is, at last, more a transfiguration, an apotheosis, forming a suitable close to his divine life, than the mortal agony of death. At first sight, one is indeed disposed to grumble at this stroke, and to wish that the venerable Father had lingered yet a little while on earth, to enjoy the sight of the happiness which he had so long ministered to create. But it is better as it is.

We opened with the service in Father Connell's rude chapel. We may aptly close with that performed in the same place at his obsequies. The influence of a life like his does not end with the term of existence. Father Connell had dropped at the feet of the Lord-Lieutenant, while presenting a memorial craving a respite for his protégé, when Edmund, by a strange tissue of circumstantial evidence, had been condemned to death as the murderer of his own wife—of his beloved and adored Helen. The priest's remains had been brought from Dublin. It had been his dying wish, sent with his blessing to Neddy Fennell, to be buried with the former parish priests in his own old churchyard. Great preparations were made to do honour to the memory of the beloved pastor, and—

Before daybreak, next morning, people might be seen walking slowly, in two's and three's at a time, towards the Dublin road—rich and poor, all classes, in alternation. No public intention had been made known on the occasion; but the news that the body might be expected to leave Dublin, at an hour already mentioned, got abroad, and this silent movement was the result.

A very great crowd had congregated about two miles from the town, and still the day had not dawned. The people timed their motions very well, calculating on the decent and slow progress which would be made from Dublin. Presently, the red glaring lamps of a vehicle, steadily approaching, appeared in view. Soon after, the stepping of the horses was heard; and then the nodding of the plumes of the hearse became visible, together with the white scarf and hatband of the driver. Up to this moment, there had been a death-like silence among the crowd; now there was one low outbreak, made up of the suppressed groans of men, and the wailing of women.

All heads were uncovered, and many knelt in reverence or in prayer.

The hearse passed by; two mourning coaches followed it. In the first of these, visible by the light of the lamps which it also bore, and muffled up to the brows in his mourning cloak, and without motion or a glance around him, sat Edmund Fennell. In the other, the people discerned, to their great delight and admiration, the former bishop of their diocese; the former resident in Father Connell's little thatched house, and the former intimate and affectionate friend of the ancient priest. He was himself now a very old man.

There was a third vehicle, containing such of the near relations of Father Connell as had time so to arrange as to go a little way to meet him, on his last earthly journey.

The sad little cortége moved slowly on. The great throng of people proceeded with it at either side, or closed behind it. Profound silence again reigned amongst them. Arrived at the suburbs of the town, very little way was to be made to Father Connell's late dwelling; and here the people left the hearse, and returned into the town. The morning came through clouds and mists upon the little city; but a moral gloom, deeper than that cast by the weather, also fell upon it. There was no man, woman, or child, among its population who was not acquainted with Father Connell's character, who did not venerate and love him when alive, and who did not now mourn him dead. This assertion is literal; it makes no exception for social degree, or for sect, or for party. The glorious and the great charity, in the exercise of which he had spent a long, long life, and at last, braved and met death; the glorious and the great charity, which had been, as it were, the very essence, and the very breath of his being—that charity, now filling with admiration and affection all hearts, made all unite, for a time at least, in one demonstration of feeling. It was the pouring out of oil upon the spiteful though paltry ways of their sectarian personalities and passions, until it stilled them into a glassy stillness. And thus, charity begat charity. Their common love for one man, whom they loved, because he was charitable, made them also charitable in themselves, and to one another.

It was, and is the custom in Father Connell's town, for the shopkeepers partially to close their shop windows, upon the death of a neighbour. On this day, every shop window was fully closed. Every passing bell tolled—the almost unheard, illegal little bells attached to Catholic chapels, and the more sonorous ones in the legal church steeples. The citizens of every grade, met in little groups about the streets; and you could pass none of them, who were not talking in low voices of the man and the event, whom all mourned and deplored, and of arrangements to be made for a public funeral in his honour—and Protestant and Catholic discussed the subject together. And there was somehow a strange silence through all places of usual public resort and bustle, which thrilled you. And no man was seen to laugh during the day.

At about noon, hundreds after hundreds began to visit Father Connell's little chapel. There, upon an elevated frame-work, a kind of bier, they found, as they expected, his mortal remains, laid out in the coffin, in the middle of the building. The body was draped in its priest's vestments, with shoes and stockings on, and a chalice seemed to be held between its hands—so are Catholic priests arrayed for the grave. A number of candles surrounded the coffin. The features of the corpse wore their usual living smile; and the glittering benevolence of the handsome old blue eyes, was only wanting, to make it appear life indeed. Many, many who looked upon it, remembered it well as the blessed harbinger of consolation and relief to them, in former days of suffering and sorrow. . . . . Apart from the rest, immediately under the head of the body, stood one mourner whom, though no one could see his features, on account of the arrangement of his black cloak, all knew well; and they knew that since the body had arrived from Dublin, he had never quitted it for a moment, tasting no food, no drink—partaking of no kind of refreshment—speaking with none, and addressed by none—for his mighty grief, and, the people believed, his remorse was respected, nay, almost feared, to an extent which made all loath to communicate with him.

There he remained, the livelong day, wordless and motionless, except that now and then, and very seldom, he would change his standing position for a sitting one. Night came on, and he was still on his post. Messages reached him from the good old archbishop, who had taken up his temporary residence in the priest's abode, near at hand, entreating, nay, commanding him, to leave the body for a time, and take some repose and nourishment—but he only answered these communications with a denying and most mournful motion of his head. His father-in-law, Gaby Mac Neary, being applied to, came personally, and even with requests from his young wife, to solicit him on the same subject; but these appeals also he scarcely heeded. . . . . During the mass, one little occurrence should not be forgotten in this notice. The chapel was crowded to inconvenience. At a certain pause in the ceremony, a priest turned round on the altar, and strove to pronounce aloud, while his voice failed him, the following words:—

"Pray for the repose of the soul of the Reverend Phelim Connell, your late parish priest,"—all the people had been standing—the moment the words were heard, man, woman and child, suddenly knelt, and there was a burst of weeping petition to Heaven, smothered in sobs and groans, over which, women's stifled shrieks partially arose, and the bitter crying of the little boys of Father Connell's school, was distinctly heard.

The people would not permit the body to be conveyed to the grave, as was first proposed, by the directors of the funeral, in the hearse, which had borne it from Dublin—senseless animals, they said, should not move it on that occasion, while they had arms and shoulders to perform the duty. So they provided a handsome little thing, a miniature hearse, still, with plumes and velvet trappings, fringed with gold lace; and in this, almost exactly fitting it, the coffin was placed, and borne, palanquin-like, upon men's shoulders. On coming out of the chapel, the approach or lane leading to the little edifice, the churchyard, the priest's yard and garden, and the suburb street without, were found crowded with the more respectable citizens of all ranks—and after what has been said, it will be unnecessary to add, of all sects and parties, wearing ample scarfs and hat-bands of white linen, and waiting to form into funeral procession. There could not be less than thousands of them. Similar badges of mourning had been provided for the boys of the parish school; and amongst the general train, little fellows, almost children, the sons of the citizens, were also scarfed and hat-banded;—let it be permitted to us to record, that of these childish participators in the general demonstrations of sorrow, three little O'Haras were included.

Do the established clergy wish to recover their influence over the people of England and Scotland? Let them look to Father Connell, and go and do likewise.

THE MARCHIONESS.

THE MARCHIONESS, the second book on our list, if, in substance, true history, reads like "the wildest fictions of a heated brain." The story is drawn from the records of the Criminal Tribunals of France—from those records which, in every civilized country, embody the most marvellous combinations of facts, with the darkest tragedies. It might have been judicious in Mrs. Thornton to have, (if such an Iricism be allowable,) placed her preface at the end of her tale. Not one reader in a hundred would have known or remembered aught of the singular case, which she has embellished with many felicitous incidental circumstances, and in various ways altered and adapted to her purpose, while adhering to the outline of the original narrative of the extraordinary circumstances detailed. The investigation of this remarkable *cause célèbre*, occupied the criminal courts for more than twenty years; and yet the whole hinges on the single circumstance of a lady, the Countess St. Géran, having given birth to an heir, which a bold and intriguing sister-in-law, next heir to the family estates, contrived to send away at the moment of its birth, though in the midst of numerous attendants, and in presence of the anxious grandmother of the long-expected heir. The disappointed husband was persuaded, by the arts of his sister, that his hopes had been fallacious. No one, in short, long doubted that the young Countess, and those of her medical advisers who had pronounced her pregnant, had been deceived by appearances. The Countess alone, drugged as she had been, and left wholly in the power of her guilty sister-in-law, and her creatures, a midwife, a surgeon, and another and higher accomplice, clung, through years of pining and sorrow, to the absolute belief that she had given birth to a child. She never bore another, and the idea came to be considered, even by her husband, as a grievous and melancholy delusion; as a case of complete monomania in a woman languishing for offspring and denied that blessing.

The story, which is exceedingly well told throughout, opens finely. The Count had married, at the age of nineteen, a lady several years younger than himself. Marriages in very early life were quite common among the hereditary nobility of France, as indeed they are among the established families of the upper rank in every country. The only drawback on the happiness of the young couple, was the want of an heir; but at the end of three years,

The derangement of the Countess's health, and certain symptoms which accompanied her indisposition, again roused the hopes of the Count and the other members of his family. The most eminent medical men were consulted, but "who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

as they did in this instance. The shape of the Countess visibly changed; the sylph-like slimness of her figure disappeared, giving place to more matronly outlines; and at length, Madame la Maréchale de St. Géran, the mother of the Count, sent orders to Paris for a magnificent *layette*, and came herself to the château to wait the event: as did also the Marchioness de Bouillé, her daughter, and sister of the Count.

On the morning of the 16th of August, the Countess, during the celebration of mass in the castle chapel, was taken ill and duly conveyed to her apartment; the midwife summoned, and an express sent off for the Count. He arrived early in the evening, and, after a short interview with his wife, retired to the library, somewhat fatigued with the heat of the day and the business with which he had been occupied.

Anxiously waiting for news from the chamber of the Countess, he sat down to his solitary supper with little inclination to eat; and as soon as it was removed he put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and began a restless promenade up and down the room. It was large, and several of its windows, or rather sash-doors, opened on to the broad terrace which ran along the front of the château. The day had been intensely hot, and they had been left open to admit the cool evening air. He passed through one of them on to the terrace; the fresh air revived him, and he stood gazing at the placid beauty of the scene which spread around.

Impatient and restless, he returned again to the room, and rang a little silver bell which lay on the table. Pierre, a cherished and much-favoured domestic, who had been reared in the family, descending from ancestors originally vassals of the house of La Guiche, opened the door and entered.

"Pierre," said the Count, "why do they not let me know how the Countess is? Go and inquire."

He disappeared, and came back after a short interval with the information that she was better.

"Better!" said the Count. "What am I to understand by that? Who sent the message?"

"Madame la Maréchale," replied Pierre.

The Count resumed his walk. After a short silence, he inquired whether the Marquis St. Maixant had returned. (The Marquis was a relation, and then residing in the château as a visiter.)

"Yes—no, no, my lord," replied Pierre. "Monsieur le Marquis said he should not return to-night."

"And Father Aldrovand, where is he?"

"My lord, he is gone to administer the sacrament to a dying man."

Once again the Count was left alone to his uneasy lucubrations. A short time elapsed, and again the little bell rang. A servant opened the door.

"Where is Pierre?"

"I do not know, my lord."

"Go and inquire how your lady is."

The answer was,—"Madame la Comtesse is much better: the spasms are quite gone."

"Spasms!" exclaimed the Count. "These people are all fools! I will go myself."

He lighted a taper, and, traversing the intervening apartments, ascended the great staircase and entered a corridor, into which opened the principal sleeping-rooms. The bed-room of the Countess was somewhat distant from the staircase. He was proceeding towards it, when he was struck with the figure of a man, so like the Marquis St. Maixant, that he stopped for a moment astonished; then rapidly advancing, he saw it glide, with a step as noiseless as his own, into another room, which he knew was appropriated to the Marquis. He knocked at the door, which was closed but not fastened: no answer was returned. He opened it and went in; no one was there: he passed into a dressing-room; it was empty. Positive he had seen some one enter, he proceeded to a room beyond, where the valet of the Marquis slept; and there, in his dressing-gown and slippers, sat the Marquis himself, with his arms thrown on a little table, and his head resting on them.

He raised it as the Count approached him; his face was pale as death, and a wild and haggard expression indicated that, whatever were the passions by which his mind was agitated, they were terrible in their excess.

This was the accomplice and lover of the Marchioness de Bouillé. The Marquis pretended that he was ill, and had drank too much wine—and an equivocal conversation passed, though the Count entertained no suspicion.

The Count left the room without replying, and was about to enter that of his wife, but the Marchioness de Bouillé advanced as he opened the door, and laying her finger on her lip, in token of silence, stepped into the corridor and gently closed it after her.

"The Countess must not be disturbed," said she; "Blondeville has given her a composing draught. Return to the library, and I will come to you immediately."

Her instructions were obeyed, and again the harassed nobleman returned to traverse the terrace. It was now past midnight, and all was still, except that now and then an owl hooted from a ruined building in the wood, or a watch-dog bayed in the valley below. The lights in the cottage-windows of the village were all extinguished; the air, which had been hot during the day, felt damp and chill, and the Count was about to reënter the room, when the sound of a horse's hoofs, close to the terrace, struck his ear. The next minute he heard it descending the avenue which led to the high-road, at what appeared a fearful speed, under those arching trees, which, even at mid-day, hardly admitted a ray of light. Much surprised, he returned to the library, and was about to ring, when the entrance of his sister directed his thoughts into another channel.

The Marchioness de Bouillé was at this time about twenty-four years of age, handsome, well-formed, and of graceful air; of an active and enterprising character. Not unfeminine in her person, but possessing a bold and masculine spirit, which, had she been a man, would probably have led her to a rank as distinguished in the armies of her country as that of her father; while the Count, her brother, on the contrary, was somewhat supine and indolent. These were also the characteristics of the Maréchale her mother.

This quiet, easy indolence, rendered the promptitude and decision of the Marchioness's character doubly valuable, and gave her a power and influence over him, which, far from seeking to resist, he leaned on as a prop which saved him the trouble of supporting his own weight. She was the wife of the Marquis de Bouillé, a man of sixty, who seldom quitted the neighbourhood of his château in Auvergne, where he resided, and the mother of a daughter two years of age.

"My dear brother," said she, as she entered the library, "I have been anxiously wishing to come to you, for I am aware how wearily the time must have passed with you; but I could not leave her while she was so ill. The Virgin be praised! those terrible spasms are gone. Will you come and see her? you will not, I think, disturb her now."

"Spasms again!" exclaimed the Count, impatiently. "Am I to have an heir to my name?"

The Marchioness shrugged her shoulders, without other reply. After a pause she said, "We must wait, —we must have patience."

"But what is your opinion? What do you think will be the result?"

"Dear Claude," she replied, "what can I say?—you already know my opinion; I have never concealed it from you."

"You still think, then, that the Countess has deceived herself?"

Another shrug was again the only reply.

"This is incredible!" he exclaimed, with a tone of vehemence to which his voice was a stranger, and the blood flushed into his face, which wore an expression of disturbance and vexation that contrasted strongly with its natural placidity.

"This is incredible!" he repeated; "the most eminent men of Paris,—my mother—I myself—I could myself have sworn she was right,—all—all to have been deceived! you yourself appeared to be convinced!"

"Alas!" said she, "we are all but too apt to believe true that which we wish to be so. We must wait: time will decide."

She was about to leave the room, but as she reached the door she stopped, and seemed to hesitate, undecided whether to go or not, then slowly returning to the Count, added, "I am wrong; 'tis better you should know the truth, painful as it is. It is cruel to suffer you to entertain hopes which will never be realised;" and taking up the bell, she rang it. A servant opened the door, to whom she said, "Request Madame Goillard to come here."

Madame Goillard, the midwife, almost immediately made her appearance. She was a good-looking woman, apparently about forty years of age.

"Madame Goillard," said the Marchioness, "the Governor wishes to know whether the accouchement of the Countess is likely to take place soon,—whether it is likely to take place at all."

The woman looked frightened and bewildered; she remained silent, and evidently trembled.

"Come, *ma mère!*" said the Marchioness; "take courage! You tremble,—you are afraid! It is better the Governor should know the truth, and he will not be angry with you for telling it, as you seem to fear."

The woman fixed her eyes on the face of the Marchioness, while the appearance of fear and hesitation, which had before marked her countenance, gave place to a strong, but singular and undefinable expression, as it appeared to the Count, who watched her with the keenest interest, as one on whose fiat his fate seemed to hang, as she said, "I am to tell Monseigneur the *truth!*" then stopped, and remained silent.

"Come, *ma mère!*" again said the Marchioness, laying her hand on the woman's shoulder, as if to reassure her, "tell us, do you believe the Countess will give birth to a child say within a month,—two—three months?"

"No," replied the woman, in a low voice; then added, in a louder and more assured tone, "no! I am sure she will not."

"Sure!" cried the Count.

"I have had much experience, my lord, and I am sure the Countess is not *enceinte*."

She was no longer so. The false sister pretended to sympathize in his sorrow, and urged him to visit his poor wife.

The Count, silent and abstracted, mechanically, as it seemed, followed his sister to the bed-chamber of his wife, who lay sunk in sleep, so quiet and profound, and with a face so totally colourless, that the Count bent anxiously over her to assure himself that she lived. He took her hand, which, when he relinquished it, fell back on the bed-clothes like the hand of a corpse, except that it was warm and supple. He turned from the bed, around which many persons were standing, with a heavy sigh, and advanced to an arm-chair, where sat the Maréchale, his mother. She seemed overpowered with sleep and fatigue; her half-closed eyes, as she raised them for a moment to the face of her son, were dull and heavy, and the Marchioness in vain endeavoured to rouse her sufficiently to enable her to speak. For a few minutes, she kept them open, but they bore a glazed appearance, as she stared vacantly round, then closing them, sunk back in a profound and motionless sleep.

"She is wholly worn out," said the Marchioness; "she has been in constant attendance in the sick-room, fretting and anxious, since the morning."

Next morning, a message was sent to the Count by his wife, requesting to see him, and he—

Repaired to her bed-room, where she was lying, pale and apparently weak, but awake, and anxiously watching for him. As he approached the bed, she said—"Where is my child, Claude? They will not let me see it."

The Count, much distressed, knew not what reply to make. At length, he answered, "We have no child, my love; it is not the will of heaven that we should have an heir. We have many other blessings, and must not repine that one wish, however strong, remains ungratified. God and the Holy Mary best know what to give and what to withhold. We must endeavour to bear our disappointment cheerfully."

The Countess raised herself on the pillow, and fixing an earnest look on her husband's face, she said, "Have they then been trying to persuade you also of this? Claude de la Guiche!" she added, in a solemn voice, "as there is a God in heaven, I am the mother of a child—a living child—I heard it cry!"

Much affected, the Count endeavoured to tranquillize and soothe her; and again he said, "Let us entreat the Blessed Virgin to intercede for us, that we may be enabled to submit with patience and resignation to the will of Heaven, which has, for some wise purpose, crossed our wishes. It is the will of God, my love," he added.

"'Tis not the will of God," cried she, vehemently. "Claude de la Guiche! it is not the will of God: God has given us a child,—seek for it, and bring it to me. Let me see my child—your child, Claude. Seek for it, or they will destroy it. Oh, let me see my baby!"

The earnest and imploring air with which she uttered the last words served to destroy the small portion of firmness the Count had hitherto retained. He sunk into a chair by the bed-side, and covered his face with his hands, ashamed of the tears he could not control. Almost immediately rising, he said, "Be tranquil, my dear Susanne; I will go, and——"

"Do, Claude," said she—"do; and do not let them persuade you that I am deceived. I know not what passed before or after: I cannot recollect—I cannot—my head is—is——" The last words were uttered through her closed teeth, as if her jaw was paralyzed. She sunk back on the pillows—her eyes closed, and she lay in the same motionless stupor in which he had seen her before.

The Count quitted the room with a slow step and sorrowful air. Harassed and bewildered, he hardly knew what to think. His mind filled with a wild chaos of contradictory ideas, the only thing that appeared clear to him was, that he was most unhappy. As he traversed the long corridor to the suite of apartments occupied by his mother, the earnest and imploring look of his wife seemed to pursue him, and her words still to ring in his ears, "Seek for my child—for *your* child, Claude, or they will destroy it!"

He found the Maréchale in her dressing-room, not yet recovered from the fatigue and anxiety she had undergone the preceding day. Her eye was still glazed and heavy, and she appeared to wake from a doze as the Count entered the room.

"Mother!" said he, "Susanne declares she is the mother of a child!"

The aged lady, herself grossly deceived, entertained the common notion, that her daughter-in-law's brain was turned; and from this period the Countess was treated as one harmlessly but hopelessly insane. The husband became estranged from his wife. His sister, and the rest of her family, took their departure, and he made frequent and long visits to Paris, where he fell completely under the influence of the Marchioness. When at home he was engaged in the affairs of his government, or the chase; so that his young, melancholy, and neglected Countess was left to nearly unbroken solitude; to wander in the woods of the domain, or solace herself with the society of the kind-hearted old domestic chaplain. Nearly three years had passed on in this sad way, when Pierre, the *maitre d'hôtel* of the Count, brought a lovely boy to the chateau, whom he called his nephew. The Countess became strongly attached to the fine and engaging child, who, in his turn, became very fond of her. Little Bernard was gradually installed a member of her family, and the Countess began to recover her spirits and health. The boy was her own

child—she knew it, she felt it by a mother's instinct; and Pierre, moved by remorse, pity, and gratitude, at last owned the truth. It was he that had carried off the newly-born infant, at the moment of its birth. It was the feet of his horse which the watching father had heard in the avenue; but now, as she valued the life of her precious boy, the Countess was warned, by the repentant agent of the Marchioness, to conceal the fact, even from her husband, and to treat the child as the nephew of Pierre, until the truth could be made known, with safety, to all concerned.

One day that the child's life was endangered by his falling into the water, while walking with the Count and Countess, the frantic mother, plunging into the stream after him, proclaimed her secret. The Count was shocked at this imagined sudden burst of insanity, but he rescued them both. The extraordinary attachment which the Countess showed to the young peasant began to be commented on in the household; and some of the servants protested that he was the very image of the Count, while others thought he resembled the lady. Strange rumours spread over the country; and the Marchioness arrived from Paris; when it was judged prudent by Pierre and his lady that little Bernard should be sent away. But it would be impossible to do any justice to the curious chain of facts by which the truth is finally evolved, in spite of the constant intrigues, machinations, and crimes of the woman who, once plunged into guilt, is compelled to go deeper and deeper. The gracious superintendence of a special Providence was never more manifest than in the facts of this case. We warmly recommend the TALE OF THE MARCHIONESS, as one worked up with great talent, and rendered exceedingly impressive. It indeed required no adventitious aid to deepen its interest. The authoress has inwoven that indispensable ingredient in all novels, a love story, into her romance of real life.

THE HERBERTS.

THIS is a sensible, or common-sensical, and soberly satirical, didactic novel, in which the prevailing foibles, and the most easily besetting sins of the different classes of English society, are, in the course of an agreeable, easily-flowing story, exposed and tacitly rebuked. The hero, William Herbert, is indeed somewhat of a David Simple; almost a ninny in his primitive honesty, and profound ignorance of the world; but how else could the author have brought out the heartlessness of the great, the pride and sensuality of bishops, the treachery and meanness of attorneys and tradesmen; and the pitiful ambitions of the aspiring devotees of fashion among the middle ranks. As a characteristic specimen of the novel, we choose the great establishment of *Wellington House*, where Herbert, after having in vain sought the patronage of the aristocratic friends of his late father, and failed in obtaining that of the publishers, in the despair of utter destitution applies for employment as a draper's assistant in consequence of an advertisement:—

William directed his course towards *The Wellington House* establishment, but as he approached it he was considerably mortified to find the house, which altogether was a very brilliant affair, ticketed from cellar to attic with the words, "Selling Off," in letters of colossal magnitude. . . . . The shop was a very large one indeed, although rather plain compared with the assemblage of magnificent colours in the window. The shop, indeed, consisted of the whole ground floor of the house, the front being looked into from the street, and the back consisting of a range of windows of ground glass, to let in a little muddy light from the couple of square yards behind the house, which were dignified by the name of "The Court." The walls of this large room were of course divided into niches, stuffed full of all imaginable productions of the loom; following the sinuosities of which were a range of mahogany counters, and between the two a regiment of obliging, but consequential-looking young gentlemen, rather under the middle-size, dressed in clothes of a very fashionable cut, with remarkably white shirts——wristbands and collars to hide all conclusions, and every one adorned with a head of elaborate curls, which even the perpetual bowing did no more discompose than it would those other polite gentlemen—the Mandarins in grocers' windows. The fronts of the counters were lined with cane-bottomed chairs, every one of which contained a lady when William entered; and for one moment he was at a loss to whom to address himself, since it appeared that every individual young gentleman had attached himself to an individual lady, with a devotion that rendered him, as it were, insensible to the existence of all others; so that if William had been very fanciful instead of very hungry that morning, he might have thought of the time when every knight was bound to perform such strange feats to show his allegiance to his lady-love, as we read of in those truest historians—the poets and romancers.

But neither Spenser nor Ariosto occurred to William in the draper's shop; and the hesitation as to whom he should address, which I mentioned above, did not last many moments; for a young gentleman, cut out after the same pattern as those he had already seen, sprang from some invisible door, advanced, with a smiling countenance, behind the row of young gentlemen already engaged, until he faced Mr. Herbert, when he insinuated himself between two of his fellows, looked earnestly at William to attract his attention, and as he drew nigh to the counter, spread open the fore-finger and thumb of both hands, put the tip of each perpendicularly on the counter, laid the weight of his whole body on them, bent kindly and confidentially towards him, and looking very serious, said, in the low, gentle tones of the truest affection—

"Good morning to you, Sir—a very fine morning, Sir. What shall I have the pleasure of showing you, Sir?"

"I wish to see Mr. Wiggins, if you please," William replied.

"Thank you, Sir; oh, yes, to be sure, immediately," the young gentleman replied. "May I ask you, Sir, if you wish to see him on business?"

"Yes, on business," William replied, rather at a loss to know why one man should wish to see another, unless he had some kind of business with him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the young gentleman, "Mr. Wiggins is—rather—that is—he is engaged about this time. I should be happy to show you anything myself, Sir; and I flatter myself you could do business with me to advantage; or, if your business be private, Sir, I should be happy to introduce you to Mr. Scorum, Mr. Wiggins's principal secretary, what is his confidential—quite."

William was not aware that great men in trade in these latter days, however sharply they may look after their profits, sometimes dislike to soil their hands with the dirty details of business, so that he did not know that there could be any impropriety in wishing to see the master. This he was the more anxious to do, as it was the name Wiggins, and not the name Scorum, which was in the list of the charitable; and William knew just sufficient of the world to be aware, that, though a master might be a very liberal and excellent man, it did not

follow that his servants must possess the same character. He, therefore, persisted in his request; and at length the young gentleman led the way through the shop, and up a circular flight of stairs, at the top of which he opened a door, and led William into a magnificent room, where sat Mr. Cornelius Wiggins, the great linen-draper. This room excelled in grandeur of proportion, and splendour of fitting up, all that William had ever seen. . . . . In the drawing-room of Wellington House, there was everything that money could purchase, and everything was in good condition, but everything seemed quite new. The paper on the walls was a delicate mixture of pink and silver, seemingly upheld by a cornice of heavy gold work, all of which looked infinitely finer than the old tapestry of *The Hall*, [Herbert's ancestral home.] The floor was covered with a Turkey carpet, containing only one flower or pattern, exactly the size of the room. There were two fireplaces, each with its polished grate decorated with designs in bronze from the antique, and surrounded by a colossal structure of white marble, embodying the fronts of two of the most celebrated porticoes of ancient Greece. A dozen of tables, of different shapes and materials, were placed in various parts of the room, about which were a profusion of couches, ottomans, and sofas, adorned with crimson and purple velvet, embellished with designs elaborately executed with the needle, and innumerable chairs, of such variety of form, that they seemed like samples of the distorted fancies of a hundred individuals who had much more money than taste; some of them round-backed, some square, some oval, some Gothic, some Norman, some of no definable shape; some high-backed, some low, some upright, some slanting, and some moveable at pleasure into every kind of angle; some were of mahogany, some of rosewood, some of ivory; and the sitting parts, of every variety of form, were as gay as the rest, with all that could be done with satin, cotton, cane, wood, wool, and velvet. Three or four first-rate historical paintings, a couple of magnificent pier-glasses, and three sets of gigantic hands in or-molu, grasping the window-curtains, which were of rose-coloured silk, completed the furniture of the room, which seemed worthy the occupation of the Queen of the Fairies, or that which suggests all the most beautiful ideas which enter the mind of man—a fair and accomplished woman.

But there was very little of the fairy-like about Mr. Wiggins; and, indeed, William was somewhat disappointed at the first sight of that gentleman, since, in speculation on his benevolent character, he had conjured up a thousand pictures of tall men, with grey hair and beneficent smiles, not one of which agreed entirely with the reality before him. Mr. Wiggins was a rather short man, with a pale face, and long black hair, brushed smooth over his forehead, dressed in a suit of well-brushed black, with white cravat, and high shirt collar. But if William felt that his anticipations of the person of a benevolent man were not borne out by present experience, he was as much surprised at Mr. Wiggins's personal appearance and apparent habits, contrasted with the splendour of the room; for that gentleman was sitting at one of the tables, on which stood a pewter pot of porter, an upright tobacco-box with a blackamoor's head on the top, with a clay-pipe at its side, while a very forcible reminiscence of tobacco pervaded the room. But all this rather pleased William than otherwise, since it proved to him that the benevolent man, although the owner of the great riches about him, was one contented with the humble pleasures of inferior men.

It must not be supposed that the last two pages of description were acquired by William as slowly as they have been written or read; for everything here set down he discovered at a single glance round the room, as he walked from the door to the table at which Mr. Wiggins was seated.

"I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Wiggins, I presume?" William inquired.

"That's my name," replied Mr. Wiggins.

"I believe, Sir, this is your advertisement," said William, displaying the advertisement of Wellington House, which had created such hopes in his mind.

"That is the advertisement of this firm," replied Mr. Wiggins; "but I never attend to the retail trade myself. I will ring for Mr. Scorum, my secretary, who will be happy to receive your commands."

"Pardon me," William replied, "pardon me, Sir; but my business is with you. I am no stranger to the benevolence of your character; and I would rather appeal to you than to your secretary."

"I—I understand—a—" said Mr. Wiggins, with considerable hesitation; "benevolent—if you come with a case of distress—a—I am sorry, but really, Sir, so many calls—a——"

"You entirely misconceive my object," interrupted William; "I come to you on my own account only; and I should not doubt my success with a gentleman of your liberality, if I had not had the pain of discovering that you are selling off."

"Selling off!" cried Mr. Wiggins, in a tone of astonishment, not unmixed with anger, and rising suddenly from the sofa, as he spoke: "I don't understand you, Sir! What do you mean?"

Mr. Wiggins was always selling off. To cut short the story, William, though his academical acquirements were of no use at Waterloo House, was engaged; his certificate from the vicar of his parish being "quite satisfactory to the firm." William, though a sad dunce behind the counter, was of some use at the desk; but especially when a customer dropped in who spoke French or Italian, as native *gentlemen* speak those languages. He was consequently an acquisition to the firm in this particular.

Persons who are but little acquainted with the details of trade may be surprised at the confidence Mr. Wiggins placed in William Herbert, in taking him into his house on such slight recommendation. But the fact was, as William saw in a few seconds after sitting down at his desk, that it was nearly impossible for any one to be dishonest, in consequence of the very nice arrangement of the shop proceedings; for not only had every shopman a premium offered for the detection of a delinquent—so that the whole establishment was a set of spies one on the other—but the shopmen, instead of receiving money and putting it in a till, were compelled to make out a bill for every purchase, and carry the bill and money to a row of clerks who sat at the end of the shop, on an elevated bench, which gave them an uninterrupted view of everything passing in the busy scene below. The money was taken, and passed on to another clerk, who entered it in a ledger; the bill was filed, and a copy of it, made by a junior clerk, and receipted by Mr. Scorum, was handed to the shopman for the customer. During every moment of the day this was going on, so that there was actually no time for dishonesty, to say nothing of its impossibility on other grounds. . . . . .

It happened that the foreigner was a Frenchman and a gentleman, and discerning that William also behaved in a manner somewhat above that of his supposed class, the gentleman was very glad to converse with him. But if he was glad, Mr. Scorum was more so: for it seemed to him astonishing how any people could make such a stupid noise as they made, and yet understand each other as well as if they spoke good English. He could not help wishing to make Mr. Wiggins a witness of this strange phenomenon, and, with his very best bow, he accosted the Frenchman, and asked him to do him the extreme pleasure of walking into the drawing-room. Monsieur laid his hand on his heart in return for Mr. Scorum's smile, bowed in return for his bow, and made him a speech in good French, unintelligible to Scorum, in return for his unintelligible English, when William repeated the invitation in the foreigner's language, and they walked up stairs.

Mr. Wiggins also was pleased with William's great skill in languages, by which he gave such evident pleasure to a stylish customer, who, perhaps, bought more on William's account than he would otherwise have done, and whose order must have been certainly lost, if he had not been understood.

When the stranger left, William, on very good terms with Mr. Wiggins, went again to his desk with Mr. Scorum, who immediately ordered 20,000 copies to be printed of the following notice, some of which were stuck up in the window before night :—

"Messrs. Wiggins and Co., beg to inform their friends from the Continent, and others who do not understand the English language, that they will find no difficulty at their establishment, Wellington House, 980, Oxford Street, since Messrs. W. & Co. have engaged first-rate persons to conduct their continental business.

"Messrs. W. & Co., would suggest the favour of an early call at their establishment as above, since they offer the most extensive stock in Europe, at such a tremendous sacrifice, as will make it worth the purchaser's notice.

"*N.B.—French, Mathematics, and Italian, are spoken by Messrs. W. & Co.*"

When Mr. Scorum removed the candle, as was his nightly custom, and descended, the young men had a free chat in the dark, Mr. Simpson, a man of note among them, commencing—

"I say, Mr. Wizzle, did you see that there young female in purple poplin, red beads, and green silk bonnet with French-white lining, at the grodynap counter?"

"I think I did," Mr. Wizzle replied, from the next bed.

"An uncommon fine girl—the Honourable Miss Thingamy—I forget her name. Oh, what eyes!—and you should have seen the look she gave me! I do think that she—I'll bet anybody sixpence that she'll come again to-morrow."

"There was a very handsome young lady at my counter, quite top-up, as looked very hard at me," said another young gentleman.

"So there was at mine," another replied.

"And at mine too," said a third.

"There's nothing very curious about that there," said the fourth and last, who had not yet spoken; "there's not a day as passes but what I gets a wicked look from some first-rate or other."

"Oh, Higgins," replied Simpson, in a tone of gentle reproach—"Higgins, my dear fellow, there's no better fellow than you in all the West End; but why don't you pay more attention to your language, as I have so many times told you?" . . . . . .

"Now, don't be offended, Higgins, my dear fellow," said Mr. Simpson, very blandly; "what I say is for your own good, and I know it's not your fault as you don't talk so fashionable as us. The fact is this here:—you've been a-spending all your days in the city, and got hold of their uncorrect talking; but I'm sure you'll rub it off, if you'll only listen to us, and I shall be very happy to correct you as often as you make a fawx pass. You see, Mr. Herbert, we know a little Greek here, without going to the university. But, gents, about this here gal, the Honourable Miss—Miss What's-her-name!—I'll be hanged if I know what to make of it! She wouldn't have looked as she did for nothing—and, my eye, such a fortune! Who knows, Mr. Nobbles, whether a young fellow may not have a chance!"

Passing over the Sunday morning toilet of the young gentlemen, and the service at the dissenting chapel which the pious Mr. Wiggins attended and in which he officiated, and also the evening amusements of the young gentlemen of the Establishment in their stroll, which savour a good deal of Tittlebat Titmouse, we come to business. William puts this natural query to the principal person among his companions :—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Simpson; but I wish you would explain one thing that has a good deal puzzled me. You speak confidently of remaining here six months, while the house is covered with bills stating that our employers are selling off. I do not comprehend it."

At this remark all the young gentlemen united in a quiet laugh, and Mr. Simpson said—

"Why, you don't suppose as they're a going to shut up a concern like this here, do you?"

"I certainly feared that such was the case," William replied.

"Well," said Simpson, "I didn't think any young man in the world was so little down to the move, as that there. Why, we only put up the 'selling off' go, to make people believe as they'll buy bargains."

"Indeed!" said William, in amazement; "and do you consider that honest?"

"To be sure, I do. Why, there's hundreds of houses that does it. But who's to shut an establishment up like this here?"

"Why, the master, Mr. Wiggins, I should suppose."

"Stuff!—that's all gammon. Why, Wiggins could no more close the concern than Scorum could. Why he and Scorum are only put in by other parties to sell off what they send in. Perhaps Wiggins is a partner, too, and Scorum isn't—but that's all the difference; and Scorum is as much a spy over Wiggins as Wiggins is over him; and though Wiggins is master, he can't turn Scorum out. Don't you see the dodge."

"I don't exactly understand," William replied.

"Well, then, look here. Wiggins is a very pious man, and he knows a precious lot of pious men and parsons, in town and country, too; in fact, the parsons know one another, all through the country. Now this here first-rate concern belongs to a lot of these here pious men; and a precious lot of them there is. Well, they puts in so much a-piece, and starts it, and puts in Wiggins as manager; but puts in Scorum, too, to see all fair play; and they've got him in such a way that he and Wiggins can never put their heads together to do the rest of the firm. Now, you see, as these here pious people knows each other throughout the country, whenever one of 'em is down in his luck, and want's to make a move to America, or somewhere, all he's got to do is to tell his parson he wants to sell his stock, and he writes up to town, and one of the firm goes down, and if it's a stock that'll sell, he gives a sum quietly for the lot, and sends it up at once—and the pious man cuts off. And besides that, he deals sometimes with nobs, as witness the drawing-room. I'll he hang'd, if the house ha'n't been furnished throughout three or four times, the last two years, in the way of trade. There's no end to the business we've done of that kind, and 'tis a business that pays, let me tell you."

"But," asked William, "how does the creditor get his money?"

"Oh, he's done, of course."

"Well," said William, with some hesitation, "I don't exactly understand this—there seems to be something very dishonest in it; but I should think business of that kind must be extremely dangerous, since it holds out a temptation to the dishonest debtor to stretch his credit to the utmost, when, on the eve of bankruptcy or absconding, he knows he can sell his stock secretly for ready money."

"Oh! I dare say that game is kept up pretty well," Simpson replied with a laugh.

"Not with Mr. Wiggins's knowledge, surely?" replied William; for transactions of this kind cannot be called honest."

"Honest! honest!" repeated Mr. Simpson, doubtingly, as though he were beating his brains to make out the possible meaning of a Greek word which he had just heard for the first time. "Honest!—well, now, I don't know about that; we don't learn about that kind of thing, you know, when we are serving our time; but I can tell you, all the best houses do a good deal in that way."

"But you don't suppose that Mr. Wiggins would engage in such business?"

"Why, I should think 'tis the very thing to suit him."

"What! do you suppose that Mr. Wiggins is not honest?"

"Oh, no; I mean to say as Mr. Wiggins is a highly respectable man—very. He has knocked up for himself three times—that is, compounded with his creditors twice—and passed through the court once, and made lots of

money. Nobody knows what he's worth. You see, being such a religious man, he got capital credit, and when he was in pretty deep, he smashed. But the worst of that trick is, it won't last. The trade get down to it, and won't stand tick any more; so that he embarks in this here concern, with other parties, and does a profitable business besides, in discounting bills in the connexion that he belongs to."

"I can't believe," William replied, "that a man of Mr. Wiggins's strict principles could be guilty of what you say."

"Guilty!—that be hanged," cried Simpson; "everybody does it; and I'll be hanged if it isn't a good move. But I say, we must get into bed, or we sha'n't be up by five."

Herbert was so very unsuccessful in coaxing ladies and their maids to make purchases, when sent out to show goods, that he must at once have been dismissed from Wellington House, save for his knowledge of languages. In consequence of the dismissal of one of the young men, William is placed at a counter, and—

The day passed away pleasantly enough, as he found sufficient work to keep himself constantly employed: but one or two things in this first day of counter-business puzzled him a good deal; the first of which was, that, after selling a variety of articles to a lady who had a servant with her, and laying them on the counter in readiness to make into a parcel when the order was finished, they were made up by another shopman, who rapidly substituted other articles of similar appearance to those which he had sold. The other thing which puzzled him was, that, after he had served a lady, who had no servant, with some goods which she said she would herself carry home, another shopman came up and requested to be allowed to send them. This the lady would not permit, as she said she could take them with the greatest convenience; but as the shopman waxed more pressing as the lady appeared more determined not to trouble them, and at length went so far as to assure her that it was a rule of the establishment never to allow a lady to be burthened with goods purchased there, she at length consented, and expressing her thanks for their politeness, went away, followed by a shopman bearing the parcel. Now, during this little altercation, William had observed a young man at another counter making up a packet composed of articles seemingly the counterpart of those the lady had bought, which immediately after she had departed a young man took up and carried into the street. After a few minutes, the latter young gentleman returned, bearing a parcel which he laid before William, and which, when he opened it, he found to be the very parcel he had sent out. In obedience to his instructions, he put the articles on the shelves whence he had taken them; but during the remainder of the day was puzzled to comprehend the meaning of this transaction.

When William expressed his astonishment at these things, he only got laughed at—in an under-tone, however; for laughing, among other ill practices, was not allowed at the Wellington House.

"Why, Mr. Herbert," inquired Simpson, "didn't Scorum instruct you in the counter-business?"

"The counter-business! why, now you mention it, I remember that he said something about it. He told me the young gentlemen would instruct me in it."

"Well, you know, in course, that all our ticketed prices are gammon!"

"What, do you mean that they are fictitious! I was not aware of it."

"Well, you know it now. Of course we can't sell by those prices, as we always mark those goods twenty per cent. under prime cost. This, you see, is only for a draw. People sees slap-up articles in the windows, and about the shop, marked at astonishing low figures, and they come in for what they want, expecting everything beside is as cheap. But if the person fixed her mind on the ticketed things, all you've got to do is to persuade them that other articles, which you show them, are of better quality, and then you'll do very well. But if the customer is an obstinate fool, and will have the very things with the tickets on them, and you have no means of persuading, or no other things just handy, you will do up the things on the counter, and another young gent will change them for things which we can get a profit out of at such a price. Why, didn't you see Hickson a-putting a piece of black silk in the parcel this morning, instead of the one you sold?"

"Is this all true?" William asked, in amazement.

"True!" cried Simpson, "to be sure it is. It is what we do every day—we could not keep our places without it."

"And do you not consider it very dishonest?"

"Why a—Mr. Nobbles—what do you say? The fact is this, Mr. Herbert, it's all honest enough in the way of trade. We can't afford to sell a shawl for a pound that cost us thirty shillings, and therefore, when a person takes a liking to one with that mark, we are obliged to manage so as not to lose anything by it, and so put in a fifteen shilling one instead." . . . . . .

"I did not suppose such villany was practised in the world," said William.

"Villany!" exclaimed Simpson, in surprise; "I assure you the young gentlemen in this establishment are as respectable as any that I know; and Wiggins and Scorum are really as good fellows as we generally meet with in the trade, and I am sure would not cheat anybody out of a farthing, unless in the way of trade—which is no harm, or they would not have such a precious lot of prayers said over us. They're a little sharp with their young gents, to be sure, but that's their only fault. But about this window business, we don't force people to come into the shop; we only put up low prices to persuade 'em; and it is not to be supposed that we're a going to sell at a loss. No, we sell them what we can get a profit out of, like any other concern in the trade. All houses do the same as ours, and if you or I was to take a concern to-morrow, we should do the same—for it's the only way of carrying on business. Besides, people as keeps shops must sell as much as they can; and its people's own faults if they're took in—eh, Nobbles? Do you think they'd do us?—not they. People should learn to be awake. . . . I'll be hanged if anybody 'ud ever do—me—very—brown."

William finally ruins himself by selling a muff to a lady at the price at which it was ticketed in the window. The victim of old-fashioned notions of honesty and ignorance of trade was sharply rebuked for his misdemeanours by Mr. Wiggins—who, however, after a pause of reflection, waxed milder. He said—

In a very religious voice, "But, young man, I will not put you forth at this late hour without hope; for we are just going to prayers, and you may stay till we have done, and who knows but a word or two may fall on your heart, and bring forth fruit."

William said that he doubted whether any form of prayer could make him a rogue; and left the room and the house without a single "God speed you" from any individual in the Wellington House.

Wellington House is, no doubt, a caricature, but it has truth for its basis. We do not consider it a favourable specimen of the novel, as a literary work, but it has a useful and definite moral.

But we have already, under the fascinations of the fictionists, so far exceeded our limits, that we are forced till next month to postpone *Morley Ernstein*, though it is named in our list of the new novels as deserving a special and lengthened notice. In it, the accomplished and fertile author has come out in a new character as an imaginative writer, and, in our opinion, increased his reputation, if he has not at last discovered the true bent of his genius.

VESTIARUM SCOTICUM, OR THE BOOK OF TARTANS.*

This splendid book belongs to a class of works which must, from their cost, be of rare appearance anywhere, and which are rare indeed in Scotland. It is a book for the rich and the aristocratical; or for what are called "historical families." It belongs as much to the decorative arts as to literature; though national costume certainly falls within the province of the literary antiquary. The author or editor of this unique publication must be well known in Scotland and the North of England, especially to the Roman Catholic and the old Jacobite families, or those who once were Jacobites. The phrase, publication, is, however, hardly applicable to a work of which there were only forty copies for sale; and of which it may soon be difficult to obtain even a sight. We therefore seize the first opportunity to describe to our clannish readers the *Book of Clans and Tartans.*

In the possession of Mr. John Sobieski Stuart, there is an old MS. black-letter quarto, of the sixteenth century, containing thirty-four pages of vellum, illuminated with small plain capitals, such as the ordinary initials of inferior missals. In this volume, the tartans of each of the great feudal families of Scotland are minutely described. It was at one time in the possession of John Lesley Bishop of Ross; but of the author, save that he would appear to have been a Sir Richard Urquhart, —and even that is indistinctly intimated,—nothing whatever is known. The MS. volume was deposited, no one can tell when, in the library of the Scots College at Douay, along with many other papers belonging to the Bishop. When Prince Charles Edward visited that seminary, some time between 1749 and 1754, he, according to Mr. Stuart, obtained from the Fathers this singular relic among many other papers. How or when it came into his own possession, or of its history since 1754, we do not learn. The MS. has been collated by Mr. Stuart, with the transcript of another copy stated to be in the library of the Monastery of St. Augustine in Cadiz, which bears internal evidence of having once belonged to "ane honerabil man, Maister James Dunbare, w^tin ye burg of Innernesse," and which, it is imagined, may, through the hands of some refugee or Irish priest, have passed into Spain. Between these copies there exist merely the slight differences and omissions which arise from inaccuracy in copying, or clerical errors; but there is a third copy very much vitiated and mutilated, that is also in the possession of Mr. Stuart, of which the history is even more romantic than that of the other copies; the fathers and monks of the religious houses of the Continent being much more likely to prove faithful custodiers of rare MSS. than old illiterate Highlanders, transferred from the mountains to city lanes. This last "was obtained from an old Highlander named John Ross, one of the last of the sword-players, who may yet be remembered by those who recollect the porters of Edinburgh twenty years ago." It is written negligently and inaccurately, and differs in several particulars from the MS. of the Bishop of Ross.

It is as difficult to fix the date as the authorship of the *Vestiarium Scoticum*, though it is presumed by Mr. Stuart to be not later than the reign of James III. of Scotland, and, consequently, long prior to the time when it could have fallen into the hands of the learned and loyal John Lesley, the adherent and historian of Queen Mary, who was somewhat contemptuous of "Hieland vanities," and of "compilin ane buik upon the stripis and colouris of a common garment," though he has fortunately preserved this curious volume. It contains a roll of the clans, of date 1571, which is consequently very long subsequent to what Mr. Stuart imagines the date of the original document. Having given this roll which must be of interest to all feudal families, and to all who boast clan blood, Mr. Stuart proceeds with his Introduction, which, together with the numerous foot-notes, fills 66 quarto pages with antiquarian dissertation upon "the tartan;" which is shown to be of very ancient date, and which in all probability is nearly as old as the art of weaving cloth of different colours, the chequer or cross-stripe being quite as easily invented as the simple stripe. Indeed no sort of cloth for garments has been more generally diffused over the civilized globe than chequered cloth or *tartan*, (the *breacan* of the Highlander,) and that from periods of the highest antiquity down to our own age. "From the Highlanders of Scotland to the mountaineers of Burmah, from the Calmucs of the north to the Biscayans of the south," may be found variegated or parti-coloured garments, together with other relics and usages of a common family, now very widely dispersed. The antiquity and universality of tartan, or of chequered or parti-coloured garments, among different nations, is abundantly demonstrated; but until the eighth century no mention is, we are told, made of it in oral Gaelic poetry, or by manuscripts in the Gaelic language, though the omission is no proof of its non-existence. *Tartan* or *Breacan* is now, however, chiefly of interest from the exclusive appropriation of different and fixed patterns or *setts* by the leading clan families of the Highlands, and as it now appears from the *Vestiarium Scoticum*, by those of the Lowlands also, who were of any note previous to the 16th century. Indeed the leading object of the work is to prove, that to each of these families a particular *sett* or pattern was exclusively appropriated, by which every man of the tribe could be recognised from his plaid, as readily as from his surname or the badge or ensign of his clan. Its splendid illustrations are emblazonings of these tartans in every brilliant rainbow dye. The *tartans* so enamelled are in as great variety as the number of the great families, of whom each, according to the *Vestiarium Scoticum*, had a pattern of their own. There are between seventy

* "Vestiarum Scoticum: from the Manuscript formerly in the Library of the Scots College at Douay. With an Introduction and Notes, by John Sobieski Stuart. Imperial quarto, splendidly illustrated. Edinburgh: Tait.

and eighty specimens; forty-two Highland, and thirty-one Lowland and Border families being enumerated as each having its own tartan. These, taken alphabetically, are of Highlanders:—

Buchanan, Cameron, Campbell, Chisholm, Clanranald, Farquharson, Fraser, Grant, Gun, Lamont, MacArthur, MacDonald of the Isles, MacDougall, MacDuff, MacFarlane, MacGrigor, MacIntosh, MacIntyre, MacKay, MacKenzie, MacKinnon, MacLauchlan, MacLean, MacLeod, MacNab, MacNeill, MacPherson, MacQueen, Menzies, Monro, Robertson, Ross, Prince of Rothesay, The Royal Stuart, Sutherland.

The Lowland and Border Clans who had tartans were, the

Armstrong, Barclay, Brodie, Bruce, Colquhoun, Comyn, Cunningham, Cranstoun, Crawford, Douglas, Drummond, Dunbar, Dundas, Erskine, Forbes, Gordon, Graham, Hamilton, Hay, Home, Johnston, Kerr, Lauder, Leslie, Lindsay, Maxwell, Montgomery, Murray, Ogilvie, Oliphant, Ramsay, Rose, Ruthven, Scott, Seton, Sinclair, Urquhart, Wallace, Wemyss.

The peculiar tartan of each of those families is accurately described in the *Vestiarium*, otherwise "ycleped the garderope of Scotlande," and for the following weighty reasons:—

For sameikle as in thir pres^t tymes bene sene dyuers vnevthe chavnges in the avld scottysche fassoune, and men do nowe effect foreigne and stravnge fantasyes, radder nor sic holsom vse and ordyr as cvmethe of y^r ain natiue gvise, and hes ben vsit be owr forbeiris yn the aulde tyme, for nowe all do tak pryd to buske y^m yn heich crovnit hattis, frensche claukis, Englische hudes, lang pykit schune, and vdder syk lyk vncovthe braueries, the quhilk wes vnknawen till owr antecessories of gude famen quha wes conteintit to gang w^t ane bonnette of Kelsheu-blewe, and ain mantil or playde lyk as affore tym wes vsit be ther faderis begone, w^t ane payr of rouch rowlyns, or hemands of harteshyd, as wes moche vsit be owr vmquhile lorde and souraine King James of nobil memorye; for he had euer, besyd thai of hys awin coulouris, twa or thre pladis of diuers kyndes in hys guarderobe, quhilk he vsit yn his iornayes quhen that he wald not be knawen openlye; and for that sic fassovns be not of vse in vther cvntryes nor foraine reaulmes, for thir cawsis I haue taken on hande to compil, accordand to my pvir habylitye, a trewe ensample off alle, or the maist parte, the pryncyppul tartanis of Scotlonde, sic as I maye discerne y^m, baithe for the trewe witting and pleasaunce of alle cvriovs straungeris, and to ye ende y^t gif paravaunture, quhilk God forbyd, that herefter ovr covntrye fassoune sall alle to fayl and haillilie cvm to nocht, as heth bene sene w^t monie vtharis of mair and greater renome and puissaunce; as to wyt, ye nobyll reaulmis of Babyloun, Troie, and Jewerie, Egyptia, Cartegen, and of lyk wyse gloriovs and ymperiall Rom, quhilk wes svmtym qwene and ladye of alle the wordle; seit, neuerthelesse, hathe her anticke and hethen fassovn all to perrischit owt of vse and mynd throuch ye mycht of ovr Lorde and halye crosse, quhilk heth put doune theyr idollis lyk as wes ye dewil Dagoune and the fenlie dragoune of Kinge Cyrvs, w^t ye fowle ymage bel, w^t sindrie sick pagovne herreseye; quharfor, if so be befal on lyk sort that ovr gudlye oys sall be decayit and cvm to nocht, y^t then alle men may knawe the aulde gvyse of theyr forberis; for yn sae moche as we that be in thir daies be cvriovse and desyrous to seke efter and dyscouer the famous gestis of ovr antecessoris in theyr avld tym of renowme, swa yn lyk mannere I doubt not that thai quhilk sall cvm eftir vs, sall be careful to knawe owr maner of gyse and vdder manneris, to the end y^t thai maye vnderstonde yn quhat we be lyk vnto y^mselues, and alsua quharin we be dyuers from, and do vnlyk vntil y^m.

The manner of forming "the *settis* or *stryppis*" is next described, and also the different chequers proper for hose and trews, which admitted of great variety; every man being allowed, in those inferior articles, to follow his own convenience or fancy, though the plaid, the war-garbs, the garments of honour, were not to be tampered with. The women were, however, allowed unlimited license in the patterns of their plaids and dresses. Some of the *setts*, as they are blazoned in this work, and upon the authority of the *Vestiarium*, differ materially from the tartans usually recognised under the respective clan names. The tartans given here as those of the Mackays, the Mackenzies, the Grants, and the Macgregors, for example, are not those usually recognised as the tartans of those clans. We, however, only speak to the best of our recollection, as we have not lately visited a Clan Tartan Warehouse to refresh memory with a sight of those brilliant fabrics.

The *Vestiarium Scoticum* must henceforth be the book of authority, the final arbiter, in this important question with manufacturers as well as clansmen; and we suspect that its fiat will reduce many pretty patterns, with clan names, to the anomalous list of *fancy* or *mongrel tartans*. Many of the tartans in Mr. Stuart's work must be quite new, even to those who have, from commercial reasons, of late paid considerable attention to this fashionable and favourite manufacture; such are those of the Cranstouns, the Lauders, the Brodies, the Ramsays, and so forth. The description of one pattern from the *Vestiarium* will give a perfect idea of the whole; though, of course, the description is short or lengthened according to the simplicity or intricacy of the *sett*. Thus, the tartan of "*the Mackfarlan* of ye Arroquhar," is described in half a dozen words. It "hath thre stryppis quhite, vpon ane blak fyeld;" while the tartan of "MakDonnald of ye Ylis," and of the Clan Ranald, require this long explanation:—

MakDonnald of ye Ylis, quhilk is the chiefest and maist nobil of alle clanned names, howbeit the clann Grigor and ye Clan chattane of aulde sall be consawit of lyk avncient stocke; yet, in respect of pouste and dignitie, we call none lyk vnto hym: he heth ane blue set, and ane greine sett, quharoff ye blew sett hathe twa greit panes of blak, ane vpon ye ylk bordure y^roff and y^rby twa gross sprangis of ye samen, and in ye myduard of ye ylk gren sett ane stryp quhite, the maist pairt of half ane fynger breid, and yn ye mydward of ye blew ane gross spraing reidd.

The clan Raynald, ye second hovse of ye Clandonald, howbeit y^rbe y^t say he svld be ye fyrst off rycht, bot y^t Donald mak Ian mak Angus gat ye herytage, contrar to ye mindis of ye men of ye Yllis: he hath ane sett of blewe and ane sett of grene, quharoff ye blewe sett hath vpon ye ylk syd ane blak stryp, and y^rby vpon ye ynward syd y^off ane spraingе scarlatt, and yn ye myddest of ye blewe be ither tua sprangis of ye samen a littel asonder, as of fovrty threidis betuix y^m or thairby, and the greine sette hath ane quhite spraing, and be ye ylk syd y^roff twa of redd, ain greiter and ane less, quharof ye greiter sall be vtterward, and hathe avghte threidis, and ye ynnerward hath fovr threidis, and betuix ye reidd and the quhite sallbe ye space of aughteen threidis or thairbye, and vtheris y^r be of ye famylyes of ye clann-donald, lyk as the clan-huistein in Sky, makconel of ye glennis, makiane of ardnamurackane, and vtheris y^t have ye samen w^t diuers smal diuersities, of ye quhilk I speke not yn respect I knawe yhaim not parfaictly.

Many of these tartans are truly beautiful; though no doubt they may owe part of their splen-

dour to the artist or illuminator. But the style in which they are executed, and their dazzling effect, must be seen to be comprehended. We do not pretend to describe by words either the process of painting them, or to give any idea of the brilliant results. One may easily conceive the idea of a massy imperial quarto volume, very beautifully printed upon drawing paper, and magnificently bound, gilt, and emblazoned with the royal arms; but the illustrations, the *illuminations*, the *tartans*, are the novel feature of the work; and without the actual vivid representations of these beautiful and delicate fabrics be seen, glowing in all the colours of the rainbow, no adequate idea of the work can be formed. We would therefore advise all who have the power of inspection not to rest content with description, but to procure at least a sight of the original work.

The *Vestiarium* describes the badges of the different Highland clans, which also differ, in some instances, from those which have hitherto been received; and it gives the ensigns of several Lowland and Border families, which, we presume, will be quite as new to many of the descendants of these families as are their tartans. The badge of Bruce is rosemary; of Lyndsay, rue; of Hamilton, bay; Dundas, bilberry; and so forth. On these botanical badges Mr. Stuart has a long and curious note, from which, from its local interest, we copy the following anecdote :—

During the occupation of Edinburgh by the Prince, Charles Edward, in 1745, he paid a visit to the daughters of Sir Alexander Seaton, at the Grange House, then the property of their brother-in-law, William Dick of Grange, and now of their successor, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder of Fountainhall. Upon the steps of the entrance he was received by the ladies with a glass containing a bottle of Madeira. The Prince having drank to his fair entertainers, saluted them on the cheek in the fashion of that period, and taking the *white rose* from his bonnet presented it to Miss Seaton. Both the flower and the glass were preserved with that zeal by which the female adherents of all ages have sympathized in the ill fortunes of their cause, and which, if equally shared by men, would no longer have claimed sympathy, for it would no longer have been unfortunate.

After the death of the last Miss Seaton, the rose and the glass passed through several hands, and are now in the possession of William Blair, Esq. of Aventon. The badge is an artificial flower such as are usually made by florists.

The work contains much curious and erudite information on ancient Highland costume and usages, and a few lithographed illustrations. But all must give place to the rich, glowing, and resplendent specimens of the several tartans; which if they give the book its high price, also give it its singular value as a rare and splendid work, and an heirloom for Scottish families, and those connected with Scotland.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Essays on English Surnames. By Mark Antony Lower. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 240. London: John Russell Smith.

This is a curious book of its kind, written by a man of some antiquarian reading, and possessed of a certain vein of dry humour. He apologizes to the utilitarians for the frivolity of his subject; but the history of the origin of surnames is a branch of the history of the formation of language, and of the natural operations of the mind in making known, or supplying its wants. The first essay is introductory, and treats the subject in a general way, adverting to the uses and origin of surnames, and the different principles which have regulated their adoption in different countries, ancient and modern. Thus the Scotch Highlanders employed the *sire*-name with the addition of *Mac*; the Irish, the name of the sire, with *Mac*, a son, or *O*, a grandson; the Normans, *Fitz*; the Russians, *Witz*; the Poles, *Sky*. Surnames are not older than the fourteenth century in Sweden; and until a much later period the Welsh had nothing beyond their Ap. Among them,—

It was not unusual, a century or two back, to hear of such combinations as Evan-ap-Griffith-ap-David-ap-Jenkin, and so on to the seventh or eighth generation, so that an individual often carried his pedigree in his name. The church of Llangollen in Wales is said to be dedicated to St. Collen-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Cowrda-ap-Caradoc-Freichfras-ap-Llyn-Merin-ap-Einion-Yrth-ap-Cunedda-Wledig, a name that casts that of the Dutchman, *Inkvervankodsdorspanckinkadrackdern*, into the shade. To burlesque this ridiculous species of nomenclature, some wag described *cheese* as being

Adam's own cousin-german by its birth,
Ap-Curds-ap-Milk-ap-Cow-ap-Grass-ap-Earth!

The second essay gives a history of English surnames: and one is somewhat surprised to learn that they were not permanently settled before the era of the Reformation. Parish registers tended much to fix surnames, as it was not likely that a man could be baptized by one name, and married or buried under another.

The Rev. Mark Noble affirms that "it was late in the seventeenth century that many families in Yorkshire, *even of the more opulent sort*, took stationary names. Still later, about Halifax, surnames became in their dialect genealogical, as *William, a Bills, a Toms, a Luke.*"

On the remark of Tyrwhitt, in his edition of Chaucer, that it is "probable that the use of surnames was not in Chaucer's time fully established among the lower class of people," a more recent editor of the same poet says, "Why, the truth is, that they are not *now*, even in the nineteenth century, *fully* established in some parts of England. There are very few, for instance, of the miners of Staffordshire, who bear the names of their fathers. The editor knows a pig-dealer, whose father's name was *Johnson*, but the people call him *Pigman*, and *Pigman* he calls himself. This name may be now seen over the door of a public-house which this man keeps in Staffordshire."

But this is nothing to the practice of bearing a double set of names, which, we are assured, prevails among these colliers. Thus a man may at the same time bear the names of John Smith and Thomas Jones, without any intention of concealment; but it must not be imagined that such regular names are in common use. These are a kind of *best* names, which, like their Sunday clothes, they only use on high-days and holydays, as at christenings and marriages. For everyday purposes they use no appellative, except a nick-name, as *Nosey, Soiden-mouth, Soaker*, or some such elegant designation; and this is employed, not by their neighbours alone, but by their wives and children, and even by themselves! A correspondent of Knight's Quarterly Magazine, who is my

authority for these statements, says, "I knew an apothecary in the collieries, who, as a matter of decorum, always entered the real names of his patients in his books; that is, when he could ascertain them. But they stood there only for ornament; for *use* he found it necessary to append the sobriquet, which he did with true medical formality, as, for instance, "Thomas Williams, *vulgo dict.* OLD PUFF. . . . . Clergymen have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name, which any known alphabet had the power of committing to paper!" A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of these oddly-named gentry, whose real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labours, kindly volunteered to assist him.

"Oy say, *Bullyed*," cried she, to the first person they met, "does thee know a mon neamed Adam Green?"

The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance.

"*Loy-a-bed*, dost thee?"

Lie-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintance had been rather limited, and she could not resolve the difficulty.

Stumpy, (a man with a wooden leg,) *Cowskin*, *Spindleshanks*, *Cookeye*, and *Pigtail*, were severally invoked, but in vain; and the querist fell into a brown study, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed triumphantly, "Dash my wig! whoy he means moy feyther!" and then turning to the gentleman, she added, "Ye should'n ax'd for *Ode Blackbird!*"

I could adduce similar instances, where persons among the peasantry of my native county are much better known by *sobriquets* than by their proper surnames; and many only know them by the former. This is particularly the case where several families in one locality bear the same name. A friend of mine informs me, that he lately knew fifteen persons in the small town of F——, on the coast of Kent, whose hereditary name was *Hall*, but who *gratiâ distinctionis*, bore the elegant designations of—Doggy-Hall, Feathertoe, Bumper, Bubbles, Pierce-Eye, Faggots, Cula, Jiggery, Pumble-Foot, Cold Flip, Silver-Eye, Lumpy, Sutty, Thick-Lips, and Old Hare.

Local surnames, which form a very numerous class, names derived from dignities and offices, from personal and mental qualities, from Christian names, from accidents, from natural objects, signs of houses, and from changed names or corruptions of names, &c. &c., furnish the subject-matter of several essays, plausible in their reasoning, and often amusing. Yet we should not suppose the author a very far-read or profoundly learned antiquary. A slight acquaintance with the Gaelic and Scottish languages would have saved him from some obvious blunders. Yet a great deal of guess-work must, in any event, go to the explanation of surnames; though one man may be a more sagacious guesser than another. A few detached specimens will show the nature of the book; which is fully better adapted to popular than to learned readers.

PLEBEIAN ANTIQUITY. — The manors of Ripe and Newtimber, in Sussex, are mentioned in Domesday, as having been, before the Conquest, the estates, respectively, of *Cane* and of *Ælfeck*. Now these names are still found in the county as *surnames*; the former under its ancient orthography, and the latter under that of *Elphick*; but were these ever used as Christian names? Ælfech may be the same with Alphage, a Saxon forename; but *Cane* was certainly never so used. By the bye, it is an extraordinary fact that the name of Cane is still borne by two respectable farmers at Ripe, in which neighbourhood, I have scarcely a doubt, their ancestors have dwelt from the days of the Confessor, and all bearing the same monosyllabic designation: an honour which few of the mighty and noble of this land can boast!

Mr. Lower derives the surname Bain or Bayne from the French *bath*; whereas the Gaelic and Irish *bane*, *fair*, as Donald Bane, is a much more probable derivation. For the names *Pende* and *Slack*, of which he queries the meaning, he may consult Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary. *Pend* is an arch—and generally one under which there is a passage or road-way. Wordsworth or the Ettrick Shepherd could tell him what a *Slack* is. We have never, till now, understood that *Bucoleuch* was a surname. The surname of the Duke of that title is Scott, not Buccleuch. The derivation of the name *Hay* is from a hedge, which is quite as probable as the Scottish current tradition of the name being given to the ancestor of the Erroll family on the field of Luncarty. In speaking of names derived from apartments of houses, he remarks that they were

Most likely first given to menial servants who served in the respective rooms. Like the foregoing, they generally occur in old records in the form of *John i' the Kitchen*, *William atte Chamber*, &c. Besides these two we have *Garret* and *Stair*, and Camden says *Sellar* and *Parler*, which I have never seen.

Sellar is still a common surname in Scotland. In speaking of names derived from occupations it is remarked—

"LE BOUCHER," says Saintfoix, "was antiently a *noble surname* given to a general after a victory, in commemoration of his having slaughtered some thirty or forty thousand men!" *Horribile dictu!* henceforward let all lovers of peace exclaim,

One murder makes a villain; *millions*, a BUTCHER!

We should doubt a good many of Mr. Lower's derivations, were it not certain that the same surname may sometimes have been derived from distinct sources; as that of *Wight*, which, our author imagines, comes from the Isle of Wight, and is hence a local surname; but which, as we presume, is as probably derived from a personal quality. In Scotland we say, Wallace *wight*, and the *wight—i. e.* the *strong* Wallace. There is a lively and learned dissertation upon the syllable *cock*, which forms a part of a hundred and fifty English surnames. The theories of different antiquaries are merrily discussed. That some of these names are derived from cock, a hillock, as Cockburn, Cockham, Cockfield, is probable; and so may others be from cok, a cook; and a third class from birds, as Peacock, and Woodcock; though Mr. Lower reprobates the cook, and denies him to the teeth of a certain J. C. N., a learned writer in that refuge for such mighty points, *The Gentleman's Magazine*. J. C. N.—

Quotes the Great Rolls of the Exchequer for 25 Henry III. 1241, in which one Adam Coc or Cok is commissioned by the king to superintend certain repairs at Clarendon palace, "and to instruct the workmen, so that the *kitchen* and stables might be enclosed within the outer wall." Having hit upon this clue, he thinks it leads to an explanation of some of the names ending in COCK, as *Meacock*, the MEAT-COOK (!) *Salcock*, the SALT-MEAT-COOK (!!) *Slocock*, the SLOW-COOK (!!!) and Badcock, the IMPERFECT-COOK (!!!!) . . . . . *Grocoke* is the GROSS or *wholesale* COOK . . . or, perhaps, *le gros cok*, or *fat cook* (!!) and those compounded with Christian names are thus readily accounted for. *Wilcox*, will be William the Cook; HANCOCK, Johan the Cook; SANDERCOCK, Alexander the Cook; JEFFCOCK, Jeffry the Cook, &c. The ALLCOCKS may be descended from Hal the Cook, unless their great ancestor was *Aulecocus*, the Hall Cook." Some others he thinks have originated from

names of *places*, as LAYCOCK from Lacock, in Wiltshire, &c. &c.; others from the *bird*, from their being persons of noisy or pugnacious dispositions, or, perhaps from their practice of *early rising* (!) COCKERELL (he justly says) is derived "from cockerell, a young or dwarf bird of that species."

Is J. C. N. not all this while slily joking? Our author treats it seriously however. As to

J. C. N.'s record in the Exchequer Rolls, it is a most amusing piece of nonsense to imagine that the said Adam Coe was the royal *cook*. Who, indeed, ever heard of a cook's possessing any architectural skill beyond what is required in the construction of the walls of a gooseberry tart or a venison pasty? Besides, what had a cook to do with walling in the royal stables? We have just as much right to assume that he was the king's farrier. But even admitting this said Adam's surname to have been originally derived from that necessary office of the kitchen, does it at all explain Meacock, Salcock, &c.? I do not consider the question deserving of a serious reply.

What then *is* the meaning of COCK? Why, it is simply a diminutive, the same as OT or KIN. This opinion I had formed long before I saw the correspondence just noticed, and it is supported by numerous proofs. I do not profess to assign a satisfactory meaning to all the names with this termination; yet I think I have been successful in affixing that of five-sixths of all such names as I have ever met with. And I doubt not that the remainder might be explained with equal facility, were not the Christian names, of which they are the diminutives, extinct. Bsdcock and Salcock in J. C. N.'s list are evidently "Little Bat," that is, Bartholomew; and "Little Saul," which, however unenviable a name, was sometimes used by our ancestors. In like manner we may account for *Wilcocke* or *Wilcox*, "Little William," *Alcock*, "little Hal or Harry," *Luckock*, "little Luke," and the rest. . . . . The term, in its simple form, was probably never used except in a familiar colloquial manner, and in this way the lower orders in the south of England, are still accustomed to address "little" boys with "Well, my *little Cock*," a piece of tautology of which they are not at all aware. I was long puzzled with the surname *Coxe*, which I have now no hesitation in calling a synonyme of *Little*. Mr. COX-HEAD is probably Mr. LITTLE-HEAD, (in contradistinction I presume, to Mr. GREATHEAD.) What a pity it is the syllables of that gentleman's name were not transposed, for he might then stand a fair chance of obtaining the preferment of HEAD-COOK in J. C. N.'s kitchen!

From the essays on oddities in surnames, and on those derived from feelings of contempt for the original bearer, we extract this lively passage:

Names of this kind are not very numerous in England; still we have *Bad*, *Trollope*, that is, slattern; *Stunt*, that is, fool; *Parnell*, (an immodest woman,) *Bastard*, *Trash*, *Hussey*, *Gubbins*, (the refuse parts of a fish,) and *Gallows*, which strongly implies that the founder of that family attained a very *exalted*, though at the same time unenviable, station in the world! *Kennard*, anciently Kaynard,* from *caignard* (Fr.) literally signifies "you dog!" which assuredly merits a place among surnames of contempt. The same word, in a figurative sense, means a sordid fellow, a miser. *Craven*, the surname of a noble family, might be thought to belong to the same class, but this is a local name derived from a place in Yorkshire.

Many of the names mentioned in former Essays might be placed among these surnames of contempt. Such also, are a variety of those indicative of ill-formed limbs or features, as *Crookshanks*, *Longshanks*, *Sheepshanks*, *Greathead*, *Longnesse*, &c. The ancient Romans, like ourselves, had many family names implying something defective or disgraceful. Their Plauti, Pandi, Vari, Scauri, and Tuditani would have been with us the Splay-feets, the Bandy-legs, the In-knees, the Club-foots, and the Hammer-heads! The meanness of the origin of some of the patrician families was hinted at in their names. The illustrious *Fabii* derived their name from being excellent cultivators of beans, and the *Pisones* theirs from their having improved the growth of peas. The *Suilli* were descended and denominated from a swine-herd, the *Bubulci* from a cow-herd, and the *Porci* from a hog-butcher! Strabo would have been with us a *Mr. Squintum*, Naso (Ovid) a *Mr. Bignose*, and Publius the proprætor, a *Mr. Snubnose*. Cincinnatus and the early poll of the Dainty Davie of Scottish song are, strange to say, identical ideas. The modern Italians are not more courteous than their ancestors of "old Rome," in the names they give to some families; as, for instance, Malatesta, chuckle-headed; Boccanigras, black-muzzled; Porcina, a hog; and Gozzi, chubby-chops.

To this place may also be referred the by-names of kings, as Unready, Shorthose, Sans-terre, Crookback. William the Conqueror was so little ashamed of the illegitimacy of his birth, that he sometimes commenced his charters with WILLIAM THE BASTARD, &c.!

Among other names not yet mentioned, may be noticed *Whalebelly*, (for which with all the rest that follow, I have authority,) the designation, probably, of some corpulent person; *Rotten*, *Bubblejaw*, and *Rottenherynge*, a name which occurs in some ancient records of the town of Hull, and was most likely given, in the first instance, to a dishonest dealer in fish. Indeed, I have little doubt that these odd appellations all applied with great propriety to those who primarily bore them.

Mr. Lower, who has a keen relish for a joke, or for a good story, and is not fastidious, so that it "shake the sides," has enlivened his essays with numerous illustrative bon-mots and anecdotes; nor does he slip any fair occasion of a sly stroke of irony at the fond vanity displayed in surnames. Taken as a whole, the book is really entertaining as well as informing.

Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. By G. and P. Anderson, of Inverness. Pp. 720. With a Map of Scotland, &c. &c. A Second and greatly improved Edition. Edinburgh: William Tait.

Some summers ago, when Murray brought out this Highland Guide, we, in common with the host of our brethren of the periodical and the broad-sheet, hailed it as the best description of the Highlands of Scotland that had ever appeared, independently of its merits and usefulness as a Guide-Book. The authors (brothers), well-educated and accomplished men, intimately acquainted with the Highlands from childhood, have, for a series of years, literally made their legs their compasses in exploring many a glen and mountain ravine, dell and forest, hardly known even by name save to the deer-stalker, and of late years to the botanist and geologist. These sciences were among the earlier objects of the Messrs. Anderson in their pedestrian excursions, and the results were apparent in the former edition of the work. But in the present they have, wisely as we think, abstained from formal dissertations on scientific and antiquarian subjects, contented with embodying whatever was necessary in their local descriptions. They have thus gained more space to farther popularize their work; as, besides the directions to pedestrians for threading their way through the more wild and inaccessible scenery of the west coast of Ross, Inverness, Sutherland, and Argyle shires, numerous *by-paths* and *cross-routes* are, for the first time, described in this edition, which will be found highly interesting

* Kinnaird, as a Scottish name, is much more probably derived from two Gaelic words signifying the head of the point or promontory.—*E. T. M.*

to the tourist, the angler, the deer-hunter, the grouse-shooter, and the artist. We do not recommend the Andersons' Guide merely as such ; but equally as a preparative, as a previous useful study, to those who intend visiting Scotland beyond the Forth; and as a highly entertaining work, the product of full minds, to those who wish to gain an accurate acquaintance with the Highlands. The work contains a mine of varied and interesting information, well selected and skilfully condensed, besides those details needful to tourists of every description.

The Horse and the Hound, their various Uses and Treatment, including Practical Instructions in Horsemanship, and a Treatise on Horse-dealing. By Nimrod. Pp. 554. With numerous Illustrations. Adam & Charles Black.

This is a good book, opportunely published. It contains all the articles written by Nimrod on the above subjects for *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, carefully revised, and tastefully embellished. A treatise on *Horse-dealing*, the most ticklish of all transactions, is published for the first time, and forms a suitable conclusion to the work, as a manual and instructor in all relating to the *Horse and the Hound*, to horsemanship and hunting. Those who care not much, or who have no particular interest in either horse or hound, will yet find it neither unpleasant nor unprofitable to gallop or course through Nimrod's lively pages. As everybody has a chance of a fall from a horse at some time or other, we give Nimrod's directions for falling as easily as possible, and averting the ill consequences of the misadventure :—

In all falls, the horseman should roll away from his horse as soon as he possibly can, lest in his struggle to rise again he strike him with his legs or head. It frequently happens that the horse himself rolls after he falls, and, if in the direction in which his rider lies, is apt to crush and injure him. Indeed, there is scarcely any hard rider who has not been thus served; but here, again, self-possession often stands his friend. When he sees the body of his horse approaching him, he frequently saves himself by meeting it with one of his feet, and by obtaining a fulcrum, shoves his own body along the ground out of his reach. Coolness in this hour of peril, likewise serves the sportsman in another way. Instead of losing hold of his reins, and abandoning his horse to his own will, as the man who is flurried at this time invariably does, he keeps them in his hand, if not always, perhaps in nine falls out of ten, and thus secures his horse. It was the remark of a gentleman to whom we have before alluded, and who (*singulus in arte*) was, from his desperate system of riding, and despite of his fine horsemanship, known to have more falls than any other man during the time he hunted Leicestershire, that nothing had so low an appearance as that of a man running on foot over a field, calling out " Stop my horse."

Nimrod has mooted the interesting question, Did the Ancients cheat in horse-dealing ? We shall see how he settles it. Poor human nature is indeed much the same in all ages. Our ancestors at all events will have no right to sneer at us for their superior honesty.

It would be interesting to us to be informed in what way this traffic (in horses) was conducted, generally, in the early ages of the world ; whether the cheating, the tricks, and the frauds now in practice, and so often successful among the lower orders of horse-dealers, were resorted to then; and whether, amongst those of a higher grade, the wholesome precaution of " *caveat emptor*,"—" let the buyer beware," was as necessary as it is at present. We know, from the history of our own country, that cheating in horse-flesh was carried to such an extent during the reign of Richard the Second, that in 1386, a statute was passed regulating the price of all horses, and which statute was proclaimed in the chief breeding counties of England. But, according to Pomponious, the law of nature allows of over-reaching in buying and selling—(what a good father-confessor this Pomponious would have made to some of our modern horse-dealers !)—and Erasmus appears nearly to sanction a license to horse-dealers in these words :—" Scis quanta impostura sit, apud nos, in his qui vendunt eques." That some rules, however, should be established, for the protection of the ignorant against the arts of the designing, appeared absolutely necessary to British legislators; and the laws relating to selling horses on warranty, have been, in themselves, rendered as protective to the purchaser, as, we believe, it is possible for words to make them.

Nimrod is not more an admirer of the helter-skelter neck-or-nothing of the modern steeple-chase, than of the wholesale slaughter of the modern *battue*.

" A new system of racing jockeyship has come into fashion in Great Britain and Ireland within the last twenty years, which, however in character with the daring spirit of our present race of sportsmen, we cannot commend. We think it an unreasonable demand on the noble energies of the horse, to require him to go so very nearly at a racing pace (for such we find to be the case) over rough and soft ground, instead of upon smooth and elastic turf, with the addition of having too often a country selected for him to run across, abounding in almost insurmountable obstacles, as well as, in some cases, deep rivers ; likewise under a heavy weight. Human lives have already been the victims of this practice, and, we are sorry to say, several horses have died from over-exerting themselves, as well as by accidents, in steeple-races.

Sketches of Life and Character. By Alexander Campbell. Edinburgh Printing Company.

This is a collection of short papers, principally illustrating points of character, and the manners of the humbler portion of the middle classes ; which originally appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, and in the *London Saturday Journal*. Some original pieces are added. The papers are clever and lively ; they were well adapted to their primary purpose, and they form very pleasant reading in their collected form. Their exact nature may often be pretty nearly guessed from their titles, as, *The Poor Dandy, The Reduced Family, The Steady Man, The Particular Man, The Particular Man's Wife, Borrowers*, and such like.

The Life of the Admiral Viscount Keppel. By the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel, rector of Warham. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth. With Portrait. Colburn.

This work is too important and valuable to be huddled into our limited monthly Register of current literature. At present, therefore, we merely announce the appearance of so valuable an addition to the biography of our great British Naval Commanders, which the author's access to official correspondences, and family papers of all descriptions, has rendered unusually attractive.

A Trip Home, with some Home-spun Yarns. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 424. Saunders & Otley.

An anonymous gentleman, of the genus pleasant fellows, who has something funny to say upon every theme that either occurs naturally or can be lugged in, lately returned from the West Indies, was put on shore by the Falmouth pilots, and before he had got clear of Cornwall, wrote this big book of his travels, and could, he avers, have made it three times bigger. It is very well as it is, and right pleasant reading for those who neither look for much thought in a book, nor much specific information.

THE RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Volume I. CHRISTOPHER IN HIS SPORTING JACKET. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.—This volume, the first of three, which we rejoice to see announced as shortly forthcoming, labours under one manifest disadvantage—and but one. Nobody, that is anybody, who has ever once read the papers which it contains, can have forgotten them. We do not mean that all these four hundred pages, and the many more that are to follow, can be remembered word for word; but their spirit, their scope remain, and the recollection may, after all, rather enhance the pleasure of reperusal. At all events, here they are, in a "self-contained" volume, not forming part and parcel of a voluminous work, which required to be hunted over if one wished to refresh their hearts—to recreate their spirits—to grow green and glad again. The book is besides a very handsome one; its typography neat, jacket Lincoln green and gold. The contents are the three *Fyttes* of *Christopher in his Sporting Jacket*; the powerful but painful Tale of *Expiation*; *the Morning Monologue*; *the Field of Flowers*; *Cottages*; and an *Hour's Talk about Poetry*, (one of the most vital pieces of modern criticism with which we are acquainted;) *Inch Cruin*; and *a Day at Windermere*. The selection is admirable. These papers, which it would be an impertinence to suppose require to be described to any modern reader, are the very flowers of their author's mind—ay, and the fruitage too—glowing together on the same richly laden bough.

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

I. TALES and POEMS, By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, pp. 215. Saunders & Otley.

II.—POEMS by ALFRED TENNYSON, in 2 vols. Moxon.

III.—THE POETICAL WORKS of MISS SUSANNA BLAMIRE. With a Preface, Memoir, and Notes; by Patrick Maxwell. Foolscap octavo, cloth, pp. 262.

IV.—THE MAID of ORLEANS, and other POEMS, translated from the German. By E. S. and F. S. Turner. Foolscap octavo, cloth, pp. 247.

V.—A VOICE from the TOWN. By Bolton Rogerson, Author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," &c. 12mo, cloth, pp. 193.

VI.—HOEL THE HOSTAGE. By M. E. Jeffreys. Post 8vo, cloth. Saunders & Otley.

VII.—POETICAL RECOLLECTIONS of IRISH HISTORY. By Jane Emily Herbert.—A small and very neat volume, bound in silk, gilt, and emblazoned with the Irish harp.

VIII.—SONGS, written by ANDREW PARK. Griffin, Glasgow.

IX.—POEMS and SONGS. By Alexander Maclagan. Edinburgh: Tait.

This is a long catalogue for one brief month. It is therefore quite impossible to do anything like justice to new aspirants for laurels, who are as numerous as the Muses themselves. Besides, we have registered a vow in Parnassus, not to speak of even the greatest poet alive, until we shall be able to accord the praises due to Andrew Park and Alexander Maclagan.

PLIGHTED TROTH, or a WOMAN HER OWN RIVAL.—A dramatic Tale in Five Acts. Saunders & Otley.

SERIAL WORKS.

SELBY'S HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREST TREES. Parts VII., VIII., IX., and X.—These Parts contain the History of the Oak in its several varieties,—the beech, the chestnut, the hornbean, the plane, the yew, the varieties of the pine, and the fir. Each species is illustrated with a fine woodcut of the kind of tree described, and the work is studded with vignettes in the tasteful style of all Van Voorst's illustrated publications. Another Part will complete this elegant work. In describing these trees, we are glad to find the historian more anecdotical, and paying more attention to the history of remarkable sylvan individuals than in the previous Parts. He has given a charming history of particular oaks and yews, and other trees, found in different places of England and Scotland. He has also given much additional value to his work by the liberal and judicious use which he has made of the writings of others upon the same subject.

YARRELL'S HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS. Parts XXIX. to XXXI.—These Parts contain the numerous species of the Duck genus—*Natatores Anatidæ*, which is important from its extensive diffusion, the beauty of its plumage, and its value to man, both as food and bedding. The different species are exquisitely represented, and with the same truth and life which distinguish all the bird-portraiture of this work. The history of the duck is highly interesting, from its connexion with man.

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, Vol. III. Conducted by John Timbs, thirteen years Editor of the *Mirror*. Brittain, Paternoster Row.—The present volume contains a great mass of entertaining snatch-reading. The cuts, though inferior to those of the previous volumes, have their own uses, in showing up the Exquisites among the *Crows* and the Blackfeet, and other monsters, vital or skeleton, and holding the mirror up to nature, as seen in our own streets and parlours.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPERE. Part XLIV. Plays ascribed to Shakspere concluded.

SMEE'S ELEMENTS OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY. Part III.

THORNTON'S HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA. Part II. Vol. III.

MARTIN DOYLE'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL HUSBANDRY. Part II.

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET. No. VI.

PAMPHLETS.

STATEMENT EXPLANATORY of the INDEPENDENT SYSTEM of EMIGRATION. By C. S. M'Laws, Merchant, Glasgow.

ANTI-CORN LAW TRACTS.—No. 1, A Plea for Total and Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws. No. 2, Sir Robert Peel's Burdens on Land.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO THE REVISION OF THE LAND-TAX, being the argument submitted to Counsel on behalf of the National Anti Corn-Law League.—An able argument on an important question.

REPORT of the PROCEEDINGS at the CONFERENCE of DELEGATES of the MIDDLE and WORKING CLASSES held at BIRMINGHAM on April 5th and the following days.

A LETTER to his EXCELLENCY the EARL DE GREY on the AMELIORATED CONDITION of IRELAND, with SUGGESTIONS for FURTHER IMPROVEMENT of the AGRICULTURAL CLASSES. By W. W. Simpson.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1842.

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(Continued from page 343 of our July No.)

CHAPTER XI.

THOUGH the gift bestowed by Abednego upon young Annesley must at all times have been a most welcome one, it could not have chanced at a more auspicious moment than now; when, for the first time since the renewal of their acquaintance in England, he found himself banished from the presence of Esther Verelst. He was himself moreover on the eve of exile to an opposite quarter of the town; so that even chance encounters in the street were improbable; the company of the Guards to which he belonged being under orders to march into the Tower the very day following his acceptance of the miniature from Abednego.

These Eastern quarters are rarely very inviting to the young men of fortune and family of whom the Guards are chiefly composed; unless during the summer months, when they can prevail on their gay friends of the West End to steam it to the Tower, and breakfast with them, on pretence of viewing the lions of the place; and examining the interesting autographs cut in the walls of their mess-room, by Peveril of the Peak and other prisoners of note. But it was just then peculiarly disagreeable to Basil to find himself moated up with Wilberton and Maitland, whose secrets had been accidentally placed in his keeping;—or even with Loftus and Blencowe, whose insight into his own, and want of delicacy in their railleries on the subject,—he had more than once found occasion to resent. There was no remedy, however. With so little to complain of in the hardships of his military duties, Basil Annesley was conscious that it would be absurd to murmur, as an evil, against a few weeks' banishment to a remote quarter of the town.

It happened, however, that within a few days of taking up his new quarters, he was attacked with indisposition: either the result of his exertion and attendance upon the Money-lender, or of the humid atmosphere of the Tower; which amounts almost to mal' aria, and at certain seasons of the year is sure to engender a low fever in the garrison. In compassion to his illness, perhaps, the two favourite *raws* established for his persecution by his facetious friends, (his intimacy with the Verelsts and with A. O.,) were suffered to heal unmolested. There was not sufficient resource in the place to dispense with his aid for picquet, or whist; and the little mess-table was accordingly undisturbed by the bickerings too often produced elsewhere, by the perpetual system of quizzing in vogue in the Maitland set. Basil did not hear, above half a dozen times a-day, allusions to his midnight attempt to break into the house of the Westminster Jew; and only very remote hints of his passion for the arts. Nevertheless, the first day he was able to shake off his indisposition so far as to visit the west end of the town, in spite of the bantering to which he had been subjected, one of his first visits was to Delahaye Street. He was anxious to inquire after his patient,—he was anxious to inquire after his friend;—yes! *his friend!*—for how could he otherwise estimate the man to whom he was indebted for the semblance of that beloved face which never quitted his bosom for a moment of the day or night? Abednego appeared, indeed, to have contemplated such an appropriation of the miniature;—for it was set in a plain gold *fausse montre*, with a loop for suspension round the neck.

"I swear I am now nearly as ill myself," murmured Basil, as he drove along Great George Street, "as poor Abednego on the bitter night I brought him home here; an exploit which, I verily believe, was the cause of all my own indisposition!"

At the end of Delahaye Street he got out, and proceeded on foot to the Money-lender's door.

So accustomed was he now to the untowardnesses of that rugged household, that he did not so much as expect any notice to be taken of his rap at the door for the first ten minutes.

To his great surprise, however, scarcely *two* were allowed to elapse, before it was opened;—*not* by the rough-headed sweeper,—not by the rotund nurse; but by a stranger,—an old Jew in all the nursery force of the term,—of sinister countenance and squalid attire,—stooping shoulders,—rusty beard,—and the physiognomy of Barabbas!

Now that Basil was certified of the disconnexion of Abednego with the hated tribe, to which his name appeared to proclaim him attached, he could not forbear being surprised and disgusted at his

choosing to entertain so unsavoury an individual in his household.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Osalez," said he.

"You vish vat?"—demanded the new porter, with an ungracious air.

"I want to speak to your master.—"

"To the tevilsh wid your mastersh—" retorted the Jew, about to close the door in his face.

"I have business with A. O.!" cried Basil, resolved to forestall the measure by adopting the phraseology of the place.

"Theresh no A. O. here now! The housh ish shold," replied the man. "The housh ish mine own;—bought wid mine lawful monish,—and vat have you to shay againsht it?"

"Will you favour me with the present address of Mr. Osalez? He was ill when I left him a fortnight ago, and I am anxious to inquire after him."

"He may be ted now, for vat I or any one caresh!" retorted the Jew,—now really fulfilling his intention, and slamming the door in the face of the troublesome intruder.

Gone!—vanished like a Will of the Wisp! Most provoking—most perplexing! Basil, who had despatched the book back to his mother on the day of his parting from Abednego, with only a few words of apology for the liberty he had taken in borrowing it from her room, had in the interim made up his mind to appeal strenuously to the sympathy of Abednego, for further information on a subject concerning which, at his present age, he felt himself entitled to explanation;—and the unexpected disappearance of the old man was the heaviest disappointment he could have undergone.

Under a sudden impulse of irritation, instead of quitting the door which had been closed upon him, he knocked loudly.

"Vat ish your pleashure to make dis tevil's noish at my gatesh?" cried the angry new proprietor, instantly reopening it.

"My pleasure is to offer you a sovereign for tidings of the present residence of Mr. Osalez," cried Basil, following the axioms of A. O., and coming at once to the point.

The individual thus abruptly apostrophized, coolly jerked the proferred coin into the pocket of his dirty coat, and referred him to Abednego's former residence in Greek Street.

"Fool that I was, not to think of it myself!" muttered Basil; and away he hurried to drive off, like mad, towards Soho.

Arrived in Greek Street, however, his hopes were again frustrated. Scaffolding was established against the walls;—and bricklayers and plasterers were at work. The house was let, it appeared, for twenty-one years; and the workmen knew not so much as the name of the former proprietor.

"I was in hopes they were going to refer me back to Paulet Street," said Basil to himself, in the bitterness of his heart. "Nay, without their reference, I suppose it will end with my having to travel once more to St. Agnes le Clare.—A better alternative, certainly, than advertising in the *Times* or *Hue-and-Cry* for the present abode of A. O."!

In the excitement of feeling produced by his disappointment, he even determined on a personal inquiry at the door of Verelst, which he had promised himself never again to approach till recalled by the artist; and though he had the vexation of hearing, syllable by syllable, the same message delivered to him a fortnight before, that the young ladies were "out," and the painter and his wife "engaged," he had at least the comfort of finding that Mrs. Verelst was convalescent.

"The young ladies are well, I hope?" said he, turning away his face as he hazarded the inquiry.

"Quite well, Sir,—that is, except Miss Esther, who has been poorly for some time," said the maid, in a confused manner.

"But you said she was *out*?"

"Yes, Sir,—that is—Sir;—the family don't see no more company. I was ordered on no account to let nobody in," said the girl, still more embarrassed; and Basil, vexed as he was, having no further plea for inquiry, had only to express his regret at the young lady's indisposition and walk away.

He returned that day to the Tower in a mood of mind rendering it extremely fortunate that his companions received him on his arrival with yawns, rather than pleasantries. Maitland and Wilberton were growing too dull to find spirits for quizzing; and finding that he brought them no news from St. James's Street, they soon returned to the snooze before a roasting fire, from which his return had bestirred them.

Esther ill,—Abednego vanished!—No means of inquiry after either!—At his next visit to the West End, Annesley hastened to pay his tardy compliments to Madame Branzini, as a channel by which he might at least gain intelligence of the former. But, alas! the Consul and his wife were gone down to Brighton for the remainder of the holidays.

By degrees the state of suspense to which Annesley was reduced, became too intolerable to be borne. In the dreary isolation of the Tower, he had nothing better to occupy his time, than to ponder over his perplexities; till he finally became so overmastered by his feelings, as to take the desperate resolution of applying to Wilberton and Maitland for information. He had every reason to infer that *they* at least must be cognizant of the Money-lender's removal; and at the risk of incurring their sneers, boldly inquired of them one night, as they were separating for bed, whether they could favour him with the present address of A. O. Each looked at the other,—the one with surprise,—the other with indignation. Wilberton with his usual boisterous folly burst into a horse-laugh;—but John Maitland accepted the question almost as an insult. He had not forgotten Basil's allusion to the Money-lender in Arlington Street, a day or two after A. O.'s awkward appearance on the scene; and felt convinced that Annesley must be fully aware of his family difficulties.

"You had better look in the Court Guide," said he;—"or in the Directory, under the head of Money-lender. Should these resources fail, I daresay the thief-takers of Bow Street can give you information concerning your friend."

Maitland had quitted the room before Basil re-

covered breath to reply. Resolved to carry out their mutual explanations on the morrow, when John Maitland's groundless anger would have subsided, he returned to the corner where he had been seated, and, more from listlessness than with any settled purpose, took up from the table the Court Guide, which was lying beside the Annual Army List, (the two classics of London mess-rooms,) and turned to the letter O.

The patronymic of Osalez was too foreign to admit of much expectation of finding it there at all. Nevertheless, immediately preceding a long catalogue of O'Shannessy's, there appeared the name of Osalez three times repeated :—

Osalez, Bernard Esq., 14, Poland Street.
Osalez, R. Esq., 4, Abbey road, Regent's Park.
Osalez, A. Esq., 74, Bernard Street, Russell Square.

Now, though A. Osalez Esq., might import Andrew, Augustus, Alfred, Allan,—or fifty other names,—Basil could not for the life of him but hope and believe that the auspicious initial stood for no other than "Abednego." There might be dilapidated houses to be bought, sold, or exchanged, in Bernard Street as well as elsewhere; at all events, he was determined that the morrow should clear up his doubts; and, accordingly, at the very time he had previously promised himself to have a clearing up with Maitland, was approaching on foot the door of a substantial-looking house in Bernard Street, Russell Square.

"What a thrice double ass I must to be," was his secret commentary on his own weakness, "to fancy that such a man as A. O. would allow his abode to become a matter of advertisement in Boyle's Court Guide."

The nearer he approached the house, the more he became assured of his folly. Not a vestige, in the comfortable, clean, and modern residence before him, of the tumble-down nature of A. O.'s habitual resorts,—not a token of occasion for a "repairing lease," in Bernard Street, Russell Square; not a brick discoloured,—not an atom of mortar displaced in the pointing. The door was varnished,—the knocker lustrous,—the steps bath-bricked into snowy whiteness, not a speck under the scraper; and the A. Osalez of the Court Guide would have become an old maid of independent fortune, in Basil's apprehension, but for the qualifying designation of "esquire."

"At all events, as I am utterly unknown in this quarter of the town, I can knock and make inquiry,"—cogitated Basil; and the summons having been answered by a grave-looking family butler, he was informed, in answer to his formal demand, that "Mr. Osalez was out."

"Has he not been recently indisposed," demanded young Annesley.

"My master, Sir, is just returned to town."

Recollecting Abednego's diatribe against the ruinous waste of pampered menials, and estimating the expenses (perquisites included) of so respectable-looking a gentleman as he had the honour of addressing at between two and three hundred per annum, Basil almost smiled at his own infatuation in persisting in his inquiries. He was duly sensible of the impossibility of the Money-lender having affinity with the proprietor of an abode so comfortable, a servant so much its master.

"I called here for the purpose of inquiring after a relation of Mr Osalez,"—hazarded Basil, by way of excuse to the butler for not leaving his card.

"I am not aware, Sir, that my master *has* any relations," replied the man, assuming an air of dignity and mistrust.—"I have been some years in his service, and never *heard* of any."

"In that case," said Basil,—"I am mistaken.—I understood that Mr. *Abednego* Osalez was connected with him."

"*My* master's name, Sir, is Abednego," replied the butler,—evidently growing impatient of so long an interrogatory on so cold a day, the chilly breezes of which had already dislodged a portion of powder from his cauliflower head.

"At what hour is Mr. Osalez likely to be at home?"—inquired the overjoyed Basil.—

"I really can't take upon me to say, Sir. His time of returning from the city is very uncertain."

Young Annesley longed to hazard an inquiry what especial business or calling took him habitually to the city; but destitute of pretext for such impertinent curiosity, he found nothing better to say than that he would call again,—nothing better to do than to slink away;—leaving the dignified butler of opinion that he had been summoned from his afternoon doze in the pantry (or more probably before the dining-room fire, with the *Morning Herald* in his hand by way of a screen) to very little purpose, and by a very suspicious young gentleman.

Meanwhile, scarcely had Basil reached the corner of the street, when there drove past him, at a brisk pace, a plain but handsome chariot, to which he should have scarcely raised his eyes in Arlington Street; but which, in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, assumed something of an aristocratic grace,—nay, as it glanced along, he caught a glimpse of a head within, which, but for the impossibility of such a transition,—he could have sworn to be that of A. O.—

"The old man's face is running in my head,"—said he, vexed at his own folly: "and like Sir Thomas Browne, when writing upon quincunxes, I descry one in every object in nature.—Not an old clothesman passes me, but I fancy I can trace a resemblance to Abednego!—And now to be equally struck by the likeness of the proprietor of a pair of horses worth four hundred guineas, to a man who grudges himself a hackney coach!"

At that moment, however, he recalled to mind his collision with a similar carriage, when driving with Blencowe opposite to Hatchell's nearly a month before; and the assertion of his companion that it's solitary inmate was none other than the renowned A. O.!

He had half a mind to return and verify the fact; but already, while pursuing his train of recollections, and trying to recall to mind whether he had actually seen the face of the Money-lender in the brown chariot, on the day in question, he had reached half way across Russell Square; and by the time he retraced his steps into Bernard Street, the carriage had disappeared.—He had not courage to reconfront the portly butler in order to ascertain

whether in the interim it had deposited its inmate at the door of Mr. Osalez.

Moreover, he had a commission to execute for Wilberton at Lawrence's, concerning the progress of a new dressing-box, the building of which had only reached the second story, requiring him to be in Bond Street at a certain hour, to meet a workman who was to receive orders concerning the admeasurement of the compartments; and there was no time to lose.

Still, the subject nearest his heart was not forgotten amid the perplexities of patent hinges, and the shades of green morocco or purple velvet;—and after taking a sandwich and glass of sherry at the Club, and asking every one in vain for news, to carry back to the ark from which he had been permitted to escape, he sent for Wilberton's cab, which he had promised to drive back to the Tower, and prepared for departure.

"Surely," argued Basil with himself, with singular disregard to metropolitan topography,—"it would make little difference were I to drive round by Russell Square, and *so* along the City Road?—I feel that I shall not sleep till I have cut through the heart of this perplexing mystery."

It is surprising how vaguely we admeasure distances, when they regard the legs and horses of other people. Having convinced himself that he was taking *almost* the nearest way, by half-past five o'clock, Basil was dashing along through the lighted streets, towards Bernard Street, Russell Square; and emboldened by a couple of glasses of sherry, he desired Wilberton's tiger to knock at the door before which he checked his horse, and inquire whether "Mr. Osalez were at home."

A footman in a plain livery now appeared to reinforce the butler; and who having answered in the affirmative, Basil had no alternative but to jump out and follow the servant, who was already preceding him to the drawing-room with the name he had received from the tiger, up the richly-carpeted and well-lighted stairs. Basil's heart almost quailed, as he followed his pilot in this vague voyage of discovery. How was it *possible* that THIS could be the new abode of A. O.? All was as well established and regular as if the proprietor were already a grandfather, succeeding in name of inheritance to a grandfather of his own.

The door of the drawing-room being now thrown open, and the name of "Mr. Annesley" articulately announced, there was no receding; and struck by the unusual gleam of light within, it occurred to Basil, that the rooms were prepared for á dinner-party, and that he passed with the servants for one of the guests!

Nor was he mistaken. On clearing the threshold, he perceived that half a dozen grave-looking gentlemen were assembled round the fire-place;—one or two seated in cozy arm-chairs,—one or two standing chatting together upon the hearth-rug. He would have given worlds to retreat!—Never had he felt himself so complete an intruder!—Not a face in the room,—all of which were turned towards him,—had he ever beheld in his life!—

Nevertheless, the servants had now retired, closing the door behind them; while he looked around in indescribable dismay, hoping to determine, from the attitude of the persons present, which of them was the master of the house, to whom his apologies were due. But a dead silence had followed the announcement of his name; and no one seemed more particularly surprised than the rest at his joining the party.

At length this portion of the mystery was explained. A solemn-looking old gentlemen with a high narrow forehead, a pair of nankeen shorts and discoloured white silk stockings, many degrees inferior in external presentment to the butler, stepped graciously forward from the rug to the carpet, to announce to the confused young man,—that "Mr. Osalez would make his appearance in a moment,—having had letters of importance to answer, after his return from the city."

Annesley bowed and tried to be thankful. At all events, he judged that it would be better to await the coming of the master of the house and make apologies to him, than to hurry through explanations unintelligible and unimportant to the guests, and sneak off with the air of a detected pickpocket. He had time, therefore, to examine the apartment; which though simply was richly furnished;—with two or three striking pictures and two or three noble bronzes by way of ornament.—The conversation his arrival had interrupted was now resumed, though little to his advantage—for not a syllable uttered by the five elderly gentlemen conveyed the smallest meaning to his ear!—It was a mystery of which he did not possess the key;—being neither more nor less than the jargon of bankers and stock-brokers!

Not daring to seat himself, he stood, hat in hand, awaiting the opening of the door, and wishing himself fifty fathoms under the foundations of the White Tower, or anywhere else, rather than a drawing-room in Bernard Street, Russell Square. Had there been women present, he would have felt less embarrassed; the tact and courtesy of the sex readily supplying excuses for the indiscretion of one of his age and appearance.—But those five solemn old men in their knee-breeches and buckled shoes,—their white side curls or bald crowns,—amounted to the awful.—He would as soon have interrupted a solemnization of the priests of Isis and Osiris in the Great Pyramid.

At length, a step approached the drawing-room door;—and though Basil's blood ran cold with nervousness, his cheeks glowed with blushes as the door opened, and the master of the house made his appearance!

"I have a thousand apologies to offer you, gentlemen," said a voice which yielded instant confirmation to the astounding conviction which a first glance had produced in the mind of Basil,—"I have a thousand apologies to offer you!—a messenger from Downing Street was awaiting me on my return.—I fear I have appeared very long. But dinner will be served in a moment."

Mr. Osalez now shook hands in turn with his elderly guests, addressing to each some distinguishing word of compliment. When it came to the turn of Basil to be noticed, the young man's heart sank within him. He was prepared for a start of surprise

—a sarcastic reproof!—It did not occur to him that, his name having been already privately announced to his host by the servants, no surprise, at least, would be manifested.—So far, however, from hearing the sarcasms he had anticipated, even his apologies were forestalled by the well-bred courtesy of Mr. Osalez.

"I rejoice to see you, my dear Annesley," said he. "You must leave it to *me* to apologize to my old friends here, for your appearance among them in your morning dress,—my invitation, I know, reached you too late this evening, to admit of your dressing to join our party. You have shown, indeed, far higher breeding than myself,—by preferring your own discomfort to keeping others waiting."

So perfect was the self-possession of A. O. while uttering this explanation, that Basil was for a moment really posed to determine whether he might not really have been invited, and the letter of invitation missed him.

"Believe me, I had not the smallest intention of intruding upon your party—" he was beginning. But Osalez stopped him short. "I have sent away your cabriolet till eight o'clock," said he—"that hour will, I believe, admit of your returning in time to the Tower."

There was something so collected and so positive in the manner of his host, that Basil, seeing at once he was resolved to detain him, conceived that the best thing he could do for the furtherance of his own objects, was to coincide in the decision of his extraordinary friend. He had no leisure for deliberation, indeed, for at that moment dinner was announced; and on proceeding to the warm and comfortable dining-room, he saw that a seventh cover had been added to the richly-laid, round table.

Never had Basil felt more embarrassed than on taking his place!—Never had he felt more thoroughly out of place!—Those grave-looking old men,—the mysterious host, who, by his composed manner of disposing of him, seemed to possess some preternatural influence over his destinies.—But by degrees the influence of light and warmth, capital wines, and an excellent dinner, exercised their genial influence on soul and body. Basil had been accustomed to feast with the great. The tables of the Duke of Rochester and Lord Maitland, of both of whom he had been of late a frequent guest, were cited by the world as uniting all that a *cordon bleu*, a first rate French cook, Italian confectioner, and German *maître d'hôtel*, could produce in the way of *savoir vivre*.—But it struck him that he had never seen fish, flesh, and fowl, in such exquisite perfection as now; and it amused him not a little to hear the venerable gentlemen treat of such matters, not only with the intense *gusto* invariably attributed by old books to Aldermen, (a proof among many others that we derive our civilisation from the East,) but as though the city were the fountain-head of the good things of this world; and that Billingsgate, Smithfield, and Farringdon, despatched to the West End only their refuse produce, after dedicating the finest to the heavier purses of the aristocracy of Guildhall. He had not been accustomed in Arlington Street to hear turtle and venison treated of as things unknown, in perfection, on the Western side of Temple Bar!

But it was not the mere gastronomy of the dinner that warmed his heart. It was most edifying to see the grave faces of the six old gentlemen relax under the influence of that convivial atmosphere. Warmed by the stimulus of wine, such as never before had reached his lips, (the juice of the grape pure from the wine-press of the sunny South, mellowed only by the hand of time, instead of the drugged and fiery decoctions to which messes and Clubs had habituated his palate!) they soon expanded into cheerfulness;—and he had occasion to note the difference between the man of intelligence and information unfolding his stores under such influence, and the empty noise produced by similar excitement upon his usual companions.—You might as well have attempted to intoxicate an exciseman's guage, as produce more than a certain effect on the well-seasoned brains of these good livers of half a century's experience. With *them*, the opener of the heart and mind served only to bring out, with freer expansion, their prodigious stores of knowledge of the world.

And what a world!—How illimitably did Basil's horizon seem to expand as he listened. Hitherto his notions of "the world" might have been geographically defined as "bounded on the North by Marylebone,—on the South by Lambeth,—the East by St. Martin's Lane,—the West by Kensington Gardens." But he now heard America and China familiarly talked of as lying within the ring-fence of the kingdom of Mammon!—India seemed regarded as a home-farm by these old gentlemen; and the spice islands were their flower-gardens!—Their caravans were traversing the wilderness, like the private post of some lordly establishment. As to Europe,—poor, common-place, domestic Europe,—each of them had his courier galloping homewards from Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin—like Horse Guards' *estafettes*, trotting backwards and forwards to Hampton Court or Hounslow.—As to Paris, it was a toy—a snuff-box, that seemed to lie in their waistcoat pocket!

While these facts were gradually transpiring, not in the way of vaunt but the course of conversation, Basil naturally expected that a triumphant glance of the eye from Abednego would furtively intimate to him—"Behold! these are the kings of whom I spake!—the Kings of Tarsus and Epirus, of Tyre and Sidon,—these are the master-hands that move the wires of kingly puppets,—these are the mainsprings of aristocratic action,—these are they without whom privy-councils and parliaments might mouth and gibber in vain,—these are the veritable monarchs who make peace and war;—these are the potentates who created the independence of America, who rendered France a citizen kingdom,—and would do as much for the British empire, had peer-ridden England the smallest taste for enfranchisement."

But not a look—not a word—not a syllable,—implied peculiar significance or understanding between himself and his host.—He probably passed, to those elderly sovereigns, as some protégé to whom Osalez deigned to extend no more than the protect-

ing notice of admitting him occasionally to his board; and each in succession took wine with him in the encouraging manner with which they would have patronised a school-boy at home for the holidays. They refrained not from their usual discourse in mistrust of the presence of this one accidental stranger; neither did they seek to find in him *more* than a listener; but continued to treat of kings and ministers in all quarters of the globe,—as so many implements for coining in the hands of those real masters of the world,—the money-mongers of its various exchanges.

It was interesting, however, to young Annesley to perceive that there was nothing of assumption or braggarty in their self-assertion. In the House of Commons, in the Clubs, at the convivial meetings of the West End, he had been often disgusted by the tone of flippancy or bullying assumed whenever the deferences of life were laid aside. But here, all was decorous as in the Upper House with the Bench of Bishops and the Woolsack as dead weights upon the buoyancy of human nature. It was the magnanimous exercise of power, like the quiet lifting of an elephant's trunk to sport with the child it might, if angered, encoil and crush. These great financial operators, whose electric wires communicated from one end of the world to the other, would as soon have thought of jesting over the bankruptcy of kingdoms, or the necessities of princes, of which they were treating,—as the Home Department would think of perpetrating a pun over a death-warrant!

Still less, however, were they grave or pompous; and many an amusing anecdote transpired connected with the statesmen or measures of the day, that might have told less well elsewhere, but derived peculiar charm from the authenticity certified by the *genius loci*.

For Annesley was beginning to understand with whom he was dipping in the dish.—The names by which he heard his companions mutually addressed, were those he knew to be attached to loans and other gigantic financial operations, and saw announced by the papers as having audiences of the Chancellor of the Exchequer;—men whose names, inscribed on a sheet of paper, create a railroad that is to facilitate the intercommunication of kingdoms,—an Argentine Republic, a county hospital, or an insurrection in Cochin China!

Over a dessert, the forced fruit, lime-ice, and Château Laffitte of which would have caused the Duke of Rochester's eyes to glisten, the host and his most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors of guests, sat gossipping of the State affairs of the world, as though their little synod constituted the privy-council of the universe. They talked of the politics of Europe as men talked of the tactics of a game of chess, over which they have the disposal;—of sovereigns, as if in their degrees the ivory or ebony or box-wood pieces of the board. The identity of such privileged portions of human nature was evidently unimportant to their calculations.—There was no Nicholas,—no Francis,—no Frederick William to the high-priest of Mammon; but in their places, Prussia, Hardenberg and Co.,—Austria, Metternich and Co.,—Russia, Nesselrode and Co.—Of money itself, under the august name of CAPITAL, they treated as he had never heard it treated before,—as an end and not a mean;—and millions sounded in their mouths less than the pennies, or even the pounds, he was accustomed to hear betted elsewhere. In the arguments of that singular coterie, there was matter to drive thrice as many Political Economists to distraction!—

In the midst of the discussion, young Annesley could not forbear reverting with a degree of amazement, amounting almost to the ludicrous, to the sense of compassion with which he had, so short a time before, accosted the old beggar-man of Paulet Street; and the terrors with which, in his necessity for a paltry loan of £300, he had undergone his cross-examination in Greek Street, Soho, in presence of the redoubtable A. O.!

CHAPTER XII.

The pleasantries with which Basil Annesley had been of late persecuted by his brother officers concerning his unaccountable intimacy with and predilection for the notorious Money-lender, would unquestionably have been renewed on the evening of the day in question, could they have surmised the series of strange events which brought him back flushed and agitated to the Tower, a few seconds before the expiration of the garrison hour.—But he offered no explanations; and having two or three important pieces of political news to communicate, (acquired among the prophets of the Stock Exchange,) besides an anecdote of the Dowager Colonel's having fallen on his nose behind the scenes of one of the theatres, to the displacement of his hat, wig, and proboscis,—they let him off without much severity of cross-examination, and scarcely a single reproach.

It was not till alone, and in the silence of the night, that Basil began to inquire of himself whether all that had of late befallen him, were not the unreal mockery of a dream;—whether there really existed either an Abednego the Money-lender, or a high-bred and luxurious banker or stock-broker, or bill-broker, named Osalez.

Perplexed by his reflections and fevered by unusual excess, he was unable to close his eyes; or if he closed them for a moment it was to be further derided and perplexed by the confused dreams of indigestion; wherein his mother and Esther were intermingled with the dying man in the old attic in Westminster, and the Jew usurer who had relieved his pecuniary difficulties and bestowed upon him the richest treasure in his possession.

Nor did the morning sun bring its usual comfort and enlightenment.—The more he reflected on these mysteries, the more they appeared to darken.—He had lost all confidence in his own powers of perception,—in his own powers of volition.—This strange man,—this *ignis fatuus*,—this Djinn,—this mysterious influence,—appeared to enfold his destinies as with the coil of a Boa-constrictor, and the capability of crushing him at will;—and under this persuasion, endured in solitary irritation day after day, the health of Basil, which had been almost reëstablished, again began to give way. He was soon confined to his room,—wanting either

power or inclination to cross the drawbridge: nor was this any source of regret to him.—Denied access to the house of Verelst—too proud to seek it again,—to that of a man whom he now recognised as rich and powerful, and on whom he had the claim of benefits conferred,—he had not the smallest inclination to quit his retirement.

It was a severe season.—Though the Spring was approaching, a six-weeks' frost filled the clubs of St. James's Street with hunting men, and augmented the wisdom and divisions of parliament with the number of its county members; yet Basil was perfectly satisfied to remain day after day in his quarters.—To beguile his *ennui*, he took opportunity to renew, as Esther had often entreated him, his study of the German language, which, since his departure from Heidelberg, he had suffered to grow rusty. For he had been struck, at his dinner in Bernard Street, with the advantage which those puissant old men seemed to derive from their familiarity with modern languages.—French, Italian, German, were familiar to them as English; (a circumstance strongly indicative of their own foreign origin;) and they appeared to verify the axiom of Charles V., that "so many languages as a man possesses, so many times is he a man."

It was in vain his brother officers reviled him by the name of "sap," and protested that Nancy was going to advertise for a place as finishing-governess. He adhered to his seclusion and submitted to be thought a bore rather than join in pleasures for which he had lost all inclination.

The insight he had incidentally obtained from A. O. into the prospects of Wilberton and John Maitland, rendered it doubly disagreeable to him to see them indulging in habits of expense unsuited to their means; and as they refused to listen to his remonstrances, and at first replied to them with repartees concerning the views and principles he was contracting among his Jewish associates, which he was compelled to silence by a serious explanation, there was nothing for it but to adhere to his own pursuits, and pass for a churl.

Meanwhile, fatal confirmation was yielded to the predictions of his mysterious friend, by an announcement which, some weeks afterwards, appeared in the morning papers,—that,—"The Duke of Rochester, having broken up his establishment at Rochester House and Wilberton Castle, was about to proceed to Italy, where his Grace's family intended to reside for a period of some years."

The news produced considerable emotion in the fashionable circles!—not indeed the expatriation of the Duke and Duchess of Rochester, for whom personally people cared no more than for any other hospitable duke and duchess. But the loss of Rochester House and Wilberton Castle was a serious injury to those innumerable butterfly friends who had found, in his Grace's rent-roll of fifty thousand per annum, a gratuitous source of enjoyment.—As Abednego had judiciously observed to Basil during his attendance in Delahaye Street, it was no wonder that so *very* popular a man should become a bankrupt; since, to ensure what is called popularity to a duke with fifty thousand a-year, it is absolutely indispensable that he should expend a hundred thousand.

In a society so limited as that in which Basil was living, and which included also one between whom and the dukedom of Rochester there interposed only a couple of lives, such an occasion as this public announcement could not fail to produce frequent and most disagreeable reference to Jews and money-lenders; or still oftener, and still more disagreeably, a sudden cessation of such references, in compliment to his presence.—It was not indeed for young Annesley to become the advocate of Abednego, or take up the line of argument in his defence which the Money-lender had himself assumed in treating of the extravagance of the Rochesters; nay,—since he had become so strangely an eye-witness of the wealth and transformations of this mysterious individual, mistrust was beginning to diminish even his own partiality. Still he experienced sufficient gratitude and sufficient interest in his favour, to feel the deepest regret at finding him exposed to general obloquy.

The premature newspaper announcement of the Duke of Rochester's intended departure, produced of course the measure it purported to prognosticate. Beset by claimants who, so long as his credit laboured only under an imputation of "done up," had refrained from molesting him in the hope of tempting him to add a few hundreds or thousands to the amount of demands they were certain of establishing with legal interest against his estate, his Grace was now compelled to bid a precipitate adieu to the London world, which shines upon us, like the moon, only so long as the sun of our prosperity reflects brightness upon its face; and the original inauthentic announcement of his intended departure, was shortly followed up by an authentic auctioneer's advertisement, setting forth, in periods uniting the sesquipedalian pomposity of Johnson with the efflorescence of Hafiz and a whole column of the *Morning Post*, the details of a sale of the effects of "a distinguished nobleman recently removed to the continent." Rochester House, Wilberton Castle, and their heir-looms, were of course inviolable; but the furniture of the former, including an unique collection of articles of *virtù*, had been seized by the creditors and was now on view; described, for the gratification of vulgar curiosity, in advertisements and catalogues, with a waste of pomp, circumstance, and ignorant diffuseness, serving to prove that what is called the Public must have a prodigious portion of leisure to read and stare.

One morning, about a fortnight previous to the expiration of his service at the Tower, a fine morning towards the close of March, which might have been mistaken for a sunny April day, tempted Basil Annesley and Maitland to boat it to the West End; where the chief interest and object of the former consisted in obtaining a glimpse of the house where Esther resided,—occasionally leaving a card at the door, with inquiries after the health of the family; in order to prove that, if excluded from their society, he had not become unmindful of their welfare.

Having fulfilled this chivalrous duty, while Maitland proceeded to Arlington Street in search of letters, (the family of Lord Maitland having

profited by his being quartered at the Tower to refresh themselves for the London season by a few weeks' sojourn at Brighton,) they met again at the Club, and found that they had still an idle hour to dispose of.—Tennis presented itself as the readiest resource; but on hastening to the court, it proved to be engaged for the remainder of the morning: and in order to get rid of themselves on the easiest terms, Maitland proposed that they should saunter into Rochester House, which was open to public view, preparatory to the sale of the furniture.—A crowd of carriages of course obstructed the court-yard; for if, as La Rochefoucault assures us, there is something in the sight of the disasters of our friend which is not unpleasing to us, the fact is never more strongly exemplified than in the haste with which London idlers scamper to a peremptory sale of the effects of some fashionable bankrupt, at whose expense they have been long entertained.

The rooms were crowded, even to suffocation;—almost as crowded and almost as suffocating as for the assemblies and balls of the "popular" Duchess of Rochester;—and Maitland and Annesley, who had only a short time to allot to their visit, began to fear that they should be detained at the head of the stairs till their hour was expired.—Just, however, as Maitland was expressing this opinion to his companion, Basil found himself plucked by the sleeve by one of the auctioneer's men in charge of the furniture, who had mounted guard behind the marble pedestal of a magnificent bronze figure of Mercury, brandishing a candelabrum for a caduceus, which stood in the lobby.

"Schlip in behind here, Shir," said the man, "and I'll show ye a crosh-cut into the mushic room, that'll get ye shafe through the crowdsh."

And suiting the action to the word, the man opened a small door in the wall behind him, leading into a small passage; to mask the entrance of which, the placing of the niche and statue had probably been devised.

"Another Jewish friend of yours, eh, Nan?"—cried Maitland, when, at the end of the small and deserted corridor in question, they found themselves, by passing another masked door opening behind a chamber organ, in the music room;—and while Basil attempted to laugh off the favour shown him, which he was as much at a loss to explain as Maitland himself, the men in charge of the rooms, conceiving by the privilege they enjoyed, that the two intruders *must* be personages of signal mark and distinction, began to overwhelm them with such obsequiousness of service that they were glad to escape into the adjoining picture-gallery.

"By Jove! there's Lady Winterfield coquetting it away with the young Marquis, in the prettiest French bonnet I ever saw," cried Maitland,—with as little interest in the master-pieces contained in the gallery, as he had formerly experienced when visiting the spot as the guest of the Duke of Rochester. "Come along, Nan, and let us interrupt the courtship!—It will be famous fun!"—

Basil, however, was firmly rooted to the examination of the pictures.

"We may never have occasion to see these *chef d'ouvres* again!" said he.

"If we don't,—what the deuce signifies?—But we *shall* see them again. Some fool or other of our acquaintance will be sure to buy the best of them!—So, there's a good fellow,—come!"

But in spite of all his persuasions, Annesley remained immoveable. Among the pictures were three or four that claimed his earnest and startled attention, from the singular fact of having seen them in progress on the easel of Verelst. Above all, there was a pair of battle-pieces which could only have been very recently purchased by the unthrifty duke or finished by the needy artist; for one of them contained the identical design of the broken bridge, (though the figures were portrayed in costumes of the middle ages,) of which he had watched the original design start to life under the pencil of Verelst!

With eager interest, he instantly referred to the catalogue; and to his surprise and indignation, found each of the pictures in question assigned to some ancient master!—the pair in question was boldly attributed to no less a hand than that of Salvator Rosa!—

"Infamous!"—burst involuntarily from his lips,—and he was about to disclose to his companion the grounds of his indignation, as a further instance of the often-reviled impositions of auctions and auctioneers,—when Maitland impelled him forward for the amiable purpose of frustrating Lady Winterfield's flirtation.

To return to the charge, or even to return to the picture, was out of the question: they were now inextricably involved in the vortex of fashionable sight-seers, and compelled to add their confirmation to the luminous truism which had a hundred times escaped hundreds of lips, in that gallery that very day: *i. e.* "What a horrible crowd!"

A little reflection determined Basil to postpone, till the morrow, a more deliberate verification of the imposture of which he was himself convinced; and he consequently acceded to Maitland's request when, having reached the end of the gallery without exciting the slightest token of vexation on the part of the fashionable widow, he proposed that they should escape from the throng they had been surveying in lieu of the articles of *virtù* forming their ostensible attraction to the spot, and make the best of their way home to dinner, while time and tide permitted.

"What a devil of a show up!" was the amiable apostrophe of Maitland, on quitting the court-yard. "I'm sorry for Rochester, because he was really a deuced good fellow. He regularly mounted me for six weeks last hunting season, when I went down to the castle with Wilberton—ay, and capitally too!—Milton couldn't have done it better.—And then, he plays the best game of picquet in England,—that is,—the best or nearly the best!—I'm really deuced sorry for him."

"I am still more sorry for his family,"—observed Basil. "His family are growing up; and it is a hard thing for his daughters."

"Ay—they have your friend A. O. to thank, I suspect, for this disgusting publicity of the sale."—

"It is not the *sale* for which I pity them, but the occasion of it,"—observed Basil.

"It wouldn't much surprise me if there were the same sort of crash at our house one fine day or other," resumed Maitland, pursuing as if half unconsciously his own train of reflections.—"I've good reason to know that my father is cursedly dipped; and he won't give up Newmarket!—Let what will happen, he won't give up Newmarket!—A devil of a look-out for *me*,—and worse still for the younger children. I've gone as far as my conscience or my lawyer's (and I don't know which is blackest!) would let me, in cutting off the entail;—and though the governor and my mother have been badgering me these three months to sanction another mortgage, as to enable them to keep up the war, at least till my sisters are married, my duty to those that come after me (eh?—that's the right text, isn't it, for the No-go of an heir-apparent?) won't allow me to make ducks and drakes of the last few acres of the family property."

Basil Annesley, feeling that his companion was excited by the scene which they had just quitted into somewhat indiscreet revelations, now attempted to turn the conversation; no difficult matter with John Maitland, whose attention,—even when matters so serious were concerned as the ruin of his family—was only too easily distracted.—The transition from the heated atmosphere of Rochester House to the stirring breezes of the river, soon dispersed every shade of reflection from his countenance.

It was some days before Basil Annesley's course of regimental duty admitted of his revisiting the West End; and a whole week elapsed before he was sufficiently master of his time to return to Rochester House.—Even then, he had some difficulty in accomplishing his object. But there was not a moment to be lost.—The sale had been several days in progress; and on arriving at the door, he found that the pictures concerning which he was so deeply interested, were included in the allotment of that very day.—

No carriages *now* encumbered the courtyard. There were a few led horses and grooms at the stand, always to be seen near the Houses of Parliament about six o'clock, and an odd-looking gig or two. But the greater portion of the courtyard was encumbered with carts, trucks, and hand-barrows, removing articles of furniture sold the preceding day.

The sale of the pictures was proceeding in the gallery itself; and while still in the vestibule, Basil could distinctly hear the sonorous and defying voice of Hummins the auctioneer, and the strokes of his hammer,—duly succeeded by the loud clamour of the crowded assembly on the adjudgment of succeeding lots.

Basil cast an anxious glance round the assemblage.—If the truth must be told, he was horribly afraid of descrying among them the face now familiar to him through its varied disguises; either in the squalid array of a Jew broker, or stationed, polished and gentlemanly, among the noted connoisseurs of the day; most of whom, glass in hand or spectacles on nose, were present, busied either in detecting blemishes in the works of art, or pointing out errors of description in the Catalogue, with a view to cheapening the pictures for which they intended to become competitors:—sallow dukes, whose galleries were already stocked to overflowing, —*parvenu* millionaires, buying their way to worldly distinction,—country baronets, who regarded a fashionable auction as an indispensable ingredient to their season in London,—a few real amateurs, ever on the field to profit by the ignorance of others, and purchase a *chef d'œuvre*, when occasion presented itself, at the cost of a copy,—a still more limited number on the watch to purchase objects too high in value for general competition, as a safe investment of capital;—and, in the proportion of ten to one to all these,—the usual rabble of an auction-room,—picture-dealers, brokers, Jews, pickpockets, with an auxiliary force of unmeaning idlers, to increase the heat and confusion of the scene.

Two of Verelst's pictures had been disposed of before Basil Annesley entered the gallery; and, as far as he could understand from the dealers around him, at high prices,—the one as a Baroccio, the other as an Annibal Carracci, to a gentleman who, having recently inherited an enormous fortune, was making himself master of pictures, race-horses, and public contumely, at the cost of twenty thousand a-year.

The battle-pieces were just about to be put up; and Basil felt miserably nervous at the idea of hearing described as "matchless works of art," and perhaps sold at the price of such, creations which the poor living artist had drudged to produce for the remuneration of sign-paintings.—Nor was he deceived.—The auctioneer seemed disposed to exceed himself in his premonitory flourish concerning these "gems of art,"—the pride of the Rochester collection!

"The possession from which the noble owner had torn himself with the deepest regret in quitting England," he said, "was the well-known picture gallery which he had formed with so much pains, judgment, and cost: and which it was a scandal to the country that Parliament had not purchased *en masse* for the National Gallery. But of all his Grace's valuable, or rather *in*valuable pictures, it was well known that the accomplished and discriminating duke prized none more highly than his pair of Salvators!"

A few of the more discerning amateurs answered to this exordium with a grunt; unwilling to hazard further depreciation, in order that the monied ignoramuses might throw away their capital on pictures secure from *their* wiser competition; so as to leave them without means for the prizes; and when the flowery auctioneer pointedly addressed himself to a nobleman distinguished among cognoscenti, to place the upset price of these "matchless Salvators," without receiving any encouragement in return for the liberty, it was a strange voice from a distant part of the assembly that boldly named £120.

The auctioneer affected indignation, and inquired whether he were "indeed selling one of the most celebrated collections in the wealthy capital of the most enlightened country in the world?"—upon which piece of John Bullish clap-trap, a country Baronet, touched to the quick of his patriotism, added five sovereigns to the bid, which a Jew broker in the pay of the auctioneer, instantly converted into guineas.

The strange voice from the other extremity of the room, now bid £135 for the pair; and by a dexterous compliment to the spirit and discernment of the country Baronet, this was soon raised by Hummins to £140; and a competition thus established, the bidding went on briskly, and more briskly still; till at length, the incomparable Salvators were on the point of being knocked down to the proprietor of a hundred thousand pounds'-worth of copies and broken-down racers, for 275 guineas.—"Two hundred and eighty!" cried a voice from that portion of the crowd most encumbered with dealers and brokers; and after some further sparring, to the amount of about twenty guineas, the unseen competitor was declared victor.

The auctioneer looked surprised, or to borrow an expressive Americanism,—consternated.—He had done his utmost to spur on the *nouveau riche* to a further bid, but to no purpose. He was not to be bullied or cajoled a guinea further.—It is probable, by the way, that the proprietor of that "winged voice," though invisible to others, as the cuckoo to an unpractised eye, was perfectly known to Hummins; for the auctioneers of London are as notoriously cognizant of the *names* and natures of the apparent strangers who frequent their sales, as a shepherd individualizing every sheep in his flock.

Having witnessed all he wished to see, Basil was about to quit the gallery, desirous only to certify further the name of the rash purchaser.—Having reached a table at the farther end of the gallery, on which, in the midst of the greatest noise and confusion, a clerk was making entries, he interrupted his labours for a moment to inquire the name of the gentleman to whom the lot 347 had been knocked down.

"Do you wish to purchase, Sir?"—said the clerk, without raising his eyes from the paper.—"Here, Nathan!—Nathan Herz!—a gentleman who wants to speak to you about the Salvators."

A shabby-looking individual, who was now pressing forward among the bidders in the sale that was again proceeding, turned round at this apostrophe,—exclaiming "A shentleman vantsh to purshash?"—when Basil was inexpressibly startled on recognising in this man, who was simply one of the Jew brokers assembled together in a knot at that end of the room, at once the individual who, on a former occasion, had forwarded Maitland and himself through the private door into the music-room,—and the bearded Levite whom he had found in possession of the house in Delahaye Street, Westminster, the former residence of A. O.!

"I have something to say to you in private about those Salvators," said Basil, half unwilling to address so uninviting a personage, and lowering his voice so as to be unheard by the clerk.

"Dey are not for shale, ma tear,"—replied the Jew, evidently desirous to escape the interview.

"I do not want to buy them. They have been put up under a false description."

"Yesh, yesh—no mattersh—I ashk no questions," persisted the Jew, struggling with the crowd to get away.

"But since I am able to inform you—" Basil was beginning.

"You can tell noshing, I promish, ma tear young shentlemans, but I don't know better than yourshelf!"—replied the broker. And before Annesley had time for a rejoinder, the fellow had disappeared.

"After all, what plea have I for moving in the business?"—argued Basil with himself, as, disappointed, heated, and excited, he drove back through the city to the Tower.—"The better way will be to write to Verelst, and inform him of the exact state of the case, leaving him to act as he thinks proper. Shut up in his studio as he is, from one month's end to the other, the public disposal of these pictures will never reach his ears.—Besides, my letter may perhaps serve as a renewal of intercourse with the family."

On arriving at home, and before he had time to fulfil or even confirm his purpose, a note was placed in his hands by his servant; sealed with an antique, and having the look of a fashionable invitation; yet, but for the elegance of its form, Basil would have pronounced the handwriting to be that of the Money-lender. On tearing open the envelope, he found simply the following lines:—

"Take no further concern about the pictures!—I know all: and purchased them only to expose the villany of a knave and weakness of a fool.—

"Yours, A. O."

So great was the astonishment of Basil Annesley, that he all but allowed the letter to fall from his hands!—It seemed to him as if he had only that instant quitted the sale!—He had given intimation of his intentions to no human being. Yet already, the omnipresent Osalez had found means to penetrate his views, and to be beforehand with his warning!—*He*, then, was the purchaser of the pictures;—*he* who, from his intimate knowledge of the condition of Verelst and his family, must have been fully aware of their unauthenticity; *he* who, from his gift to Basil of a copy of the Esmeralda, had probably employed the poor painter as a patron!—Recalling to mind the exquisite nature of the works of art he had seen in Bernard Street, Basil could not suppose that the description contained in an auctioneer's Catalogue had for a moment influenced the choice of so critical a judge as A. O.; and at that moment a mortifying suspicion glanced into his mind. Abednego was evidently, in some way or other, in furtherance of some of his petty projects, either in confederacy with, or in authority over, the Jew broker he had seen in possession of the tenement in Delahaye Street; and Annesley knew him to have been mainly instrumental in promoting the ruin and break-up of the Duke of Rochester,—first by his usurious loans, and lastly by his rapacious persecutions.—What if he had been the means of selling these pictures to the would-be connoisseur?—and was therefore eager to get them once more into his possession.

Indignant at the suspicion, or rather, indignant with himself for having conceived it,—Basil resolved to reply by a few lines which he intended to leave in person in Bernard Street; acquainting Mr. Osalez of his resolution to enlighten the mind of Verelst upon a point so essential to his interests as the speculations founded by the picture-dealers upon his imitations of the Ancient Masters.

The following morning, after breakfast, he was quitting the mess-room for the purpose of addressing Verelst,—when Maitland, who was sunning himself, gathered up into the wide window-seat to peruse his favourite *Morning Post*,—suddenly exclaimed —"Hillo, hillo!—you were at the sale yesterday, at Rochester House, weren't you, Nan?"

"Only for a short time."

"And what was your sapient opinion of the pair of Salvators?"

"That they were very fine pictures."

"Come, come!—no hedging!—I mean did you consider them originals?"

Basil's colour rose to his temples at the inquiry.

"Because if you did, my fine fellow,"—resumed Maitland, unable to contain himself when bursting with so grand a secret, "you were among the knowing ones who appear to have been deucedly taken in!—Look here!—Here's a letter from Hummins the auctioneer, apologizing for having been made instrumental to an imposition on the public; and stating that the pair of battle-pieces, forming part of the gallery of his Grace the Duke of Rochester, and yesterday sold as such for the sum of 310 guineas, are the original productions of a German artist, of the name of Verelst, whose works are beginning to acquire considerable value in the trade; and furthermore, that they were purchased as originals by his Grace the Duke of Rochester, for the sum of 1500 guineas, from a picture-dealer of the name of Stubbs, residing in Frith Street, Soho.—Then follows a flourish about Hummins' value for his own reputation, his conscientious discharge of his duties to the public, and so forth.—There!—Read it yourself!—Your *protégé's* fortune is made, it seems. I shouldn't be surprised to find that you bribed Hummins to over-sell the pictures, and paid for the advertisement!—Unless I am much mistaken, Stubbs is the name of one of the ruin-mongers who make a fool of my mother.—The very brute, by the way, who brought no end of annoyances on the family, by endorsing over one of my father's acceptances (to pay for the carved furniture of that accursed suite of *moyenage* rooms at Maitland Park, which I never enter without feeling as if I should catch the Plague) to your Jewish friend Barabbas—the extortioner, A. O.!"

Luckily this taunt was unheard. Basil was now thoroughly absorbed in the perusal of Hummins' letter, the paper containing which, had been handed to him by John Maitland;—and having made himself master of the contents, he pursued his original design, and quitted the room.

Little had he expected, after his long and regretted alienation from the Verelsts, to prove the means of a discovery likely to produce so advantageous a change in their fortunes!—Never had Basil felt so happy. It was a balmy April day; and he ascended with gladsome steps the stone bastion overlooking the river, fancying that he had never before beheld its usually dingy current ripple so gaily in the sun!

The spring was rapidly advancing; and even for those denizens of London, who do not divide the year into three months of season and nine months of blank, the town was beginning to wear a pleasant aspect. Flower-carts and water-carts, jogging side by side through the streets, conveyed to the smoke-dried citizens an idea that, somewhere or other, the sun was shining, and the sky, so murky over their heads, exhibiting the cerulean hue of the poets; and by degrees, the sickly roots of primroses, hawked about in baskets by flower-girls, whose faces bore direful superficial indication of the fact that flesh is dust, gave place to bunches of faded lilacs; destined to be transferred in broken water-jugs to the window-ledges of all the by-ways of the metropolis, as too potent of scent to be borne within.

Even on the weed that clings with pendent streamers to the fœtid depths of a deserted well, once at least in the day the vertical sun sheds its reviving light; and even into the most dismal lodging of the least cheerful capital in Europe, summer infuses for a moment its cheering influence!

The Verelsts were happier now than in the trying winter season. The invalid could be wheeled to the window for change of air; and the girls, when proceeding to give their daily lessons, were less exposed to vicissitudes of weather.

But they had other causes for gladness. The more advantageous bargains made by Verelst under the management and protection of Basil Annesley were beginning to bring forth their fruits. They were getting in some degree above the world; and the comfort of seeing her family better clothed, better fed, and without fear for the morrow, had done more to restore strength and courage to Mrs. Verelst than all the previous advice and medicaments of the physicians.—Moreover, there was prospect of improvement for the little household. Placed at ease by the payment of his military sketches, the artist had ventured to give once more the reins to his imagination in the completion of a picture representing the Johanna von Orleans of Schiller bidding adieu to her native valley; which had been admitted, among cartloads of works of art more or less deserving, to the honour of the Exhibition.—For the twentieth time in his life, therefore, the artist was smoothing the plumage of new-fledged Hope,—a bird of promise which, like the Phœnix, has the faculty of giving birth from its ashes to a successor fresh and fair as the one of recent extinction.

The girls, meanwhile, had been objects of unusual solicitude to the good Branzinis; who, the longer they were acquainted with the gentle dispositions of the accomplished governess of their children, became more and more convinced of the high distinctions of the humble family; and delighted in every occasion of brightening their joyless existence.

Still, these music-parties,—these operas,—these cheerful little dinners,—though accepted with gratitude by Mrs. Verelst for her daughters, were far from affording pleasure to Esther and Salome, now that there was no longer a chance of meeting Basil Annesley. To *them*, his disappearance from among them was fraught with mystery. They knew nothing of his being quartered in the Tower; they knew nothing of their father's letter, or

interdictions; and though accidentally apprized that their former friend appeared from time to time at the door with inquiries after the health of their mother, this total change in their habits of intercourse increased rather than diminished their surprise. Salome's frank expressions of regret at his absence had produced from her parents the most chilling reproof; and ever since, by tacit consent of all parties, the subject was dropped.

The lodgings inhabited by the Verelsts were of such circumscribed dimensions that the two girls slept in a small room within that of their mother, upon whom they took it in turns to attend, by day and night; so that there was no opportunity for those sisterly confidences which, in more splendid households, are the origin of such wanton waste of time and sensibility.—Nevertheless, Esther sometimes found a moment to whisper to Salome that it was strange Basil should so suddenly have withdrawn his interest from them; just as, occasionally, Salome found means to express to Esther her wonderment whether it would ever enter into her father's plans to return to Germany; and whether, even if they went back to their beloved Heidelberg, they might not find the Count von Ehrenstein a happy husband and father; and satisfied that, by the gift of Albert Durer's sketch-book to his old master, he had dissevered all ties of gratitude or affection with the family once so dear to him.—Each sister offered, indeed, to the other such consolation as her philosophy suggested; but both agreed that Basil's voluntary absence arose from scruples of conscience suggesting the danger of encouraging sentiments of mutual attachment, which could only end in disappointment and remorse.

Such was the position of their affairs, and such the monotonous tenor of their existence,—(unconnected with the passing events of the day by even the perusal of a newspaper, unless occasionally at the house of the Neapolitan consul,)—when one morning, as the artist was standing absorbed before a new canvass, on which he was beginning to sketch, with some enthusiasm, the rude outline of a new historical picture, he was roused from his reverie by a slight touch on the shoulder, and found that a stranger was standing behind him:—a man of simple but gentlemanly exterior, who, unobserved by the artist, had been introduced into the room by the servant on the plea of business with her master.

"I have the pleasure, I believe, of addressing Mr. Verelst," said he, "whom I have had more difficulty in tracing out, than ought to have been the case with the painter of such works as those I see around me."

As he spoke, the visiter glanced towards the two pictures from the *Nibelungen Lied*, which still occupied their post of disgrace against the wall;—and the poor simple artist who, from the seclusion of his habits of life, was becoming daily less and less a man of the world, felt so puzzled by hearing compliments addressed to himself by a man of such courtly manners, stood gazing in amazement, as if puzzled to determine whether he were not the victim of a mystification.

"I have reason to imagine," resumed the stranger, "that a painting which I bought nearly a year since, of a picture-dealer of the name of Stubbs, (representing the Marriage of Cana,) as the work of Poussin, is in reality a production of your pencil,—and though I plead guilty to having been the dupe of my own ignorance in the purchase,—(for after all the detection of the fraud rested with myself)—it grieves me much to believe that, of the price I paid for it, (four hundred guineas,) perhaps not a tenth part reached the hands of the admirable artist with whom it originated."

"Not a *twentieth* part!"—rejoined Verelst, with a smile. "I remember the picture only too well.—I had grounded great expectations upon it;—but was forced, by the necessities of my family, to sell it at a moment's notice for a paltry ten-pound note!"

"Ten pounds!"—reiterated the stranger, shrugging his shoulders. "The rogue,—the robber!—I had a hard matter to get it from him at less than the five hundred guineas he originally asked me.—I have bought many other pictures of him, at high prices, of some of which perhaps you may be able to indicate the true origin, which I am now beginning to suspect as bringing sad discredit upon my connoisseurship.—With this view, Sir, I have been making strenuous efforts to discover your abode. As some inducement to you to accord me the favour of a visit to my collection, I would willingly induce you to bring with you the two noble pictures I see on your hands, if, indeed, the value you set on them be not above my reach."

As he spoke, the courteous customer began to examine with care and interest the pair of pictures, on which the disappointed artist had almost ceased to pride himself, or found expectations of profit.

"I once prized these pictures, as a partial man is too apt to prize his favourite work!" said Verelst, standing beside his visiter to contemplate his neglected pictures.—"I once rated them at a couple of hundred guineas!—But I am sick of the sight of them; and should be glad to dispose of them for a quarter of the sum."

"That were a most unjust self-injury," observed the stranger,—"particularly where the original appraisement was so modest.—On the contrary, I shall be most happy to write you a cheque for the full amount. You are, in fact, doubly entitled to it,—for I have every expectation of obtaining, through your testimony, restitution of the price of my pretended Poussin."

Verelst began to stammer expressions of surprise and thankfulness; but the visiter interrupted him with a request for a pen and ink.

"If you present this draft at Coutts'," said he, offering to Verelst a printed paper he had taken from his pocket-book, "you will find it honoured; after which, I shall ask you the favour to bring the pictures in person to my house."

Verelst, having glanced, as well as his confusion would permit, at the name subscribed to the bottom of the cheque, saw with pride and exultation that it was that of the Marquis of ——; a nobleman honoured by the high estimation of artists and men of letters.

"If you can so arrange your engagements,"

dded the marquis,—interrupting his acknowledgnents, "you would do me an additional favour by bringing them at twelve o'clock; at which hour, you would find a vacant place at my breakfast able, and meet there the gentleman to whom I am ndebted for the discovery of the fraud practised upon me, as well as of your name and address;—an enlightened patron of the arts, doubtless known to you by name,—my friend, Mr. Osalez."

A faint cry bursting from the lips of the artist's wife, intimated at that moment, for the first time, to the marquis, that a third person was present at the interview, and that the easy chair placed beside the open window with its back towards them, contained the emaciated form of Mrs. Verelst, to whose side her husband now rushed in consternation.

Agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions on learning the tide of good fortune which would enable her husband to discharge the obligations, which had weighed so heavily on the minds of both, to the offending Basil, the poor invalid had been unable to control the revulsion of feeling occasioned by the discovery that they were indebted for this overpowering benefit to the interposition of A. O!

LAYS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.—No. IV.

THE INVASION OF KING HACO.—ANNO 1263.

From the ancient warrior land
Haco, lord of Norway, came,
Proud of heart, and strong of hand,
Scotland's Isles in arms to claim.
England, on thy western shore
Be not now the 'larum dumb!
Where the Norsemen raged before,
Thither Norsemen still may come.
Ostmen of Hibernia's Isle,—
Ye that Henry's liegemen hate,
Bid your mourning widows smile,—
Bid your swords for vengeance whet!
Late, from Norway's crowded coast,
Haco steered his ships afar:
Shouted loud his mighty host
O'er the deeps of Breydeyar.
O'er his ship of oak the gale
Stirred the banner's gorgeous fold:
Round the prow and snowy sail
Mythic dragons shone in gold.
Men and ships—how great a band
Through the Hebrid Isles hath gone!
Crested warriors crowded stand;
Mail-clad rowers ply them on.
'Gainst him comes no foeman there,
But, with aiding ship and sword,
Homage paying, quick repair
Mona's prince and Isla's lord.
Who shall meet his vast array?
Hark, the storm is answering!
Will the winds allegiance pay,
Or the tempest homage bring?
Wandering in the stormy gloom,
Darkling moved the ships, and slow,
While the lightning's dart of doom
Paled the golden dragons' glow.
Vain to Cumray's rocks repair
Holy priests with bended knee;
Vainly rose their chant of prayer—
"Miserere, Domine!"
Still the waters louder woke,
Sweeping o'er each woeful deck;
And the billows, as they broke,
Downward crushed the shrieking wreck;
Till the nearer shores of Clyde
Saw the mighty navy sail,
Rising o'er the surging tide,
Stoutly struggling with the gale.
Soon to land the Norsemen spring,
Gathering fast and gathering aye:
Alexander, Scotland's king,
Met at Largs the foe's array!
Near and far, with warning horn,
Swift the signal beacons flew,
Hurrying there, from eve to morn,
Many a stalwart Scot, and true.
Clad in mail from head to heel,
Hasted thither knight and lord,
But the foremost foeman's steel
Rattled on a peasant's sword.
Alexander, Scotland's king,
Guarding well his sires' renown,
Bade his willing host to bring
Seaward forth from dale and town.
Heard ye not their steeds by night,
Thundering, as he led them on?
Saw ye not at Largs how bright
Sunrise on their armour shone?
There the shout that warriors love
Burst at morning's early glow:
Heaven's tempest raged above,
Battle's storm was rife below.
Sterner grew at noon the fight,
Murkier moved the troubled sun,
And his weak ray sank in night
Ere the bloody strife was done.
Glory to the Heavens on high,
Combating for Scotland there!
Roaring wind, and sea, and sky,
'Gainst the Norsemen fighting were.
Woe for Norway's sinking band!
Darkness hid them, battle-worn,
Staying each contending hand—
Darkness, sweeter than the morn.
Go—to wailing Norway tell
Tidings of her children's fate;
How at distant Largs they fell,
Fighting long in dismal strait.
Rudely sepulchred they lie,
'Neath the cairn and rugged stone,
Where the stormy sea-birds cry,
Where the western waters moan.
Merry England, joy the while!
Homeward oars the Norsemen ply:
Ostmen of Hibernia's Isle,
See them pass unaiding by!
Woe, for Norway's hapless king!
Baffled hope oppressed him sore:
Struck by Sorrow's deadly sting,
Turned he now from Albyn's shore.
Kingdom, kin, or native land,
Sorrowing Haco ne'er shall see:
Dead alone from Orkney's strand
He, enshrouded, borne shall be.
There, upon his dying place
Wounded in his soul he lay,
And the spirits of his race
Crowded round him, dim and gray.
Bid the Pagan forms avaunt,
By the charm of Christian prayer,
By the heavenward-swelling chant,
And the incense-perfumed air!
Yet outspake the warrior king—
"Bid my fathers' deeds be told;
Let the hoary minstrel sing
Chronicled achievements old."
Now the minstrel's Runic rhyme
Runs the sea-kings' glory o'er:
Christian priests, at other time,
Mercy for their prince implore.
Thus he breathed his weary soul,
Wept and wailed in homes afar,
While the dirge of death shall roll
O'er the deeps of Breydeyar.

N. C.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.*

Mr. Tennyson has here given to the world two volumes; the first containing a selection with alterations of his earlier poems, published in 1830 and 1832, and the second consisting of productions entirely new to the public. The reception which his two earlier volumes met with, was that which usually attends the creations of true and singular poetical genius of a novel order. Here at least, felt the general readers, is something new and not of every-day; and the natural discrepancy of judgments followed. Malignity and mediocrity were at hand with their scoffs and misrepresentations; those whose cowardly vanity will neither dare to hail new merit on its birth, nor to abstain from following in the wake of growing admiration, acted after their kind, anticipating that the effrontery and dishonesty exhibited in this, as in similar instances, would tell for the moment with the misinformed, and when seen in their true light, instead of being duly exposed and branded, would be consigned, by a too easy contempt, to unmerited forgiveness. But here, too, as in the case of Wordsworth, it appears to us that the small circle of warm admirers of the poet has slowly but steadily widened, that the conviction of which a few were at first the adherents is still spreading its roots deeper, and will not cease to spread, till his fame can no longer be ignored or gainsaid by the pliant majority who call themselves the reading public.

We shall here endeavour to state with firmness, but with moderation, our judgment of these poems and their author; and by occasional extracts to exhibit the ground of the conviction we entertain of his very high powers; fully conscious as we are, that, if the poems have not indeed within themselves that which appeals to the feeling for the beautiful in others and accords with it, no remarks or criticisms of ours will avail to supply the deficiency.

Perhaps one of the most peculiar gifts possessed by Mr. Tennyson, in a degree so rare as of itself to declare a true poet, and displayed in clear light through some of his earliest efforts, is the power of making the picturesque delineation of external nature illustrate the mood of mind portrayed, and help the reader's imagination to the state of feeling which the poem seeks to produce. Though the little sketch "Mariana in the moated grange" is almost entirely pictorial, yet we doubt whether any skill of words directly descriptive of emotion would have conveyed a more thorough feeling of heart-weariness and blighted hope. While every single picture is at once recognised as strikingly true and beautiful in itself, its entire beauty is only perceived in the tempered proportion in which every new touch contributes to deepen the gloom of utter dreariness brooding around us. In instances of this kind we feel how the artist endues nature with the power of speaking a new language, and forces sense to be the interpreter of feeling; even as though a material frame were perfected into becoming the entire all-expressive symbol of the mind within. We have referred to this youthful production of Mr. Tennyson, as a proof how early he gave indications of this power in a remarkable degree. It would be easy to find many more equally perfect examples in his later poems.

When we compare these with his earlier volumes, Mr. Tennyson's mind appears to have expanded in strength, in steady self-possession, in vigour and concentration of thought, and in his dominion over language, while his imagination has lost nothing of its free productive elasticity. We find more that shows itself as the fruit of serious and kindly observation of human life, and reaches deeper into the springs of human interest: fancy and reality are blended together in harmonious fusion, but the more substantial element is asserting its rights more predominantly. Were we to seek by a single term to express what peculiarly affects us in this poetry, we should say that its informing principle is *truth*. In this little may seem to be said; but we use the word in its widest acceptation, and include, earnestness, sincerity, openness to every touch of genuine feeling, wideness of range, far and deep insight, the firm conviction that a man has something to say and the will to say it. When we peruse Mr. Tennyson's productions it strikes us that the vital energy of this feeling pervades the whole of his poetry more than that of any other writer who has arisen in our days. It is hardly possible to read such poems, for instance, as St. Agnes and Sir Galahad without being possessed with their *thoroughness*, (if we may venture so far to imitate the Germans,) without owning the spell of a gifted glance that has pierced into the inner truth of things, and has there seen and made visible to us such an image of feminine holiness and knightly purity, as seems a new revealing of something true and familiar in a fuller light.

In all Mr. Tennyson's descriptions there is a masterly richness of language, which never weakens down into languid exuberance, but is more expanded or comprest according as the tone may be best in keeping both with the whole poem, and the proportion which the individual part bears to the whole. In the second volume occur more frequently than in the first specimens of the comparatively unornamented, more grave and slow-moving diction, which in their simple statue-like grandeur and compression of strength remind us of Dante. We might appeal to several passages of the "Morte d'Arthur,"—as the throwing of the sword, the first approach of Sir Bedivere to the lake, the departure of the barge; but we select from the point at which he carries the wounded king, whom his own negligence has brought nearer death, to the shore where the barge appears that is to waft him to Avilion; a passage which we think it would be hard to match with any descriptive extract of modern poetry.

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry

* The Poems of Alfred Tennyson; 2 vols. foolscap. London: Moxon.

efore. His own thought drove him like a goad.
ry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
nd barren chasms, and all to left and right
he bare, black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
lis feet on juts of slippery crag, that rang
harp-smitten with the dint of armed heels;
nd on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
nd the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
ark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
eneath them; and descending they were ware
hat all the decks were dense with stately forms,
lack-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
hree Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
nd, as it were one voice, an agony
f lamentation, like a wind that shrills
ll night in a waste land, where no one comes,
r hath come since the making of the world.

Another admirable instance of the penetrative skill which invests with a new life external objects as beheld under the light of imagination, is supplied by the following description of Godiva riding through the town of Coventry.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear:
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less than all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Again, in the "Gardener's Daughter," the "Talking Oak," and others, where the passion is more vivid and redundant, the descriptions glow with luxuriant beauty which might summon to our remembrance the "lavish lights and floating shades" of Titian. The two extremes in regard to poetic diction are represented by the gushing fullness of melody and imagery in "The two Voices," and the severe bareness of "Dora," which in this property, as partly in their subjects, have recalled to us the opposite modes of feeling inspired by the biblical poems of Job and Ruth.

One remarkable characteristic exhibited in these poems, of which it would be unfair not to make particular mention, is the skill by which, while the poetry never becomes merely didactic, or ceases to be poetry, it yet expresses throughout a tone of high and just moral feeling, which can in few, if any instances, be overlooked or mistaken. It seems to be one of the most trying functions of a poet that he should set forth this feeling without yet losing himself in his subject, that he should be able to admire and warm in others the faculty of admiring, without ceasing to observe and describe,—or, in more technical language, should give due prominence to the objective side of his art without annihilating the subjective. By this perfect fusion of these two powers acting in such opposite directions, have the greatest poets ever been distinguished: the deficiency on either side is so far a falling short of the truthful harmony required by the idea of highest art. It is easy to bring into great prominence the *moral* mode of regarding an action to the comparative exclusion of the beautiful and other features as essentially true in nature, (in its widest acceptation,) and therefore in its mirror art. This seems to be the danger to which those endued with quick and generous sympathies are most naturally exposed in striving after poetical excellence. Yet such is not the mode in which Sophocles achieved the triumph of which he boasted over Euripides, when he said that he made men as they should be, his rival as they were. It would be an equal deficiency to contemplate the sphere of human action as a material for poetical creations, and wholly ignore the existence and sway of the moral sentiments: the products would be alike monstrous and untrue to nature. We cannot here enter upon the question whether the great German poet Goethe has erred in this latter deficiency,—or whether he is always as free from it, as he undoubtedly is in some of his greatest works; but we mention his name to illustrate our meaning, as we think many readers of Wilhelm Meister may have felt misgivings on this point, and been driven to ask themselves: Is there not here, by the leaving out of sight some of the moral impulses of our nature, amid the luxuriance of æsthetical perceptions, which the author loves to awake in his readers, an unreality, a coming short of the perfect truth, which we never even suspect in Shakspeare, though he at least as fully as Goethe or any poet sees through and above his subject, not only within it and no farther. By the necessity of our being, our sympathies are all human, and we miss at once, in a work of art, any great moving principle of our nature. Even poems of the most exquisite fairy texture require the soft warmth of human interests to fill with life their filmy moonlight substance. The tale of Undine would never have won delight if she had not acquired a soul. Who, indeed, is more human, nay, more English, than the world-poet Shakspeare? While no poet is so full of strong thought and deep moral truth, it is rarely possible to meet in him twenty consecutive lines that could be taken for a portion of a didactic or philosophical poem. This wonderful Shakspearian power has often been irresistibly felt and partially described, but never fully analysed, and perhaps never may be till our mental science is advanced very far beyond its present limits.

Mr. Tennyson appears to us nobly free both from this moral indifference and moral exclusiveness. At an early stage of his career he had seen through the delusion, that love of beauty is meant to absorb wholly the love of good, and portrayed in a poem full of grand and vivid imagery the guilt and misery of a soul that gives way to it. The introduction to this poem (the Palace of Art) sets forth the moral in these noble lines—

—Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

A few lines from "Love and Duty," in the second volume, give a profound expression of a great moral principle—

> Will some one say, then why not ill for good?
> Why took ye not your pastime? To that man
> My work shall answer, since I knew the right
> And did it; for a man is not as God,
> But then most Godlike being most a man.

But it is much less to detached passages that we should appeal, than to the whole under-current of right generous feeling on which these poems rest: the sympathy with good, which, never obtrusive, is yet a pervading influence everywhere. It appears to us impossible that a man whose heart is not attuned to the finest emotions of our nature could have composed (to mention no other instances) Godiva, the Gardener's Daughter, the Miller's Daughter, Love and Duty, and Dora. We recognise in them a thoroughly English appreciation both of sterling worth, and of the beauty of all the domestic affections, and a solemn reverence for the lofty and good. What deep tenderness breathes through the stanzas which introduce the end of the Miller's Daughter—

> Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
> Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
> My other dearer life in life,
> Look thro' my very soul with thine!
> Untouched with any shade of years,
> May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
> They have not shed a many tears,
> Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.
>
> Yet tears they shed: they had their part
> Of sorrow: for when time was ripe,
> The still affection of the heart
> Became an outward breathing type,
> That into stillness past again,
> And left a want unknown before;
> Although the loss that brought us pain,
> That loss but made us love the more,
>
> With farther lookings on. The kiss,
> The woven arms, seem but to be
> Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
> The comfort I have found in thee:
> But that God bless thee, dear, who wrought
> Two spirits to one equal mind,
> With blessings beyond hope or thought,
> With blessings which no words can find!

Indeed, we may observe, generally, that Mr. Tennyson is a master of harmonious proportion in his combination and arrangement: he is never unequal, never great or beautiful only in parts and at random, but each part is at the same time an element essential to the life of the whole,—"a joint that plies its office, moved with sympathy." Nothing occurs to distract the current of feeling which the main subject requires. For this reason his poems lose more than most others when quoted in extracts: yet in order to give some assistance towards forming a correct estimate of his powers, we think it worth while to adduce a few single specimens of imagery and sentiment, where we seem, in the fineness and strength of thought and depth of expression, to hear an echo of "those melodious bursts that fill the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

> Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands:
> Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
> Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
> Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?
>
> I remember one that perished: sweetly did she speak and move:
> Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.
> Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
> No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Woman is the lesser man; and all thy passions, matched with mine,
> Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
> Let the peoples spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
> Through the shadow of the world we sweep into the younger day:
> Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
>
> . . . . Such a noise of life
> Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice
> Call'd to me from the years to come, and such
> A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
> The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
> Moans round with many voices.

(Of man, and his misgivings and aspirations:)

> Here sits he shaping wings to fly:
> His heart forebodes a mystery:
> *He names the name Eternity.*
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ah! sure within him and without,
> Could his dark wisdom find it out,
> There must be answer to his doubt.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> From out my sullen heart, a power
> Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,
>
> To feel, although no tongue can prove,
> That every cloud, that spreads above
> And veileth love, itself is love.

"Locksley Hall," from which the first four of the above extracts are made, is one of the most unique of these poems. In the rapid alternation and fierce strugglings of passion, and the crowding together of so much incident and character, (which, though introduced by mere allusion, comes out full and clear,) we seem to feel a dramatic activity condensed into a lyrical form. Yet with all this there is the unbiassed *aloofness* which the poet should maintain; and we think it requires but ordinary powers of observation in the reader to perceive the direct opposition in this respect between Mr. Tennyson and Lord Byron. Though the hero is the speaker throughout, so that all the story passes through the medium of his feelings, yet there is nothing which could tempt to the identification of the poet with his hero. The passion is as stormy as it ever is in Byron, and a pervading feature of the mood portrayed is discontent: but that critic's notion of comparison would be curious indeed, who, on the strength of this subordinate characteristic, could discover a similarity between the two, much more who could surmise an imitation. Mr. Tennyson is

mphatically not an imitator. Not one of the great oets of the present day does he follow in his style f thought, imagery, or language. In his earlier roductions perhaps some resemblance to Keats ight be occasionally traced: but in his later orks he is more and more himself alone. Not at any poet, however true, is in these days likely have had no experience of something modified his own mind by the labours of his great pre-ecessors or cotemporaries; and perhaps in very w cases indeed would it be a proof of originality at no such effect had been produced: as hardly er can original genius be entirely apart from penness to impression. If we were to form a ess as to what imaginative writers Mr Tennyson as of late been studying, we should say the great ermans, Goethe and Richter, are of the number: at as we have already said, he is not the less al-ays himself. The powers we perceive exhibited "Locksley Hall," suggest the thought, Might e author wisely exercise his genius in dramatic mposition? An idea, indeed, is not unfrequently xprest now-a-days, that the age of the drama altogether past: and some writers of not ordinary bilities have tried to refute this notion. We know ell how often the prevailing notion (especially ith regard to poetry) of a thing's having become mpossible has been refuted by its becoming actual; nd certainly it is from the poets, not the critics nd theorizers, that this refutation must come, if all. Perhaps Mr Tennyson may find it worth hile to try whether his hand wields the sword to lve this Gordian knot.

Our quotations have been sufficient to illustrate e fact that our author is not one of those poets hom nothing but turbulence and unrest inspires to poetic emotion; that he has a deep feeling of e beauty which is in stillness and repose. But e is far from regarding *contentment* as the end of t in such a sense, as that the artist, and those to hose sympathies he appeals, should ignore the evil nd weakness that are in the world, or cease to spire after a purer and better state of things. No rvey of what is around us, however complete, can true, unless the eye itself look upward and on-ard to a perfection which is beyond all around ; unless there be within itself a light, which, as lato says, being sunlike, seeks the sun.

> The type of perfect in our mind,
> In Nature can we nowhere find.

these pages frequent flashes come across us of is forward-looking aspiration, which disclose an rnest faith in good, not the less surely because ey appear in delicate graceful lightness rather an in broad and massive outline. The poem titled, "The Epic," supplies an instance of what e mean. The subject, Arthur's Death, belongs to e feelings of a bygone age; and it is treated with noble, touching simplicity. The high pure faith hich we ideally regard as characterizing the chi-drous ages, is, in a few clear touches, displayed the great light which guided and raised their mparatively unenlarged apprehensions. This nging after an absolute good is the meaning of any an ancient form, and yet hallows the form hich to us has lost the meaning it had to them. That this meaning is deeply significant to us, and that its significance can never end, is a truth which poetry, that far more subtly than science links the present and the past, is commissioned to assert and set forth to mankind. The close to the "Morte d'Arthur" seems fancifully to express the poet's reflections upon the like in unlike which unites the more and less self-conscious periods of human progress; and its effect is to spread a rich mellowness of tint over the whole, which sets every portion of the colouring in its proper light. We quote the concluding passage to illustrate our meaning; but it should be read in its appropriate place, after the whole of the poem. The party of friends met in the Christmas eve had heard a portion of the epic poem, which its author had burned, read aloud by the half-reluctant poet, and so retired to bed:

> . . Where yet in sleep I seemed
> To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
> Point after point, till on to dawn, when dreams
> Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,
> To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
> There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
> King Arthur like a modern gentleman
> Of stateliest port; and all the people cried,
> "Arthur is come again: he cannot die."
> Then those that stood upon the hills behind
> Repeated—"Come again, and thrice as fair;"
> And, further inland, voices echoed—"Come
> With all good things, and war shall be no more."
> At this a hundred bells began to peal,
> That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
> The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.

We shall endeavour to do as much justice as our narrow limits allow to some of these poems, by briefly sketching their general outlines, with extracts, which may serve, though very imperfectly, to convey some notion of the character of each poem as a whole.

The Talking Oak is an exquisite creation of airy fancy, lending wings to passion. All those who find a deep delight in the rich conceits which glisten through Romeo and Juliet, and the rest of Shakspeare's love poetry, in which the very strength and purity of the feeling are shown by its not fearing to sport whimsically with its own impulses, will surely rejoice in this poem. Not that it teems profusely with fast-recurring conceits, "hues of the silken sheeny woof momently shot into each other," but the idea which is the basis of the poem is one of that class, only to be apprehended by imaginative sympathy, and hopeless to be explained by reasoning to those who do not otherwise enter into it—where the soul delights to project its own emotions outwards, to contemplate them aloof from itself, and play with them in fondness. A young lover represents himself as returning with delight to the old Oak of Sumner-chace, to which when his passion first began he had spoken without restraint and often talked apart, "until he plagiarised a heart, and answered with a voice." He will try "if yet he keeps the power"—

> Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,
> Broad Oak of Sumner-chace,
> Whose topmost branches can discern
> The roofs of Sumner-place!
> Say thou, whereon I carved her name,
> If ever maid or spouse,
> As fair as my Olivia, came
> To rest beneath thy boughs.

The quaint sylvan tone of the Oak's language through all his replies has a peculiarly happy effect in making us feel at home with this new region of vocal trees. His answer to this appeal is naturally such as will satisfy the lover.—After telling how he has for ages sheltered

> Whatever maiden grace
> The good old Summers, year by year,
> Made ripe in Sumner-chace;

He swears that Olivia, Walter's choice, "is three times worth them all:" and further he avers—

> I swear by leaf, and wind, and rain,
> (And hear me with thine ears,)
> That though I circle in the grain
> Five hundred rings of years,
>
> Yet, since I first could cast a shade,
> Did never creature pass
> So slightly, musically made,
> So light upon the grass.

The grateful lover entreats him further to "declare when last Olivia came to sport beneath his boughs." Yesterday, when the fair at the town had taken her father and mother from home, she came by herself,

> . . . And round me play'd,
> And sang to me the whole
> Of those three stanzas that you made
> About my giant bole.

Walter, glad at heart, would know yet more; Did she read the name himself had carved with many vows?

> O yes, she wander'd round and round
> These knotted knees of mine,
> And found, and kiss'd the name she found,
> And sweetly murmur'd thine.

A tear-drop, which crept down the old Oak's surface, and a second kiss, charm him into wishing that, as in the foregone "Dryad days," he could have slipt his bark and paid her kiss for kiss.

> O flourish high, with leafy towers,
> And overlook the lea;
> Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
> But leave thou mine to me.
>
> O flourish, hidden deep in fern,
> Old oak, I love thee well,—
> A thousand thanks for what I learn,
> And what remains to tell.

We must give entire the graceful picture which is contained in the answer—

> 'Tis little more: the day was warm;
> At last tired out with play,
> She sank her head upon her arm,
> And at my feet she lay.
>
> Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves,
> I breathed upon her eyes
> Thro' all the summer of my leaves
> A welcome mixed with sighs.
>
> I took the swarming sound of life—
> The music from the town—
> The whispers of the drum and fife,
> And lull'd them in my own.
>
> Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,
> To light her shaded eye;
> A second flutter'd round her lip
> Like a golden butterfly;
>
> A third would glimmer on her neck,
> To make the necklace shine;
> Another slid, a sunny fleck,
> From head to ancle fine.
>
> Then close and dark my arms I spread,
> And shadow'd all her rest—
> Dropt dews upon her golden head,
> An acorn in her breast.

This acorn, the finest on the tree, shaken down as a graceful gift, had startled the maiden, who flung it away in the grass. The lover hardly needs the Oak's exhortation to kiss twice and thrice the fruit which he declares to be blest by Love; and he records his gratitude by invoking the choicest blessings, air, earth, or heaven can bestow upon his aged friend, whom he has found as erewhile "garrulously given, a babbler in the land,"—by promising that only beside that faithful tree will he plight his troth to his bride, who shall be decked from its branches for her marriage morn,—and with another promise that closes the poem—

> — I will work in prose and rhyme,
> And praise thee more in both
> Than bard has honour'd beech or lime,
> Or that Thessalian growth,
>
> In which the swarthy ringdove sat,
> And mystic sentence spoke;
> And more than England honours that,
> Thy famous brother Oak,
>
> Wherein the younger Charles abode
> Till all the paths were dim,
> And far below the Roundhead rode
> And humm'd a surly hymn.

This pastoral, when we compare it with the other idyls, seems to stand out from them, in containing more of what is new, yet not startling, and into which the art of the poet gently leads the reader's fancy with such "willing chains and sweet captivity," that he can at once breathe freely the charmed atmosphere around him, nor feel that its sounds are in a tongue unknown. All of them display, in union with a Theocritean freshness and buoyancy, a broad English genuineness of feeling, lit up with a lively beneficent humour. One of the points which has most excited our admiration in perusing these volumes is the wealth of poetic production, the fruitful variety displayed in so small a space. Though some poems may be our favourites more decidedly than others, there is scarcely one which we could consent to give up on the score of its being in any sense a repetition of another, and not containing something novel and original in its fashion of beauty.

A poem widely different from any of those just described is the Vision of Sin, in which a wondrous dream, full of Dantesque imagery, represents the ruin of a selfish spirit, plunged downwards from youthful fiery vehemence through the mad whirl of sin and debasing pleasures into self-loathing and the scorn of all things. The melody, which throughout is exquisitely attuned to all the manifold variations of feeling, commences with a stately, sweeping, onward movement—

> I had a vision when the night was late:
> A youth came riding toward a palace-gate.
> He rode a horse with wings, that would have flown,
> But that his heavy rider kept him down.
> And from the palace came a child of sin,
> And took him by the curls and led him in,
> Where sat a company with heated eyes,
> Expecting where a fountain should arise:
> A sleepy light upon their brows and lips—
> As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,

Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and capes—
Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and piles of grapes.

The following verses, which seem themselves to "storm in orbs of song, a growing gale," describe the voluptuous melody that, rising from low tones, as the fountain spouted, died and rose again—

Till thronging in and in, to where they waited,
As 't were a hundred-throated nightingale,
The strong tempestuous treble throbb'd and palpitated;
Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,
Caught the sparkles, and in circles,
Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,
Flung the torrent rainbow round:

The maddened company started up, seized each other, wheeled precipitately,

Dash'd together in blinding dew:
Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
The nerve-dissolving melody
Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

A different feature of the vision ensues. We are forced into thoughts of Dante by the figurative energy of phrase, (which, except in such wondrous allegoric Vision, might appear too daring,) that represents to us the one Sovereign Presence, never seen but felt in all, symbolizing itself in the ever-dawning light.

. . I look'd up toward a mountain tract,
That girt the region with high cliff and lawn:
I saw that, every morning, far withdrawn
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,
Unheeded.

For months and years "a vapour, heavy, hueless, formless, cold," floats on unheeded, till it touches the palace gate, when the dream is broken and link'd again. The figure appears now "a grey and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death," riding across a withered heath to a ruined inn, where he alights, and in the mad glee of self-scorn bids the "lank and sour" domestic join him, and "hob-and-nob with death." The harrowing start from dreamy indistinctness into the sharpness of a dismal reality is one of the most wonderful touches of the poem.

We can quote but a few stanzas to show the tone of this world-mockery—

I am old, but let me drink;
Bring me spices, bring me wine:
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.

Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,
When a blanket wraps the day,
When the rotten woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamped in clay.

. . . . . .

Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every minute dies a man,
Every minute one is born.

. . . . . .

Friendship! to be two in one—
Let the canting liar pack!
Well I know, when I am gone,
How she mouths behind my back.

Virtue!—to be good and just—
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mixed with cunning sparks of hell.

. . . . . .

Drink, and let the parties rave;
They are fill'd with idle spleen;
Rising, falling like a wave,
For they know not what they mean.

He that roars for liberty
Faster binds the tyrant's power:
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

Fill the can and fill the cup;
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

. . . . . .

Drink to lofty hopes that cool,
Visions of a perfect State:
Drink we, last, the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate.

. . . . . .

Tell me tales of thy first love—
April hopes, the fools of chance;
Till the graves begin to move,
And the dead begin to dance.

. . . . . .

Trooping from their mouldy dens
The chap-fallen circle spreads:
Welcome, fellow-citizens,
Hollow hearts and empty heads!

. . . . . .

Lo! God's likeness—the ground-plan—
Neither modell'd, glazed, nor framed:
Buss me, thou rough sketch of man,
Far too naked to be shamed!

Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance,
While we keep a little breath!
Drink to heavy Ignorance!
Hob-and-nob with brother Death!

Thou art mazed, the night is long,
And the longer night is near:
What! I am not all as wrong
As a bitter jest is dear.

Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,
When the locks are crisp and curl'd!
Unto me my maudlin gall
And my mockeries of the world.

Fill the cup, and fill the can!
Mingle madness, mingle scorn!
Dregs of life, and lees of man:
Yet we will not die forlorn.

A final change of the vision leads the awe-stricken mind to ponder on the inscrutable laws which are to reconcile the moral discrepancies of the universe, and points once more to that unseen presence, to which our hopes and fears turn for rest, which is around and beyond all. Divers voices are heard speaking of the crime of him who has past from earthly existence—

At last I heard a voice upon the slope,
Cry to the summit "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer pealed from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

The poem entitled the Day Dream is to us one of the most delightful in the whole series. It contains the old tale of the Sleeping Beauty, which the "Prologue" describes as having shaped itself into verse in the poet's mind as he watched his lady sleeping. The subject abundantly calls forth the exercise of that pictorial power which our author possesses in such a rare degree; and the feeling of dreamy stillness is quite magical, which breathes through the first and second parts, "The Sleeping

Palace" and "Sleeping Beauty," the latter of which had appeared as a poem by itself in the small volume published in 1830. The vivid truth of every image in the Sleeping Palace, however, charms us scarcely more than the last stanza, which utters the dim yearning after new life that still wakes amid this silence.

> When will the hundred summers die,
> And thought and time be born again,
> And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
> Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
> Here all things in their place remain,
> As all were order'd, ages since.
> Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
> And bring the fated fairy Prince.

"The Arrival" of the "fairy Prince with joyful eyes, and lighter-footed than the fox," shows a nimbler movement and quicker variation of feeling. He advances on through the ground fatal to so many before him, and we tremble with him as he approaches the ordeal of his lifelong hope.

> More close and close his footsteps wind;
> The magic music in his heart
> Beats quick and quicker, till he find
> The quiet chamber far apart.
> His spirit flutters like a lark,
> He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
> "Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
> How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

The flash into life of the "Revival" running through the Palace is electric.—

> A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
> There rose a noise of striking clocks,
> And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
> And barking dogs, and crowing cocks.
> A fuller light illumined all,
> A breeze through all the garden swept,
> A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
> And sixty feet the fountain leapt.
>
> The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
> The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
> The fire shot up, the martin flew,
> The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
> The maid and page renew'd their strife,
> The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt,
> And all the long-pent stream of life
> Dash'd downward in a cataract.

A brief cheerful glance at the king and his court is allowed to divert our curiosity,—and then all this passes away that our fancy may, in the "Departure," inhale delight and repose from the deep, quiet, trustful tenderness of the lovers, as "far across the hills they went, in that new world which is the old":—

> And o'er the hills, and far away,
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

In the "Moral," "L'Envoi," and "Epilogue," which are fraught with fine touches of humour and feeling, and, with the "Prologue," form the framework of this sunny picture, a self-conscious spirit of poetry dallies in playful reflection, with the doubts stirred up by the contact and contrast of old and new, and, fancying to itself a moral from the apparent no-meaning of the story, gently guides us back, without sense of jar and harshness, from fairy-land to this new world which is the old.—

These instances may in part show how near Mr. Tennyson comes towards fulfilling one of the highest offices of a poet; to say that which has been trembling on the lips of others, but yet wanted an utterance, in words which are at once welcomed as the expression full and clear of what had long dimly possessed their hearts. To our feeling, flashes of this power are more frequent and piercing in Mr. Tennyson than any young author of these days.

We unwillingly pass by, with a single glance, the wise humour and fanciful grace embodied in such poems as the "Lyrical Monologue," "Walking to the Mail" and other idyls; the deep exquisite pathos of the ballads, as "Edward Gray" and "The Lord of Burleigh;" and shall merely quote one specimen which shows how by rare delicacy of skill a single touch can at once convey a world of comprest unutterable feeling.

> Break, break, break,
> On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
> And I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me.
>
> O well for the fisherman's boy,
> That he shouts with his sister at play!
> O well for the sailor lad,
> That he sings in his boat on the bay!
>
> And the stately ships go by
> To their haven under the hill;
> But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!
>
> Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me.

In the time which has elapsed since his latest publication, in the alteration and compression of many portions of his earlier volumes, and the entire rejection of much which his admirers might have deemed worthy of a better fate, Mr. Tennyson has shown that he is capable of exercising a severe self-judgment, and that he has a strict notion of the responsibility which his poetic talent, like all other intellectual gifts, attaches to the possessor. This is as it should be; a man gifted with such powers should always keep a high ideal before him; but a sensitive mind may perhaps easily grow over-fastidious, and be tempted to fall into self-distrust, and so lose somewhat of its inspiring energy. We trust Mr. Tennyson will never give way to this error any more than to the opposite one of haste and carelessness. He is called to take a lofty station among England's poets of this age; let him duly regard and keep ever before his view, the greatness of his vocation.

BENTHAM'S TABLE-TALK.

(Continued from "Memoirs of Bentham," in our July No.)

THE peculiar and original views, and benevolent wisdom for which the Sage of Westminster was remarkable, were strikingly evolved in his careless Table-Talk, and sometimes jotted down in memorandum-books as texts for more expanded discourses. Many of the felicitous passages and pithy sayings which enrich the pages of his Memoirs, display so much of the inner life of Bentham, that we regret that we can only glean a few random specimens. Yet these have great value.—In illustration of the nature of *Prejudice*, even among those who fancy themselves far above its influence, he told the following anecdote :—

Prejudice.—I met with a Frenchman once, whom nothing would persuade, that Priestley, whom he had been talking with, was not an *Atheist* as well as himself; because they happened to agree on some points relative to *matter* and *free will*. Priestley foamed with rage at the imputation, but the Frenchman was not to be so taken in. *Priestley*, on *his* part, was even with him; for he would no more believe the Frenchman's *Atheism*, than the Frenchman *his Theism*. If you and I, their *adopted brethren*, with our *recorded merits*, were to go and shake hands with them and call them *fellow-citizens*, we might say what we would,—for the first month at least,—they would no more believe it possible for *us* to "honour the king" that sent us, than the man believed it possible for *Priestley* to "*fear God.*"

Public Bodies.—I have observed,—it is an old observation of mine,—that no political assembly adopts a printed project, or adopts ideas to which publicity has been given,—I mean textually and in mass. They nominate a committee.—Will that committee adopt a work already written,—a foreign work ?—Will they commit a suicide ?—a suicide of reputation.—Will they declare themselves null,—inept,—incapable ?—O, no ! Individual self-love,—national self-love, forbid it.

The above is the observation of Bentham's first and greatest disciple Dumont. Every day affords evidence of its universal truth.

Rules for Conversation.—Bentham, for himself, had made it a rule to avoid, as much as possible, discussions whose results would leave matters where they were, with the risk of annoyance to both parties in the progress of the discussion. "Endeavour," he said, "to ascertain the opinions of others, who are strangers to you, before you venture to introduce your own. Introduce them not, if their opinions are so remote as to be irreconcileable with yours. Say not, 'I have a right to proclaim and defend my opinion.' What is the English of all that ? 'I have a right to give pain,—to make enemies,—to have backs turned, and doors shut against me.'" . .

"*Evitanda.*—All discourse tending to give uneasiness to others without benefit to self or others. Example—Indication of imperfections of an irremediable nature, as bodily defects, mental defects, in so far as incorrigible, *ex. gr.* stupidity, dulness of apprehension.

"In so far as indication is given of remediable imperfections, it should be in such manner that it may be seen that the motive is the benefiting the other party,—not enjoying at his expense the pleasures of power and vanity. For this purpose, let it be in the presence of no other person that the indication is given; for if in the presence of others, the greater the number the greater the pain of humiliation, which, besides the irritation it may produce,—irritation from which you may yourself be a sufferer, it is so much pain produced in waste." . .

"If the affections of him with whom you are about to commence a conversation be matter of indifference to you, all topics are open to you : if it be an object with you to gain or keep his affections, choose that topic, whatever it may be, that is most agreeable to him. At any rate, you may avoid every topic which you know, or suspect, to be disagreeable to him.

"Kind words cost no more than unkind ones. Kind words produce kind actions, not only on the part of him to whom they are addressed, but on the part of him by whom they are addressed,—understand, not incidentally only, but habitually, in virtue of the principle of association."

The following appear among other notes and extracts from a memorandum book of 1811-19 :—

"Murder upon a small scale—no : that is not good. Why ! Because we are used to see men hanged for it. Murder on the largest scale. Oh, that is most excellent ! Why ! Because we are used to see men crowned for it."

"Oppression well exemplified by anti-combination and anti-emigration laws. Anti-combination acts prevent men from earning subsistence at home ; Anti-emigration acts from earning it abroad : both join in driving men into the poor-house and suborning suicide." . . .

"If Christianity be the law of the land, disobedience to the precepts in the sermon on the Mount is an indictable offence."

"*Associated Suppressors of Free Inquiry.*—They are paid for supporting what ? The truth ? No ! but that which is given them to support, whether it be true or no—like the hirelings of the law, purchasable male prostitutes."

"In Britain, the ruling few are in a constant state of alarm. Why ! Because the government is a continued system of oppression and injustice.

"In the United States, they know not what alarm is. Why ! Because, not having power to oppress, they never do oppress."

"*J. B.'s knowledge of the World, Whig Lords, &c.*—Those who live with them, and, by describing their doings and looking at their titles, pretend to know what they are,—know only what they say. I, who might have lived with them, and would not live with them,—and who neither know nor care what they say,—know, and without living with them, what they think."

"Interest appeals to the *will*, argument to the understanding. What can argument do against interest ? The understanding is but the servant—the very slave to the will. What can be done against the master by application to the slave ?"

Of a witty, but sneering and satirical person who wrote in that slashing scornful style which did not please Bentham, whose great and constant aim was *truth* and not effect, he wrote to a common friend :—

"I am concerned for ——. That which it grieves me to see are those expressions of universal and undiscriminating scorn, which it delights him to scatter on all that come in his way, whether friends or foes. Evil communications corrupt good manners. He has learnt this from ——; but —— is an unhappy man, and is independent of the affections of the people. To be loved by men, a man must appear to love them; and for preserving the appearance, I cannot think of any means so sure as the reality."

For the suppression of Anger, he gave the following rules :—

"When cool, satisfy yourself completely of the usefulness of these rules. Being thoroughly lodged in your memory,—when any incidental provocation happens to excite anger, the recollection of these rules may serve to suppress it.

"To avoid giving useless offence on the occasion of anything you are about to do, or to say, in relation to any individual, think, in the first place, in what manner, if

said or done in relation to yourself, it would affect yourself: if to yourself it would be a matter of indifference, think then, whether, between your situation and his, there may not be some difference, the effect of which would be to render painful to him what would not be so to you." . . . .

"Curbing the irascible appetite is as good a subject of exercise and boasting, as extraordinary walking, running, donkey-racing, chess-playing, &c."

"*Rich and Poor.*—Rich, why less moral than the poor?

"1. The richer, the more independent of good behaviour. —2. The richer, the fewer with whom he sympathizes.

"The property of the rich is in no danger from the poor: the property of the poor is not only in danger from the rich, but constantly encroached on by them and lessened.

"The small property of the poor is, every particle of it, necessary to their subsistence; it is, therefore, more carefully watched and guarded: the richer a man is, the more careless, the better he can afford to see defalcations made from it.

"But the property of the poor is of no value in the eyes of the rich: hence they conclude it to be of little value in the eyes of its possessors."

The following are among the good things of 1821:—

"*Duelling.*—The man who values himself on his personal courage, independently of the application made of it, values himself on that which is possessed in a higher degree by a dog, especially when he is mad."

"*Solitary Confinement.*—To think that by vacancy of mind mental improvement can be assured! It is by well filling it, not by leaving it unfilled, that I (in Panopticon) should have operated."

"Abstain from imagining possible evils not preventible. Example—by anticipating diseases—stone—blindness, &c. So when preventible, after the means of prevention have been settled."

"Has human life more in it of pain than of pleasure? By no means. Why? For this plain reason: because it is in so high a degree in our power to embrace pleasure, and to keep pain at a distance."

"Intemperate language is strife upon paper."

"*Effects of Urbanity.*—In exemplification of the prodigious utility of general urbanity to self-regarding interest, bring to view Eldon, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, Canning, &c. Urbanity does what Scripture says is done by *Charity*. By this virtue on the small scale, vice in its most mischievous and efficient forms on the largest scale, to what a degree may it not be *covered* from opprobrium."

Saints.—"If, to be an Anti-slavist is to be a saint, saintship for me!—I am a saint!

"I should like to invite a Yankee and a negro, a lord and a beggar, to my table."

Another sort of Saints.—"There are many religious people who had rather see men miserable than innoxious. Unhappiness is the instrument by which they would make us angels; but the brutes are often interested in corruptions—out of them they gain influence and reputation."

Antiquarianism.—"Antiquarianism is the natural resource of aristocracy. All its memorials are monarchical and aristocratic." . . . . .

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*—This maxim is one of the inventions of despotism: it perpetuates misrepresentation of the ruling few at the expense of the subject many; it employs suppression instead of open lying, for the purpose of deception; it would shield depredation and oppression from exposure; and when it is too late to prevent misdoings by present punishment, would protect the misdoers even against future denunciation and judgment. Aristocracy gets all the benefit of the maxim; for the poor are never honoured with unqualified posthumous praise. And thus, the world bestows its foolish confidence on those who always betray it. Thus, all distinctions are levelled, but those of wealth and prosperity. Thus, the fallacy becomes an instrument in the hand of tyranny. Thus, in the two Houses of Parliament men are always flattering one another: the most opulent, the most extravagant, and thence the most rapacious. Witness kings, who get the greatest portion of this flattery; and in the same spirit judges are always for punishing, with the greatest severity, those who utter anything to the disadvantage of kings."

Revenge.—"Revenge is a dear-bought, uneconomical pleasure. It purchases everlasting hatred at the price of a moment's gratification. Consider when a wrong has been done, if exposure would prevent its repetition. If so, it is an act of self-regarding prudence; but the exposure should be temperate, prudent, and appropriate to the occasion."

Bred a lawyer, and early abandoning the profession, Bentham entertained throughout life a most hearty and uncompromising hatred of lawyers, as well as of the existing system of laws. Of this, his friends, many of whom were of the legal profession, were quite aware. Writing him from Edinburgh in 1793, his valued friend Romilly remarks:—"I am passing my time very pleasantly here in a society, principally, however, which you would not at all relish—lawyers." Romilly's account of the Trial of Muir then going on, was not calculated to exalt the profession in any man's eyes. On one occasion we find Bentham saying:

"In Homer, Menelaus is asked whether he was a pirate or a robber! To suppose that a man had advanced himself by *force* was not taken amiss. In these days it is no reproach to ask, 'Are you a lawyer?'—which is to say, Have you advanced yourself by *fraud*? But the time will come when it will be as disreputable to have made way by the arts of the lawyer, as it is now considered to have made way by the arts of the thief."

He at one time interested himself in obtaining justice for a widow, who, through her husband, had some claim on the Russian Government; of which case it is said:—

The parties originally consulted had been endeavouring to involve the widow in law proceedings—had incurred expenses—and had been intriguing to get money for law charges, and for compliments, and for secret management. To all this Bentham would not listen. "Not a *doit* shall they have," he writes, "but what they shall have is a letter declining their plans of management, with all possible civility." . . . .

"*Malice* is a murderous instrument in the hands of a cursed lawyer, by which he may commit *his murders* in the name of law."

"*Law and Lawyers.*—The Roman law is a parcel of dissertations badly drawn up: the views of the Roman lawyers were, however, more expanded than the views of the English lawyers."

"Wherever you see the word *void*, there is rascality for the cursed lawyers—and this in all its conjunctions. It is a sacrifice of the ends of justice to the ends of judicature: so *nullity*,—so *badness*."

"Simple taxation to the amount of the sinister benefit of the lawyers, would be as nothing in comparison to the present evil: it would be merely depredation to the amount, without denial of justice."

"The late Francis Horner mentioned to me (1806) a case he knew of, in which thirteen representations, one after another, were made to the Lord Ordinary. Representations are papers put in merely for delay, in the same form of words, and there is a fee on each to the Judge's clerk. What is any such representation but a bribe? What does bribery lose of its baseness by being unpunishable?"

"What can be done with lawyers? Hold up rascality, and what then? Demonstrate, and you get no answer,—but if there be the slightest flaw in your arguments, it is laid hold of, and becomes an object of public attention."

"Pleadings are a most perfect nuisance,—to be expunged altogether: written pleadings are of no more use in a court than they would be in a necessary-house.

Now, suppose this system were applied to the evidence given before the House of Commons: they would have to wait one year for every answer, and the answer would have to wait another year for elucidation."

The Christianity of professing Christians.—"How little do Christians care about the commands of Christianity. Was ever a text more clear than that, 'Swear not at all,'—but it has been cavilled away by glosses and meanings which in no other case would be listened to for a minute."

"*Utility* was an unfortunately chosen word. The idea it gives is a vague one. Dumont insists on retaining the word. He is bigoted, old, and indisposed to adopt what is new, even though it should be better."

Public Abuses, and Public Men.—"In England, the most expensive plan is always preferred: 1st, because economy would set a bad example; 2d, because ignorance has no means of judging but from expense." . . .

Speaking of public men, hostile to good government, Bentham said: "The enemies of the people may be divided into two classes. The *depredationists*, whose love of themselves is stronger than their hatred to others; and the *oppressionists*, whose hatred to others is stronger than their love of themselves." . . .

"*Precedent.*—The habit of taking it for a rule in the practice of the legislature, is an expedient employed for supporting abuse against utility and reason: precedent being an avowed substitute for reason, and all precedents the results of the predominance of the sinister interests of the ruling few."

"For a *share of power*, a man will do many a bad thing which he would scarcely do for any sum of money. Why? Because in what he does for the power, there are so many to give him countenance and support." . .

"While the Government punish *lies* that make against them, they have full impunity for lies that make for them."

"Despotism punishes the vices which itself engenders: it creates the crime, and inflicts the penalty."

"Under libel law, whatever is done for the safety, for the liberty, for the morality of the people, depends for its efficacy on the weakness of the law."

"Every act of support to a constitution, in which corruption is the instrument of Government, is an act of accessaryship to every instance of obsequiousness to corruptive influence."

Abuses.—"Every abuse receives support from every other abuse."

"In this country, justice is sold, and dearly sold,—and it is denied to him who cannot disburse the price at which it is purchased.

"The expenses of suits should be defrayed by those who are in the wrong. They should fall heavily on those who are in the wrong with evil consciousness—and lightly on those who are mistakenly wrong.

"But now, the evils of expense are added to the wrongs of the injured; and injustice holds in its hands instruments of boundless vexation.

"Under a proper system, a small part of the expenses incurred in litigation would defray all the costs of justice."

Advice to Jurymen.—"My advice to jurymen is plain and unmisunderstandable, and nothing can be easier than to follow it. Examine the indictment, and if in any part there be any assertion that is either notoriously false or not proved to be true, do not join in declaring it to be true, but say, Not Guilty."

To return to individuals from opinions;—of Ricardo he said:—

"I was the spiritual father of Mill, and Mill was the spiritual father of Ricardo: so that Ricardo was my spiritual grandson.

"I was often *tête-à-tête* with Ricardo. He would borrow a sixpenny book instead of buying it. There was an *épanchement* between us. We used to walk together in Hyde Park, and he reported to me what passed in the House of Commons. He had several times intended to quote the 'Fragment;' but his courage failed him, as he told me.

"In Ricardo's book on Rent, there is a want of logic. I wanted him to correct it in these particulars; but he was not conscious of it, and Mill was not desirous. He confounded *cost* with *value*. Considering our intercourse, it was natural he should give me a copy of his book—the devil a bit!"

Of Buonaparte, Bolivar, and all men of their stamp, Bentham entertained the opinion which may be inferred from his cast of mind; but he was willing to make use of any man as an instrument of good;—of promoting the knowledge and operation of the "greatest-happiness principle."

With a slight notice of the more remarkable traits of this eminent person which Dr. Bowring has described, we must bring this paper to a close. From the portion of the Memoirs which appeared originally in *Tait's Magazine*, it will be remembered that, at a comparatively early period of life, he formed a strong attachment to a young lady whom he met at Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne. He was then in his thirty-fourth year, and the lady very young. As she is still alive, Dr. Bowring has withheld the name; but there is no great difficulty in the way of those bent on the discovery spelling it out. She was then at that age when the romping of the girl still gives impunity to the pranks of the flirt or of the incipient coquette; and in her own words, she was, while in her tenderest teens, accused by her friends of loving to play with the philosopher approaching middle-age, "as a cat does with a mouse." The attachment had never, it appears, been in any degree returned by her, although she remained single. After an estrangement of many years, the parties chanced by accident to meet again, and Bentham, now bordering on sixty, felt his first flame revive in all its original strength, and renewed his addresses. Her reply to his proposal of marriage, though decidedly unfavourable, does infinite honour to her understanding. As Bentham became older, this one affection seemed to take stronger possession of his heart, or—dare we say it?—of his memory; and, after the ice was broken, he often talked to Dr. Bowring of those early "love passages" where all the love seems to have been on the one side, all the fun and merry malice on the other. The love-letter of an octogenarian, the sentimental vein of Jeremy Bentham, does however excite curiosity; and also move tender and respectful emotions. We should not envy the feelings of those in whom the perusal of this letter could excite the sense of the ridiculous.

"I am alive: more than two months advanced in my 80th year—more lively than when you presented me, in ceremony, with the flower in the green lane. Since that day, not a single one has passed, (not to speak of nights,) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. Yet, take me for all in all, I am more lively now than then—walking, though only for a few minutes, and for health sake, more briskly than most young men whom you see—not unfrequently running.

"In the enclosed scrap there are a few lines, which I think you will read with pleasure.

"I have still the pianoforte harpsichord, on which you played at Bowood: as an instrument, though no longer useful, it is still curious; as an article of furniture, not unhandsome; as a legacy, will you accept it?

"I have a ring, with some of my snow-white hair in it, and my profile, which everybody says is like. At my

death, you will have such another: should you come to want, it will be worth a good sovereign to you.

"You will not, I hope, be ashamed of me.

"The last letter I received from Spanish America, (it was in the present year,) I was styled *Legislador del Mundo*, and petitioned for a Code of Laws. It was from the man to whom that charge was committed by the legislature of his country—Guatemala.

"Every minute of my life has been long counted: and now I am plagued with remorse at the minutes which I have suffered you to steal from me. In proportion as I am a friend to mankind, (if such I am, as I endeavour to be,) you, if within my reach, would be an enemy.

"I have, for some years past, had a plan for building a harem in my garden, upon the Panopticon principle. The Premiership waits your acceptance; a few years hence, when I am a little more at leisure than at present, will be the time for executing it.

"For these many years I have been invisible to all men, (not to speak of women,) but for special reasons. I have lost absolutely all smell; as much as possible all taste, and swarm with petty infirmities. But it seems as if they ensured me against serious ones. I am, still am I gay, eminently so, and 'the cause of gaiety in other men.'

"Oh, what an old fool am I, after all, not to leave off, since I can, till the paper will hold no more. This you have done at sixty, and at half six miles distance. What would you have done present, and at sixteen?"

This letter drew forth no response.

Of Bentham's personal appearance and habits it is said:—

The striking resemblance between the persons of Franklin and Bentham has been often noticed. Of the two, perhaps, the expression of Bentham's countenance was the more benign. Each remarkable for profound sagacity, Bentham was scarcely less so for a perpetual playfulness of manner and of expression. Few men were so sportive,—so amusing as Bentham,—none ever tempered more delightfully his wisdom with his wit. Of the wisdom that is called worldly, Franklin had, no doubt, a larger share,—for he had been a great actor as well as a great writer,—and had been engaged in the most interesting parts of the most remarkable events of his day. He was made of sterner stuff than Bentham. He lived in the eye of the world, and had to accommodate his outer man to the world's usages,—but Bentham avoided the rush and the shock of men. . . . . The manners of Bentham were polished in the highest degree. He was observant of all the *minutia* of courtesy. Every little object of desire that he could procure for his visiters he invariably procured,—the little enjoyments which he had discovered were acceptable to particular guests, were unostentatiously placed before them. His table was excellently served. He himself greatly delighted in its moderate luxuries. He began with the dessert, as he said he wholly lost the flavour of the fruit if he partook of it after the stronger viands of the first course. In the latter part of his life the sense of taste was nearly destroyed. He drank half a glass of Madeira wine daily. I believe he passed through life without a single act of intemperance. . . . . Bentham's dress was peculiar out of doors. He ordinarily wore a narrow-rimmed straw-hat; from under which his long white hair fell on his shoulders, or was blown about by the winds. He had a plain brown coat, cut in the quaker style—light-brown cassimere breeches, over whose knees outside he usually exhibited a pair of white worsted stockings—list shoes he almost invariably used; and his hands were generally covered with merino-lined leather gloves. His neck was bare: he never went out without his stick "Dapple" for a companion. He walked, or rather trotted, as if he were impatient for exercise; but often stopped suddenly for purposes of conversation. He was remarkable for attention to all that the French mean by their *petits morale:* a model of neatness and propriety himself, any the slightest deviation from good manners excited his attention, and almost always led to some playful criticism, not likely to be forgotten; for in lesser, as in greater things, he had adopted for his maxim—that a moralist, like a surgeon, should never wound but to heal.

For some years, Bentham's faculties had, we should conclude, been sinking, though his biographer gives no hint of this, and from proximity, and constant intercourse, might not have been sensible that so comprehensive and acute a mind could decay. But for some months before his death, Bentham, who had been anticipating the event, was quite conscious of the failure of his memory, and the decay of other faculties. He expired on the 6th of June, 1832. "It was an imperceptible dying." "Life faded into Death as the twilight blends the day with darkness." A brief, affectionate, and well-written summary of the personal character of his illustrious friend closes Dr. Bowring's labour of love.

MUSIC.

I SPEAK in Morn's first breath to the opening flow'rs,
Warble a promise of the coming sun;
At noon I softly sigh 'midst summer bow'rs,
And chant Day's requiem when her course is run.

I am the gentle voice of murmuring waves,
As with slow measured pace they kiss the shore;
And I, deep hid in Ocean's darkest caves,
Rave 'midst the storm, and fiercest fury pour.

The dashing torrent owes to me its spell,
Lulling the senses by its solemn roar;
O'er the still lake, and in the deepest dell,
There am I *felt* too, with my magic power.

The graceful Poplar loves to call me Friend;
For I delight its lofty hymn to breathe,
The varied language of the trees to blend,
And with their garlands my glad brow to wreathe.

The measured cadence of the matchless oak,
Nor less the trembling Aspen's sweeter strain,
Are but the melody with which I spoke
Our Maker's praise, ere man began his reign.

In early Spring in every breeze I laugh;
List to yon wood-note, doubt not I am there;
I, with the wild bee, Nectar stoop to quaff,
And as we rise, my song salutes the air.

I can to maiden's cheek the pale blush call,
When her fond ear detects loved footsteps near;
And o'er her heart in softest echoes fall,
As with low accents, I dispel all fear.

Mine is the varied might to reign a Queen,
O'er mystic Memory, and her hallowed stores;
And by a touch wake Fancy's wildest dream,
Or change to Sadness the erst smiling hours.

And not on Earth alone, my power I wield,
For Heaven's pure arch resounds to my high strain;
And when that hour shall come when worlds shall yield
Their empire, power, their being, and their fame,
To Him who gave them; then while elements dissolve,
And sea gives up her dead, I'll wake a song,
Shall drown the crash of worlds, and swell through ceaseless ages.

M. L.

SUMMER READING.—THE NEW NOVELS.

(Concluded from our July No.)

MR. JAMES' MORLEY ERNSTEIN.

Morley Ernstein, Mr. James's new fiction, differs essentially from any work that we have previously seen from his pen. We are not however acquainted with one half of the voluminous works of a writer who might not only stock a circulating library, but keep it going. Morley Ernstein is not an historical romance. Though romantic enough in incident, and also in character, it is more like the modern novel of passion and character,—more like Bulwer's Tales; and, to our feeling at least, more truthful and impressive than its author's historical compositions. Those shadowy personages which appear before the reader as the assumed true beings of history, generally prove, unless he who calls them up wields potent spells, blank or unsatisfactory characters. With personages avowedly fictitious, there is less difficulty. In their case, the reader is not required to surrender anything, or to make any compromise between Hume and Clarendon, and the romancist. He is not perplexed by the necessity of displacing the Darnley or Richelieu, or Mary Stuart, of his his own fancy and memory, before he can accept those offered as substitutes, and who may, at first sight, appear very different personages from those which his imagination has adopted. The objection may not extend to all readers, but where it operates at all, it must be felt powerfully. Now, Sir Morley Ernstein and his satellites we receive without doubt or hesitation, just as Mr. James pleases to present them, and judge them by their own merits; and whether we like them or not, we do not quarrel about their identity. Whatever may be the cause, it is quite certain, that, in the most popular historical romances, the historical characters however truly and skilfully painted, are never felt to be the finest, nor are they the most effective. What is Queen Elizabeth to poor Amy Robsart? what the young Pretender to Vich Ian Vohr? Again, real public events, however momentous, take a feeble hold of our affections and sympathies, when they are compared with those of domestic and private life, represented in the masterly fictions which mirror our fellow-beings and our own age; the busy, striving, suffering world around us, the coil of humanity in its everyday play. Hence, in part, the superior attraction of the domestic novel, the romance of individualized passion, and hence the secret of more interest being felt by the reader in such transactions as the Porteous Mob, because the fate of one poor girl was involved in it, than as it bore on the peace of two kingdoms. With one exception, the characters of Morley Ernstein are all the ordinary beings of everyday life, purified, and elevated, and adapted to the artist's purpose, but not idealized out of their human nature. The exception is a certain mysterious German count or colonel, *Lieberg*, an incarnation of refined but intense selfishness; a libertine by theory, and from philosophy; one who denies himself no gratification, and who loves to experiment on human passions and character merely for an exercise of the intellect, as an amateur anatomist tortures frogs and puppy-dogs; not that he is naturally cruel and enjoys their writhings, but because he likes the excitement, and the useless knowledge gained by his cold-blooded processes. Without being in any degree a natural character, Lieberg, as a foil to the hero, is an effective personage in the drama. The delineations of female character are delicate, discriminative, and skilfully contrasted; and what is more important, highly pleasing. Each of the three gifted and lovely women devoted to the hero is meant to represent a class; and the classes exist, though one of them is limited in numbers in this country. Its type is found in another. It is the Corinne or George Sand genus. Mr James has deliberately ventured, and upon system, on one character for which the motive is praiseworthy; though where, save in modern novels, burglars of lofty soul, and disinterested heroic thieves, are to be found, it is not easy to tell. Yet it is not to be questioned, that a bad system of criminal law, faulty institutions, and social abuses, injuriously affect the formation of character among the lower classes, and tend to degrade, corrupt, and finally render criminal, many an unfortunate individual, who is punished for the sins into which he has been betrayed. Anything in imaginative fiction or true history, in prose or in verse, in tale or in sermon, which tends to promote the sublime object "of educating the whole people for good, and of combining the punishment of crime with encouragement to reformation," cannot be too much applauded.—But to our story. Sir Morley Ernstein, at the age of twenty-one, has just come into possession of his large estates, and of the wealth accumulated during his long minority, blessed with many good and beautiful gifts of mind, and heart, and person: a *fine animal;* and one, moreover, who gave promise of eventually becoming a noble-minded man. He had reached his ancestral home, visited for the first time since boyhood. The requisite ceremonial of arriving and taking possession being gone through, the lonely young heir became thoughtful, and began to philosophize; but banishing melancholy, he called for a horse, rode out, had an adventure, and fell in love at first sight, over head and ears, once and for ever! Though the conflicting "*Tenants of the heart*" sometimes mutinied, he was upon the whole wonderfully faithful to the fair Juliet Carr, not now first seen, though Morley remembered but as a dream the lovely child he had in other years called his little wife, and who had never forgotten him. In this novel, besides being descriptive and dramatic, the author is often, perhaps too often for the brisk pace which most readers like in narrative, betrayed into moralizing and philosophizing, and almost into downright metaphysics. This

opening scene combines a little of these peculiarities, and is not an unfavourable specimen of the work, though many scenes might be found far more impassioned. Morley had cast off melancholy musings by the old English remedy, of a good hard trot: but

A little accident happened, however, almost at the outset of his ride, which checked the speed at which he was flying over the country. We have said he leaped the enclosure of the park at a bound; but he certainly did so without thinking that any one might be upon the high road at the other side. Such was the case, however; and, as Morley Ernstein darted over the fence, he perceived a lady and a gentleman on horseback, riding gently along.

The sudden and unexpected apparition of a mounted horseman at full speed, where there had been nothing but solitude the moment before, made the lady start, but it made her horse start still more; and being of that race of animals that is restive without being spirited, the beast plunged, reared, and would have fallen backwards, but, as quick as light, Morley was upon his feet by the lady's side, and with her bridle in his firm, manly grasp. The horse became quiet instantly; it seemed as if the animal felt at once that it could not resist; and though it passaged away from him who held it, it no longer tried to rear with that strong determination of crushing its fair rider which it had shown at first.

The lady, however, agitated with all that had happened, slipped from the saddle, quickly, but gracefully, and of course Morley Ernstein aided her to the best of his abilities, apologizing for frightening her horse, and assuring her that the animal was now quiet, that the danger was over, and adding a multitude of other things of the same kind, in a breath.

Our measures of time are all false and absurd together; we might find a thousand better clocks than any that have ever been carried up into the sky by a church steeple. Thoughts, feelings, passions, events—these are the real moral time-keepers. What is to me the ticking of a pendulum? There is many a five minutes, as they are called when measured by that false scale, that form two-thirds of a lifetime. One fortnight of existence has withered more than twenty years, cast down the barrier between youth and age, and dried up the fountains of the heart, like the simoom.

It was not exactly thus with Morley Ernstein and the lady; but the brief moments in which all passed that I have just narrated, comprised for the young gentleman a world of other things besides. She was young and very beautiful.—Is not that enough to load the wings of a single minute with the thoughts of years, for a young man of one-and-twenty? But that was not all; hers was the sort of beauty that he had always most admired, most thought of, most wondered at. It was all gentleness and brightness, but withal resplendent with high feeling and thought. It was the mixture that we so seldom see of all that is lovely in mere corporeal form and colouring: the rich contour, the flowing lines, the warmth but softness of hue, the contrasted tints of the hair, the eyes, the cheeks, the forehead, and the lips, with the lofty, yet gentle,—the tender, yet deep in expression. The young horseman had remarked all this in a moment, and he had seen that beautiful face agitated, that graceful form rendered more graceful by the effort to keep her seat upon the vicious beast that bore her. At the same time, the morning sun shone, mellowed through the foliage of a tree over head, and cast that rich mysterious yellow light upon the whole scene which is only produced when the sunshine falls through the green leaves that owe their brief and strange existence to his glorious beams. That light seemed to give a peculiar lustre to her face—a something that the youth, in his fond enthusiasm, could have fancied unearthly, had not the soft hand that rested upon his as he aided her to dismount, and the deep-drawn sigh of apprehension relieved, told him that she was but a being of the same nature as himself. It was all done in a moment, as I have said, and the manifold thoughts, or we m call them impressions, which took place in his bos were like the ripples of a moonlight sea; a thous bright things received all at once into the mind.

Scarcely, however, had Morley Ernstein time to u the few words which have been mentioned when lady's companion interposed, saying—"At this time the year, Sir, one does not expect to see people fly over a park fence like madmen. The periodical sea of insanity—I mean the hunting season—is at an e and I do not wonder at the horse being surprised a alarmed."

Morley turned his eyes suddenly to the speaker face; but he was an old man, with grey hair, and t youth had a certain foolish reverence for age, which w much inculcated amongst those weak people, our ance tors; though it has given way very generally now, und the influence of improvement and the diffusion of kno ledge. He refrained, therefore, and strangled an ang reply between his teeth, merely saying—

"I am extremely sorry I have alarmed the lady, a trust she will forgive me. You still look frightened he continued, addressing her with a voice in which son young timidity, and the slight agitation of admiratio mixed strangely with a consciousness, not so much varied powers as of high purposes and noble feeling "you still look frightened, and somewhat faint. Wer it not better for you to repose for a moment at my hous hard by?"

"At your house!" said the gentleman, with peculia emphasis, and gazing at him from head to foot; "I thank you, Sir, but the lady can very well pursue her ride. Th horse, too, will be perfectly quiet, unless he be agai startled; and it is not reasonable to expect two suc pleasant occurrences in one day."

The young lady bowed her head with a smile tha seemed intended and fully sufficient to compensate fo the harsh coldness of her companion. "I am not faint," she said—"a little frightened; but I can well go on." She thanked him, too, for his kindness, in a somewhat lower tone; not so low, indeed, as to be unheard by either of the two who stood beside her, but still softened, and with somewhat of timidity in her manner, as if she felt that what she said to the one might not be pleasing to the other.

Morley aided her to remount, and gave her the rein for her companion made no effort to assist her. As he did so, he gazed for one instant in her face, and his eyes met the deep blue heavenly light of hers, pouring through the dark lashes, like the first dawn of morning through the clouds of night. It was but for an instant, and bowing her head once more, she rode on, leaving him standing on the road, and marvelling still at the bright vision which had thus crossed his path, and vanished. Who has not, in his childhood, seen a shooting star cross the sky and disappear, on a bright autumn night?—and who has not then gazed long into the wide vacant heaven, to see if the shining wanderer would not appear again? Thus gazed Morley Ernstein after the fair being that had just left him, with that sort of admiration in which wonder has so great a share.

He stood motionless, his horse's bridle over one arm, his cane drooping from his wrist, and his eyes fixed upon the receding figures, till they reached an angle of the road. They were riding slowly, and by no movement on either did it appear that they gave another thought to what had occurred—to that momentary meeting which had furnished him with so many thoughts. He had no reason to suppose they would. Perhaps, indeed, with man's true perversity, Morley might have deemed it not quite feminine if the lady had turned her head as she rode away; but yet he was mortified that she did not do so; and sighed to think that he should most likely never see her more.

Now, who was she?—That cross, churlish, old fellow's daughter? Preposterous! His wife? That were very madness! His attempts to discover who or what was this angelic beauty proving vain, Sir Morley set off for London in a fit of the fidgets,

nd the mail-coach met that handsome and gen-
manlike mystery, or Mephistopholes, in a well-cut
oat, named Colonel Lieberg, who was destined to
ave so much influence over his future fate. The
ecidental encounter serves for a peg on which to
ang one of those passages of moralizing or phi-
osophizing into which Mr. James is betrayed
ftener, we have said, than is likely to please all
is readers, though these passages are occasionally
loquent and beautiful, and as true as well-worded
ommonplaces cannot fail to be. The dark, hand-
ome stranger, with the high brow, the large,
right eyes, and air of distinction, not only entered
he coach, but he spoke, and—

Oh, how strange and complicated is the web of God's
ill! How the smallest, the most pitiful, the most
mpty of things, by his great and wise volition, act their
art in mighty changes! How a look, a tone, a sound,
pebble in our path, a grain of dust in our eyes, a head-
che, a fit of gloom, a caprice, a desire, may not only
hange the whole current of one man's existence, but
ffect the being of states and empires, and alter human
estinies to the end of time! The present state of France,
he whole mass of facts, circumstances, incidents, acci-
lents, and events, which are there going on, may all be
wing to a lady, whom I knew well, having splashed her
tocking fifty years ago.

"As how, in the name of Heaven?" demands the
eader.

Thus! She was going out of her house with a relation
n the town of Douai, when, carelessly putting her foot
n a stone, she splashed her stocking. She went back
o change it; the delay occupied a quarter of an hour.
When she went on again, she met, at the corner of the
Place, a man, since too famous in history, then scarcely
known as anything but a clever fop. His name was
Francis Maximilian Robespierre. Instead of going on,
he turned with her and her relation, and walked up and
down the *Place* with them for half an hour. In one of
the houses hard by, a debating society was in the act of
canvassing some political question. As they passed to
and fro, Robespierre listened at the door from time to
time, and at length, pronouncing the debaters to be all
fools together, he rushed in to set them right. From
that moment he entered vehemently into all the fiery
discussions which preceded the revolution, in which he
had never taken part before, and grasped at power,
which opened the doors of the cage, and let out the tiger
in his heart. Thus, had the lady not splashed her stock-
ing, she would not have met the future tyrant; he would
have pursued his way, and would not have turned back
to the *Place*; he would never have heard the debate that
first called him into action, for he was going to quit Douai
the next day; and who can say how that one fact, in the
infinite number of its combinations with other things,
might have affected the whole social world at present?

The stranger's heterodox opinions were developed in a prolonged conversation which happened to turn upon the joys of youth; its "pure joys" Morley Ernstein named them.

"Why call them the pure joys of youth? I do not see why they should be purer than those of any other period. Surely all joys are pure—I mean those that are not criminal. Anything that gives me pleasure, or by which I can give others pleasure, and which injures no one, is just as pure as the gathering of a flower, or the pruning of a tree—certainly more pure than crucifying a worm upon a hook, or shooting an inoffensive bird, or many another of those sports and pastimes of which youth is fond."

Morley was silent for some little time; he felt that there was something dangerous in his companion's doctrines, if pushed to the extreme; but still, as far as he had expressed them, there was nothing of which he could take hold. The other seemed to perceive, with fine tact, that the young man who sat beside him, had taken alarm at the indefinite nature of his argument, and he added in haste—

"You will understand that I mean strictly to limit enjoyment to that which is not criminal—which is not wrong—in short, all I mean to say is, that the wisest plan for man to pursue is, to go on without ever turning back his eyes to the past; to enjoy all that is natural for his period of life, without regretting others that are gone. Each pleasure is as a precious stone, picked up upon the sea-shore, a thing to be treasured by memory; but because we find an emerald at one moment, that is no reason why we should neglect the diamond that we find the next, or the ruby that comes a little farther on. Our capabilities of enjoyment were intended to be used, and he who does not do so, fails to fulfil one of the great obligations of his nature."

Morley was better satisfied, but still not completely so; and had he been older and more experienced, he might have thought that his conversation with his travelling companion, is like that which Conscience and Desire sometimes hold together, when temptation is very strong. Desire still finds an argument to lead us up to the very verge of wrong, assuring Conscience all the time that we are upon the safe ground of right, and trusting to some momentary impulse to make us leap the barrier when we have reached it.

Lieberg was a supicious guide to initiate a young man into the diversions and pleasures of the metropolis, and his accomplishments and fascinations were as powerful as his intellect:—

Every word appeared to be spoken, more as a suggestion than a decision; while the soft richness of the speaker's voice seemed calculated to persuade and lead. The look on the other hand was full of quick vivacity and fire—the eye brightened up at a word, the lip changed its expression twenty times in a minute, and withal there was an air of reckless joyousness, of rapid careless quickness, which contrasted wonderfully with the metaphysical themes he touched upon, and by contrast, gave the stronger effect to his deeper thoughts.

That he was a man of station and high breeding one would scarcely doubt; and in his dress there was that scrupulous neatness which is one of the distinguishing marks of a gentleman in youth. In older life, a man may well lose a part of that attention to his apparel which no young man should be without; but before the grand passage of forty-five, no one should deem himself old enough to go out in a bad hat if he can get a good one, or wear ill-blacked boots. The neatness of his dress did not at all approach to puppyism, but every article of his clothing was so well adapted to the other, that the whole harmonised perfectly, and gave that peculiar and undefinable tone to his appearance which has a vague sort of connexion with the mind within, a reflection, perhaps, we might call it, of the habitual thoughts and feelings influencing the dress without the wearer knowing it.

An accident on the road deprived Morley of sense, and had nearly cost him his life. In the long helpless unconsciousness of brain-fever, the stranger watched over him like a brother; and when, after recovery, Morley expressed his gratitude to the man who had not only attended him but saved his life by dragging him out of the carriage while it was under water,—

"Yes, that is true," replied his companion, half laughing; "I did, indeed, as Sheridan called it, play the Newfoundland dog, when I found you were likely to be drowned unless assisted; but that is all, and surely that is little enough. I have done the same for a fly in a cream jug."

"But you have never stayed three weeks in a country inn," answered Morley, smiling, "to nurse a fly in a fever; and for that, at least, you deserve my deepest gratitude."

"Not at all!" answered his friend—"not at all! Even on your own principles, you owe me no thanks. I never thought whether I was doing a good action or not. In regard to the first of your mighty obligations, that of staying three weeks in a country inn, it might truly have been a great tax upon me under some circumstances; but just at that time, I had nothing on earth to do. I was going back to London out of pure weariness of the place I was in; for in general I never am in town before the first or second of June. Here I have had fine air, fine scenery, and a fine trout stream. What would you have more? Then as to watching and taking care of you in your delirium, I have no merit there: the truth is, I am fond of all strong emotions, and the watching you, the wondering whether you would live or die, the changes of your countenance, the grey shade that would sometimes come over your face, the flush of fever, the restless tossing to and fro—and, then, again, the gambling, as it were, each moment in my own mind for your life—all this was surely excitement enough. Besides, your delirium was worth any money. There is something so strange and fantastic in the ravings of a man in fever—very much more curious and metaphysical than mere madness. In madness, one always finds one strong predominant idea; but in delirium it is as if all the ideas of a lifetime were mixed in one wild chaos. Not Talma, nor Schroeder, nor Malibran, could have afforded me so much interest as you in your delirium."

"You have a strange taste," replied Ernstein, not altogether well pleased.

This is a character to pique a reader's curiosity; and here, for the present, we leave the Byronic personage. We do not mean to even hint at the plot of the story; and detached scenes, complete in themselves, and showing the author's manner, occur in abundance.

Gracious mothers and lovely daughters courted the handsome young heir, who is both charitable and reasonable in his judgment of Mothers and Daughters.

Morley thought it very natural that such should be the case. "Were I a mother," he said to himself, "which, thank Heaven, I never can be, I would do just the same. People cry out upon this sort of thing—I really do not see why they should do so, more than censure a father for getting his son a commission in the Guards. It is right that we should wish to see our children well provided for; and so long as there is nothing unfair, no deception, no concealment, the purpose is rather honourable than otherwise."

It may be guessed that Morley soon became an immense favourite in fashionable society; yet he was not spoiled by conceit, nor did he become ridiculous through those suspicions of designs upon him, which are entertained by many men without any of his advantages of person and fortune. Among other places which Morley visited with curiosity, was Bow Street police-office, to which he was carried by Lieutenant-colonel Count Lieberg, who had been robbed of a gold snuff-box. This event leads to some good low-life description, without any nauseous affectation of low cockney, or thievish slang. Morley, after this stimulating glimpse, wished to see more of this kind of life, and Lieberg introduced him to Mr. Higgins, a worthy pawn-broker, who had acted an important part in privately recovering the snuff-box, besides proving the *alibi* of the thief of it.

"Mr. R—— has done me the honour, Sir," he began, in very tolerable language, "of bringing me here, because, he said you wished to see some little things in my way," and having uttered this very equivocal sentence, he held his tongue, and left Morley to take it up in what sense he chose.

Morley was amused, but he replied in such a manner as still to leave the task of explanation to the other.

"I am very much obliged to Mr. R——," he said. "Pray, what have you got to show me?"

The man grinned, to find that the young gentleman could deal in equivoques, as well as himself. Ere he answered, he gave an approving wink of the eye to the officer, which might have been translated, perhaps—"He is not a fool, after all, though he is a gentleman." However, he would not be brought to the point; and putting his hand in his pocket, he produced a small shagreen case, which he opened, and laid on the table before Morley Ernstein; displaying to the wondering eyes of the young baronet, a pair of very beautiful diamond ear-rings. Morley gazed at them for a moment or two, in no small surprise.

"They are very handsome, indeed," he said, at length—"they are very handsome, indeed, as far as I am any judge of such things; but, pray, what do you intend me to do with these?"

"To buy them, Sir," replied the man, quite coolly.

"I hope not to wear them, too," said Morley, "for that I shall scarcely consent to."

"O no, Sir!" answered Mr. Higgins, laughing; "but such gentlemen as you, are always wanting diamond ear-rings. Why, there isn't one of all those ladies that you want to make a present to, who would not say they are as handsome a pair as ever were seen. I will let you have them a great bargain, too. Why, Lord ——'s young lady sold me a pair, the other day, for twice the money, which he had given her only two days before."

"A pleasant comment on such sort of connexions," thought Morley Ernstein; but he answered, aloud—"There is one objection to my taking these, even if I did want them, my good friend—namely, that I do not exactly know where they may come from."

The man paused, and stared in his face for a moment.

"Ha, now I take you, Sir—now I take you!" he cried, at length. "But I can assure you, you are mistaken; they are not exactly mine. I am disposing of them for another party; but I think if you knew what an act of charity you are doing in buying them, you would give the full money willingly enough, and perhaps something into the bargain."

"Indeed!" said Morley, with his curiosity somewhat excited; "pray who do they belong to?"

"Oh, as nice a young lady, Sir, as ever lived!" replied the man. "Her father was a clergyman, and her mother a lady of good fortune, and amongst the tip-top of the world; but there was a law-suit about the mother's fortune, to whom these ear-rings belonged, I have heard, and that ruined her husband, and broke her heart. She died first, and the parson not long after; and they left this daughter, and a boy, who is a wild one, with about a couple of hundred between them, and some nic-nacs. Well, the boy soon got through his money, and his sister's too; and from time to time he came to me, with a lot of things to sell. His sister, he let out the other day, had kept him and herself too by teaching; but now she hasn't had much to do for some time, because she fell ill in the winter, and so lost her pupils. They are well-nigh starving, the boy tells me, and in the end she is driven to sell her mother's ear-rings. She only asks forty pounds for them, Sir—I think they are worth a hundred."

The story had every appearance of truth about it to the mind of Morley Ernstein. Such things were very likely to happen; and the man told it, too, like a true story. After asking why Mr. Higgins did not buy the diamonds himself, and receiving the satisfactory answer, that he had bought just such a pair before from Lord ——'s young lady, and could not afford to buy two, as well as having received truth-like replies to one or two other questions, Morley made up his mind somewhat precipitately to do three things; to purchase the ear-rings, to find out the brother, and to see if, through him, he could not do something for the sister.

"Pray where does this young man live?" he said,

after having concluded the purchase; "do you think he will have any objection to speak with me about his affairs?"

"Oh, not he, Sir!" cried the man; "the young scamp don't mind talking about them to the whole world. He's no shame left! He lives at No. 3, Dover Street, New-road, and his sister too. A prettier girl I never saw, in all the course of my life, for I went there one day."

Morley put down the address; and having dismissed this subject, and arranged to make an expedition with the worthy Mr. Higgins, into some of the most reputable resorts of rogues and vagabonds, on the succeeding night, he suffered him and R—— to depart, waiting with some impatience for the following morning, when he proposed to put his Quixotic purpose, regarding the sellers of the diamond ear-rings, into execution. . . . . .

"He wants to see life, Master R——. We'll show it him, won't we? His old servant told me that he was a tender-hearted young gentleman, and did a world of good in his own parish!"

It was with the best and purest intentions that Morley meant to visit the young lady; and accordingly he very prudently resolved, beforehand, to employ the intervention of his friend and former guardian, Mr. Hamilton, in assisting her, lest his own age and appearance might draw suspicion upon them both.

At the hour of eleven, his new cabriolet, which the poetical coachmaker had assured him would roll over the pavement like a cloud through the sky, and one of his new horses, which if the same figurative personage had beheld him, would most likely have been compared to the wind impelling the cloud, were at the door of the hôtel, together with a groom upon the most approved scale, bearing gloves as white as the Horse Guards, and the usual neat but unaccountable sort of clothing, called leather breeches and top-boots. Morley Ernstein descended with a slow step, entered his cabriolet thoughtfully, and drove towards the house to which he had been addressed, not going above a mile out of his way, in consequence of his ignorance of all those narrow turnings and windings which a professed London coachman is fond of taking. The street was a small one, and evidently a poor one, but Morley Ernstein had expected nothing else; and the house was neat and clean, with a white door-step, a clean door, and a small brass knocker. The young gentleman's groom, by his directions, applied his hand to the implement of noise, and produced a roll of repeated knocks, which, in any other country, would be held as a nuisance. A few minutes after, a neat maid-servant presented herself, and, in answer to the question, "Is Mr. William Barham at home?" replied in the affirmative.

Morley Ernstein then descended, gave his name, and was ushered up a flight of stairs, having a centre line of neat stair carpet, not much wider than one's hand. The drawing room into which he was shown was very nicely furnished with a number of little ornaments, not indeed of the kind that could be purchased, but of the sort which a dexterous and tasteful female-hand can produce, to trick out and decorate the simplest habitation. There was a small piano in one corner of the room, a Spanish guitar, with a blue ribbon, lying on the sofa, a pile of music on the top of the piano, some very well executed landscapes lying, half finished, on the table, together with a box of colours, and a glass of water. All, in short, bespoke taste and skill, and that graceful occupation of leisure hours, which is so seldom found uncombined with a fine mind.

The room was empty of human beings, and while Morley was making his survey, he heard the maid-servant run up stairs to another flight, and say—"Master William—Master William, there is a gentleman below in the drawing-room wishes to speak to you." . . .

Morley Ernstein remained in the middle of the drawing-room, with the door partly unclosed, so as to allow him to hear the murmur of voices in the passage below, and the moment after, some light footsteps ascending the stairs. They were not the steps of a man, and ere he could ask himself, "What next?" the door of the room opened wide, and a young lady entered the room, whose appearance answered too well the description which had been given, for him to doubt that she was the late possessor of the diamond ear-rings.

She seemed to be about nineteen; and, both in features and figure, was exceedingly beautiful. Dressed in mourning, there could be no bright colours in her apparel, but every garment was so arranged as tastefully to suit the other; and the whole was in the very best style, if not absolutely from the hands of the most fashionable dressmaker. Yet all was plain—there was nothing at all superfluous: and, indeed, her beauty required it not. The luxuriant dark hair clustered under the close bonnet, and contrasted finely with the pure, fair skin, warmed by a bright blush, like that of a rose, which one could hardly believe that the air of London would leave long unwithered. The large and dark, but soft eyes, spoke mind and feeling too; though there was an occasional flash of brightness in them, which seemed to say that mirth had not always been so completely banished as it seemed at this moment. The whole face looked but the more lovely from the darkness of her garb; and the beautiful small foot and ancle were certainly not displayed to disadvantage in the tight-fitting black silk stockings and well-made shoe. She bowed distinctly to Morley, as she entered the room, with a look that expressed no sort of pleasure, adding—"The servant tells me, Sir, that you wish to see my brother. He will be here in five minutes; for I left him only at a little distance, at a shop where he wanted to purchase something. Will you not sit down?"

She pointed coldly to a chair, and as she spoke, began removing the drawings from the table; but Morley replied—"Perhaps I had better return again; I fear I interrupt you."

The lady looked up with an air of hesitation—

"Indeed, Sir," she said, after a moment's pause, "I do not know well how to reply to you. My brother will be angry, perhaps, if I say what I think, and yet——"

Morley was not a little surprised at this unfinished reply, and he answered, with interest, which, it is not to be denied, was increasing every moment under all he heard and saw—

"Pray explain yourself, madam. I think you must be under some mistake; but at all events, your brother cannot be made angry by what you say; for of course, unless you desire it, I shall never repeat it to him, or to any one."

"Well then, Sir," she said, gravely and sadly, "I was going to say, however rude and harsh you may think it, that I certainly would rather that you did not wait for my brother, and cannot but hope that he may be absent also when you come again."

Morley smiled at this very strange reception, but still he could not help thinking that there was some mistake. "Indeed, Miss Barham," he replied, "this is so unexpected and extraordinary, that I rather believe you are in error regarding me."

"Oh, no!" replied the lady in the same tone; "his description, Sir, was very accurate. Are you not Mr. Neville?"

"Oh, no!" answered Morley, with a smile, "my name is Morley Ernstein, and I came with a view of doing your brother good and not harm."

"Ernstein!" she cried, starting with a wild look of joy and satisfaction. "Morley Ernstein! Oh! then you are the gentleman whose name was to the draft! It was you who bought the diamonds, then; but my brother told me he had not seen you—that it was through a third person—" and she blushed deeply as she spoke.

"He said true, Miss Barham," replied Morley; "it was through another person, but from that other person I learnt something of your own and your brother's situation, in explanation of the cause for which the diamonds were sold."

"Oh! they should not have told all that!" murmured the young lady. "How did they know it? It was sad

enough to sell them at all!" and her eyes filled with tears.

With the utmost delicacy Morley urged her to take back the diamonds, and promised his friendship and services to her brother and herself. While they conversed, the brother, a weak, vicious, and selfish being, thoroughly corrupted, appeared.

A young man, scarcely of eighteen years of age, entered quickly, with his long and shining, but somewhat dishevelled hair, tossed loosely about a face, quick and intelligent enough, but bearing an expression both wild and cunning. His complexion was very different from that of his sister, for he was very pale and sallow, and there was a certain look of premature dissipation about him, which is not easily to be mistaken.

"Here is Neville, Helen!" he exclaimed, as he entered; but the instant his eyes lighted upon Morley Ernstein, he started, and looked both surprised and annoyed.

Ere anything more could pass, however, a slower step was heard mounting the staircase, and through the door, which the youth had left open behind him, appeared a fashionably-dressed man coming up with an air of easy nonchalance, as if he were entering the abode of people very much below him, looking at his boot, which he tapped occasionally with his cane, and not raising his eyes in the slightest degree towards the drawing-room—though the door, as I have said, was open—till he was upon the very threshold. When he did look up, however, and saw the figure of Morley Ernstein standing exactly opposite to him, he started, with an appearance of even greater surprise than had been shown by the brother of Miss Barham; and at the same time his brow contracted, and his eye flashed, in a way that he seemed to think very imposing, for it was evident that his whole demeanour had much preparation in it.

Morley, in the meantime, could hardly suppress a smile, at seeing the man for whom he had been mistaken, and who had been described as so much like himself. This Mr. Neville was certainly not less than fifteen or sixteen years older: he was shorter, too, by two or three inches, not nearly so powerful in make, and though dressed in the very extreme of the fashion, which, in that day, was somewhat extravagant in itself, he wanted that easy tone and indescribable grace which marks the gentleman, both in mind and in station.

The feelings of Miss Barham, however, were evidently anything but pleasant, and it was with some satisfaction that Morley saw her draw in a slight degree nearer to himself, as her brother and his companion entered. All the parties gazed upon each other for a moment in silence; but the very first words which were spoken, and which proceeded from the lips of Mr. Neville, at once showed Morley that the fable of the borrowed plumes might be acted in real life. "I say, Barham!" he exclaimed—"what is all this, my boy?"

This is the person to whom the heartless and selfish wretched boy would have sold his sister, to secure his personal safety, and the means of an idle and dissipated life. Neville held over him the power of life and death, from the knowledge of a forgery which Barham had commited, as it turned out, upon Count Lieberg. High words passed between Morley Ernstein and Neville; and the former left the house, after expressing the utmost contempt for the braggart, and of his demand for "the satisfaction of a gentleman;" though he voluntarily promised him that of a horse-whip.

"Missed fire, by Jove!"—exclaimed Mr. Neville, as Morley descended the stairs, opened the door, and beckoned to his cabriolet, which was wandering up and down the street—"I say, what's to be done now? That bird's worth plucking, and you are a fool if you don't do it. I must have a feather, too, if it can be managed—but pray introduce me to your sister. Miss Barham, how do you do?"

Miss Barham drew back. "I must beg to decline the introduction, Sir," she said; "I have no inclination to make your acquaintance; I told William so this morning, and he might have saved me the pain of seeing you here, as his only pretext was an appointment to meet you, and it seems that you had joined each other before you came in."

"Hey! how is this, Barham?" exclaimed the other; "I thought you had talked to her about it all."

"So I did," replied William Barham; "but she is foolish. I tell you what, Helen; this wont do—you don't know what you are about; and it is all nonsense, too, because you have often told me about such things that——"

"It will so far do, William," replied Helen Barham interrupting him, that I will beg you will leave me my rooms to myself. If you do not, I must take means to free myself from society I do not like."

Thus saying, she passed through the door leading into another chamber, and was heard to lock it behind her.

"Leave me with her, Neville," said her brother—"leave me with her; I will bring her to, and will join you in an hour at Williams'."

"Well, mind you!" cried the other, somewhat steraly—"remember, my lad, I have got my thumb upon you!" and uttering these words, Mr. Neville marched out of the room. As soon as the door of the house closed upon him, the youth knocked gently at that of his sister's room. "Helen!" he exclaimed; "Helen!—he is gone. Do come out and speak to me, there is a dear girl!"

Helen Barham did come out; but her eyes were red with tears. "Oh, William!" she said, "I wonder you are not ashamed to see me——"

"Nonsense, Helen," he cried, "I have often heard you laugh at idle prejudices."

"Fie—fie!" she continued, not attending to him; "to wish to sell your sister to such a being as that! I did say that there is nothing I would not do to save you from destruction, but—oh! William——"

"Well, then, Helen," he said, "this is the only way of saving me from destruction."

"Not now, William," she exclaimed, "not now! The money which you got for the ear-rings will do for some time, surely; and before that is spent, I may get some other means of keeping myself and you."

"You will never get enough to keep us comfortably," replied the youth; "and as to that, it does not matter whether you do or not; I tell you, the only way to save me from destruction, is——"

"Is by my own, you would say," replied his sister.

"Stuff and nonsense!" answered her brother; "they never hang people for that, Helen: and I tell you, that man could hang me, or very near it, if he chose."

The face of Helen Barham turned as pale as death, and she sank into a chair without any reply, gazing in her brother's countenance, with silent agony, for several moments.

"It is true, Helen," said her brother, doggedly, and setting his teeth hard, "it is true what I tell you."

"Whoever heard of such horror!" exclaimed Helen Barham. "The brother would sell his sister to be the mistress of a low-bred, horrible villain; and that villain would hang the brother, if the sister will not consent to her own destruction. Is that it, William?"

"Not exactly," replied the youth! "you twist the matter which way you please, Helen. I said he could hang me if he liked, not that he would; and as for the rest, Helen, I don't sell you. I only want you to do the best for yourself, and for me too. You can never get enough by teaching, to keep me or you either. You are fond enough of fine clothes, I can tell you; and here's a man will give you as many as you want. He will settle five hundred a-year on you, just as if you were his wife. He can't marry you, you know, because he is married already."

"Hush! hush! hush!" cried Helen Barham, stopping her ears—"hush! and leave me. Do not make me hate myself! What did I ever say, William, to make you

think that I would become any man's mistress for fine clothes?"

"No," replied her brother, "but I have heard you say that marriage is love; that a man and woman who have promised themselves to each other, ought to consider themselves just as much married as if all the ceremonies in the world had passed between them."

Helen hid her eyes in her hands, saying, "I have been very foolish, William, and I have talked wildly; but you have misunderstood me—sadly, too. I meant, that they had never a right to break that promise. Love!—can you talk to me of love with such a man as that?"

"Why, I suppose, then, you are in love with the other I found here," said her brother. "Pray what was he doing here with you alone?—What is it he wants with me, too?"

"He wants," exclaimed Helen, her face brightening up with renewed hope—"he wants to save you, William; he wants to aid you—to deliver you, if you will let him. Go to him, William—go to him; tell him the whole—tell him all the truth, and, I am sure, if it be in the power of man to help you, he will." . . . .

"That old fool, Higgins, has made a blunder," said the youth, thoughtfully; "I'll go and call upon him, Helen, and see if anything can be got out of him; but, as to telling him the whole, you do not think me such a fool, do you, to put my neck in two men's power, because it happens to be in that of one? You seem to be mightily smitten with him, Helen; and perhaps might not object to the arrangement there, eh? But, I'll tell you what—that wont do, my lady. Neville's the man, depend upon it; and I insist that you treat him civilly, at least. For to-day, I must quiet matters down as well as I can, but to-morrow I shall bring him here to tea."

Helen Barham again burst into tears, and in that state the youth left her. But ere half an hour was over, Mr. Neville was again in the house, and, passing by the maid, he entered the drawing-room unannounced, saying, he "only wanted to speak two words to Miss Barham." He certainly was not long with her, and what he said was in a low tone, for the maid, who was not at all inquisitive, could not catch the words through the keyhole of the door. In less than a minute and a half, he quitted the house again, and the maid looked at him from the parlour-window, as he mounted a beautiful horse and rode away. The moment after, she heard something heavy fall in the room above, and, running up, found Helen Barham lying senseless on the floor.

The unhappy girl had been threatened with the utmost severity that this low reprobate had power to inflict upon her wretched brother. On the same evening Morley kept his appointment with Mr. Higgins; and, properly disguised, was introduced to one of the haunts of the flash-men, where Harry Martin, the generous, gallant, and honest thief of the story, first appears on the scene. When Morley had seen enough to tire, if not to disgust him, he retired with his Mentor, who, in answer to the question of who was Mr. Neville, replied—

"Oh, Sir, Neville was what we call a *prime swell*; he's getting a little bit down now, but I can recollect the time when his line of business was altogether on the race-course, and at certain houses in the neighbourhood of St. James's. Then he took to getting money by lending it, and as long as he kept to pianoforte selling, and all that, it did very well; but he was fool enough to let a story get into the papers, about his filching some bills, and though the serjeant cleared him of that cleverly, it blowed him a great deal. Then he got horse-whipped one day, and showed a little bit of the white feather, and that did him no good with any party. But, if you are asking because of what happened this morning, I can put you up to all that in no time."

"Indeed!" said Morley. "Then you have heard all about this morning's business, it seems."

"To be sure!" replied Higgins. "The stupid young fool came to me to-night, about six o'clock or so, and told me the whole; so I showed him that Neville would never do for his sister, and told him what I wanted to make up for her. I said to him, there's Sir Morley Ernstein, he may do very well, if you like, and what he promises he'll keep; but as for Neville, he may have a hundred pounds in his pocket to-day, and not twopence to-morrow; and as for his doing what he says he will, even when he can, there's no use in trusting to that. We know him well enough—Master Neville. He's not a man of honour, Sir."

A new light was beginning to shine upon Morley Ernstein; he was now, indeed, seeing human existence, under a fresh aspect; he was too young to be suspicious, but yet he had heard a good deal of the world, if he had not mingled with it much; and the horrible scheme of villany and vice, of which the reader is already aware, but which now first broke upon him, made him ask himself, which were the agents, which the victims, in the sad affair wherein he had himself become so suddenly and unexpectedly a participator? or, was he alone the object of this nefarious arrangement? Was Helen Barham, beautiful and high-minded as she seemed, but a light woman, seeking for some new paramour; or was she in reality what she appeared, and a mere victim to be immolated by the criminal selfishness of her brother? He paused then, for several minutes, without making any answer; he was, in fact, putting on his armour, if one may so call it, finding himself suddenly attacked in a manner that he did not expect. Accordingly, after some silence, he replied, "Well, Mr. Higgins, I think you spoke quite reasonably. She is a very beautiful girl, certainly. Pray, who did she live with last?"

"No, Sir, no," said Mr. Higgins, with more warmth than Morley had expected. "She never lived with anybody that I know of—no, I'm sure she hasn't—but I'll tell you the plain truth of the matter. I have been given to understand, that you are a gentleman that wants to see life; now you know very well, Sir, that young gentlemen that set out upon that lay, make a point, in the first place, of picking up some lady. Well, Sir, what I've got to say is no bad compliment to you either. I had seen this youth—this William Barham—almost every day, for the last three or four months; and I had heard all about his sister from him, and how she had laboured to support him in his wild ways. Well, Sir, I found that now, having pawned or sold everything he had in the world, and almost everything she had, too, and done a great many other things besides, which we wont talk about, he was determined to sell his sister at last to some one. So, Sir, when I saw you, and heard you talk, I thought that you were one who, if you did take the young lady, would not treat her as some men do, but, if some time you liked to marry, and part with her, would provide for her handsomely. It was that made me put you up quietly to go into that house."

"A very hopeful scheme, indeed!" said Morley. "But it seems to me, my good friend, that this youth, who is, evidently, as hopeless a scapegrace as ever cut a purse, or trod the drop, has other views for his sister."

"Ay, sir; he's a bad one," answered Mr Higgins. "He's one that will come to no good. He might have been in a very genteel way of business, if he had liked it, without any risk either; but there's no keeping him steady, and he's got into bad hands that don't care how soon they ruin the young man altogether, provided they screen themselves."

We cannot pursue the moralizing vein of Mr. Higgins, whom Morley bribed by the promise of ten pounds, to find out and inform him of the exact nature of the power which Neville had acquired over young Barham. On the same night Sir Morley received a challenge from Neville, and next morning visited his friend Lieberg on the subject, whom he found at his luxurious breakfast:—

He had come thither in haste; but as his friend's servant was in the room, he had suffered the cup, the saucer, the plate, the knife and fork, and every usual implement of breakfast-eating, to be placed, before he

touched upon the subject which had brought him thither at that hour of the morning. As soon as all was arranged, and Morley had scanned the whole of the beautiful china upon the table, each piece of which was worth a Jew's eye—as soon as the young gentleman himself had reached the middle term of his first cup of coffee—as soon as some very thin broiled ham, and some excellent caviare, looking like all the black eyes of a harem put together, had been handed round—as soon, in short, as the servant, having no pretext for staying longer, had retired from the room, Morley Ernstein threw an open note across to Colonel Lieberg, saying—"There, my dear Count, I have taken the liberty of referring my gallant correspondent to yourself, though I fear it may make you get up to-morrow an hour or two earlier than usual."

Lieberg read it, and smiled. "That will be exactly as you please, Ernstein," he replied. "Of course, you are aware that it is not the least necessary for you to fight that man, unless you like it."

"Oh, I will fight him, certainly!" replied Morley; "as a matter of course. Having told him I would horsewhip him, or something equivalent, I will not refuse to fight him, especially as he seems to have got a friend to stand by him."

"You mean this Captain Stallfed," said Lieberg, "who writes you the note? The greatest rascal in Europe, my dear Morley, except Neville himself! the one a common swindler, the other a blackleg, of the very lowest character. Nevertheless, I think you are very right, for several reasons. In the first place, every man should do a thing once or twice in his life, just to get over the novelty of it, and to see what it is like—a duel, as well as everything else. In the next place, having made up your mind to fight somebody, you could not choose anybody better to fire at than Neville. Whether you hit him or miss him, your conduct may well be regarded as philanthropical. If you kill him, the benefit to society at large will be immense; if you miss him, you restore to him a rag of that reputation which was never otherwise than in a very tattered condition, and of which there is not now a scrap left. Then, again, my dear Morley, as you are known to be a gentleman and a man of honour, and I am known to be a man of the world, with a tolerable portion of respectability also, your fighting Neville, with Stallfed for his second, will be considered as the surest proof that you are resolved to fight anybody and everybody that asks you, as nothing could justify such a proceeding except that resolution. This will have the effect of sparing you the chance of twenty duels in times to come; for, depend upon it, in this brave world of ours, the reputation of a readiness to fight keeps a man clear of a thousand petty insults and annoyances. There is one thing, however, which I very much doubt—namely, that these men will ever give us the meeting at all. . . . . .
But come, Ernstein, pray explain to me, if there be no secret in it, how you were brought in contact with this very reputable personage. You really must have been making your way in the world."

Morley Ernstein found more difficulty in replying to Lieberg's question than he anticipated. . . . .
That part of the affair which related to Helen Barham he did not like to mention to one whose views were formed in a different school from his own. He knew not what might be Lieberg's comments, what his inferences, what he might say, what he might suspect; and there is nothing that a young and high mind shrinks so timidly from as suspicion; it is the cowardice of a generous heart. As the matter was to be told, however, for he could not very well avoid it, he spoke with his wonted candour of the whole affair, related the manner in which the situation of Helen Barham and her brother had first been brought to his knowledge, his interview with her, and the subsequent conversation which he had had with good Mr. Higgins. But the demeanour of Lieberg was very different from that which he had expected. Not a smile appeared upon his lip which could have alarmed a heart the most sensible to ridicule; not a word passed from his tongue which could shock one feeling in Morley's breast. He listened in perfect silence, with his eyes bent gravely on the ground, and remained without answering for some moments after the other had done speaking.

"This is a curious and interesting history," he said, at length; and has some of the strangest points in it that I know of. Many men in London, who practically know as much of its ways as I do, but who perhaps have not speculated upon them quite so philosophically as I have, at least, tried to do, would conclude that a story thus told to a young and inexperienced man of fortune, by a mere 'fence,' as they call such fellows as Higgins, must be a trumped-up tale for the purpose of cheating; the woman a loose woman, the boy a swindler, and the man Neville merely brought in to give greater effect to the scene. But I know better than this, Morley, and can very well conceive the whole story to be true. Those who see a great deal of London will find, if they do but take the trouble to investigate the matter impartially, that even in the innermost recesses of vice and iniquity, mingling with all that is wicked and bad in the very hearts of men given up to various sorts of crime, there are peculiar virtues, good qualities, bursts of feeling, touches of generosity, and even of truth, which lie, like the jewels of Golconda, diamonds amongst mud, or grow, like some of our most beautiful plants, from a soil formed of filth and corruption. Do not misunderstand me: I do not mean to make heroes of pick-pockets and swindlers, forgers and housebreakers; but I mean to say, that in the very blackest of them there is some good point, some virtues carried to a high pitch—some which, perhaps I might say, are almost peculiar to the hearts of vice. Many a man who risks his life daily to take the money of another will give his own as freely as water to one of his fellows in distress. The tenderness, I have heard, with which some of the most abandoned women in Europe will nurse a sick friend, is quite extraordinary; and a strong and active feeling for sorrow and distress of every kind, is, I know, very much more common amongst ruffians than amongst the pampered men of pleasure. I can thus very well conceive that this good man, Higgins, might be touched by compassion for the situation of this poor girl, and lay out the plan that he says he has done, thinking it the very best thing for her and for you too, in which, perhaps, he is right."

Lieberg's last words were spoken calmly, deliberately, and thoughtfully; and not the most learned argumentations in favour of licentiousness would have been calculated to produce such a demoralizing effect as the deliberate matter-of-course manner in which he gave them utterance. It at once, in the very fewest possible words, and with the least possible shock, placed before the mind of Morley Ernstein the idea of seducing Helen Barham, and keeping her as a mistress, in the light of something not at all evil, and perhaps right; a thing to be considered, simply in regard to its convenience and expediency, without the slightest reference in the world to the morality or immorality of the transaction. Morley did not reply, but remained with his eyes thoughtfully fixed upon the floor, meditating over what he had just heard, and asking himself, it must be confessed, whether there is really an absolute right and wrong in such matters, or not. . . . . .

"You must see your way in the business clearly, Ernstein," continued his friend, "and make very sure that you are not deceived in the girl's character; but I am inclined to think with you that she is what she appears. However, one or two interviews will easily enable you to ascertain the fact. Art never yet looked so like nature, as to deceive an eye sharpened by doubt, and in a reasonable head."

"I shall most likely never see her again," replied Morley, "and therefore shall have small opportunity of judging."

"Indeed!—and why not?" demanded Lieberg.

"Simply because I think it dangerous," replied Morley. "She is very beautiful, very graceful, very charming. With such a brother it would be quite beyond my most romantic ideas to make her my wife; and as to the other sort of connexion which you speak of, I can

conceive a man being betrayed into it by accident, or rather by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, but could never dream, for my own part at least, of sitting down deliberately to plan such a thing. It does not enter into my scheme of life, Lieberg."

Lieberg laughed.

"I know that I am not without strong passions," continued Morley, "as well as you do. When I love, it will be vehemently, ardently; and whatever may be her fortune or station, I will make that woman my wife if she will become so. It is for this very reason that I do not choose to run the risk of falling in love with any one that I would not choose to marry. I shall therefore take care not to visit such dangerous precincts again."

"Well, if you don't Ernstein," said Lieberg, "I think I shall."

Morley was mortified. "Perhaps, Lieberg," he replied, "if you do go, you may not find the opportunity that you expect."

"Nay, nay," answered Lieberg, laughing again; "you have no right to excite one's compassion for this fair orphan, and then, with a resolution to abandon her yourself, prevent any other generous man from showing her his sympathy."

As the conversation proceeds, Lieberg reveals his philosophy, of which the principle is not "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but the greatest enjoyment or sensual gratification of Number One, though at the expense of the whole of the world besides. There are many practical philosophers of Lieberg's school, though they may not be so well versed in the theory.

Every man in life must calculate which he thinks will procure him the greatest sum of happiness, keen joys or calm pleasures. One man will argue that the joys—which undoubtedly are the brighter of the two commodities—are only followed by those counterbalancing griefs which moralists tell us of, in consequence of man's subserviency to various foolish prejudices and unjust regulations in his artificial state of being. Others again may contend that calm pleasures, though not so brilliant, are more durable; that they are extended over a greater space; that if a man obtains many joys and shakes off many griefs by throwing from him the prejudices of society, on the other hand, the very struggle with those prejudices is in itself an annoyance equal to the endurance of them all. I have never calculated the matter very nicely myself, but I recollect once going to see a fair cousin of mine who, when I went in, was in the act of giving two of her sons some jelly, or jam, or something of that kind. The one boy spread it thinly over a large piece of bread and butter; the other ate it plain all at once; my cousin, who was a very wise girl as well as a pretty one, let each do as he liked; and I, who stood by and watched, thought that it was a good picture and a good lesson of life.

Count Lieberg liked in general to eat his jam by itself. Morley's condition was becoming critical. "The Tenants of the Heart" were warring together, and the animal Spirit, not yet entirely subdued.—He was again with Helen Barham, listening to her sad tale.

The interest that Morley took in her, the anxiety that he felt to serve her; the apprehension for herself and for her brother, which her history excited, were all open to the eyes of Helen Barham, and were all in return powerful upon her spirit. At the moment, when, trembling, agitated, tearful, breathless, she concluded the sad tale with that one terrible truth, and when he, listening with quivering lips and eyes straining upon her bright face, heard the dark conclusion of the whole, which seemed to leave no course for him, no hope for her, but to snatch her at once from her unworthy brother, one rash impulse, two rash words, "Be mine!" would have sealed the fates of both for ever. Had he uttered them, she could but have cast herself upon his breast or died.

Oh, it is sad to feel that there is but one thing on earth to which you can cling, and yet not dare to cling to it! Oh, it is sad to feel within ourselves the power to cherish and to comfort, and yet not dare to use it! Those words, "Be mine," presented themselves to Morley's mind, rose up in his heart, trembled upon his lips; but as the destinies of men and states have ever depended upon accident, one instant's pause saved him and Helen Barham; whether permanently, or only for the time, those who read will learn. "Shall I say it?" he asked himself; and while his heart beat like an imprisoned eagle against the bars of its cage, his eyes turned towards the table and rested there for a moment. There was a book upon it, which she had evidently been reading before he came in, open, and turned upon its face. There was a word stamped upon the back, and Morley's glance passed over it—it was, Prayer!

In a moment lightning-like thought had passed round the whole range of the mental horizon.

"She has been praying," he thought—"praying to that God, who made her beautiful, and innocent, and bright—praying for help against the infernal powers of wickedness and evil, that seem to surround her; and shall I, the only help that he has sent her, shall I sully her brightness, destroy her innocence, and blister that fair brow with the name of harlot? God forbid!"

The ethereal spirit within him was triumphant in a moment: the hour of the animal spirit was over. . .

The spirit of the soul, as I have called it, exerted her sway during that hour with calm, but mighty power. He dwelt upon many a curious question with himself, both general and referring to the chief matter of the day; and although the idea of marrying Helen Barham, and thus freeing her from all her difficulties, never entered into his mind as a thing that could take place, because he could not dream of allying himself to one so base as her brother was proved to be, yet he asked himself, had circumstances been different, would he have offered her his hand? The answer was—"No—she was not the being he would have chosen." And why was she not so? became the next question. Could any one be more lovely?—could any style of beauty whatsoever be more fit to excite ardent passion? Had he a doubt of her virtue? of her simplicity, or truth? No, no, no! He could not tell why. He did not, or he would not, investigate why he felt that, although, had he given way to the temptation of circumstances, and the strong inclination of his own heart, he might have made Helen Barham his mistress—he would not choose her for his wife. Let not the reader suppose that it was any evil in her character, anything that betrayed itself therein, and which he felt, though he could not define it. No; she was all that she seemed—pure, bright, generous-hearted, tender, devoted, not without some faults, but those such as would little affect domestic peace. No! it was nothing in her character, but it was something in his heart. Reader! it was a memory!

The memory, fortunately for our hero, became on that same night a reality. At a party given by Lady Malcolm,—an old motherly friend,—he discovered his beautiful unknown—Juliet Carr—his future guardian angel, whose protection and friendship for Helen Barham he, like a sensible and generous man, frankly requested, and sweetly and freely obtained. Poor Helen! her honour, her good name, were now placed above suspicion; but the tenderest sisterly friendship could not protect her heart, and she was also exposed to the alternately bold or insidious attempts of Lieberg, who had obtained a more fatal power over her brother than that held by Neville, and used it with as little remorse. When Higgins waited upon his employer, Sir Morley, to make the report which was to gain

him ten pounds, before he departed he asked with a sly look—

"Have you got hold of the young lady yet?"

"You mistake, my good friend," said Morley, sternly; "I have no such intentions as you suppose."

"Well, Sir," said the man, nothing abashed, "you'll easily manage it if you like. Bill Barham told me he was going to call upon you to-night between seven and eight; and you could easily bring him to terms—that I saw very well. No offence, Sir, I hope. Good night."

Morley Ernstein remained standing for a moment in thought. "The girl must be removed," he said, speaking to himself, "and if the youth can be induced to go and confess all to Lieberg, with an offer of repaying the money, I doubt not all may yet go well. When Lieberg finds that Helen Barham is gone, and that even her brother does not know where to find her, he will of course think that I have seduced her, and taken her away. Well, let him do so, for the present!" . . . . .

Ere he set out, he left directions to inform William Barham, if that praiseworthy young gentleman called, that he was gone to his sister's house; and in Davis Street he got into a hackney-coach with the intention of proceeding thither more quickly. That sad and tardy contrivance for wasting men's time, however, was not at all suited to the eager spirit of Morley Ernstein, and ere it had rumbled through more than two or three streets, he made the coachman stop, paid him his fare, jumped out, and proceeded on foot. On arriving at Helen Barham's dwelling, he was admitted instantly; for the maid, who had her own notion of the object of his visits, had heard all about him from the groom, who had accompanied him at first; and judging that the arrangement would do very well, took care to be especially civil to one whom she supposed would be her future master. She even made way for him to go up the stairs before her, and Morley, who was too eager to be ceremonious, passed on, and opened the drawing-room door himself.

Helen Barham had learned to know his knock and his step, however, and with her pencil in her hand, as she sat working hard at a drawing before her, she gazed up with a glad and eager look towards the opening door, to see if her ear had not deceived her. It was by this time night. There might be a ray or two of daylight still in the sky, but not enough for her to see her drawing. The windows therefore had been closed, and the lamp lighted, and as she sat with the rays falling full upon her face, with her bright eyes raised towards the opening door, her lips apart and showing the white teeth, her form bent forward with expectation, and the fair, delicate hand holding the pencil suspended over the paper, certainly nothing more lovely could have presented itself to the eyes of Morley Ernstein. Then came up in her face the light of joy as she saw him, the beaming of gratitude and regard, as if to give sunshine to the picture.

It was altogether like a fine Rembrandt, for, both morally and physically, the full light was all concentrated in that one spot in the room, and everything else around was dark to the eye, and to the heart. There she sat, alone—a being, formed to ornament society, to give happiness to others, to receive happiness from them, to animate, to cheer, to soothe, to taste, to feel, to enjoy! There she sat, alone, pursuing solitary and ungrateful labour through the long hours of the night, with sad thoughts as her only companions, and no voice of father, of brother, or of husband, to comfort and support her. The first reflection that crossed the mind of Morley Ernstein, after the impression of her dazzling beauty subsided, was, how sad and gloomy must her existence have been for many a long day past! The feelings in his heart might well have tempted him to take the stricken lamb to his bosom, to nourish, and to cheer her there, without one evil sensation, or one thought but for her good; and the reader may well pardon him, if—although he was guarded by a passion, intense and true, for another—if, notwithstanding all he could do, there was a tenderness in his manner, a gentle affection in his tone, that was very dangerous to poor Helen Barham. She sprang up, she held out her hand to him, she exclaimed, with a look that told the whole joy of her heart,—

"Oh! how glad I am to see you! Do you know, I have found a way of supporting myself quite well, till I can get some more scholars. Since I saw you, I have sold two of my drawings to a shop in Pall Mall, and received two guineas for them. I did not think the things were worth anything, but merely for my scholars to copy; but as I went past the windows of a drawing shop, I saw some that did not seem better than mine, so I resolved to try. The man gave me two guineas at once, and said he would take as many more as I could bring; so that now, you see, I am rich."

"I am afraid, my dear Miss Barham," said Morley, with a smile, "that I have come to destroy all your fine projects; but, do not be alarmed, it is to substitute others in their place, which, I trust, may not be disagreeable to you."

"The Tenants of the Heart" were again in momentary conflict; and yet Morley Ernstein was the passionate lover of Juliet Carr, who had loved him from childhood. To Helen he unfolded his plans for her brother.

At the same time he urged that the only way to make him abandon every attempt to carry out his infamous bargain with Neville, was to place her beyond his reach altogether, and not even to let him know where she was.

She listened for a moment in silence, with her eyes bent down, and evidently full of thought, and then looked up in his face, with something like a tear upon her eyelashes. "You have been so kind and good," she said, in a faltering voice, "and have shown yourself so generous, that I scarcely ought to ask you any questions, but only, I am afraid—that is to say, having no friend who has yet expressed a willingness to receive me, I think people might judge it strange, if I were to go anywhere with you alone—I mean, under your care, without my own brother knowing it. But I see you are smiling—I have mistaken you. But, oh, no! indeed I have not doubted you—I am sure, Sir Morley Ernstein, you would not wrong me in any way;" and she gave him her hand.

"Not for the world," he replied. "I smiled at myself. Miss Barham—my mind being fully occupied with my own plans for you. I forgot to tell you one half of them, which ought to have been told you at first.

He told her of the amiable ladies whose protection he meant to solicit for herself; but if they were not disposed or not able to offer her a safe asylum, then, he said—

There are occasions on which we must brave the world's opinion, when we know that we are doing what is right, when our purposes and views are high and pure, and when, by obeying the cold dictates of society, we should incur still greater dangers, or fall into real errors."

Was the doctrine that he preached a perilous one? Perhaps it might be so—at least, as far as human happiness is concerned; for the laws and customs of the world are exactly like the military code of Great Britain, which strictly forbids a man to fight a duel, and disgraces him if he refuses.

Helen Barham again looked up in his face, and replied, at once—"I will do anything that you please. Tell me what I ought to do! I am sure, as I said before, you will not tell me wrong; and I am sure, also, that when I am away, however criminal you may think him, you will do the best for my poor brother William."

Colonel Count Lieberg, presuming upon the hold which he had obtained over young Barham, visited the beautiful girl who had so strongly excited his curiosity from the description given by Morley. The interview is well painted. At its close, as he drove off, he muttered—

"Beautiful, indeed!—Beautiful, indeed! This boy is a fool, with his advantages!" and driving on, busy with

reveries of his own, he well nigh killed two people at the corner of Oxford Street, and grazed one of the posts with the wheel of his vehicle.

The fiendish, imperturbable character of this incarnation of selfishness, is nowhere better brought out than in contrast with the thief and burglar, Henry Martin. This man, in company with a gang, had gone down to Yorkshire for the purpose of robbing an old rich miser, a retired attorney, and the supposed father of Juliet Carr. To this sordid churl Helen had been sent, in order to screen her from the audacious attempts of Lieberg; though Juliet still remained in town with her mother's relative, Lady Malcolm. By an accident, Lieberg discovered the place of Helen's retreat, and pursued her, artfully introducing himself to the miser at the ancient manor-house where he resided, as a gentleman come to take his moors for shooting. For these he bribed old Carr with the offer of so high a rent that his heart opened, and the liberal stranger was invited to remain for the night. The gang of London thieves, at the head of which was Harry Martin, were aware of Lieberg's journey down into the north, and Martin not only meditated the robbery of old Carr, but also robbing the Count, and thus obtaining possession of the forged bill, which was hanging over the head of his confederate, young Barham, and used as a dastardly means of ruining the youth's sister.

The household of Miser Carr had long retired to rest, but his guest knew not repose. He had again seen Helen, and admired her more than ever. He had induced her to grant him a private interview, upon the subject of her brother's danger, by writing her the following note :—

"Dear Miss Barham—Will you kindly write underneath, merely in pencil, at what time to-morrow I can have a few minutes' conversation with you alone, upon the subject that we mentioned?"

"There, take that!" he said, folding up the paper, "and find out Miss Barham's maid directly; bid her give it to her mistress, and let me have an answer."

The valet took the note, and disappeared. Helen's toilette for the night was well nigh done, and she was on the point of seeking her bed, when she received it; and, guileless and innocent herself, without a thought of evil, she wrote underneath the lines sent by Lieberg, in pencil, "Whenever you like.—Helen Barham."

When the note was brought back, Lieberg gazed at it with a keen, triumphant look, though his cheek was pale with intense feeling.

"Do you know which is Miss Barham's room?" he said, addressing the valet.

"The one at the end of the corridor, Sir," said the man; "that on the right; the opposite door leads to a store-room, I find."

"And where do you sleep yourself, Martini?" said Lieberg.

"I sleep just above Miss Barham's room, Sir," replied the man.

"Get a horse early to-morrow," said Lieberg; "go over to the post-office at Doncaster, and let me have my letters before eleven."

The man bowed, and very little further conversation took place, while Lieberg undressed, and retired to bed. His last words were, "Leave the light burning."

As soon as the man was gone, Lieberg rose from his bed again, carefully cut the sheet of note-paper on which he had written to Helen in two, separating the part containing his inquiry from Helen's reply, burnt the former part, and then gazed steadfastly upon the other, repeating—"Whenever I like!—whenever I like!—I like this very night!—This shall justify me;" and putting the paper into his desk, he extinguished the light, and retired to bed again, but not to sleep.

In a future scene he makes a base use of this note, which she resents and exposes indignantly and with high courage. Meanwhile—

Silence maintained her reign for about a quarter of an hour, during which time Lieberg gazed out upon a scene which was well calculated to afford high and holy thoughts, had his been a breast to receive them. The beautiful orb which, like woman's love to man, follows this earthly sphere through all its wandering course, was shining bright and pure, in her highest glory. The green lawn, the dark yew-trees, the sloping upland, the well-trimmed hedges, caught the rays as they fell, and deep shadows, like those which must ever fall to the eye of memory over various spots in the past, when we look back from the end of a long life, were cast over the turf from every rising object. Round about, at a distance from their queen, in the blue heaven,—for those that were near were swallowed up in her light,—the bright attendant stars filled up the glory of the sky, and spoke to man's heart of the majesty of that God who made a thousand worlds, and yet bows himself to regard the lowest being on the earth.

Such, however, were not the thoughts with which Lieberg gazed. We shall not, indeed, attempt to penetrate them; they were deep, inscrutable, and would do no good to the mind of any one. Suffice it, that as his eye strayed upon the dark blue expanse, and seemed shooting back rays to the bright orb above him, a dark shadow came upon his brow, his lip curled, his head was raised higher than before, his chest expanded, as if with some struggle within him. Indeed, it would seem that he heard some warning voice, and succeeded in drowning it in the clamour of pride and passion, for he muttered to himself as he turned from the window—"So hypocrites would tell us, and so fools would yield!"

He left the curtains open, and with a quiet and steady step, walked towards the door. As he did so, however, and as his hand was actually upon the lock to open it, he thought he heard a faint cry, and paused for a minute to listen. "Busy imagination!" he said, finding the sound was not repeated; and he opened the door.

All was dark, but the moonlight, which streamed through his room, crossed the corridor and gave a faint light. There was a sudden step heard in the passage, and Lieberg instantly drew back; but before he could shut the door, or see what was coming, he received a heavy blow upon the head, which struck him to the ground, and for a few minutes deprived him of all thought and feeling. When he opened his eyes, one of the candles on his dressing-table was lighted, and he saw two tall, stout men, covered with smock frocks, each with a large piece of black crape drawn over his face, busily engaged, the one in packing up quietly all his dressing apparatus, at least that part of it which was formed of silver or gold, whilst the other, who had, to say the truth, opened various portmanteaus and carriage-boxes, without their master's privity or consent, was examining a purse and a pocket-book by the light of a candle. . . . . After having examined the contents of the pocket-book, the man put it in his pocket, saying to himself, "That will do!" He then proceeded to aid his companion.

Lieberg, "though a man of dauntless courage," found it prudent to lie as still as if he had been dead :—

Lieberg could hear, as he lay with his eyes shut, however, that the two men stopped beside him; and the one said to the other—

"You've done for him, Harry!"

"No, I haven't!" exclaimed the other, in a loud, rough tone. "D—n his heart and limbs, I have a great mind to do for him, though! He's only stunned, like—see how he breathes! but if he were up to knowing why I did it, I'd take and thrash him till I drove the soul

out of his body. I'll tell you what—this is the fellow that you heard of, who got hold of the poor boy, and threatened to hang him for forgery, if he wouldn't make his sister go into keeping with him. Now, that's what I call being a rascal, indeed. These gentlefolks call you and I blackguards, and scamps, and criminals, and felons; now, I should like to know who is the greatest rascal, who is the greatest felon—he or I? I never take anything but a little money from those that can spare it: but he—curse the pitiful mongrel—wants to take away a poor girl's life and soul, and threatens to hang her brother if he wont help him. If it were with all her own good will, I've nothing to say; but to think to go to buy her with the price of her brother's blood!—if that isn't a blackguard trick, I don't know what is. How it happens that what you call gentlemen keep him amongst them, I can't say; but I know if he were to come amongst us, we would kick him out. But come along; if I stand looking at him any longer, I shall do a something that I shall be sorry for. I don't like taking a man's life in that way, unless he stands up to me; so come along, for I feel inclined to put my foot upon him, and tread his dirty soul out, as I would to a toad."

Harry Martin, while his associates packed their plunder, had been in search of the forged bill.

A short time afterwards, and Harry Martin, who is humanized by the influence of an innocent and affectionate wife, was a prisoner in York Castle, and about to take his trial, with some others of the gang, for the robbery at the Manor-house. Helen Barham was the strongest witness that could be produced against him; but he had spared her life, in circumstances of great peril to his own, and she had pledged her word at that awful moment, never to reveal aught that could, even by implication, affect him. Another witness was Count Lieberg, whom the contempt and scorn of Helen had by this exasperated to madness. His conduct to her was, besides, made public, and had brought disgrace upon him. To recover the proofs of her brother's guilt, and subdue and torture her through her best affections, was the diabolical motive which now brought him to the felon's cell of York Castle:—

Harry Martin was not one to forget readily a face he had once seen, but it took the reflection of a moment or two to connect that of his visiter with the events of the past; and ere his recollection served him, the door was closed, and he stood face to face with the personage whom we have called Count Lieberg. The moment that he became aware of who it was, the brow of the prisoner contracted, and he demanded sternly—"What do you want with me?"

Lieberg's dark, keen eye rested upon him heavily, with that sort of oppressive light which seemed at once to see into and weigh down the heart of those he gazed at; and he remained for a moment or two without making any reply, as if to let the man before him feel the full force of that basilisk glance.

"When last we met," he said, at length, "you took away some papers——"

Harry Martin had by this time recollected himself, and he replied, with a loud laugh—"When last we met? Did we ever meet at all? That is the question, my fine fellow. You seem to me as impudent as a quack doctor, and I daresay are as great a liar as a horse-chanter."

"When last we met," repeated Lieberg, in an unaltered tone, "you took a pocket-book of mine, containing some papers of value to me and of no value to you. What has become of them?"

"What has become of them!" cried Harry Martin. "If I took any papers of yours, depend upon it that they are by this time what you and I soon will be."

"And what is that?" demanded Lieberg.

"Dust and ashes—dust and ashes!" replied Harry Martin.

"You make a mistake," said Lieberg, calmly, "I have no intention of being anything of the kind. But listen to me for a moment, my good friend, and I will give you sufficient motives for making you change your mind in this business. Those papers are of great consequence to me; if they can't be found, the proofs of the facts to which they referred are the next important things to obtain. If you can furnish me with either the one or the other, you will benefit me and yourself too. Hear me!—you will save your own neck from the gallows—You will save your own life, I say."

"I would not, to save fifty lives," answered Harry Martin. "Come, don't talk to me any more about it, for I don't want to hear such stuff. You have no power to give life or to take it. You, who, if laws were equal, and punishments proportioned to crime, would find a far higher gallows than any of us poor fellows—you, who are a robber of more than money—a murderer of more than life—who gave you power to offer me safety, or anything like it?"

"The chance that placed me in the house which you broke into," replied Lieberg, "and the wit that made me lie quiet when I found there was no use in resisting. Upon my words hangs your life, and I pledge my honour to save it, if you but restore me those papers."

"Your honour!" exclaimed Harry Martin. "What's your honour worth? I have heard some tricks of your honour, that make it of as little value, to those who know what is underneath the surface, as a coiner's shilling."

"You are in the wrong," said Lieberg, calmly, keeping still fixed upon him that peculiar look which Harry Martin could not prevent himself from feeling, notwithstanding all his daring hardihood—"you are quite in the wrong, my good friend, and are risking your neck, or rather, I should say, absolutely condemning yourself to death for the sake of a youth who has betrayed you, and who was the first to bring upon you the eye of the law."

"Has he betrayed me?" demanded Harry Martin, with his eye flashing. "Has he betrayed me? If I thought that——"

"I can prove it," replied Lieberg. "You have mistaken your friends for your enemies, my good man. . . . Take any means that you like to satisfy yourself, and you will find that almost immediately after the robbery had been committed, he went to the house of Mr. Carr, and has remained there ever since. You will find, also, that his sister has been brought down to give evidence against you; and every inquiry that you make will prove to you, more and more strongly, that it was he who pointed you out to the police as the man, even when suspicion had very naturally fallen upon two other persons."

Harry Martin walked up and down the narrow space of the cell, in a state of terrible agitation. "So, so!" he said, "this is the game! He shall smart for it!—I wish I had my hand upon his shoulder, that's all; but I will have my day, yet. Never mind—revenge will come, and it is sweet!"

"It is, indeed!" said Lieberg, with a tone of such earnestness, that no one could doubt he felt the burning passion, the hell-thirst of which he spoke, with strong intensity, notwithstanding the calm and indifferent demeanour which he so generally affected. "It is, indeed," he said, "and no man who knows how sweet it is, lets slip the opportunity when presented to him. The way before you, my good friend, is open, and easy; give me those papers, or, if you really have them not, furnish me with the proofs, which I know you possess, against the boy, William Barham, and you at once save your own life, and gain your revenge against him; for I tell you fairly, it is at him I strike."

"Pooh! nonsense!—don't talk to me," cried Harry Martin; "it's his sister you want. You care devilish little about him. Do you think to come humbugging me in that manner?"

"You are mistaken," said Lieberg, sternly; "I may seek revenge upon them both, and so may you, too, for she is as much your enemy as he is, and has come down for the express purpose of giving evidence against you."

"Not she!" cried Harry Martin; "that's a lie—I'll never believe it!"

"I tell you, she arrived in York last night, with Mr. Carr," replied Lieberg; "and, as you know, the trial comes on the day after to-morrow."

"She'll give no evidence against me, I'm sure," said Harry Martin, gazing down upon the floor, but speaking in a less assured tone than he had used before. "I don't think she would, if her life were at stake."

Lieberg's farther arguments made some impression:—

Harry Martin seemed shaken. He sat down at the table, he leaned his head upon his hands, and the workings of his countenance told how strong was the emotion within him. Lieberg watched him, with eyes terribly skilled in reading the passions and weaknesses of the human heart; and after he had paused for a moment, to let what he had said have full effect, he went on—"So much for the girl!—and you must recollect, that if she refuses to swear that you are the man, and assigns for the reason that her life had been spared, even that will tell against you, in some degree. Then comes her brother, and says all that he knows of you; then come I myself, and swear to you positively. Now, if you do what I want, you sweep away the whole of this mass of evidence at once, and, in fact, may be said to set yourself free."

"Why, how so?" cried Harry Martin. "How would that prevent her giving her evidence?"

"Do you think she would give her evidence against you, if by so doing she condemned her own brother to death?" demanded Lieberg, in a low, but emphatic tone; "and I promise you, she shall have that before her eyes, at all events."

Harry Martin gazed at him from under his bent brows, and for a moment or two a variety of different expressions passed over the prisoner's countenance, from which the dark, keen eye of Lieberg could extract no information in regard to what was passing in his bosom. All that his tempter could divine was, that he was shaken, that his resolution wavered, though there was a certain look of scorn mingled with all the shades that flitted across Martin's face, which was not very pleasant to his proud companion. He failed not, however, to ply him with every argument, to tempt him by every inducement, and Martin sat and listened, sometimes gazing full upon Lieberg sometimes bending his eyes down upon the table, sometimes frowning heavily, and sometimes indulging in a flickering smile, which crossed his countenance like the lights that we occasionally see carried across the open windows of a house, the tenant of which we know not, as we travel past it in a dark night.

"Well now, Sir," he said, at length, looking up with a softened look in Lieberg's face—"Well now, Sir, suppose I were to do as you wish, what surety should I have that you will stand by me, in the time of need?"

Lieberg bent down his head, speaking across the table, and replied, "I will acknowledge this night in presence of the turnkey, that in seeing you, and hearing your voice, I have become convinced you are not one of the men who broke into Mr. Carr's house, at Yelverly."

"That might do," said Harry Martin, in a thoughtful tone—"that would go a great way; but don't you think it would be a lie?"

"A lie!" exclaimed Lieberg, with his lip curling—"Are you fool enough to suppose, that a man of the world cares two straws about the mere empty shade of truth, when a great and important object is to be obtained? Where is the minister, the statesman, the patriot, who ever dreams of the abstract truth or falsehood of a particular proposition? The greatest reformer that ever lived, who harangues multitudes upon corruption, and all the evils that afflict a state or a religion, will no more scruple to falsify the truth in regard to an opponent, or to tell a bare falsehood to gain an end, than a schoolboy will to rob an orchard. Take them all, from Luther down to the lowest of your puritymongers in this happy island, and you will find that there is not one of them who considers truth and falsehood, except in reference to the end they have in view. Away with such nonsense between us—it is only fit for a schoolmistress's homily to girls of twelve years old. I will do what I say, and that is sufficient; and ere your trial comes on, I will so contrive to tutor Helen Barham that she shall work your acquittal, without committing herself."

"That will do—that will do!" said Harry Martin, meditating. "But then, Sir, I thought you intended to have your revenge upon this young woman. I should not be sorry to have mine upon that scoundrel, her brother. Now let me see; though we jump together in that, I should not like the poor girl ill treated at all—I don't suppose you would ever go to strike a woman, or to punish her in that sort of way, at all?"

Lieberg smiled contemptuously, and replied—"You cannot understand, my good friend, the nature of the revenge I seek; but be satisfied! It is nothing of the kind you imagine."

"But I should like to know what it is, Sir," said Harry Martin—"I should much like to know what it is before I consent.—Anything in reason, but no violence!"

His tone was very much altered, and Lieberg marked with no light satisfaction that everything promised well for his purposes.

"Well," he said, at length, "my revenge should be this: to force her to be mine, to bind her to myself by ties she loathes and abhors—to bow her pride to the dust, by none of the ill-treatment that you dream of, but by caresses that she hates—ay, and daily to know that her situation, as my paramour, is a pang and an anguish to her, while she has no means of freeing herself from the bond!"

"Well!" cried Harry Martin, starting up, with such fury that he overset the table, "you are a damneder scoundrel than I thought man could be! Get out, or I will dash you to atoms!" And at the same moment he seized Lieberg by the shoulder, as if to cast him headlong forth from the door.

To his surprise, however, he found that, notwithstanding all his own great strength, he could not move him in the least, and that the dark man before him stood rooted like a rock to the floor.

"Beware!" said Lieberg, lifting up his finger with a scornful smile, as the prisoner drew back in some astonishment—"beware!" and at the same moment one of the turnkeys opened the door to inquire what was the matter.

Lieberg went out without making any reply, and the prisoner was once more left alone.

"Ay," said Martin when he was by himself; "now if they have a cell in the place fit to receive a man that has murdered his own father, they should put that fellow into it. How the scoundrel was taken in, to tell all his rascality!—I don't believe a word of it—she'll never 'peach. I know a little bit about women, too, and I'll bet my life she doesn't say a word—only those rascally fellows may get it out of her; those lawyers. I have seen them puzzle a cleverer head than hers with their questions. However, we will see: a man can but die once, and I'd rather do that while I'm about it, than give the poor girl up into the hands of such an infernal villain as that, even if I had the papers to give him, which, thank God, I have not!—for no man can tell what he will do when he is tempted.—I suppose it will go hard with me after all!" and with this not very pleasant reflection, Martin cast himself into a chair, and appeared to give himself up to calculate the chances for and against himself, with a heavy brow and a sad and anxious eye.

The day of trial came, and Count Lieberg's evidence, dexterous as he was, did not without suspicion stand an acute cross-examination:—

Lieberg left the witness-box with a frowning brow, but took a place in the court to see the rest of the proceedings. At the next name that was called, there were two hearts that beat in the court—that of the prisoner, and that of Count Lieberg; but it was the heart of the latter which throbbed most violently when the crier pronounced the words—"Helen Barham!" He looked round the people, and thought it strange to see the in-

difference upon the faces of all ; for so intense were his own sensations, that he forgot the crowd were not aware who Helen Barham was, and that the name, for aught they knew, might appertain to some inferior person in the household of Mr. Carr. When she appeared, however, and lifted her veil, her extraordinary loveliness produced at first a dead silence, and then a low murmur of admiration. Helen's cheek, which was unusually pale when she entered, grew crimson as she saw the multitude of eyes upon her, and read in every look the effect of her beauty upon the crowd. To one, feeling as she did, that admiration was a very painful part of a situation already too terrible. She turned pale again—she turned red—she felt as if she should faint ; and, while in this state, an old mumbling officer of the court put a book into her hand, ran over indistinctly some words she did not hear, and then added, in a louder tone—" Kiss the book !" Helen obeyed mechanically ; and, after a short pause, to allow her to recover herself, her examination began. The counsel for the crown addressed her in a softened voice ; and while she spoke in answer to his questions, and detailed all that had occurred on the night of the robbery, the prisoner, Martin, never took his eyes from her face. At the same time, the dark light of Lieberg's—if I may use a term which seems a contradiction—poured upon her countenance unceasingly. It seemed as if he were trying to intimidate her by that stern fixed gaze ; but Helen had now regained her composure, and proceeded unwavering, with her soft musical voice, in a tone low indeed, but so clear, that each word was heard by every ear. There was no backwardness—no hesitation ; and there was not a heart in that hall which did not feel she was uttering the simple, undisguised truth. She told how she had been awakened ; how she had seen the face of one of the robbers ; how she had uttered an involuntary cry ; how he had rushed towards her, with the intention of burying her testimony against him in the silence of the grave, and how he had spared her.

She paused for a moment, while a tear or two ran over her cheek, and hers were not the only eyes in the court that shed bright drops.

She then went on to tell all that had occurred afterwards, till the period when she was left alone in Sheffield ; and then the counsel took a grave, and somewhat sterner tone with her, saying—" Miss Barham, I feel deeply for your situation, after the promise that you have made, for the purpose of saving your life ; but before I propose to you the question which I am about to ask, I beg to remind you, first, that no promise, exacted under fear of death, can be held binding for one moment ; secondly, that you have a duty to your God and to your country to perform—to the laws, and to society in general, which duty must be accomplished unflinchingly ; and I now ask you, by that duty, however much pain it may give you—Do you, or do you not, see in this court the man whose face you beheld on the night in question ?"

Helen paused, and there was a dead silence through the whole hall.

" I will not prevaricate in the least," she replied, in a voice still firm, though her face was very pale, " and I know fully what I expose myself to ; but I will not answer, in any way, a question which endangers the life of a man who spared mine when my death would have ensured his safety. I will not say, whether I do see him or do not see him, and I will bear no testimony against him whatsoever."

Again there was a profound silence in the court ; and then the counsel expostulated, and the judge, in a mild but serious manner, brought forward every argument which could be adduced, to persuade Helen Barham to answer the question asked her ; but nothing moved her, and when he added a threat of using the authority with which he was invested for punishing contempt of the court, she replied in a mild and humble, but still a firm tone—" I came hither, my lord, with a full knowledge of what you might be obliged to do ; and I have only to beseech you, in consideration of the circumstances in which I am placed, to deal with me as leniently as possible, believing that it is a firm belief I should be committing a great crime, were I to act otherwise, that makes me maintain a silence which, whatever it may be called, does not border in the slightest degree upon contempt."

The good judge looked down, evidently distressed and puzzled how to act. But the counsel for the crown—resolved at all events to gain some admission which might prove the fact he wanted to establish—demanded, somewhat suddenly—" Is it your final determination, Miss Barham, not to point out in this court the man whose face you saw on the night in question ?"

" I did not say he was in the court," replied Helen, who had studiously kept her eyes turned from the dock ever since she entered—" I know not whether he is in the court or not. I merely said that I would not answer any question on the subject. If it were to affect my life itself, I would make the same reply ; for that life which he spared he has every right to require again, if by the sacrifice of it his own can be shielded."

" I fear," said the judge, " that the dignity of the court must be vindicated. Miss Barham, I warn you, that if you still refuse to give evidence, I must commit you for contempt, as the most lenient method of dealing with you."

Helen bowed her beautiful head, replying, in a low tone—" I know it my lord."

" Let the warrant be made out," said the judge ; " and let the witness be removed in custody."

As he saw Helen quitting the witness-box in charge of the officers of the court, Harry Martin took a quick step forward to the front of the dock, as if about to speak, but at that moment a warning voice was heard amongst the crowd, exclaiming—" Harry !"

His eyes ran rapidly round to that side of the court, and he saw his wife with her two hands clasped, gazing with a look of agony in his face. He instantly cast down his eyes again, and drew slightly back, while one of his companions in captivity whispered—" Well, that girl is a diamond !"

The reader has by this time perceived that this differs materially from Mr. James's former style of romance. The plot—that is, the misunderstandings, cross-purposes, changed children, &c., &c.—may not be in any wise remarkable, but the characters are in general true both to individual and universal nature, while the interest is well kept up, and the narrative clear and distinct. These are great merits, independently of a graceful, lively, and correct style ; and it is another merit that all ends happily for the good, while the humanly frail and erring are reclaimed through *mercy*, and the irredeemably vicious meet their deserts. It was impossible that the lovely Juliet Carr could be the true daughter of the crafty, sordid miser. Helen Barham, released by death from the weak and worthless brother whom to the last she so fondly cherished, is found to be the heiress of great wealth, and has it in her power to repay the noble generosity of Sir Morley, who had been the innocent means of keeping her father and brother from their estates, which he at once restored on the true owner being discovered. Morley is, however, still rich enough ; and at the close of all, one feels much less interest in the happily married pair than in the virgin lady of the land, and her reformed steward Harry Martin, who in Italy had been her deliverer from the mortal peril which, through the attempts of Count Lieberg, had menaced her honour and her life. This is the graceful close of this well-told tale :—

For Morley, he was happier than even imagination, warmed by love and expectation, had been able to paint ; and with Juliet by his side, let it be said, the good " Tenant of the Heart," the high, the holy, and the pure

—the spirit of the soul, maintained a perpetual sway over her more earthly comrade.

Some five or six years after the period of this tale, the two cottages, which we have described as seated in the little glen near Warmstone Castle, appeared thrown into one, decorated with shrubs and flowers, and, generally, with three or four rosy children running about the doors. From the little garden-gate every morning, half an hour after sun-rise, might be seen to ride forth a very powerful man, growing, perhaps, a little heavy withal, but mounted on a stout Yorkshire horse, well fitted to carry him. The labourers and tenants touched their hat to the steward; and, though with a wary and a watchful eye he perambulated the property, seeing that no injustice was done to his beloved mistress, yet all the people on the land declared that Mr. Martin was a kind, good man; that he was tender to the poor, charitable to all, liberal to the active and industrious, and, above all things, clement, and no way harsh to an unconfirmed wrong-doer; for he himself well knew, that, whatever magistrates or lawgivers may say, *Mercy has power to reclaim.*

And of her, the mistress of the mansion, what have we to tell? That Helen remained Helen Barham still, in mind, in character, as well as in name. If there was regret resting as a shade upon her mind, if there was disappointment amongst the memories of the heart, the pure, high spirit veiled them from all eyes; and though I must not say she *struggled with* them—for there was nothing like contention in her breast, after Juliet and Morley were once united—yet she *repressed* all selfish feelings, and saw the happiness that their union produced with a bright though grave tranquillity. She laid out for herself, from that moment, her course of life. In the fair and calm abode which seemed to have been prepared expressly for her, she passed her future years in diffusing happiness and sunshine round her. The cottage knew her step well; and a class above that found her a kind and indulgent lady, healing all wounds, reconciling all differences, and silencing clamour and complaint. It was very seldom throughout the whole neighbourhood, that sweet smile, and that soft voice, would not prevail, even where every harsher means had been tried in vain. She was a good neighbour, too, and a good friend; and her beauty, her extraordinary beauty, remained undiminished for many years. It was as if the pure and noble spirit had a balmy and preserving influence even upon her corporeal frame. There is one thing strange, however, in regard to her fate; though many admired the lovely woman, and many coveted the hand of the wealthy heiress, no one ever ventured to ask that boon of Helen Barham.

Several years afterwards she besought Juliet to allow her to adopt one of her children, and make him heir of the property which had once been his father's. The boy spent several months with her in each succeeding year; and once—but only once—as he looked up with a bright and beaming smile in Helen's face, while she parted the beautiful hair upon his brow, her eyes filled with tears, and she clasped him to her bosom, with emotions that could not be restrained.

And Lieberg! Was nothing, then, ever heard of him? Can one form no conjecture, backed by sufficient probabilities, of his real fate?

Reader, his body was never found; but his spirit, alas! still lives, and pervades too many a scene, blasting with its presence what otherwise might be bright. Happy is the man who has not a Lieberg always very, very near him!

Where?

In his own heart!

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. VII.—THE SONG OF JULY.

I.

"Pho! how hot! how very hot!" you cry, "this is quite horrid!"
'Tis I that breathe upon you, I, July the dry and torrid.
I started from Sahara wide, and baited at Morocco;
Thence, swept the haughty midland sea on wings of the Sirocco.
Sirius bears my torch on high, earth holds no thing I char not;
The wide heath is my Congreve-box, the forest old my Arnott.
The tall rye I will scorch and parch, till his rough beard is yellow;
And roast the pear in his tough skin, until the rogue is mellow.
I'll stop your springs, and dry your wells, and make your rivers shallow,
And lay the rushes in the marsh, dead on the prostrate mallow.

Ay! do that I will;
While you shall pant
Like elephant
Toiling up a hill.
Drouth shall make you wish to booze
For ever;
Fatigue invite you to a snooze
Come never!
For ordure-fed flies, my own hybrids,
In your mouth ever anxious to drown,
Shall dance a Scots fling on your eyelids,
The moment sleep coaxes them down,
Then hover till Sampson's dread weapon is dropping,
And the moment occurs o'er it safe to be hopping.
Yet, fribbling thus, I creep down to the roots
Of the oaks, in their sinewy grasp,
Whence, forth in the Navy my energy shoots,—
For the Nations all wonder, and gasp
At the thunder of England still awing the world,
With the flag of her FREEMEN for ever unfurl'd!

II.

"Oh, this meat! delicious meat!" you sigh, "already 's tainted!
And this nice pigeon-pie is sour; and see! my wife has fainted!"
Aha! I found your larder out, with malice preconcerted,
Your venison touch'd, your pasty spoil'd, and with your mistress flirted:
O! close I hugg'd her in my arms, as mine own crisp-hair'd Negress;
But the poor fool's soul, at every sense, beat languidly for egress:—
Dull death she feign'd in my embrace! so down I flung the vixen,—
Is she immortal Juno? Bah! July is not an Ixion:
I scarcely touch'd her churlish lips, which paled before my pleasure;
But I will have revenge enow at mine own royal leisure.

Ay! for that I vouch;
To mar your ease,
Rank bugs and fleas
Shall haunt your midnight couch:
Dreams shall crib you up in caves
Eternal,
'Midst molten ore, and sulphurous waves
Infernal!
Till much abused Fear,—you may think it's
Benignity aye when you speak,—
Kicks you out from a mountain of blankets,
All steaming, and dripping, and weak,
Enraged at your vision, and chafing with fury,
That the year should contain or the earth should endure me.
But look at my glory! Refulgent from high,
While old Swithin is shedding his tears,
My pageant of gladness is coming,—'tis nigh—
I have gilded the barley-corn's ears,
And the sickle I've crook'd to the husbandman's hand,
I have ripened the harvest, and blessed the land!

NO. VIII.—THE SONG OF AUGUST.

I.

What wings be they make the Dottrel flinch?
The Aberdevine's, and the mountain finch,
I' th' forest tree:
They tell of thick clouds in the northern sky,
Where the snow-flake's gathering cold and high,
They tell of me!
They proclaim me the Son of the gentle South,
With her balmy breath, and her honied mouth,
Who, launching rich joy on the flagon's foam,
Fills every soul at the harvest-home:
And they follow me forth, like hordes of men,
From hyperborean steppe and glen.
Ah! never has conqueror's back been turned
On acre of mine which his sword has earned;
And never was hind, or pale oppidan,
But sighed for the South, a desiring man.—
The cucumber cool, and the black-currant's juice,
To your feverish lips I introduce;
The gooseberry ripe I offer, and bring
The luscious-pulp'd peach to your banqueting.
While blazing gems from old Midnight's crown
I will snatch from the sky, and fling you down.
Your barn doors I'll ope,
And cram to the cope,
With toil for the peasant, and tithe for the Pope:
For oysters I'll grope,
With dredgers and rope,
And give you their slime, for, grant me the trope,
You are greedy of garbage as Cormorant Hope,
Which still devours and sickens still of all within its scope.

II.

All meekness is mine; winds barely enough
To shake the rock samphire and gladden the Chough,
Or ripple the sea:
Yet, laden with riches, a boisterous throng
Of truant boys, bold in their daring and wrong,
Will follow me!
I saw them but now, scour the stubble in swarms,
With pinafores pursed, and hats hundreds of forms;
Thence tivy'd they all, with speed of a sledge,
And buried them deep in the hazel hedge;
Save one, who perched him in yew-tree as scout,
With wicked eyes peering for ever about.
Now in yon Orchard, stealthy and dumb,
Crunching the apple, and plucking the plumb,
How happy be they! and, proud of their cheer,
Think August the jolliest month of the year.—
Fresh notes I prepare for the woodland choir,
Give his voice to the Daw in the ancient spire;
The bull-rush I deck with a velvet cap,
And arouse the plough from his summer nap:
And, hark you! my sparrows I've led to your ricks,
Haste, thatcher, haste! with your tethering sticks:
And cook, get your coke,
Make jam-kettles smoke,
I will fill them with fragrance to shame your chiboque:—
Where water-plants soak
Life's music 's awoke:
Hear you the whistle, the cackle, and croak,
While the grasshopper chirrups in his russet cloak,
And bats flit round on plumeless wings, that gladden in the oak?

J. A. O.

MOFFAT'S MISSIONARY LABOURS AND SCENES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.*

This, in its leading feature, the personal record of its author, is a very remarkable book, and one which is better calculated to show the utility of missions to Africa than any work that has appeared for many years back. It is the narrative of a man who has been for twenty-three years a faithful and diligent labourer among the heathen, as the agent, in South Africa, of the London Missionary Society,—of a man of quick intelligence, and remarkable sagacity, and one who appears to have been in every way singularly well adapted to the difficult situation into which Providence has thrown him. From youth to middle age he has spent his life in privations, vicissitudes, and dangers, of which stay-at-home people can hardly form an idea; and which few men possess the courage, fortitude, and physical hardihood to encounter, and much less to persevere under.

The missionary to barbarous or half-civilized countries is the true hero of modern times. He is the successor of the hardy and enterprising navigator and discoverer of the middle ages; though he follows in their track for much nobler purposes, and in the strength of a purer spirit. But, independently altogether of his sacred vocation, we have seldom read any narrative which more powerfully stirs the sympathies than this of Moffat; or which interests the reader more deeply, in the perils, conflicts, and personal adventures of the actor, and in the display of those varied intellectual and physical qualities and resources which, in the face of what seemed insurmountable obstacles, has enabled him to work what looks like miracles, among the barbarous tribes for whose improvement he has laboured with untiring courage; often cast down, but never despairing. He and his coadjutors may now be hailed as the civilizers of the barbarous tribes of South Africa, whom they have conquered and civilized by Christianizing. But these—civilisation and Christianity—are phrases which ought to be synonymous.

From the published Reports of the Missionary Society, and the African Narratives of the Rev. John Campbell, late of Kingsland, some of our readers must probably have some previous knowledge of the author of this work. At a very early age he was sent out to Africa by the London Society. The principal scene of his missionary labours has been among the *Bechuanas;* and his headquarters is now the flourishing Kuruman Station, which he was mainly instrumental in planting. But his has been a wandering life, and one wholly spent among "savage tribes and roving barbarians"; nor does John Campbell over-rate Moffat's extraordinary powers and achievements when he says,—"To master the language he wandered the deserts with the savage tribes, sharing their perils and privations. He *outdid* Paul in accommodating himself to all men, in order to save some. Paul never became a *savage* in lot, to save savages. Many might indeed thus stoop to conquer, but few could retain both their piety and philosophy in such society!"

* 1 volume 8vo, cloth. With numerous illustrations, and coloured frontispiece. Pp. 624. London: Snow.

On Campbell's second journey to Africa, Mr. Moffat was his companion from Cape Town into the interior. Though much younger in years, and perhaps inferior to Campbell in some secondary attainments, we should infer that Moffat is a man of loftier intellect, and one who possesses, in a far higher degree, those qualities which enable the missionary to acquire and retain influence over a barbarous people. His personal courage alone, and skill in the chase and in many useful arts, must have given him an immense advantage with the Africans.

In the course of his long sojourn among the Bechuanas and Namaquas, and the neighbouring tribes, Mr. Moffat has made several journeys to Cape Town on private business, or for objects connected with his missionary labours. On one of these journeys he was married to a young lady to whom he appears to have been engaged before he left England, and who has been his faithful companion in the desert. In the wilds of Africa he has had a large family, and experienced a full share of domestic affliction and calamity, though his wife must have been not only a very great addition to his happiness, but to his usefulness as a labourer among the heathen. The year before last, Mr. Moffat, for the first time since his departure, visited England, to give an account of his extraordinary labours, and more extraordinary ultimate success. This, we understand, he has frequently done orally, but better by the publication of the interesting work before us, which he has bequeathed as a legacy to the multitudes of friends of all classes who have shown him kindness, before he shall finally return to the far-distant scene of his labours, his conflicts, and his triumphs. The country of his adoption has become that of his affections; the wilderness, now no longer a wilderness, his beloved home. We presume that Mr. Moffat is now far on his way to the shores of Africa.

In an old note-book of John Campbell's, there appears this notice of Mr. Moffat, which we cite in the first place:—"His education does not qualify him to preach at Cape Town; but I believe him to be a first-rate missionary to the heathen. He is also acquainted with agriculture, carpentery work, the sextant, map-making," &c. &c. A knowledge of medicine and surgery appear to have been among Mr. Moffat's useful acquirements; and with his own hands he printed the Gospels, which he had translated into the language of the country, as well as school-books, hymn-books, and other useful tracts. To own the truth, we are not certain that Campbell was able to appreciate the full merits of this breaker-up of the fallow-ground, in a field to which he was himself but a transient though a most useful visiter. As to Moffat not being qualified to preach at Cape Town, if such be the fact, the fault must rest with the audience, and not with the *Preacher*;—the actor in, and the author of, the remarkable narrative before us. Preaching—and we wish this were as generally understood among the clergy as it is among the laity—admits of much greater variety than is usually imagined, and of a far wider range of topics. If a man who has spent an active life, replete with wild adventure and daring enterprize, among the barbarous hordes of Africa, propagating the Gospel by exhibiting its fruits in his lessons and in his life, be not an adept in the conventionalities and usages of monotonous sermonizing, as they are practised among us and transmitted from generation to generation almost unchanged—if he may not be what is called a "good preacher," he is something of a far higher character, which not one "good preacher" in a thousand is fitted to become. A feeling of undue humility has led Mr. Moffat to make superfluous apologies for the imperfections of his style, and for his inability to enter upon philosophical disquisition and analysis. He has done much better; he has supplied philosophers, and all orders of men, with copious materials, and much novel matter for reflection; and the actor in the wild scenes he describes, the witness of the strange facts he relates, could not fail of apt expressions to convey his own vivid feelings and recollections of the events he had witnessed; could not, in short, fail to be imaginative and eloquent in the best sense. Moffat is so in an eminent degree. He is a native of Scotland, which says something for the early nurture of the higher faculties of his mind; and his residence in the wilderness has wonderfully preserved the originality and raciness of his mental constitution. An able man he must have been under all circumstances; but had he lived at home, aiming to become such a preacher as, for a season, is pretty sure to captivate a town or *civilized* audience, he would probably have been tamed down into respectable mediocrity.

He was accepted by the Directors of the Society, and set apart for his work at the same time with the lamented Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga." His career has been more arduous, his conflict more protracted; and when the nature of his position is closely examined, his final success appears to us more remarkable. He has eminently been a breaker-up of the fallow-ground; one who bears the burden in the heat of the day. His volume must, we imagine, engage the attention of many who are not particularly interested in missionary enterprise, from the curious and novel aspects in which it presents a portion of the great human family, and from its copious additions to natural history. Intelligent travellers, passing through these tribes, describe superficially their condition and manners; but men like Moffat, who have spent a lifetime among them, studied and used their language, and adopted their usages so far as this was advisable, becoming, as it were, children of their family, are able to do much more. The missionaries, if tolerably enlightened men, are certainly much better qualified to tell us of the people among whom they labour, than any other description of travellers.

Mr. Moffat's volume opens with a general view of the condition of the tribes of Southern Africa; and a retrospective history of missions to that division of the great continent. He begins with Schmidt, who was sent forth by the Moravians to the Hottentots upwards of a century since. The fascinating history of Schmidt's successful labours has long been familiar to the world. They were

suspended by the jealousy of the Dutch East India Company; but fifty years afterwards, when Missionaries were again sent out, the good fruits of Schmidt's labours were still visible, and his memory paved the way for the favourable reception of Vanderkemp and others. The retrospect of the various South-African Missions, from their commencement until the period when Mr. Moffat became himself an actor in the scenes he describes, and the principal hero of his own tale, is interesting, though it falls below the personal narrative, both from the tamer nature of the events, and the greater animation of the author, when he comes to be the actor, instead of the chronicler, of those daring and perilous adventures. From the Hottentots the missions were gradually extended to the Bushmen, the Namaquas, Corannas, Griquas, and Bechuanas; the native converts becoming efficient instruments in spreading religious knowledge among their savage and nomade neighbours. In 1806, the Orange River was first crossed by the missionaries, and the mission of Namaqua-land established, under very disastrous circumstances, by the brothers Albrechts. A fierce, predatory chief, named *Africaner*, a name which afterwards became familiar and dear to the friends of African Missions, was at that time the scourge and terror of the country, but particularly of the Dutch settlers on the frontier of the colony. The history of this noble African is not a little romantic. The first missionaries were ready to despond, and to abandon the enterprise under the many and grievous discouragements; and, among other reasons, from their proximity to this noted freebooter and cattle-stealer. One day, this dreaded personage appeared at the station, and thus addressed them—

"As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man." . . . Jager, the eldest son of the old man, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age. He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Witsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strongholds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aborigines, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their forefathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P——. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In Africaner, P—— found a faithful, and an intrepid shepherd; while his valour in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly matured the latent principle which afterwards recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P—— treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honourably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed, which quickly followed that melancholy event.

We omit the tragedy, in which the farmer, by treachery, provoked his fate. When the horrible outrage was completed,

Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange River, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly-scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange River; and afterwards, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest.

The subsequent wild adventures of this bold and generous outlaw, carry the imagination back to the days of Johnny Armstrong and Robin Hood, or of the "landless" Macgregor; but his end was of a very different character. The man who lived in continual strife with all around him, whose hand was against every man; whose business was rapine, and whose passion revenge; whose name was a terror not only to the colonists on the north, but to the native tribes of the south; "whose name carried dismay into the solitary places," became an eminent instance of the power of the principles of the Gospel over a mind which, however fierce and untaught, had never been treacherous nor ungenerous. Mr. Moffat relates, that after this great change had taken place—

As I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle, to live at peace with each other: "Look," said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, "there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I" (patting his chest with his hand) "have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar."

Another native chief, with whom Africaner was at deadly feud, was named Berend. Several of their bloody conflicts and cattle forays are described, in which great skill as well as prowess were displayed upon both sides. Theirs were generally drawn battles, and they continued to harass and to breathe hatred and defiance to each other, until Berend also was subdued by the power of the Gospel of Peace. Probably both the chiefs about the same time began to perceive the unprofitable nature of their sanguinary quarrels. Of Nicholas Berend, a brother of the chief, and one of his best captains, it is told that he was afterwards attached to different missions as a native teacher. He was, says Moffat,—

A very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently travelled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valour in days of heathenism, in which this struggle with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow. . . . . Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Boochuap. His end was peace.

Among the earlier exploits of Africaner was sacking the Namaqua mission-station, probably for the sake of plunder, but avowedly because

some of his property had been unjustly seized by a settler. A conciliatory letter, which John Campbell, when travelling through Namaqua-land, in deadly terror of Africaner, addressed to the formidable freebooter, is said to have produced a powerful effect upon his naturally intelligent and elevated mind. Two of his brothers were converted by the preaching of the missionary Ebner, and were baptized shortly before Mr. Moffat, in 1817, left Cape Town for Africaner's village in the wilderness. He says—

It was evident to me, as I approached the boundaries of the colony, that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were sceptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up for a mark for his boys to shoot at; and another, that he would strip off my skin, and make a drum of it to dance to; another most consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster."

But we shall see more of this remarkable person. The privations and dangers of the journey to Africaner's village might have interest in the narrative of an ordinary traveller; but Moffat's subsequent adventures far eclipse these early trials of his faith and patience, his manliness and hardihood. His reception by the tamed Wolf, the scourge of the desert, is interesting. Africaner had applied for a missionary; but as Moffat advanced, the inhabitants of another *kraal* intercepted and wished to detain him among them, and almost forced him to remain, until the appearance of a party of the chief's people and three of his brothers ended the contest. Moffat's reception seemed cold; and his brother missionary Ebner, who had baptized the Africaners, described the whole inhabitants as a "wicked, suspicious, and dangerous people, baptized and unbaptized." The chief was so long of making his appearance that young Moffat's heart began to fail, but at length Africaner welcomed him with frank kindness; hoped that as he was so young he would live long among them; and he immediately set the labourers, the usual drudges, the beasts of burden, the poor women, to build a hut for the missionary:—

A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour. Since that time, I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself; but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses, (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation,) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. . . . . But to return to my new habitation, in which, after my household matters were arranged, I began to ruminate on the past,—the home and friends I had left, perhaps, for ever; the mighty ocean which rolled between, the desert country through which I had passed, to reach one still more dreary. In taking a review of the past, which seemed to increase in brightness, as I traced all the way in which I had been brought, during the stillness of my first night's repose, I often involuntarily said and sung,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come."

The inimitable hymn from which these lines are taken, was often sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman and myself, while passing through the lonely desert. But my mind was frequently occupied with other themes. I was young, had entered into a new and responsible situation, and one surrounded with difficulties of no ordinary character. Already I began to discover some indications of an approaching storm, which might try my faith. The future looked dark and portentous in reference to the mission.

This was a cheerless beginning, and worse evils were at hand. Mr. Ebner, the missionary at this station, was, from some unexplained cause, on very ill terms with Titus Africaner, and he shortly after this abandoned the station, and returned to Germany, his native land. It is not unfair to conclude that he was not well adapted to a situation so difficult, and requiring so much sagacity; and it appears to have been owing to the presence and influence of Moffat that he at last got away unharmed. The condition of the solitary young man he left was painful in the extreme; and he had not yet made trial of himself. He tells—

I was left alone with a people suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword; and the best of whom Mr. E. described as a sharp thorn. I had no friend and brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel or advice. A barren and miserable country; a small salary, about £25 per annum. No grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the colony. . . . . Soon after my stated services commenced—which were, according to the custom of our missionaries at that period, every morning and evening, and school for three or four hours during the day—I was cheered with tokens of the Divine presence. The chief, who had for some time past been in a doubtful state, attended with such regularity, that I might as well doubt of morning's dawn, as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace. To reading, in which he was not very fluent, he attended with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book, and his mind wrapt up in things divine. Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone, at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world. He was like the bee, gathering honey from every flower, and at such seasons he would, from what he had stored up in the course of the day's reading, repeat generally in the very language of Scripture, those passages which he could not fully comprehend. He had no commentary, except the living voice of his teacher, nor marginal references: but he soon discovered the importance of consulting parallel passages, which an excellent memory enabled him readily to find. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation, though he had been taught by experience that that contained heights and

depths, and lengths and breadths, which no man comprehends. He was led to look upon the book of nature; and he would regard the heavenly orbs with an inquiring look, cast his eye on the earth beneath his tread, and regarding both as displays of creative power and infinite intelligence, would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who wished to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

Before seasons like these to which I am referring, Titus, who was a grief to his brother, and a terror to most of the inhabitants on the station, as well as a fearful example of ungodliness, had become greatly subdued in spirit. . . . . He was the only individual of influence on the station who had two wives, and fearing the influence of example, I have occasionally made a delicate reference to the subject, and, by degrees, could make more direct remarks on that point, which was one of the barriers to his happiness; but he remained firm, admitting, at the same time, that a man with two wives was not to be envied; adding, "He is often in an uproar, and when they quarrel, he does not know whose part to take." He said he often resolved when there was a great disturbance to pay one off.

This poor man's trials and perplexities with his brace of wives are amusing enough; but in the character of his brother, the once fierce heathen, there is a mild dignity, a noble simplicity, which illustrates the influence of the pure faith of the Gospel better than a hundred homilies. Of him we have this testimony:—

But to return to the character of Africaner; during the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to "lean to virtue's side." One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied "I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe." He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry; and it would have made any one smile to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about 120, washing themselves at the fountain. It was, however, found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheepskins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. . . . . At an early period I became an object of his charity, for, finding out that I sometimes sat down to a scanty meal, he presented me with two cows, which, though in that country giving little milk, often saved me many a hungry night, to which I was exposed. He was a man of peace; and though I could not expound to him that the "sword of the magistrate" implied, that he was calmly to sit at home, and see Bushmen or marauders carry off his cattle, and slay his servants; yet so fully did he understand and appreciate the principles of the gospel of peace, that nothing could grieve him more than to hear of individuals, or villages, contending with one another. He who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighbouring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent anything like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear, or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and, pointing to his past life, ask, "What have I of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?" At an early period of my labours among that people, I was deeply affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested towards me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of bilious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch, gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel, containing a few medicines, I requested him to hand it to me, and taking from it a vial of calomel, I threw some of it into my mouth, for scales or weights I had none. He then asked me, the big tear standing in his eye, if I died, how they were to bury me. "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," was my reply; and I added, that he need be under no apprehensions if I were called away, for I should leave a written testimony of his kindness to me. This evidently gave him some comfort, but his joy was full, when he saw me speedily restored, and at my post, from which I had been absent only a few days.

In addition to Christian Africaner, his brothers, David and Jacobus, both believers, and zealous assistants in the work of the mission, especially in the school, were a great comfort to me. David, though rather of a retiring disposition, was amiable, active, and firm; while Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the interest of souls. His very countenance was wont to cheer my spirits, which, notwithstanding all I had to encourage, would sometimes droop. Long after I left that people, he was shot, while defending the place against an unexpected attack made on it by the people of Warm Bath.

After Moffat had laboured for a considerable time among the Bechuanas, and had made several distant excursions on objects connected with his mission, he induced Africaner to accompany him on a visit to the Cape, though the expedition was not without danger to the chief, who for his former marauding upon the settlers was still an outlaw with 1000 rix-dollars offered for his head. He said, when the journey was proposed, that he thought Mr. Moffat had loved him better than to give him up to the government to be hanged. The affair was for three days publicly discussed; and when it was concluded, nearly the whole inhabitants of Africaner's village—all his subjects—or clansmen, accompanied them to the banks of the Orange River, and parted from them with tears. At Warm Bath, the place referred to in the subjoined extract, there was a mission-station, from whence religion and civilisation had emanated to the wilds; and on the journey, it is said—

Arriving at Pella, (the place as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love.

We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation. To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside anything like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant,

when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us. It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers, are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony, congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain. It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were sceptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. . . . . I gave him in a few words my views of Africaner's present character, saying, "He is now a truly good man." To which he replied, "I can believe almost anything you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world: that would be the eighth." I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied, *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, "This, then, is Africaner!" He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!" The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visiters.

The Governor at the Cape was Lord Charles Somerset, who was somewhat surprised to learn that the lion of the wilderness had been led in to him like a lamb. About this time, Dr. Philip and John Campbell had arrived from England to examine the state of the African missions. It was Mr. Campbell's second visit to Africa, and it appeared—

To be one of the happiest moments of Mr. Campbell's life to hold converse with the man, at whose very name, on his first visit to Namaqua-land, he had trembled, but on whom, in answer to many prayers, he now looked as a brother beloved. Often while interpreting for Mr. C., in his inquiries, I have been deeply affected with the overflow of soul experienced by both, while rehearsing the scenes of bygone days.

Africaner's appearance in Cape Town excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of questions put to him by the friends in Cape Town, and at a public meeting at the Paarl, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a Catechism in his life, but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary.

Might it not be inquired whether the absence of catechisms and theological works, and the careful study of the Scriptures, without gloss or commentary, might have been the main cause of Africaner's growth in true knowledge, as in true grace; and that many things esteemed helps as often prove impediments? The conduct of Africaner to his dying hour was edifying and consistent. His latter years were spent in conducting the public offices of religion at the station, and in teaching in the schools. In his dying exhortation to the people, whom he had called together to hear his last words, when he had given them directions for their future conduct in temporal affairs, he bade them remember that they were no longer *savages*, but men professing to be taught by the Gospel, and that it was accordingly their duty to walk by its precepts. In summing up the character of Africaner, who from a fierce predatory warrior, the chief of a savage tribe, had by the power of the Gospel been converted into the Alfred of his subjects, Mr. Moffat remarks:—

Many had been the refreshing hours we had spent together, sitting or walking, tracing the operations of the word and Spirit on his mind, which seemed to have been first excited under the ministry of Christian Albrecht. Subsequent to that period, his thoughts were frequently occupied while looking around him, and surveying the "handy-works" of God, and asking the question, "Are these the productions of some great Being? —how is it that his name and character have been lost among the Namaquas, and the knowledge of Him confined to so few?—has that knowledge only lately come to the world?—how is it that he does not address mankind in oral language?" . . . . In trying to grasp the often indistinct rays of light, which would occasionally flit across his partially awakened understanding, he became the more bewildered, especially when he thought of the spirit of the Gospel message, "Good-will to man." He often wondered whether the book he saw some of the farmers use said anything on the subject; and then he would conclude, that if they worshipped any such being, he must be one of a very different character from that God of love to whom the missionaries directed the attention of the Namaquas.

How often must the same doubt have occurred to the Hindoo, the Mussulman, and the gentle savage of many other regions!

Mr. Moffat gives a very interesting account of the rise and progress of the Griqua mission, in which he was personally concerned, and a retrospective view of other inroads on heathendom, which will be perused with pleasure, were it only

from the enterprise and bold adventures of the daring pioneers, and the light incidentally thrown upon the moral and physical condition of the barbarous tribes that they visited. His relation of his own conflicts and long fruitless endeavours have yet deeper interest. His actual experiences bring great doubt upon the theories of a natural conscience, a *moral sense*, and the idea of a "vicarious offering" or atonement said to be diffused over the whole globe, and also of man being a religious creature. The existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul of man, had never, even in a shadow or tradition, been heard of among these people :—

A chief, after listening attentively to me while he stood leaning on his spear, would utter an exclamation of amazement, that a man whom he accounted wise, should vend such fables for truths. Calling about thirty of his men, who stood near him, to approach, he addressed them, pointing to me, "There is Ra-Mary, (Father of Mary,) who tells me, that the heavens were made, the earth also, by a beginner, whom he calls Morimo. Have you ever heard anything to be compared with this? He says that the sun rises and sets by the power of Morimo; as also that Morimo causes winter to follow summer, the winds to blow, the rain to fall, the grass to grow, and the trees to bud;" and casting his arm above and around him, added, "God works in every thing you see or hear! Did ever you hear such words?" Seeing them ready to burst into laughter, he said, "Wait, I shall tell you more; Ra-Mary tells me that we have spirits in us, which will never die; and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day; did you ever hear litlamane (fables) like these?" This was followed by a burst of deafening laughter; and on its partially subsiding, the chief man begged me to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think me mad! . . . . . .

One day, while describing the day of judgment, several of my hearers expressed great concern at the idea of all their cattle being destroyed, together with their ornaments. They never for one moment allow their thoughts to dwell on death, which is according to their views nothing less than annihilation. Their supreme happiness consists in having abundance of meat. Asking a man who was more grave and thoughtful than his companions what was the finest sight he could desire, he instantly replied, "A great fire covered with pots full of meat;" adding, "how ugly the fire looks without a pot!"

The grander phenomena of nature had no power to awaken or fix their attention. The following is a true picture of these wandering children of the wilderness, of man in his natural state :—

"They looked on the sun," as Mr. Campbell very graphically said, "with the eyes of an ox." To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the governor of the heavens and earth, of the fall of man, or the redemption of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be more fabulous, extravagant, and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas, and jackals. To tell them that these were articles of our faith, would extort an interjection of superlative surprise, as if they were too preposterous for the most foolish to believe. . . . . What they heard was all right, provided they got a bit of tobacco, or some little equivalent for their time—a thing of no value to them—which they spent in hearing one talk. Some would even make a trade of telling the missionary that they prayed, by which means God directed them to their lost cattle, at a few yards' distance, after having been in search of them several days; and that in the same way he had brought game within reach of their spears. Replies to questions as to what they thought of the Word of God, were very cheap; and if they supposed that by such means they had obtained favour and respect, their success would be the subject of merriment in their own circles. Some individuals, to my knowledge, who had carried on this deception in the early period of the mission, many years afterwards boasted how expert they had been in thus gulling the missionary.

Although they had received much instruction, they appeared never for one moment to have reflected upon it, nor did they retain traces of it in their memories, which are generally very tenacious. Accordingly, most of those who at an early period made professions to please, died as they had lived, in profound ignorance. Munameets, though an early friend of the mission, the travelling companion of Mr. Campbell, and one of the most sensible and intelligent men of the nation, than whom no one at the station had enjoyed equal privileges, made the following remark to the writer, in his usual affectionate way, not long before his death—"Ra-Mary, your customs may be good enough for you, but I never see that they fill the stomach," putting his hand on his own; "I would like to live with you, because you are kind, and could give me medicine when I am sick. Though I am the uncle of Mothibi, I am the dog of the chief, and must gather up the crumbs (gorge at festivals). I am one of the elders of the people, and though I am still a youth (seventy years!) my thoughts and perceptions are neither so swift nor acute as they were. Perhaps you may be able to make the children remember your mekhua (customs)."

They could not see that there was any thing in our customs more agreeable to flesh and blood than in their own, but would, at the same time, admit that we were a wiser and a superior race of beings to themselves. For this superiority some of their wise heads would try to account: but this they could only do on the ground of our own statements, that a Great Being made man.

A wily rain-maker, who was the oracle of the village in which he dwelt, once remarked after hearing me enlarge on the subject of creation, "If you verily believe that that Being created all men, then, according to reason, you must also believe, that in making white people he has improved on his work; He tried his hand on Bushmen first, and he did not like them, because they were so ugly, and their language like that of the frogs. He then tried his hand on the Hottentots, but these did not please him either. He then exercised his power and skill and made the Bechuanas, which was a great improvement; and at last he made the white people: therefore," exulting with an air of triumph at the discovery, "the white people are so much wiser than we are, in making walking-houses (wagons,) teaching the oxen to draw them over hill and dale, and instructing them also to plough the gardens instead of making their wives do it, like the Bechuanas." His discovery received the applause of the people, while the poor missionary's arguments, drawn from the source of Divine truth, were thrown into the shade.

In a country where extreme drought is the greatest natural calamity to be dreaded, the *rain-maker* is an important personage; and one who, if clever and cunning, turns his knavery to excellent account. The arts of the rain-maker among these African tribes are very similar to those described by Catlin, as employed by the rain-makers among the Indians on the Upper Missouri. Though the Bechuanas, like the Hottentots, have now adopted many of the customs of civilized life, and made considerable progress in the useful arts, they, in the early period of Mr. Moffat's labours, despised and ridiculed European customs, and gave a decided preference to their own :—

They could not account for our putting our legs, feet, and arms into bags, and using buttons for the purpose of fastening bandages round our bodies, instead of suspending them as ornaments from the neck or hair of the head. Washing the body, instead of lubricating it with grease and red ochre, was a disgusting custom, and

cleanliness about our food, house, and bedding, contributed to their amusement in no small degree. A native, who was engaged roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for me on the coals, was told that he had better turn it with a stick, or fork, instead of his hands, which he invariably rubbed on his dirty body for the sake of the precious fat. This suggestion made him and his companions laugh extravagantly, and they were wont to repeat it as an interesting joke wherever they came.

Mr. Moffat gives a long and minute account of their national usages, ending thus :—

These ceremonies were prodigious barriers to the gospel. Polygamy was another obstacle, and the Bechuanas, jealous of any diminution in their self-indulgence, by being deprived of the services of their wives, looked with an extremely suspicious eye on any innovation on this ancient custom. While going to war, hunting, watching the cattle, milking the cows, and preparing their furs and skins for mantles, was the work of the men, the women had by far the heavier task of agriculture, building the houses, fencing, bringing firewood, and heavier than all, nature's charge, the rearing of a family. The greater part of the year they are constantly employed ; and during the season of picking and sowing their gardens, their task is galling, living on a coarse, scanty fare, and frequently having a babe fastened to their backs, while thus cultivating the ground.

The men, for obvious reasons, found it convenient to have a number of such vassals, rather than only one ; while the woman would be perfectly amazed at one's ignorance, were she to be told that she would be much happier in a single state, or widowhood, than being the mere concubine and drudge of a haughty husband, who spent the greater part of his life in lounging in the shade, while she was compelled, for his comfort as well as her own, to labour under the rays of an almost vertical sun, in a hot and withering climate. . . . . .

While standing near the wife of one of the grandees, who, with some female companions, was building a house, and making preparations to scramble by means of a branch on to the roof, I remarked that they ought to get their husbands to do that part of the work. This set them all into a roar of laughter. Mahuto, the queen, and several of the men drawing near to ascertain the cause of the merriment, the wives repeated my strange, and, to them, ludicrous proposal, when another peal of mirth ensued. Mahuto, who was a sensible and shrewd woman, stated that the plan, though hopeless, was a good one, as she often thought our custom was much better than theirs. It was reasonable that woman should attend to household affairs, and the lighter parts of labour ; while man, who went to boast of his superior strength, should employ his energy in more laborious occupations ; adding, she wished I would give their husbands medicine to make them do the work. This remark was made rather in a way of joke.

The government of the Bechuanas is similar to that found everywhere in the same state of society,—patriarchal, but monarchical, mild in its character, and essentially popular. The head chief, or king, is restrained by the petty chiefs; and in the public assemblies or parliaments an eloquent speaker will often attack the chief, and turn the weight of opinion against him :—

I have heard him inveighed against for making women his senators and his wife prime minister, while the audience were requested to look at his body, and see if he were not getting too corpulent ; a sure indication that his mind was little exercised in anxieties about the welfare of his people. He generally opens the business of the day with a short speech, reserving his eloquence and wisdom to the close of the meeting, when he analyses the speeches that have been delivered, and never forgets to lash in the most furious language those who have exposed his faults, and who, as he would express it, have walked over his body, placing their feet upon his neck. This is all taken in good part, and the exhausted chieftain is heartily cheered when the meeting dissolves. These assemblies keep up a tolerable equilibrium of power between the chiefs and their king : but they are only convened when differences between tribes have to be adjusted, when a predatory expedition is to be undertaken, or when the removal of a tribe is contemplated ; though occasionally matters of less moment are introduced.

Any custom which might be construed into some vague idea of the necessity of an atoning sacrifice and of a future state, is by Mr. Moffat assigned to the cunning of the sorcerers or rain-makers, who order an ox to be sacrificed for the benefit of their own stomachs, though the ostensible purpose is the public weal, or to avert national calamity, or cure disease.

One will try to coax the sickness out of a chieftain by setting him astride an ox, with its feet and legs tied, and then smothering the animal by holding its nose in a large bowl of water. A feast follows, and the ox is devoured, sickness and all. A sorcerer will pretend he cannot find out the guilty person, or where the malady of another lies, till he has got him to kill an ox, on which he manœuvres, by cutting out certain parts. Another doctor will require a goat, which he kills over the sick person, allowing the blood to run down the body ; another will require the fat of the kidney of a fresh slaughtered goat, saying, that any old fat will not do ; and thus he comes in for his chop. These slaughterings are prescribed according to the wealth of the individual, so that a stout ox might be a cure for a slight cold in a chieftain, while a kid would be a remedy for a fever among the poor, among whom there was no chance of obtaining anything greater. The above ceremonies might with little difficulty be construed into sacrifices, if we felt anxious to increase the number of traditionary remains. Is it, however, to be wondered at, among a pastoral people, whose choicest viand is broiled or boiled meat, and to whom fat of any kind is like the richest cordials, that they should solemnize every event or circumstance with beef!

A treaty or covenant between parties is always ratified by the slaughter of one or more animals, and a consequent feast. In brief, Mr. Moffat's reasoning goes far to demolish many plausible theories of the innate perception of a Supreme Being, and an innate sense of rectitude in the human mind, and of the universal idea of the necessity of a vicarious atonement.

Years rolled on, and the benighted, or rather the embruted people, remained in apparently the same state of apathy and ignorance as at the first. As long as they were gratified with presents they remained good-humoured ; but when the streams of bounty or bribery ceased to flow they became rude, abusive, and even dangerous. The life passed by Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, and their fellow-labourer Mr. Hamilton, was not only one of great discomfort and hardship, but of peril and bitterness.

Our time was incessantly occupied in building, and labouring frequently for the meat that perisheth ; but our exertions were often in vain, for while we sowed, the natives reaped. . . . . The native women, seeing the fertilizing effect of the water in our gardens, thought very naturally that they had an equal right to their own, and took the liberty of cutting open our water-ditch, and allowing it on some occasions to flood theirs. This mode of proceeding left us at times without a drop of water, even for culinary purposes. It was in vain that we pleaded, and remonstrated with the chiefs,—the women were the masters in this matter. Mr. Hamilton and I were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade, about three o'clock P. M., the

hottest time of the day, and turn in the many outlets into native gardens, that we might have a little moisture to refresh our burnt-up vegetables during the night, which we were obliged to irrigate when we ought to have rested from the labours of the day. Many night watches were spent in this way; and after we had raised with great labour vegetables, so necessary to our constitutions, the natives would steal them by day as well as by night, and after a year's toil and care, we scarcely reaped anything to reward us for our labour. . . . . When we complained, the women, who one would have thought would have been the first to appreciate the principles by which we were actuated, became exasperated, and going to the higher dam, where the water was led out of the river, with their picks completely destroyed it, allowing the stream to flow in its ancient bed. By this means the supply of water we formerly had was reduced to one-half, and that entirely at the mercy of those who loved us only when we could supply them with tobacco, repair their tools, or administer medicine to the afflicted. But all this, and much more, failed to soften their feelings towards us. Mrs. Moffat, from these circumstances, and the want of female assistance, has been compelled to send the heavier part of our linen a hundred miles to be washed.

Our situation might be better conceived than described: not one believed our report among the thousands by whom we were surrounded. Native aid, especially to the wife of the missionary, though not to be dispensed with, was a source of anxiety, and an addition to our cares; for any individual might not only threaten, but carry a rash purpose into effect. . . . . As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making everything they touched the colour of their own greasy red attire; while some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands upon. This would keep the housewife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere, almost intolerable; and when they departed, they left ten times more than their number behind—company still more offensive. As it was not pleasant to take our meals amongst such filth, our dinner was often deferred for hours, hoping for their departure; but, after all, it had to be eaten when the natives were despatching their game at our feet. Our attendance at public worship would vary from one to forty; and these very often manifesting the greatest indecorum. Some would be snoring; others laughing; some working; and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms, while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob when the missionary was engaged in public service. . . . .

Some nights, or rather mornings, we had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours in our houses, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the field. . . . . Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back, beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other article of value. Knives were always eagerly coveted, our metal spoons they melted: and when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not so pliable, they supposed them bewitched. Very often, when employed working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek a draught of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return. . . . . .

Sometimes the missionary is called to suffer much greater privations than have now been described. This may be the most proper place, briefly to introduce a sketch of the general character of my manner of living, while on this station. As before noticed, I had neither bread nor vegetables. Mr. Bartlett, of Pella, once sent me a bag containing a few pounds of salt, but, on examining it, I could scarcely tell whether there was most sand or salt, and having become accustomed to do without it, I hung it upon a nail, where it remained untouched. My food was milk and meat, living for weeks together on one, and then for a while on the other, and again on both together. All was well so long as I had either, but sometimes they both failed. . . . . I shall never forget the kindness of Titus Africaner, who, when he visited the station, would come and ask what he could do for me, and, on receiving a few shots, would go to the field, and almost always bring me home something, for he was an extraordinary marksman.

The contents of my wardrobe bore the same impress of poverty. The supply of clothes which I had received in London were, as is too often the case, made after the dandy fashion, and I being still a growing youth, they soon went to pieces. There were no laundry-maids there, nor anything like ironing or mangling. The old woman who washed my linen sometimes with soap, but oftener without, was wont to make one shirt into a bag, and stuff the others into it, and I just took them out as they were, and more than once have I *turned* one to feel the comfort of a clean shirt. My dear old mother, to keep us out of mischief in the long winter evenings, taught me both to sew and knit; and when I would tell her I intended being a man, she would reply, "Lad, ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast." She was right, for I have often had occasion to use the needle since.

These are but a specimen of the privations and hardships to which all these good men and their families had, more or less, to submit.

One main object with Moffat was the acquisition of the language, in which he has since made so great a proficiency. But this important acquirement was attended with many difficulties, and made under the most unfavourable circumstances. He relates—

It was something like groping in the dark, and many were the ludicrous blunders I made. The more waggish of those from whom I occasionally obtained sentences and forms of speech, would richly enjoy the fun, if they succeeded in leading me into egregious mistakes and shameful blunders; but though I had to pay dear for my credulity, I learned something. After being compelled to attend to every species of manual, and frequently menial, labour for the whole day, working under a burning sun, standing on the saw-pit, labouring at the anvil, treading clay, or employed in cleaning a water-ditch, it may be imagined that I was in no very fit condition for study, even when a quiet hour could be obtained in the evening for that purpose. And this was not all; an efficient interpreter could not be found in the country; and when everything was ready for inquiry, the native mind, unaccustomed to analyse abstract terms, would, after a few questions, be completely bewildered.

Upon this subject Mr. Moffat makes observations not less important to persons endeavouring to acquire an unwritten language than to philologers. Among the most formidable enemies of the missionaries were the sorcerers or rain-makers, whose province they had, it was suspected, come to usurp; for these crafty vagabonds, who live by adroitly cheating and deluding the people, seemed to think that the missionaries and themselves were of the same calling. A famous rain-maker, of grand pretensions, had been sent for from a great distance during a season of extreme drought, of whom it is told:

The rain-makers, as I have since had frequent opportunities of observing, were men of no common calibre; and it was the conviction of their natural superiority of genius, which emboldened them to lay the public mind

prostrate before the reveries of their fancies. Being foreigners, they generally amplified prodigiously on their former feats. The present one, as has been noticed, was above the common order. He kept the chiefs and nobles gazing on him with silent amazement, while the demon of mendacity enriched his themes with lively imagery, making them fancy they saw their corn-fields floating in the breeze, and their flocks and herds return lowing homewards by noonday from the abundance of pasture. He had in his wrath desolated the cities of the enemies of his people, by stretching forth his hand, and commanding the clouds to burst upon them. He had arrested the progress of a powerful army, by causing a flood to descend, which formed a mighty river, and arrested their course. These, and many other pretended supernatural displays of his power, were received as sober truths. The report of his fame spread like wildfire, and the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes came to pay him homage. We scarcely knew whether to expect from him open hostility, secret machinations, or professed friendship. He, like all of his profession, was a thinking and calculating soul, in the habit of studying human nature, affable, engaging, with an acute eye, and exhibiting a dignity of mien, with an ample share of self-esteem, which, notwithstanding all his obsequiousness, he could not hide. . . . . He found we were men of peace, and would not quarrel. For the sake of obtaining a small piece of tobacco, he would occasionally pay us a visit, and even enter the place of worship. He was also studious not to give offence. While in the course of conversation, he would give a feeble assent to our views, as to the sources of that element, over which he pretended to have a sovereign control. . . . . .

It might be briefly noticed, that in order to carry on the fraud, he would, when clouds appeared, order the women neither to plant nor sow, lest they should be scared away. He would also require them to go to the fields, and gather certain roots and herbs, with which he might light what appeared to the natives mysterious fires. Elate with hope, they would go in crowds to the hills and dales, herborize, and return to the town with songs, and lay their gatherings at his feet. With these he would sometimes proceed to certain hills, and raise smoke; gladly would he have raised the wind also, if he could have done so, well knowing that the latter is frequently the precursor of rain. He would select the time of new and full moon for his purpose, aware that at those seasons there was frequently a change in the atmosphere. It was often a matter of speculation with me whether such men had not the fullest conviction in their own minds that they were gulling the public; and opportunities have been afforded which convinced me that my suspicions were well grounded. I met one among the Barolongs, who, from some service I had done him, thought me very kind, and, before he knew my character, became very intimate. He had derived benefit from some of my medicines, and consequently viewed me as a doctor, and one of his own fraternity. In reply to some of my remarks, he said, "It is only wise men who can be rain-makers, for it requires very great wisdom to deceive so many;" adding, "you and I know that." At the same time he gave me a broad hint that I must not remain there, lest I should interfere with his field of labour.

As those savages who are idolaters become enraged with their gods when their desires are not complied with, and break and tear them in pieces, so do these Africans act with their sorcerers. This great rain-maker was afterwards put to death by a chief; and his wife, who was considered too handsome for him, given to the chief's son. When all his arts, contrivances, and shifts had failed—and some of them were most ingenious—he insinuated that the cause of his failure was the presence of the missionaries, who rendered the clouds "hard-hearted," and "dried up the *teats* of heaven." The situation of the missionaries became at this juncture extremely perilous. It is said—

The people at last became impatient, and poured forth their curses against brother Hamilton and myself, as the cause of all their sorrows. Our bell, which was rung for public worship, they said, frightened the clouds; our prayers came in also for a share of the blame. "Don't you," said the chief rather fiercely to me, "bow down in your houses, and pray and talk to something bad in the ground!" A council was held, and restrictions were to be laid on all our actions. We refused compliance, urging that the spot on which the mission premises stood, had been given to the missionaries. The rain-maker appeared to avoid accusing us openly; he felt some sense of obligation, his wife having experienced that my medicines and mode of bleeding did her more good than all his nostrums. He would occasionally visit our humble dwellings, and when I happened to be in the smith's shop, he would look on most intently when he saw a piece of iron welded, or an instrument made, and tell me privately he wished I were living among his people, assuring me that there was plenty of timber and iron there.

One day he came and sat down, with a face somewhat elongated, and evincing inward dissatisfaction. On making inquiry, I found, as I had heard whispered the day before, that all was not right; the public voice was sounding ominous in his ears. He inquired how the women were in our country; and supposing he wished to know what they were like, I pointed him to my wife, adding, that there were some taller, and some shorter than she was. "That is not what I mean," he replied; "I want to know what part they take in public affairs, and how they act when they do so." I replied, "that when the women of my country had occasion to take an active part in any public affairs, they carried all before them;" adding, in a jocose strain, "wait till we missionaries get the women on our side, as they now are on yours, and there will be no more rain-makers in the country." At this remark he looked at me as if I had just risen out of the earth. "May that time never arrive!" he cried, with a countenance expressive of unusual anxiety. I replied, "that time would assuredly come, for Jehovah, the mighty God, had spoken it." He was evidently chagrined, for he had come for advice. "What am I to do!" he inquired; "I wish all the women were men; I can get on with the men, but I cannot manage the women." I viewed this as a delicate moment, and, feeling the need of caution, replied, "that the women had just cause to complain; he had promised them rain, but the land was dust, their gardens burned up, and were I a woman, I would complain as loudly as any of them."

The rain-maker kept himself very secluded for a fortnight, and, after cogitating how he could make his own cause good, he appeared in the public fold, and proclaimed that he had discovered the cause of the drought. All were now eagerly listening; he dilated some time, till he had raised their expectation to the highest pitch, when he revealed the mystery. "Do you not see, when clouds come over us, that Hamilton and Moffat look at them!" This question receiving a hearty and unanimous affirmation, he added, that our white faces frightened away the clouds, and they need not expect rain so long as we were in the country. This was a home-stroke, and it was an easy matter for us to calculate what the influence of such a charge would be on the public mind. We were very soon informed of the evil of our conduct, to which we pleaded guilty, promising, that as we were not aware that we were doing wrong, being as anxious as any of them for rain, we would willingly look to our chins, or the ground, all the day long, if it would serve their purpose. It was rather remarkable, that much as they admired my long black beard, they thought that in this case it was most to blame. However, this season of trial passed over, to our great comfort, though it was followed for some time with many indications of suspicion and distrust.

Matters were now coming to extremity. The long-continued drought, and all its attendant miseries, were attributed to the missionaries, who were ordered to leave the country; and it was hinted that violence would be employed unless the

orders of the chiefs for their departure were obeyed. The missionaries refused to go away, and stated their reasons for remaining, which were of a nature quite incomprehensible to the aborigines, who however remarked, "These men must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something in immortality." The suspicions excited among these people, from the most trivial causes, forcibly illustrate the power of prejudice over ignorant minds. Two little images of soldiers, stuck upon a Dutch clock fixed in the wall in the place of worship, were magnified into something vast and sinister.

The little images in the clock were soon magnified into Goliahs, and the place of worship looked upon as an *cintlu ea kholego*, a house of bondage. It was necessary to take down the fairy-looking strangers, and cut a piece off their painted bodies, to convince the affrighted natives that the objects of their alarm were only bits of coloured wood. Many, however, thought themselves too wise to be thus easily deceived. Though perfectly convinced of the egregious folly of believing that the little *lisêto*, "carved ones," would one day seize them by the throat in the sanctuary, they nevertheless continued to suspect, that the motives of the missionary were anything but disinterested.

Mr. Moffat had been, even when matters looked the darkest, unconsciously laying the foundation of his future success; and now a crisis was at hand, of which he availed himself with singular boldness and sagacity, and at length fully gained the confidence and regard of the people, who could no longer doubt of his will and power to serve them. The details of those transactions which gained him the esteem and confidence of the tribe, exhibit one of the most complete pictures of savage warfare, —where the great impeller is hunger, and where one horde pours forth from the wilderness after another, spreading dismay and devastation in their course,—that ancient or modern literature affords.

For more than a year, numerous wild rumours of war, brought by the hunters and traders, had reached the mission-station, but of so extravagant a nature, that they were at first treated as the dreams of madmen. It was said that a mighty woman named *Mantatee*, was coming on at the head of an invincible army, numerous as the locusts, marching onward among the interior nations, bringing devastation and ruin wherever she appeared; and that she nourished the army with her own milk, sent out hornets before her, and was laying the world desolate. Mr. Moffat began to think that there must be some foundation for these extraordinary gazettes, and concluded that they were magnified rumours of the destructive wars carrying on by Chaka the tyrant of Zoolus; and though this monster was at too great a distance to cause alarm, the missionary had various reasons for wishing to ascertain the state of public affairs among the neighbouring tribes, and he accordingly resolved to visit *Makaba*, the chief of the Bauangketsi; and by opening a friendly intercourse, or mediating between hostile tribes, prevent, if possible, their perpetual bloody conflicts. He wished, besides, to become acquainted with their manners and language. The chief and people among whom he had so long resided on the Kuruman, were averse to his journey. Makaba was represented as a ferocious murderer, from whose territory he would never return alive. He however persisted in his purpose, and had not advanced far on his march when he ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the fierce and warlike tribe of Mantatees, typified by the gigantic woman, had actually reached some of the neighbouring tribes, whose towns were already in the hands of the marauders. The spies sent out to ascertain the movements of this advancing army,—which, like the ancient hordes, moved onward, accompanied by their wives, children, cattle, and dogs,—could give no satisfactory tidings; and Mr. Moffat and his company proceeded for the town of the chief, Makaba; but the party had not advanced much farther when they were driven to their wits' end.

We were on the alert, and made inquiries of every stranger we met about the invaders, but could learn nothing, although we were not more than fifteen miles from the town, of which it was reported the enemy were in possession. We saw, on a distant height, some men who were evidently looking our way, and their not approaching our wagons was so unusual with hungry natives, that we thought they must be strangers from a great distance, or some of the Mantatees. Two days passed over, and on the next, when we were about to start for the Bauangketsi, two Barolongs passing by, informed us of the fact that the Mantatees were in possession of the town, which lay rather in our rear, behind some heights, which we distinctly saw. As one of these men had narrowly escaped with his life in the conflict with that people, no doubt was left in our minds as to the propriety of returning immediately to the place whence we had come, particularly as there was a probability that our course might be intercepted, some prisoners who had escaped having reported that the enemy were about to start for Lithako. We lost no time in returning to Nokaneng, and were met there by individuals who authenticated my report to some thousands, who were pleasing themselves with the idea that there was no such enemy. When I arrived at our station the fearful news spread rapidly. A public meeting was convened, and the principal men met, to whom I gave a circumstantial account of all the information I had gathered respecting the character and progress of the Mantatees. That they were really a numerous and powerful body, had destroyed many towns of the Bakone tribes, slaughtered immense numbers of people, laid Kurrechane in ruins, scattered the Barolongs, and, in addition, were said to be cannibals! The alarming tidings produced at first a gloom on every countenance, and when I had finished speaking, a profound silence reigned for some minutes. Mothibi then replied in the name of the assembly, that he was exceedingly thankful that I had been *tloga e thata*, hard-headed, and pursued my journey, for, by so doing, I had discovered to them their danger.

All were now ready to bless me for having taken my own way. They solicited counsel, but all I could give was to flee to the colony, or call in the assistance of the Griquas; that as the Bechuanas were entirely unable to resist so numerous and savage a force as the Mantatees, I would proceed instantly to Griqua Town, give information, convey their wishes, and obtain assistance and wagons to remove our goods from the station. Some proposed fleeing to the Kalagare desert: but from this I strongly dissuaded them, fearing that many would perish from want. As no time was to be lost, in the absence of horses, I proceeded with my wagon to Griqua Town, where I had the pleasure of meeting, at Mr. Melvill's house, George Thompson, Esq., of Cape Town, who was on a tour, and about to visit Lithako.

In brief, the services which Mr. Moffat, by his promptitude and sagacity, rendered to the tribe at this critical period, gained for him an ascendency which he never afterwards lost. A public meeting

or parliament was instantly assembled; the proceedings and eloquence of which are minutely described, and at which there was "little cheering, and less hissing, while every speaker fearlessly stated his sentiments." Our specimen of the eloquence of the *pitsho* must be brief. An old chief, when his turn came to address the assembly, said,—

"Ye sons of Molehabangue, ye have now had experience enough to convince you that it is your duty to proceed against the Mantatees, who have no object but to steal and destroy. Ye sons of Molehabangue! ye sons of Molehabangue! ye have done well this day. You are now acting wisely, first to deliberate and then to proceed: the missionary has discovered our danger like the rising sun after a dark night; a man sees the danger he was in when darkness shut his eyes. We must not act like Bechuanas, we must act like Makoöas (white people.) Is this our pitsho? No, it is the pitsho of the missionary; therefore we must speak and act like Makoöas."

But we have no space for eloquence. The time for action had come; the Griqua auxiliaries arrived; and the *commando* marched forth, accompanied by Mr. Moffat. It had been resolved in council, that the scene of combat had best be chosen at a distance from their town. The bold, yet becoming and consistent part, which the missionary acted throughout this campaign, must have raised him still higher in the esteem of the tribe, though he only acted as the consistent servant of the Prince of Peace. He and another individual advanced before the main body to learn how matters stood, and, if possible, to prevent a collision; but the Mantatees would not approach him; and he relates,—

At sunset I left Waterboer and the scouts, and rode back, to confer with Mr. Melvill and the Griqua chiefs, and to devise some scheme to bring the enemy to terms of peace, and prevent, if possible, the dreadful consequences of a battle. The Griquas had come, headed by their respective chiefs, Adam Kok, Berend Berend, Andries Waterboer, and Cornelius Kok; but it was unanimously agreed that Waterboer should take the command. Cornelius, nobly and generously, insisted on my taking his best horse, urging that my life was far more valuable than his. This kind act was the more sensibly felt as the horse was one of the strongest in the commando; and but for this circumstance, I could not have done what I did, nor, humanly speaking, could I have escaped with my life.

Having spent an almost sleepless night on the plain, from extreme cold, we were all in motion next morning before daylight. The attempt made the preceding day to bring about a friendly communication having entirely failed, it was judged expedient for the commando to ride up to the invaders, hoping, from the imposing appearance of about one hundred horsemen, to intimidate them, and bring them to a parley. For this purpose, the commando approached within 150 yards, with a view to beckon some one to come out. On this the enemy commenced their terrible howl, and at once discharged their clubs and javelins. Their black dismal appearance, and savage fury, with their hoarse and stentorian voices, were calculated to daunt; and the Griquas, on their first attack, wisely retreated to a short distance, and again drew up.

Soon after the battle commenced, the Bechuanas came up, and united in playing on the enemy with poisoned arrows, but they were soon driven back; half-a-dozen of the fierce Mantatees made the whole body scamper off in wild disorder. After two hours and a half's combat, the Griquas, finding their ammunition fast diminishing, at the almost certain risk of loss of life, began to storm; when the enemy gave way, taking a westerly direction. The horsemen, however, intercepted them, when they immediately descended towards the ravine, as if determined not to return by the way they came, which they crossed, but were again intercepted. On turning round, they seemed desperate, but were soon repulsed. Great confusion now prevailed, the ground being very stony, which rendered it difficult to manage the horses. At this moment an awful scene was presented to the view. The undulating country around was covered with warriors, all in motion, so that it was difficult to say who were enemies or who were friends. Clouds of dust were rising from the immense masses, who appeared flying with terror, or pursuing with fear. To the alarming confusion was added the bellowing of oxen, the vociferations of the yet unvanquished warriors, mingled with the groans of the dying, and the widows' piercing wail, and the cries from infant voices. The enemy then directed their course towards the town, which was in possession of a tribe of the same people, still more numerous. Here again another desperate struggle ensued, when they appeared determined to inclose the horsemen within the smoke and flames of the houses, through which they were slowly passing, giving the enemy time to escape. At last seized with despair, they fled precipitately. It had been observed during the fight that some women went backward and forward to the town, only about half a mile distant, apparently with the most perfect indifference to their fearful situation. While the commando was struggling between hope and despair of being able to route the enemy, information was brought that the half of the enemy under Chuane were reposing in the town, within sound of the guns, perfectly regardless of the fate of the other division, under the command of Karaganye. It was supposed they possessed entire confidence in the yet invincible army of the latter, being the more warlike of the two. Humanly speaking, had both parties been together, the day would have been lost, when they would, with perfect ease, have carried devastation into the centre of the colony. When both parties were united, they set fire to all parts of the town, and appeared to be taking their departure, proceeding in an immense body towards the north. If their number may be calculated by the space of ground occupied by the entire body, it must have amounted to upwards of forty thousand. The Griquas pursued them about eight miles; and though they continued desperate, they seemed filled with terror at the enemies by whom they had been overcome.

As soon as they had retired from the spot where they had been encamped, the Bechuanas, like voracious wolves, began to plunder and despatch the wounded men, and to butcher the women and children with their spears and war-axes. As fighting was not my province, of course I avoided discharging a single shot, though, at the request of Mr. Melvill and the chiefs, I remained with the commando, as the only means of safety. Seeing the savage ferocity of the Bechuanas, in killing the inoffensive women and children, for the sake of a few paltry rings, or of being able to boast that they had killed some of the Mantatees, I turned my attention to these objects of pity, who were flying in consternation in all directions. By my galloping in among them, many of the Bechuanas were deterred from their barbarous purposes. It was distressing to see mothers and infants rolled in blood, and the living babe in the arms of a dead mother. All ages and both sexes lay prostrate on the ground. Shortly after they began to retreat, the women, seeing that mercy was shown them, instead of flying, generally sat down, and, baring their bosoms, exclaimed, "I am a woman, I am a woman!" It seemed impossible for the men to yield. There were several instances of wounded men being surrounded by fifty Bechuanas, but it was not till life was almost extinct that a single one would allow himself to be conquered. I saw more than one instance of a man fighting boldly, with ten or twelve spears and arrows fixed in his body. The cries of infants which had fallen from the breasts of their mothers, who had fled or were slain, were distinctly heard, while many of the women appeared thoughtless as to their dreadful situation. Several times I narrowly escaped the spears and war-axes of the wounded, while busy in rescuing the women and children. The men, struggling with death, would raise themselves from the ground, and discharge their weapons at any one of our number within

their reach: their hostile and revengeful spirit only ceased when life was extinct. . . . . The Mantatees are a tall, robust people, in features resembling the Bechuanas; their dress consisting of prepared ox hides, hanging double over the shoulders. The men during the engagement were nearly naked, having on their heads a round cockade of black ostrich feathers. Their ornaments were large copper rings, sometimes eight in number, worn round their necks, with numerous arm, leg, and ear rings of the same material. Their weapons were war-axes of various shapes, spears, and clubs; into many of their knob-sticks were inserted pieces of iron resembling a sickle, but more curved, sometimes to a circle, and sharp on the outside. Their language was only a dialect of the Sechuana, as I understood them nearly as well as the people among whom I lived. They appeared more rude and barbarous than the tribes around us, the natural consequences of the warlike life they had led. They were suffering dreadfully from want; even in the heat of battle, the poorer class seized pieces of meat and devoured them raw. At the close of the battle, when Mr. Melvill and I had collected many women and children, and were taking them to a place of safety, it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them forward. They willingly followed till they found a piece of meat, which had been thrown away in the flight, when nearly all would halt to tear and devour it, though perfectly raw.

When, a few days afterwards, upon an alarm reaching the station that the Mantatees were advancing to attack the Kuruman town, the female captives were carried along with the people who fled towards Griqua Town. We are told,—

Halting in the evening, a dead horse was found that had belonged to one of the Griquas, and which had been killed by the bite of a serpent. Next morning the women fell on the swollen and half-putrid carcase, and began, like so many wolves, to tear it limb from limb, every one securing as much as she could for herself. Mr Hamilton, who looked on with utter amazement, advised them to avoid the part where the animal was bitten. To his friendly warning they paid no attention whatever; in the space of about an hour a total dissection was effected, and every particle of skin, meat, bone, the entrails, and their contents, were carried off. Mr. H. was obliged to remain the whole day, finding it absolutely impossible to induce them to leave the spot till every particle was devoured, and in the evening they actually danced and sang with joy! This will appear the more astonishing, as the women were allowed a regular supply of rations; but when people have fasted for a year they require quantities of food, which, if mentioned, would appear incredible, and a long period elapses before the stomach regains its wonted tone. It would only excite disgust were the writer to describe sights of this kind which he has been compelled to witness. . . . . .

In the preceding sketch, I have glanced but very briefly at the varied scenes connected with the mournful picture of that day. It would have been an easy matter to give more facts, but my mind still shrinks from farther details of feats of savage barbarity, and lion-like ferocity, which I witnessed among the Mantatee warriors. No less furious and revengeful was the spirit manifested by the Batlapi and other tribes, who though the most accomplished cowards, compared with the invaders, showed that they were, if less inured to war, still as cruel as those who, for years, had been imbruing their hands in the blood of thousands. The wounded enemy they baited with their stones, clubs, and spears, accompanied with yellings and countenances indicative of fiendish joy. The hapless women found no quarter, especially if they possessed anything like ornaments to tempt the cupidity of their plunderers. . . . . .

The women evinced the most entire indifference to the objects of terror by which they were surrounded; but still mothers clung to their infants, whose piteous cries were sufficient to melt a heart of stone. With all their conquests and the many thousands of cattle which they must have captured, they were dying from hunger. Their march for hundreds of miles might have been traced by human bones. Not having seen horsemen before, they imagined horse and rider constituted only one animal; but this, as we afterwards heard, did not intimidate them, for their determination was fixed on attacking the colony, having heard that there were immense flocks of sheep there. Had they succeeded in reaching the Orange river, or the borders of the colony, where they would most probably have been defeated, the destruction of human life would have been even more dreadful, as they must have perished from want, when retreating through exasperated thousands of the tribes they had vanquished, towards their own country. Some of the Bechuanas were so sensible of this, that they secretly wished that it might be so, in order that they might satiate their vengeance on a conquered foe. . . .

The Mantatees, after finally leaving the country, separated into two divisions. The one proceeded eastward, towards the Bakone country, while the other proceeded to that of the Basuto, from the eastern parts of which they had emigrated, or rather been driven, by the destructive inroads of the Zoolu, Matabele, and other tribes. Like many other pastoral people, when robbed of their cattle, they have nothing left; and thus must either perish or rob others; and from being wild men they become more like wild beasts. It is a deeply interesting fact, that a missionary is now labouring with success among the latter, conquering them with far other weapons than those which were found necessary to arrest their devastating career at Old Lithako.

We have next this picturesque account of a night alarm in an African village:—

This was a night of great anxiety. Messengers arrived announcing the certain approach of the Mantatees. It was dark and dreary. The town, without lights of any description, except the few embers of the house-fires, round which sat the trembling families. Most of the men were out of doors, listening to anything like an unusual sound. The dogs kept up incessant barking. No watches were set, no spies sent out. There was no inhabitant between us and the field of battle. Every one appeared afraid to move from the spot where he stood. A cry of sorrow was raised in one part of the town which made every heart palpitate. It was the intelligence of one newly arrived,—the melancholy tale of the parent of a family having been slain by the Mantatees. Occasionally a chief would come to our houses to announce his terror. Imagination painted the town surrounded by a host of the enemy, waiting the dawn of day to commence a general massacre. The Mantatee women in our kitchens and outhouses perceived the alarm, and looked on, or slept with the most perfect indifference. Again and again parties came and knocked violently at our door, relating new fears—the spectres of their feverish minds. Mrs. M. put warm clothes on the two sleeping babes, in case of being able to escape on foot towards the mountain, while I hung my cloak on my gun fast by the door, ready to seize it for protection, in our flight, from beasts of prey. A woman who had the day before but scarcely escaped the deadly weapons of the enemy, ran the whole night, and on reaching the threshold of one of the houses, fainted with fatigue, and fell to the ground. On recovering, the first words she articulated was, "The Mantatees!" This went through the thousands like an electric shock. As morning light drew near, the intensity of feeling increased a hundred-fold. This was a season for the exercise of prayer, and faith in the promises of our God. The name of Jehovah was to us a strong tower, for, on looking back to that as well as to similar periods, we have often wondered that our fears were not greater than they were.

It was not until tranquillity was restored, after this alarming invasion, that Mr. Moffat accomplished his visit to Makaba. The picturesque details of all his journeys form delightful reading; but we press onward to the head-quarters of this for-

midable chief, who, as is proverbially said of another great personage, was found to be not quite so bad as he was sometimes called. They were welcomed by one of his sons and a party of his warriors; and—

Next day, before we had proceeded far, we were met by messengers from Makaba, who said he had not slept for joy, because of our approach. We passed many women, who were employed in their gardens, who, on seeing us, threw down their picks, and running to the wagons, lifted up their hands, exclaiming, "Rumela," (their manner of salutation,) which was followed by shrill cries sufficient to affright the very oxen. Our guide conducted us through a winding street to the habitation of Makaba, who stood at the door of one of his houses, and welcomed us to the town in the usual way. He seemed astonished and pleased to see us all without arms, remarking, with a hearty laugh, that he wondered we should trust ourselves, unarmed, in the town of such a *villain* as he was reported to be. In a few minutes a multitude gathered, who actually trode on each other in their eagerness to see the strangers and their horses. Meanwhile Makaba walked into a house, and sent us out a large jar, or pot of beer, with calabashes, in the form of a ladle. Being thirsty, we partook very heartily of the beer, which possessed but little of an intoxicating quality. . . . . .

Having thus reached the metropolis of the Bauangketsi, and having cast our eyes over a dense population, we were in some measure prepared for the din of many thousands of voices on the coming day. We were not mistaken, for, early next morning, and long before we were out of bed, we were surrounded by crowds, so that it was with difficulty we could pass from one wagon to another. On going up the hill to have a view of the neighbouring country, I was followed by a number of men, who, while I was taking some bearings, were not a little surprised at the compass, which they regarded as an instrument certainly belonging to a sorcerer, though they laughed when I asked them if they thought that I was one.

About ten o'clock A.M., Makaba made his appearance, with his retinue, and sat down opposite to my wagon. The bustling crowd retired to a distance, and a dead silence ensued. He addressed us nearly as follows:—"My friends, I am perfectly happy; my heart is whiter than milk, because you have visited me. To day I am a great man. Men will now say, 'Makaba is in league with white people.' I know that all men speak evil of me. They seek my hurt. It is because they cannot conquer me that I am hated. If they do me evil, I can reward them twofold. They are like children that quarrel; what the weaker cannot do by strength, he supplies with evil names. You are come to see the villain Makaba; you are come, as the Batlapis say, 'to die by my hands.' You are wise and bold to come and see with your eyes, and laugh at the testimony of my enemies," etc. A long conversation afterwards ensued respecting the state of the country, and the Mantatee invasion. On this topic he was eloquent while describing the manner in which he entrapped many hundreds of the enemy by ambuscades; and stretching forth his muscular arm in the direction of the field of conflict, he said, "There lie the bleached bones of the enemy who came upon our hills like the locusts, but who melted before us by the shaking of the spear;" adding, with a stentorian voice, and with superlative self-complacency, "Who is to be compared to Makaba, the son of Meleta, the man of conquest?" The listening multitude broke the silence in deafening applause. I then told him that the object of my present journey was to open a communication, that we might consider him in future as one of our chief friends.

Makaba's city was very large for an African town. He had many wives, each of whom had a large separate establishment. The houses, or clusters of huts, though not larger, were neater and better built than those of the tribe among whom Mr. Moffat lived; and there was one rare feature in their economy—cleanliness.

The accuracy with which circles were formed, and perpendiculars raised, though guided only by the eye, was surprising. Their outer yards and house-floors were very clean, and smooth as paper. No dairy-maid in England could keep her wooden bowls cleaner and whiter than theirs were. In this respect they formed a perfect contrast to the Batlapis. Makaba frequently referred to the barbarous manners of his southern neighbours, and asked me, with an air of triumph, if the Batlapis ever washed a wooden bowl, or if ever they presented me with food which did not contain the mangled bodies of flies, in a dish which had had no better cleaning than the tongue of a dog.

In the early part of the day Makaba was generally employed in cutting out skins to sew together for cloaks, and in the afternoon he was frequently found in a measure intoxicated, from a stronger kind of beer made for his own use. He appeared aged, although his mother was then alive. He was tall, robust, and healthy; had rather the appearance of a Hottentot; his countenance displayed a good deal of cunning; and, from his conversation, one might easily discern that he was well versed in African politics. He dreaded the displeasure of none of the surrounding tribes; but he feared the Makoöas, or civilized people. . . . . While walking to a neighbouring height, I was able to count fourteen considerable villages; the farthest distant about one mile and a half; and I was informed that there were more towns, which I could not see.

Though Makaba was a shrewd man about all ordinary affairs, and very fond of what he called *news*, it was impossible to engage, or even to awaken his attention to any of those serious topics upon which his visiter wished to converse. When told that he was to be entertained with news,—

His countenance lighted up, hoping to hear of feats of war, destruction of tribes, and such like subjects, so congenial to his savage disposition. When he found that my topics had solely a reference to the Great Being of whom, the day before, he had told me he knew nothing, and of the Saviour's mission to this world, whose name he had never heard, he resumed his knife and jackal's skin, and hummed a native air. One of his men, sitting near me, appeared struck with the character of the Redeemer, which I was endeavouring to describe, and particularly with his miracles. On hearing that he raised the dead, he very naturally exclaimed, "What an excellent doctor he must have been, to make dead men live!" This led me to describe his power, and how that power would be exercised at the last day in raising the dead. In the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about? the dead, the dead arise!" "Yes," was my reply, "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," I answered, "your father will arise." "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes." "And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive?" "Yes; and come to judgment." "And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?" he asked, with a kind of triumph as if he had now fixed me. "Yes," I replied, "not one will be left behind." This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice:—"Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard of news?" . . . Makaba, then turning and addressing himself to me, and laying his hand on my breast, said, "Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do

not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!" "Why," I inquired, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not 'add to words' and speak of a resurrection?" Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, "I have slain my thousands, (bontsintsi,) and shall they arise?"

There is much to interest in the character and romantic history of this barbarous chief, who, in his own fashion, treated his visiters with princely munificence. Before their departure, he entreated Mr. Moffat to let him see muskets discharged on horseback. Mr. Moffat says,—

I declined, observing that there were others of the company far more expert; but he would not be satisfied unless I did it, as I was a white man. After much persuasion I submitted, and going into my wagon, professedly to fetch my jacket, put into my pocket a brace of pistols, charged with powder only. After going a few turns round the smooth grassy plain, while the king and his attendants were roaring aloud with admiration, I galloped past them, discharging the contents of both pistols nearly at once, which astonished the Bauangketsi more than anything they had ever seen, and frightened them too, for they all fell prostrate to the earth, supposing they were shot. As soon as I alighted from the horse, Makaba began to unbutton my jacket to see the "little rogues," as he called them, exclaiming, "What a blessing that you white men seek to be friends with all nations, for who is there that could withstand you?" Laying his hand on my shoulder, he added, "I do, indeed, see that you were without fear, or you would have had your pistols this morning." After remaining for a couple of hours we parted, Makaba highly gratified, and the Griquas [they had been distrustful] no less so with the explanation which had taken place.

A still more remarkable and more distant chief named *Moselekatse* the king of a division of Zoolus named the Matabele, had heard of the white men of Peace, and sent two of his chief men, in company with some traders who had ventured into his country, to make themselves acquainted with the manners and arts of the Kuruman teachers. Knowledge of the art of war, of the means of destroying their enemies was, at first, the great object of all the chiefs in these embassies to the mission-stations. The strangers were astonished at all they saw—

Our houses, the walls of our folds and gardens, the water-ditch conveying a large stream out of the bed of the river, and the smith's forge, filled them with admiration and astonishment, which they expressed not in the wild gestures generally made by the mere plebeian, but by the utmost gravity and profound veneration, as well as the most respectful demeanour. "You are men, we are but children," said one; while the other observed, "Moselekatse must be taught all these things." . . . Nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in our chapel. They saw men like themselves meet together with great decorum; mothers hushing their babes, or hastily retiring if they made any noise, and the elder children sitting perfectly silent. When the missionary ascended the pulpit, they listened to the hymn sung, and though from their ignorance of the Bechuana language they could not understand all that was said, they were convinced that something very serious was the subject of the address. . . . . We embraced every opportunity of telling them the simple truths of the Gospel, and laboured to impress on their minds the blessings of peace.

It is often remarked that the Roman Catholic religion, from its imposing and, in some respects, impressive ceremonial, is the form of Christianity which is best adapted to a barbarous people; because it appeals at once to their senses. But may not this imposing ritual, with its attendant pomps and ceremonies, which so powerfully affect the untutored mind, in reality interpose a barrier between the understanding and the reception of spiritual truth?—may not those endless outward observances continue to hold the place of what they are meant to typify, and thus become hinderances and obstacles instead of helps? A picture of the Madona, a strain of music, the priests' vestments, the lights, the altar, and the picturesque celebration of the Catholic worship may, like any other spectacle, arrest the attention of those who cannot all at once apprehend the unadorned and simple, but sublime truths of the Gospel; but to gain this early advantage, is it wise to lay a false foundation and endanger the rearing of a superstructure of idle pageantry and useless ceremonial, while professing to teach the heathen that "God is a spirit, and that they that worship Him aright must worship him in spirit and in truth"?

When these intelligent barbarians had satisfied their curiosity, they proposed to return to their tyrannical and capricious sovereign, to report their embassy; but their way home, lying through hostile tribes, was unsafe, and any evil happening to the ambassadors of the fierce and warlike chief of the powerful and hostile tribe of the Matabele, must be productive of the worst consequences to the Bechuanas, and to the interests of the missionary cause in South Africa. Mr. Moffat, accordingly, resolved to become their escort as far as the Bahurutsi country, after which they could safely proceed to their own land. The adventures on this journey are, like the details of all Moffat's wanderings in those wild regions, full of incident of the most stirring kind. We shall refer to them again in connexion with some of the other encounters and perils from lions and other wild animals, which so often in this narrative freeze one's blood. We now take up the travellers on the tenth day of their journey—

We arrive at Mosega, the abode of Mokhatla, regent over the fragments, though still a large body, of the Bahurutsi. These had congregated in a glen, and subsisted on game, roots, berries, and the produce of their corn-fields; having been deprived of their flocks by the Mantatees. They were evidently living in fear, lest Moselekatse should one day make them captives. From these people I received a hearty welcome, though I was known to few of them except by name.

Having fulfilled my engagement, in conveying my charge in safety to the Bahurutsi, I, in a solemn and formal manner, delivered them over to the care of Mokhatla, requesting him either to go himself, or send a strong escort to accompany them until they reached the outposts of the Matabele. To this proposal the Tunas were strongly opposed, and entreated me most earnestly to accompany them to their own country; urging, that as I had shown them so much kindness, I must go and experience that of their king, who, they declared, would kill them if they suffered me to return before he had seen me. Mokhatla came trembling, and begged me to go, as he and his people would flee if I refused. I pleaded my numerous engagements at the Kuruman; but argument was vain. At last, to their inexpressible joy, I consented to go as far as their first cattle outposts. Mokhatla had long wished to see the fearful Moselekatse, who had desolated the Bakone country, and the proximity of whose residence gave him just reason to tremble

for the safety of his people; and it was only because they were not the rich owners of herds of cattle, that they had not already become the prey of this African Napoleon.

The rain fell heavily for successive days, during which they halted with Mokhatla, who did not stand high in favour of the missionary. His

Physiognomy and manœuvres evinced, that, while he had very little of what was noble about him, he was an adept at intrigue, and exhibited too much of the sycophant to command respect. He resolved to make himself one of my retinue. The country through which we had to travel was quite of a different character from that we had passed. It was mountainous, and wooded to the summits. Evergreens adorned the valleys, in which numerous streams of excellent water flowed through many a winding course towards the Indian Ocean. During the first and second day's journey I was charmed exceedingly, and was often reminded of Scotia's hills and dales. As it was a rainy season, everything was fresh; the clumps of trees that studded the plains being covered with rich and living verdure. But these rocks and vales, and picturesque scenes, were often vocal with the lion's roar. It was a country once covered with a dense population. On the sides of the hills and Kashan mountains were towns in ruins, where thousands once made the country alive, amidst fruitful vales now covered with luxuriant grass, inhabitated by game. The extirpating invasions of the Mantatees and Matabele had left to beasts of prey the undisputed right of these lovely woodland glens. The lion, which had revelled in human flesh, as if conscious that there was none to oppose, roamed at large, a terror to the traveller, who often heard with dismay his nightly roaring echoed back by the surrounding hills. We were mercifully preserved during the nights, though our slumbers were often interrupted by his fearful howlings. We had frequently to take our guns and precede the wagon, as the oxen sometimes took fright at the sudden rush of a rhinoceros or buffalo from a thicket. More than one instance occurred when, a rhinoceros being aroused from his slumbers by the crack of the whips, the oxen would scamper off like race-horses; when destruction of gear, and some part of the wagon, was the result.

We have little space for African landscapes; yet, for the sake of our juvenile readers, we must copy this pretty picture of a singular community, which will remind some of them of a description given by Humboldt of the Ottomaques on the banks of the Orinoco.

Having travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aërial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten anything that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load they removed these for fire-wood.

In the original work there is a wood engraving of the tree in which are perched those human nests. It is of the fig species, and, we need not say, very large. The houses in the boughs look like so many bee-hives. Though anxious to return to his station on the Kuruman, Mr. Moffat was induced to go forward by the eloquent entreaties of his companions, of whom he conceived a very high opinion. When for the last time he proposed to go back

'Umbate, laying his right hand on my shoulder, and the left on his breast, addressed me in the following language: "Father, you have been our guardian. We are yours. You love us, and will you leave us?" and pointing to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, "Yonder," he added, "dwells the great Moselekatse, and how shall we approach his presence, if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us; for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain to cause your return; and before the sun descend on the day we see his face, we shall be ordered out for execution, because you are not." . . . . . I now found myself in a perplexing position, these noble suppliants standing before me, 'Umbate, whose intelligent countenance beamed with benevolence, while his masculine companion, another Mars, displayed a sympathy of feeling not to be expected in the man of war, who could count his many tens of slain warriors which had adorned his head with the ring or badge of victory and honour. My own attendants, whom I had the day before been commending for their intrepidity, were looking on the transaction as if the destinies of an empire were involved; and heard, not without strong emotion, my consent to accompany the strangers to their king.

We now travelled alone a range of mountains running near E.S.E., while the country to the north and east became more level, but beautifully studded with ranges of little hills, many isolated, of a conical form, along the bases of which lay the ruins of innumerable towns, some of which were of amazing extent. The soil of the valleys and extended plains was of the richest description. The torrents from the adjacent heights had, from year to year, carried away immense masses, in some places laying bare the substratum of granite rocks, exhibiting a mass of rich soil from ten to twenty feet deep, where it was evident native grain had formerly waved; and watermelons, pumpkins, kidney-beans, and sweet reed, had once flourished. The ruins of many towns showed signs of immense labour and perseverance; stone fences, averaging from four to seven feet high, raised apparently without mortar, hammer, or line. Everything was circular, from the inner walls which surrounded each dwelling or family residence, to those which encircled a town. In traversing these ruins, I found the remains of some houses which had escaped the flames of the marauders. These were large, and displayed a far superior style to

anything I had witnessed among the other aboriginal tribes of Southern Africa. The circular walls were generally composed of hard clay, with a small mixture of cow-dung, so well plastered and polished, a refined portion of the former mixed with a kind of ore, that the interior of the house had the appearance of being varnished. The walls and door-ways were also neatly ornamented with a kind of architraves and cornices. The pillars supporting the roof in the form of pilasters, projecting from the walls, and adorned with flutings and other designs, showed much taste in the architectresses.

In short, there were many signs of a comparatively advanced state of civilisation visible in the dominions of the terrible Moselekatse, dominions not long obtained by his conquest of the Bakones, whose beautiful country had recently been desolated by the Matabele. Mr. Moffat relates—

Having Matabele with me, I found it extremely difficult to elicit local information from the dejected and scattered aborigines who occasionally came in our way. These trembled before the nobles, who ruled them with a rod of iron. It was soon evident that the usurpers were anxious to keep me in the dark about the devastations which everywhere met our eyes, and they always endeavoured to be present when I came in contact with the aborigines of the country, but as I could speak the language some opportunities were afforded. One of the three servants who accompanied the two ambassadors to the Kuruman was a captive among the Mantatees, who had been defeated at Old Lithako. He, as well as his fellow-servants, felt a pleasure in speaking with us in Sechuana, their native language. . . . . He was a native of the regions through which we were now passing, and would sometimes whisper to me events connected with the desolations of his father-land. These nations he described as being once numerous as the locusts, rich in cattle, and traffickers, to a great extent, with the distant tribes of the north. . . . . On a Sabbath morning I ascended a hill, at the base of which we had halted the preceding evening, to spend the day. I had scarcely reached the summit, and sat down, when I found that my intelligent companion had stolen away from the party, to answer some questions I had asked the day before, and to which he could not reply, because of the presence of his superiors. Happening to turn to the right, and seeing before me a large extent of level ground covered with ruins, I inquired what had become of the inhabitants. He had just sat down, but rose, evidently with some feeling, and, stretching forth his arm in the direction of the ruins, said, "I, even I, beheld it!" and paused as if in deep thought. "There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-coloured cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. 'I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle. This shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping to the ground on which we stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, "That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle!" It is impossible for me to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridgment. I found also from other aborigines that his was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.

This extract shows Moffat's command of the language, besides affording a fine specimen of the natural eloquence of the men we are pleased to call savages. One of the ambassadors preceded Moffat to announce his arrival to the king;—"to make his path straight" to the place where dwelt "the great King of Heaven, the Elephant, the Lion's paw." The inhabitants, who for the first time beheld men on horse-back, scampered off in great alarm when Mr. Moffat and some of his attendants appeared mounted. The account of this African sovereign, his metropolis, his court, and his army, is one of the most original parts of the work, and that which will probably have the greatest interest for the geographer. We pass at once into the august presence of the monarch, which was not reached until due care had been taken to impress the white man with a sense of his power and dignity.

(*To be concluded in next No.*)

SONNET.

BREAD for the body, and the anxious strife,
With carking care too oft avail to smother
My duteous love to thee, my loving mother;
Yet never dies that love. 'Tis richly rife,
Even as the frame in sleep with lusty life.
And when some hour more pleasant than another,
Recalls the time when Joy, my childhood's brother,
Gambolled by me at thy feet, no knife
Could wake the sleeper with more sudden stroke,
Than wake my fondest memories of thee.
So natural does thy presence seem in glee,
I start—and look—and deem 'twas thou that spoke
When the wind breathed. Of long, long years beguiled
Whene'er I'm glad, I'm near thee, still a child.

Trin. Coll. Dublin.

ROBERT NICOLL AND HIS POEMS.*

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

How refreshing to the readers of poetry, sick of the pretensions of commonplace men, and weary of the endless struggles of mediocrity for distinction, was the appearance, a few years ago, of the Poems of Robert Nicoll! Flowers of his heart, those poems will long remain fresh and beautiful, for upon them are the dews of an enduring season. The little volume which contains them (I make no exception in favour even of the marvellous fragments of Keats) is the best ever published by a mere youth; and, with the exception of the first edition of the poems of Burns, the best first publication of its kind ever given to the world by a poet. Burns, Byron, and Scott, at his age, had written nothing worthy of comparison with the early productions of Nicoll. It does not follow that, had he lived, he would have been a Burns, a Byron, or a Scott; but he was in all respects a most worthy son of "man-childed and child-honoured Scotland:" and when it is considered that he was exemplary in every relation of life, that his character was absolutely without stain, that he went to the Judgment-seat of God almost as one of the angels; *and that he died by Act of Parliament*, a victim, among innumerable others, of the food-tax, and the murderous competition of which it is the cause, surely I may be pardoned, if I look back with some degree of mournful attention on the character, the doings, and the fate, of such a man.

To the complete edition of his poems just published by Tait, is prefixed an affecting sketch of his life, from which it appears, "that Robert Nicoll was born (the second son of nine children) on the 7th January, 1814, in the farm-house of Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven in Perthshire, which lies nearly half way between Perth and Dunkeld; that his father, Mr. Robert Nicoll, was, at that period, a farmer in comfortable circumstances: that his mother was Grace Fenwick, one of the daughters of that venerable 'Elder John,' of whom Nicoll speaks so affectingly in his poems; and that both families from which he immediately sprung, had been long settled in the same neighbourhood, counting a long pedigree of decent, honest, God-fearing people. When he was about five years old, his father, who had become security to the amount of five or six hundred pounds for a connexion by marriage, failed, and became a day-labourer on the fields he had lately rented. Nicoll was thus, from the date of his earliest recollection, the son of a very poor man. Field labour was the daily lot of his father, and, at certain seasons, of his mother also; and the children, as soon as they were considered fit for labour, were one by one set to work. Robert was sent to the herding at seven years of age, and continued herding all summer, and attending school all winter." His rural employment (there have been thousands of herd boys, and one or two of them have been poets) may have helped to develope his imaginative tendencies; but it could not create his love of the beautiful, and did not make him, what he is and will ever be, a first-class "poet of the domestic affections, and an apostle of the moral and political regeneration of society." Perhaps some infusion of "gentle blood" is necessary to produce the poetical constitution: even Burns was descended from a race "of decent, God-fearing people," poor, but not poorest.

Always excepting that best of educations which the best of mothers gave him, Nicoll may be truly said to have been his own instructor. "To further my progress in life," he writes to a friend, "I bound myself apprentice to Mrs. J. H. Robertson, wine-merchant and grocer in Perth. When I came to Perth, I bought *Cobbett's English Grammar*, and by constant study soon made myself master of it. A gentleman lent me his right to the Perth Library, and thus I procured many books which I could not get before; Milton's Prose Works, Locke's Works, and, what I prized more than all, a few of Bentham's. I am employed in working for my mistress from seven o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and I must therefore write when others sleep." Like most men of genius, Robert Nicoll was the son of his mother. From her probably he derived his constitutional peculiarities, and certainly *all that was given him* worth calling education. A Yankee mother, we are told, boasted of her two sons, "that if they were locked in a barn, they would live by swapping jackets;" and in America, the *ne plus ultra* of energetic worldliness is said to be a "Scotch Yankee;" but Mrs. Nicoll bade her son "Speak the truth in love;" and while she taught him, by precept and example, the noblest self-reliance, she also taught him, in wrestling for the bread which perisheth, *not* to wrestle for it as if to die were only to forget what we have dreamed. And she had in him a pupil worthy of her teaching. "I have registered a vow in heaven," he writes to one of his correspondents, "that I will be independent, though it be but on a crust and water." "You have discovered," he writes to his brother, "that nothing can be accomplished without labour. But do you *think*, and engrave the *principle* on your heart? I am grown very industrious. I read in the morning while sluggards are snoring; all day I attend to my business; and in the forenights I learn my grammar." Writing of Coleridge, he says, "Had he dared to be poor, how much leisure he would have had for giving shape and utterance to his immortal thoughts. Through fear of losing caste in the world, he lost his station in the world of mind. Oh, for an hour of John Milton, to teach such men to act and comprehend!" "I look upon the earth," he writes to his mother, "as a place where every man is set to struggle, and to work,

* Foolscap octavo, cloth; pp. 316. Edinburgh: Tait.

that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land, to which earth is the gate. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother. I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better." What happiness might not the diffusion of such sentiments as these produce, "if there were no Governments to make nations miserable!"*—no Acts of Parliament to make food dear and labour cheap, by preventing the industrious from obtaining employment!—no land-holding paupers to rob the employed of half their wages, and expect us to touch our hats, when they happen to give the *parish* a flannel dicky at Christmas! And why should *such* paupers be allowed to prevent the diffusion of such sentiments, if six hundred acres of land employed in trade at Sheffield can maintain, in decent comfort, one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants?—if one hundred and ten thousand of the best agricultural acres in the world would not do more than keep them alive?†—and if five hundred thousand such acres could not maintain them in equal comfort?—Why should land-holding paupers, (or any paupers,) be allowed to destroy a productive power, which is as 500,000 to 600? Can it be destroyed without subverting the State? If it cannot, the determination of its destroyers to be self-exterminated vermin, will but ill console their multitudinous victims. "But to our tale."

In the autumn of the year which terminated his apprenticeship, Nicoll went to Edinburgh in quest of employment; but not finding it there, he opened a circulating library in Dundee. "This year, 1835, became an important epoch in his life. He wrote largely, and frequently for the liberal newspapers of the town; he delivered political lectures; he made speeches; he wrote poems; and—he prepared and published his volume of 'Poems and Lyrics.'" I have already expressed what, perhaps, any thorough admirer of the wisdom of our ancestors would deem a most extravagant opinion of the merit of these poems; they will be found, however, to deserve and sustain it. Certainly, they are by no means perfect. Their principal fault is diffusion, or luxuriance of expression; a fault of great promise in a young author, although the terseness of Burns may be said to go against that conclusion. Of him it has been said, that he was often coarse, and never vulgar; but though the nationality of Nicoll was real and intense, there is something like affectation (and affectation is vulgarity) in his determination, that his readers should pronounce his sweet native Doric to the very letter. Of Burns that Doric was the humble servant—Nicoll made it his master. In reading Burns, we never wish the dialect away; the poems he wrote in it, are his best; with Nicoll the case is otherwise; his best productions are English—and noble English he writes. Some of his songs have merit, but they bring him into immediate competition with Burns in his strength—and the weaker must go to the wall. He could not, like Burns, combine the humorous, the pathetic, and the sublime; there is no humour in his pathos, no sublimity in his humour; but with a mastery seldom equalled, he mingles tenderness with beauty, and pathetic sentiment with picturesque description. How full of picture and sentiment are these extracts:—

The memories o' my father's hame
Are twined wi' the stanes of the silver burn,
On bonnie Ordè braes.

. . . . . .

Laneness and Sweetness, hand in hand,
Gang o'er the Ordè braes.

Our laigh cot-house, I mind fu' weel:
On ae side mither spinning sate,
Droning auld sonnets to her wheel—
And purring by her side the cat.
Anent was sair-toil'd father's chair,
Wha tauld us stories, sad and lane,
O' puir folk's waes, until we wish'd
Them a' beside our cosh hearth stane.

A wither'd woodland twig would bring
The tears into my eye:—
Laugh on! but there are souls of love
In laddies herding kye.

And when they sang the holy psalm
Her voice was sweetest, dearest there—
'Mang a' that gaed to God aboon,
Her's was the purest, holiest prayer!
I thought the light o' day was gane
When she, ayont the kirkyard wa',
By yon burn brae gaed wandering hame—
The bonnie lass o' Turrit Ha'!

I like to pu' the heather—
We're a' sae mirthfu', where
The sunshine creeps atour the crags,
Like ravell'd golden hair.

I wish the wandering e'enin wind
Were whistlin' round the brakens lone—
That I might live another hour
O' love wi' Mary Hamilton.

The simmer e'enin's settin' sun
Into my dungeon throws
Ae single ray—a holy flower
That, 'mid the darkness, grows:
It tells me o' a gowany glen
Afar, where it hath been—
A deep wild dell, amang the hills,
A' spread wi' brakens green.

The green leaves waving in the morning gale—
The little birds that 'mid their freshness sing—
The wild wood-flowers, so tender-ey'd and pale—
The wood-mouse sitting by the forest spring—
The morning dew—the wild bee's woodland hum,
All woo my feet to Nature's forest home.
There I can muse, away from living men,
Reclining peacefully on Nature's breast—
The woodbird sending up its God-ward strain,
Nursing the spirit into holy rest!
Alone with God, within his forest fane,
The soul can feel that all save Him is vain.
Here I can learn—*will* learn—to love all things
That he hath made—to pity and forgive
All faults, all failings: Here the heart's deep springs
Are open'd up, and all on earth who live
To me grow nearer, dearer than before—
My brother loving, I my God adore.

* Colonel Thompson.

† A hundred and ten thousand agricultural acres of land could do no more than barely keep the inhabitants of Sheffield alive, unless human beings can be furnished with food, shelter, and clothing, in bread-taxed England, for less than 2s. a-week; and unless the net profit of land, fairly cropped, is more than £5, 4s. a-year per acre.

Thoughts like these, from the son of a poor "sair-toiled" man, (if it were still possible to live and be honest in bread-taxed England,) might inspire the despairing with hope, that such men "would mak the warld better yet." But let no friend of his country (imagining that our masters will educate the democracy, in time to guide the force which they cannot control) flatter himself into the belief that such are the sentiments of our working men generally, or that Nicoll is a fair sample of his class, north or south of the Tweed. I can assure all such persons, from extensive personal observation, that the rising race of working men in this country are deplorably inferior in all good qualities to the race which is going down. If the schoolmaster is abroad, what is he doing? Henry Hunt could not have prevailed on the men of Peterloo to howl for a food-tax, and become the most efficient tools and supporters of its authors. No. The descendants of those men (I speak not of Lancashire, but of the nation) are unworthy even of them. Destitute and desperate, utterly depraved, and worse than ignorant, they are ready to do the work which our monopolists have prepared for their hands, and will not fail, "in the hour which cometh, and will come," to cast the horrors of the French revolution into deepest shade. But before that hour come, certain immaculates would do well to ask themselves, if they know a class of men in this country, who have set an example, to the destitute and desperate masses, of spoliation and murder on a scale of gigantic destructiveness unexampled in the annals of national folly, madness, and crime. They will not put this question to themselves, neither will they read Robert Nicoll's

BACCHANALIAN.

They make their feasts, and fill their cups—
They drink the rosy wine—
They seek for pleasure in the bowl:—
Their search is not like mine.
From misery I freedom seek—
I crave relief from pain;
From hunger, poverty, and cold—
I'll go get drunk again!

The wind doth through my garments run—
I'm naked to the blast;
Two days have flutter'd o'er my head
Since last I broke my fast.
But I'll go drink, and straightway clad
In purple I shall be;
And I shall feast at tables spread
With rich men's luxury!

My wife is naked,—and she begs
Her bread from door to door;
She sleeps on clay each night beside
Her hungry children four!
She drinks—I drink—for why? it drives
All poverty away;
And starving babies grow again
Like happy children gay!

In broad-cloth clad, with belly full,
A sermon you can preach;
But hunger, cold, and nakedness,
Another song would teach.
I'm bad and vile—what matters that
To outcasts such as we?
Bread is denied—come, wife, we'll drink
Again, and happy be!*

* The best of all temperance associations,—the best of all peace associations,—the best of all anti-slavery associations, would be an association for the establishment and conservation of free-trade relations everywhere. Is it not high time for the Society of Friends to think of this, and act on their convictions, like their friend, Joseph Sturge? Yes; for free-trade is Peace—Religion—Christianity *in its essence*:—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

Mary Howit said of Nicoll's eyes, that they were the finest she had ever seen; and the poor herd-boy must have possessed fine eyes for observation, or he could not have drawn to the very life his portraits of The Auld Gudeman, who duly sleepit the sermons at kirk and preachin—Janet Dunbar, who, for the sake of the bairnies at school, would scold the Dominie's sel'—Minister Tam, who, in his youth, rode on the ram, and huntit the ewes; but after fighting, wi' a masterful heart, up the brae, sported a wig, white with pouther—Janet Macbean, who sate in the Minister's seat, and had aye a curtsy for the laird when he came to drink his can—The Dominie, wi' his words o' queer langnebbit speech—The Smith, who had lost fifty law-pleas, he was sae weel acquaint wi' law—Fiddler Johnny, who cared not a hair for any mortal body—The Provost, who was twenty-first cousin to a highland laird, and could lie like an apple-wife—The Bailie, who keeps the causey-crown, and, at kirk, gi'es fearsome looks to the folks who fill the lofts—The Gudewife, of whose flytin' and din there was never an end—The Uncourted Maiden, who wished every lassie married but hersel'—The Auld Beggar Man, who could argue like a beuk—The Peaceful Hero, around whose hearth cheerful faces were an unending prayer—and many more equally good.

Before I resume the thread of Robert's narrative, I will try to convince all doubters that I have not over-stated the merit of his poetry in the first paragraph of this article. If they will read, The Ha' Bible—The Poor Man's Deathbed—I am Blind—Arouse Thee, Soul—Wild Flowers—The Mother—The Village Church—God is Everywhere—The Nameless Rivulet—The Dying Maiden—The Mossy Stane—Life's Pilgrimage—Stanzas on the Birth-day of Burns—Visions—I Dare not Scorn—The Questioner—We are Lowly—and there are others equally excellent—they will find that he "has written his heart," in compositions which require no apology on account of the age or circumstances of the author,—original poems, worthy of any poet.

"In the spring of 1836, Nicoll gave up his shop in Dundee, where, shortly after his coming, he had formed an attachment to a very pretty and amiable girl, who eventually became his wife. This attachment, and his extreme anxiety to relieve his mother from the small pecuniary involvements, (great to her,) amounting to about £20, which she had incurred to enable him to establish his library, rendered him exceedingly desirous to find the employment for which his friends conceived him at least as well qualified as many who filled similar situations; and they were as happy as himself when, by the kind intervention of Mr. Tait, he procured the situation of editor of the *Leeds Times*, with even the comparatively small salary of £100 a-year. He made a short visit to his mother, and to his betrothed in Dundee, and set out for Leeds in high

spirits. So perfectly was he adapted to the wants of the crisis, and with so much enthusiasm and energy did he devote himself to his harassing and multifarious duties, that in a few weeks after his arrival in Leeds, the circulation of the *Times* began to rise, and continued to increase with unprecedented rapidity. Towards the middle of December, 1836, he stole a few days from his incessant toils, and came down to Dundee to be married. His father and mother met him there; and without loss of time he returned to Leeds with his bride. His home there was, in all respects, as happy as any one in which young and pure affections ever found a sanctuary. His wife had an unbounded admiration for the talents of her husband; and in his brief career poor Nicoll tasted largely of the higher enjoyments of life,—'of all the pleasures of the heart, the lover and the friend.' During the spring of 1837, in letters to a friend, he frequently alludes to the happiness of his humble home. Between it and his office-duties, between politics and poetry, his time was divided and very fully occupied. The circulation of the *Times* was increasing at the rate of 200 a-week; and his heart was in every word he wrote in it. From the period that he went to Leeds, until the hour that he left it, he lived in a constant fever of excitement. The *Leeds Times* is a paper of large size; and in reporting, condensing news, writing a great deal for every number, and maintaining a wide correspondence, he had no assistant. Yet in the spring of 1837, to increase his income, he was induced to write the leading article for a paper just then started in Sheffield. This was dreadful overtasking." But in bread-taxed Britain, "the labour of the poor is his life;" and where law makes poverty, poverty is crime. Need we wonder that his health gave way? "The finishing blow was given to it by the general election in the summer of the same year, when the town of Leeds was contested by Sir William Molesworth in opposition to Sir John Beckett. Into this contest Nicoll naturally threw himself with his whole soul. His wife afterwards said, that had Sir William failed, Robert would have died on the instant. He was destined to live on for a few more suffering months, and then die at the age of twenty-three, carried off by a disease which, under other circumstances might have been overcome, but which many causes now contributed to develope. He returned to Scotland, to be cured, as he fondly hoped, "by a breath of his native air;" and closed his brief but noble career at the house of his friend Mr. Johnstone, at Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh. By that gentleman, by Mr. Tait, Sir William Molesworth, and others, he was treated to the last with a kindness honourable to Scotland and human nature. Among the last words he wrote were these:—

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now:
Open my chamber window—let me look
Upon the silent vales, the sunny glow
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood nook.

But why was this man killed by Act of Parliament? Alas, the law-made competition of which he was a victim, is destroying millions of human beings who are neither poets nor men of genius, yet every one of them an immortal soul! God-fearing people (I do not mean religious formalists) should think of this; and while there is time to save the nation from anarchy, (perhaps there is yet time,) act resolutely on their convictions. For if all injustice is simply a violation of the laws of free exchange, taking something from somebody without returning an equivalent; and if murder itself is only the worst of all injustice, because it takes that for which no equivalent can be returned;* then are monopolists the worst of all murderers, and our food-monopolists the worst of their class; for they destroy their multitudinous victims by *slow* torture, and in *cold* blood.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote one of poor Robert's last compositions, written in pencil, and, of course, unfinished; for it is, as his editor observes, "so rich in descriptive beauty, that it all but rivals some of his Scottish moorland landscapes."

A WOODLAND WALK.

The blackbird's song is bursting from the brake,
And morning breezes bear it far away;
The early sunbeam from its breast doth shake
The floating veil of dewy mist so gray;
The dun deer wanders, like a frighten'd fay,
Through dingles deep and wild, where linnets sing:
Ah! who would slumber, who along can stray,
Where mighty oaks their branches o'er him fling,
To which the diamond dew, in pearlings bright, doth cling?

How beautiful! the green corn-fields are waving,
The clouds of dawn are floating on the sky;
The fearful hare its hidden couch is leaving,
And, sporting, to the clover-field doth hie:
Beneath the morning sun the waters lie,
Like treasur'd sunbeams in a woody nook!
God's earth is glorious; and how bless'd am I
Who love it all! On what I love I look,
And joy runs through my heart, like yon calm, tinkling brook.

The cottage-hearths are cold, the peasant sleeps,
But all the mighty woodlands are awake;
Within its hermitage the primrose sleeps,
And with the dew the beech-tree's branches shake,
As through the wood my devious path I take;
The velvet grass a fairy carpet seems,
On which, through leafy curtains, light doth break,
Now bright and strong, and now in fitful gleams,
As 'mid realities come fancy's fairest dreams.

Now stooping 'neath the branches wet with dew—
Now o'er the open forest-glades I go—
Now listening to the cushat's wailing coo—
Now starting from its lair the bounding roe;
And now I hear the breezes, to and fro,
Making among the leaves a pleasant din;
Or find myself where silent streamlets flow,
Like hermits, wandering these wild-woods within—
While hoar and aged trees bend o'er each little linn.

The lakelet of the forest I have left,
Sleeping, like beauty, in a branchy bower;
The woodland opens:—Crumbling all, and cleft,
There stands the ruin'd Abbey's lonely tower,
To speak of vanish'd pomp, exhausted power—
To hear these winds among the leaflets blow
With the same tone as in its proudest hour—
To see the flowers within the forest grow,
As when the fallen reigned—a thousand years ago!

* Think of this, too, ye God-fearers, who punish murder by repeating the crime!

Decaying, roofless walls! and is this all
That Desolation's blighting hand hath left
Of tower, and pinnacle, and gilded hall?
The everlasting rocks by time are cleft—
Within each crevice spiders weave their weft;
The wandering gipsy comes to hide him here,
When he from plunder'd housewife's stores has reft
The needful elements of gipsy cheer:
For ghost of Abbot old the gipsy doth not fear.

Where are the glancing eyes that here have beam'd?
Where are the hearts which whilom here have beat?
Where are the shaven monks, so grim who seem'd?
Where are the sitters in the Abbot's seat?
Where are the ceaseless and unnoted feet,
That wore a pavement-path with kneeling prayers?
Where is the coffin—where the winding-sheet—
And monuments which nobles had for theirs,
When death drew nigh, and closed life's long account of cares?

The ivy clings around the ruined walls
Of cell, and chapel, and refectory;
An oak-tree's shadow, cloud-like, ever falls
Upon the spot where stood the altar high:
The chambers all are open to the sky;
A goat is feeding where the praying knelt;
The daisy rears its ever open eye
Where the proud Abbot in his grandeur dwelt:
These signs of time and change the hardest heart might melt.

Is this a cell?—Offended God to serve
By the heart's crucifixion, here have tried
Self-immolated men, who would not swerve,
But in the impious work serene have died:
A glory on the lowly wall doth bide;
For though the hypocrite hath shuffled here,
Here, too, from earnest lips did often glide
The words of men mistaken, but sincere,
Who, with pure spirits, tried to fight man's battle here.

The buttercups are lifting up their heads
Upon the floor of the confessional,
Where came the worshipper, with counted beads,
Upon his knees in penitence to fall—
Where came the great to listen unto all,
And scoff or pray, as good or ill was he.
Could words come forth of that time-stricken wall,
Some wondrous tales retold again would be:
The maiden's simple love—the feat of villany.

This is the chapel where the matin hymn
Was chanted duly for a thousand years,
Till faith grew cold and doubtful—truth grew dim—
Till earnest hope was wither'd up by sneers.
Within it now no glorious thing appears:
But as the dewy wind blows sweetly by,
Upon the thoughtful list'ner's joyful ears
Doth come a sweet and holy symphony,
And Nature's choristers are chanting masses high!

Grow up, sweet daisies, on the silent floor;
Fall down, dark ivy, over every wall;
Oak, send thy branches out at every door;
Goat, from its chambers to thy mate do call.
Power reign'd in might, and never fear'd a fall.
And where is it? And what is here to-day?
Truth triumphs over mitre, crown, and all;
Mind rent its iron fetters all away.
The tyrants, proud and high—where, at this hour, are they?

Old walls and turrets, moulder silently,
Till not a trace of all your state remain!——
The throstle's song, from yonder spreading tree,
Doth call me to the woodlands once again;
Louder doth rise the blackbird's passing strain,
And gladness from its sacred heart doth flow,
Till music falls, like summer's softest rain,
On all that lives and suffers here below,
Making a flower upon the lonest pathway grow!

The sun is higher in the morning sky—
His beams embrace the mossy-trunkëd trees;
Yonder the squirrel, on the elm so high,
Frisketh about in the cool morning breeze—
Down peeps his diamond eye—amazed, he sees
A stranger in his solitary home;
And now he hides behind the oaken trees—
And now he forth upon a branch doth come,
To crack his beechen-nuts, and watch me as I roam.

The hawthorn hangs its clusters round me now,
Through which the sky peeps sweetly, sweetly in;
Through the green glades doth come the cattle's low
From the rich pastures of the meadow green.
Look up!—aloft, the twittering birds are seen
Upon the branches, their wild matins singing:
Look down! the grass is soft and thick, I ween;
And flowers around each old tree-root are springing,
Wood fancies, wild and sweet, to the lone wanderer bringing.

And here are rich blaeberries, black and wild,
Beneath the beech-tree's thickest branches growing;
This makes me once again a wayward child,
A pilgrimage into the woodland going—
The haunt of squirrel and of wood-mouse knowing,
And plucking black blaeberries all the day,
Till eastward mountain-shadows night was throwing,
And sending me upon my homeward way,
Fill'd, both in soul and sense, with the old forest gray.

I must away, for I have loiter'd long
Amid the wood, and by the ruins old:
I must away, for far the sky along
The sun doth pour his beams of brightest gold.
Farewell, sweet glades, wild dingles, grassy wold—
Squirrel and blackbird, linnet and throstle, too—
Farewell, ye woodland streamlets, pure and cold—
Sweet cooing cushat—primrose wet with dew—
To Woodland thoughts and things a sweet, a short adieu!

THE MODERN CRUSADER.

At the public meeting held in the Town Hall, Calcutta, to address Lord Auckland on leaving India, Bishop Wilson said, in reference to the late disasters in Affghanistan and the preparations made to repair them, "the triumph of the Affghans will be short; the spring will come, the snows will melt, the pass will be ascended, and——*let us but get at them!*"

On India's shore, armed cap-à-pie,
(What marvels time doth dish up!)
Of deeds of blood, right valorously,
Discoursed a burly Bishop.
Or sword or shield he could not wield,—
He ne'er was taught, 'ad rat 'em!
But martial skill, made up in will,
Cried, "Let us but get at 'em!"

"Those scoundrel hordes, Affghans and Koords,
Have tarnished Britain's glory;
Yet, please the Lord, they'll soon afford
Theme for triumphant story.

*'Author of peace!' our efforts aid.
'Lover of concord!' fat 'em
Like sheep for slaughter by our blade,
O let us but get at 'em!

"Dogs circumcised profanely dared
Resist thine own anointed,
Who merely plann'd the goodly land
To take, by heaven appointed.
Dogs dared defend hearth, altar, friend,
In Bolan's pass too, sate 'em,

* Collect.

And dealt hard knocks, behind the rocks,
On us—O to get at 'em!
"Hear, Lord of Hosts! our Litany,—
*From 'sudden death' and 'battle'
Save us, but pour thy reddest wrath
On Acbar's Moslem cattle!
Dark unbelievers, let 'em die
Who Infidelly gat 'em,
In arms to fight for native right,—
O help us to get at 'em!
"My friends! I see that chartistry,
And Erin's thin potations,
Are link'd in league with Russ intrigue
Against the Queen of nations.
That Jonathan and wild Affghan
'Gainst Church and State have set 'em:
Please heaven, the rod at home, abroad,
They'll taste, if we get at em!
"Up, Britons, up! smite 'hip and thigh,'
Spare none in fight or flying;
'Vengeance!' our dead, like 'seraphim,
Continually' are crying.

* Litany.

Cabool bombard, the gates petard,
Leave not one living atom,
And be your song, or right or wrong,
'O let us but get at 'em!'"

The wide hall rang with plausive clang
From each war-smit observer,
That Peace's vest, on Prelate's breast,
Should hide such martial fervour.
A few, more cool, inquired what school,
What tiger who begat him,
Had taught the frere, the parlous pray'r,
"O let us but get at 'em!"

One twitch'd my ear, "Hist, comrade, hear,
'Tis no new creed he teaches,
The curate lean, and portly dean,
The self-same doctrine preaches;
The pulses all of cleric life
For 'lands of promise' beat 'em,
The earliest, oftenest, heartiest prayer
Is, 'Let us but get at 'em!'"

A. B. T. C. D.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

THE season of delight is come! 'tis SPRING'S luxuriant reign!
She moves in loveliness and grace,—the Wood-nymphs in her train.
Mellow'd by distance, hark! how sweet the wild-bird's tuneful throat.
Borne on the breeze, from tree and grove the strains of music float!
Nature looks glad at her approach, smiles forth from each retreat,
And spreads the first-fruits of the year in beauty at her feet!

And yonder still the old Oak-tree, our hamlet's pride is seen
Standing in all its noble age upon our village-green,
As fresh as when in childhood's hours beneath its spreading shade
With the glee and buoyancy of life in merry sport we play'd,
Nor deem'd that aught of chance or change should ever come to shed
Gloom o'er those happy, happy days, alas! too quickly fled.

'Mid the dark tufted boughs that wide their sombre shadows fling,
The raven there hath built her nest, and plumed her glossy wing.
There oft at Even's pensive hour upon the well-worn seat
Rude fixed around its mossy trunk old friends familiar meet,
And love to speak of bygone days and hearts whose kindred glow
Had power to hallow every joy, and sweeten every woe!

I love each straw-thatched dwelling there, I love the village church,
And the tall linden-trees that grow around its sacred porch,
I love its time-worn dial too, oft lingering pause and weep
Beside the grave-stones o'er the spot where friends departed sleep.
Yes, these, through years of hope and grief, have been endeared to me,
And those of mine, yet, most of all, I love the OLD OAK-TREE!

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Volume I. Octavo, cloth, Pp. 440, double columns. Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.

Any approximation to a tolerably accurate and complete Biographical Dictionary is highly desirable, as there is no such work. The design ought to be taken up by the State, and could not be properly completed for a generation; as it is next to impossible that either private speculators, or any one literary man could effectually accomplish so difficult and comprehensive a work. Next to the funds and power of Government taking up the work as a national or a European concern, is its being projected by a body of enlightened and influential individuals, who may fairly be assumed capable of seeing the undertaking as well executed as circumstances admit of, and who are sure of receiving that degree of public confidence and support in carrying it through, which no ordinary publisher could reckon upon. The work is, therefore, exactly one which falls within the province of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; which is more than we could affirm of some books brought out under its auspices. We are pleased to find that the preface does not promise too much; though the plan, so far as it is detailed, appears good; and the volume published a fair, though not a faultless specimen of what the work will be. There will be some danger of it becoming too voluminous; and also that the memoirs of merely *learned* men may trench upon space better devoted to *great* men; men of science and of practical usefulness. In general the initials of the writer are appended to each biography, no matter how brief it may be; and this is com-

mendable, as involving a proper degree of individual responsibility. It is probable, that if the work is to continue as comprehensive in names as the first volume, much less can be told of some of the great obscure than we find in it. There are, for example, fifty *Aarons*, chiefly Rabbies and Jewish writers; and more than three times that number of *Abrahams*, besides the Father of the Faithful. If all the Christian Johns and Jameses who have written, shall be equally distinguished, the Dictionary will become a formidable affair; though it is erring on the right side, to make a book of reference as full as possible. But this is more than a mere book of reference: some of the more important lives are tolerably comprehensive, as well as ably written. We would specify, among others, the articles *Abelard*, *Abercromby*, *Æchines*, *Æschylus*, *Adams*—Samuel, and many others. As this is a work in which, from its importance, a national interest must be felt, we trust to seeing it prosper from national encouragement.

Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel. By the author of "The Life of the Duke of Wellington." 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth. London: T. C. Newby, and T. & W. Boone.

This work is confined to the public career of the Premier, of whom it is abundantly laudatory; the author apparently forgetting that Sir Robert Peel's character as a statesman must be determined by the results of a policy upon which no one can yet decide, though impartial opinion is hostile to the course which he is at present pursuing. The book opens with an account of the Peel family, the origin of which is highly respectable; honourable, indeed, in the truest sense, from the industry and integrity of all among his ancestors of whom anything is known. The Peels are very probably an old, stanch Saxon family, though they had no known grandfathers. Sir Robert's father, whose public career is well known, was a shrewd and enterprising man; and one of the unmitigated commercial and manufacturing Pitt Tories of the close of the last century and the beginning of the present. He was born at *Peel's Cross*, near Blackburn, and was the son of "a small farmer and manufacturer," when all manufacturers were comparatively small. The first baronet is said to have had an early presentiment that he was to become a great or a rich man, and to found a family; but his most sanguine youthful expectations must have been far distanced by the reality. About the beginning of the century, he had 15,000 persons in his employment, many of whom were pauper children. He did something to mitigate the evils to which these poor friendless creatures were exposed in the factories. The accumulated fortune of Sir Robert Peel was enormous—his personal property being nearly a million. To his eldest son, the present Sir Robert, he left landed property to the value of £9000 a-year, and above half a million of money. The early career of the subject of the Memoirs is sufficiently well known. He was educated at Harrow, from whence he went to Oxford; and at twenty-one he took his seat in Parliament for the city of Cashel, as a hopeful young supporter of the Tory party. He was appointed Chief-Secretary for Ireland when, on the death of Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool became the head of the Government. Of Peel's Irish administration the less that is now said, he may probably be the better pleased. It is enough that our Prime Minister is said to be a man moulded by circumstances, and one unable to contend with or overmaster them, and to form his own and a nation's fate. During his Irish administration, new lights began to dawn feebly upon him; the consequence, probably, of his bitter experience of the Orange or Ascendency party, with and for whom he then acted, and whose idol he was so long as he was contented to be their tool and their slave. This Memoir of Sir Robert Peel is properly a political history of his times since the period that he entered on public life; beginning with his Irish Government, and closing with his able speech on introducing the Income-Tax. The work is somwhat diffuse, and the hero is often lost sight of altogether. Of Sir Robert's private life not a sentence occurs, save that he married an amiable woman, and is the father of a large family.

Recollections of the Life of the Rev. A. L. Scott, D.D., Lord Nelson's Chaplain. 12mo, cloth, pp. 302. Saunders & Otley.

This biography is compiled by the daughter and son-in-law of Dr. Scott. It may therefore be kind and partial, but it is not exaggerated. The *Lounger*, we think it is, who, frequently meeting the minister of the parish at dinner at the mansion of his friend Colonel Caustic, accounts for the reverend person being more of a gentleman in his manners than country-clergymen are sometimes found, from the circumstance of his having been the chaplain of the Colonel's regiment, before obtaining the living. Dr. Scott, in like manner, as the friend of Nelson, was brought into contact with a more varied and higher society than is usual with men of similar vocation. In the West Indies, in Spain, Italy, at Naples, Sardinia, and wherever his patron went, the chaplain was present; and he seems to have been at times employed in confidential matters, while acting as private secretary as well as chaplain, which are not usually reckoned among the becoming duties of a clergyman. He was present at the battle of Trafalgar, and brought the corpse of his illustrious friend to England, where, for a time, he seems to have been himself a kind of lion, and much in society. Considering his claims as the secretary and friend of Nelson, he was not very liberally treated, either by those possessed of Church patronage, or by the brother of the Earl, who, in the biography, appears in the light of a sordid and ungracious person, totally unmindful of the dying wishes of the hero, to whom he and his family owed every thing. Dr. Scott married at an advanced age. He enjoyed a serene old age, after a troubled youth and middle life, and seems to have been much beloved by his family and his neighbours, for the kindness of his heart and the amenity of his manners.

The Songs of Charles Dibdin, Chronologically Arranged; with Notes, Historical, Biographical, and Critical, and the Music of the best and most popular of the Melodies, with Pianoforte accompaniments. Part IX.

This work has been interrupted and delayed by an accidental fire; it is now, however, completed by this ninth Part,—in which appears a Memoir of Dibdin, written by Mr. George Hogarth. The Memoir is brief; and does not tend to exalt the character of Dibdin, nor in any way to commend him to the esteem or affections of the reader. It is, in short, not written in an indulgent spirit, but in what is perhaps better in the long-run—with severe truth. Dibdin, though a man of great and sterling genius, whether we regard him as a musician, or as a copious and fertile dramatic and lyric writer, was

lamentably deficient in many of those qualities which gain a man the affection of his friends, and entitle him to the esteem of the world. He affords another proof of the moral contamination to which, at least in the past generation, composers for the stage, and persons brought into close intercourse with its votaries, were exposed. But independently of the temptations and seductions of the theatre, the early life of Dibdin was not favourable to the formation of good principles, or prudent habits. He was thrown at a very early period of life entirely upon his own resources, without any one to care for or control a neglected lad of strong passions, and conscious of great powers. He was among the youngest of eighteen children, and intended for the Church. When at Winchester College, his passion for music broke out, and he abandoned his studies, and took to music as a profession. A profitless and disheartening one it long proved to him. But his mind was based on that strong principle which makes genius cling to its darling pursuit in the face of every obstacle, and he ultimately, though not until after a long and hard battle, triumphed. Yet was not his course of life, when the tide turned, either happy or reputable, though the elements of the virtues and kindly affections must have been richly mingled with his original character. His were the days in which open licentiousness was not regarded as any blemish in the character of a man connected with the theatre, and when a certain off-handedness, and reckless generosity, were held to redeem every vice. According to this short memoir, Dibdin not only deserted his wife for a mistress,—a chorus-singer of Covent Garden,—but "left her in great privation;" and the mistress he in turn abandoned for another, whom, upon the death of his wife, he married. His children by his first mistress are those who, by their talents, have done the most honour to his memory; yet to him they owed nothing, save existence. He neglected his sons, and was greatly offended, it is stated, when they assumed his name. Loving and pitying their mother, they neither cared nor pretended to care for their unfatherly father. Another feature of Dibdin's character was continual squabbles with actors, managers, and musical publishers, all of whom he alleged cheated him and enriched themselves at his expense. Yet when his income became large, he was constantly needy, and, as at every period of his life, involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the consequent meannesses into which they so often plunge a man who is neither sustained by principle nor pride. When his income became very large, he was not much nearer independence than when striving for daily bread, and compelled to let sordid publishers take advantage of his necessities. The sketch of his life detracts so much from the enjoyment which arises from his numerous and beautiful compositions, whether musical or lyrical, that one could almost wish it away. But however erring, and unhappy his life may have been, his compositions are, many of them, as faultless as they are found fascinating to persons of all ages, and of every gradation of rank, as much from their genuine English humour and tenderness, and naturalness of sentiment, as from the exceeding beauty of the melodies to which they are set. Dibdin was the author of above a hundred operatic and other pieces, and he also composed the music for several pieces that were written by other persons. His sea-songs alone will keep his memory alive. Of them it is hard to say whether the poetry or the music be the finer. The present edition we consider one of the most important late accessions to the number of those native works which ought to find a place in every popular private library. It is got up in the best manner, both as regards internal qualities and external appearance.

The Non-Conformist's Sketch-Book; a Series of Views of a State Church, and its Attendant Evils.

These Essays or Sketches originally appeared in the *Non-Conformist*, an able and earnest liberal weekly newspaper. They must consequently be already known to many of our readers. They advocate the "Voluntary System," or rather they repudiate the "Unholy alliance" system, upon broad and indefeasible grounds. All the essays may not be exactly to the point in hand, but all are pithy and apt. The writer does not spare lukewarm and trimming dissenters, or "drowsy Voluntaryism," and for that we give him praise.

The Two Dangerous Diseases of England, Consumption and Apoplexy, their nature, causes, and cure. By Rowland East, Surgeon, &c. 12mo, cloth, pp. 129. London: John Lee.

This appears to us a sensible, judicious, and well-written treatise; and indeed of late years all medical publications are improved in character. Rising above pedantry and mystery, they more and more approximate to the plain, practical, and rational. The characteristic feature of the book is the reliance placed upon the *inhaler* in the cure of consumption, or for arresting the progress of the disease, and in the prevention of apoplexy strict temperance, or abstemiousness, and the quietude of the passions. Mr. Rowland East thinks that young ladies in this country are in more danger of dying from tight-lacing, thin shoes, and want of flannel, than even from broken hearts and unrequited love; and he counsels them accordingly.

The Botanical Looker-Out among the Wild Flowers of the Fields, Woods, and Mountains of England and Wales, &c. &c. By Edwin Lees, F.L.S. Tilt & Bogue.

This is a popular work for the stroller in the fields, woods, and mountains, and also for the amateur Botanist. It is enriched by apt poetical quotation, local description, and antiquarian and literary allusion. It is systematized by being divided into *Months;* the Wild Flowers of each month forming a chapter. It is, in short, one of a class of books which, if but tolerably well executed, cannot fail to please, bringing, as it does, "science, poetry, and adventure" to the investigation of what are so charming in themselves, "our Wild Flowers." A good many pieces of original floral verse are interspersed with the text, though we cannot say that the poetry excels the prose.

Geography Generalized; or an Introduction to the Study of Geography. By Robert Sullivan, Esq. A.M., Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Curry & Co.

This elementary treatise appears to be compiled with care, and ability.

An Outline of the General Regulations and Methods of Teaching in the Male National Model Schools. By Professor Sullivan. Dublin: Folds.

We point out this work to teachers in general, though it may be found the most useful to those who train by the system adopted in the Model Schools.

The Domestic Dictionary. By Gibbons Merle, and John Reitch, M.D. Octavo, cloth, pp. 424. London: Strange.

This book gives recipes for everything; *toothache* and *rifles, typhus* and *turnips*, in their varieties, cultivation, and mode of cooking. Perhaps it does all this as well as any book can do which attempts too much, and in which the authors are much oftener guided by precedent than personal knowledge or experience. This observation does not apply to the medical receipts, which occupy a large portion of the whole work, and appear useful.

Odes and Sonnets, with other Poems, Scotch as well as English. By the Rev. C. Lessingham Smith, M.A., Rector of Little Canfield, Essex. Deighton, Cambridge.

A volume this, consisting of short poems on every theme, and composed in every cheerful and happy mood; one which consequently contains things adapted to every taste, and which must give pleasure to everybody. It boasts of nothing very great or enduring, but of many things that are highly pleasing, and some that are charming: as for example,—

MY MOTHER'S SENTIMENTS.

A little stream that's never dry,
When summer suns are glowing;
That, when the wintry storm sweeps by,
Is never overflowing:
Such is the wealth that I implore,
And God has given me such and more.

Daughters more excellent than fair;
A son not great but good;
Servants with whom I've learned to bear,
Whatever be their mood:
In peace with these, in love with those,
I calmly live and have no foes.

A house for comfort, not too small,
Not large enough for pride;
A garden, and a garden-wall,
A little lake beside;
In these I find so sweet a home,
That not a wish have I to roam.

A little land to graze my cow,
Whose milk supplies my table;
A warm sty for my good old sow;
And for my nags a stable:
All have their space for food and play,
And all are glad, both I, and they.

I feed the poor man in his cot,
The beggar at my gate;
And, thankful for my quiet lot,
I envy not the great:
But rather praise my God on high,
Happy to live, prepared to die.

This matronly philosophy is quite beautiful. The Scotch poems are great curiosities in their way; as we should imagine it not much more difficult for a modern Englishman to write verses in Norwegian or German, than in broad Scotch. Some of the Scotch poems are, moreover, very sweet and pretty. The national sentiment is caught, as well as the trick of the language. For example, this song of

BONNIE ANN.

I doutna whiles but I could wale
A lass wi' mair o' gowd and lan';
But no a lass in a' the vale
I lo'e so weel as bonnie Ann!

Her een sae sparklin' and sae blue,
Aye speak o' mirth and luve to me;
An' then her sweet wee rosy mou'
Just for ae kiss what wad I gie?

. . . . . .

Her daddie's aye a preachin' o't
That she's ower young as yet, ye ken;
But gudeness guide us! that's a faut
That ilka day an' hour maun men'.

She's seen the flowers o' saxteen springs,
Hersel' the sweetest flower ava'!
An' a' thing on her guidin' hings
In barn and byre, in house and ha'.

O' saxty nowt she's aye the rule;
O' sheep and kye two hunder fu',
Then whar, I'se like to ken, the fules
Wad threep she's no a woman nou'?

But I maun bide, as weel 's I may,
To please her daddie, honest man!
Though sair I lang for that blythe day
When I'm to wed my bonnie Ann.

Lectures to Young Men. Delivered at the request of the Edinburgh Young Men's Society. Edinburgh: Dalrymple.—These Lectures, twelve in number, were delivered by clergymen invited from different parts of the country. The subjects are widely different in many respects. The majority of the discourses are apt and able; and all have the merit of brevity.

Popular Cyclopedia of Natural Science. Botany. Wright, Alty, Baynall: Aldine Chambers.—The object of this volume of the series is to communicate a popular, but at the same time, a scientific view of the chief tribes of the Flowering Plants. The system of Dr. Lindley's "Ladies' Botany" is adopted, as that best suited to the anonymous author's purpose.

The Pictorial Catechism of Botany. By Anne Pratt, author of "The Flowers and their Associations," "The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland." Suttaby & Co.—This is a neat Lilliputian quarto, bound in cloth, and with gilt leaves, and altogether a handsome little book; and we doubt not a good one, too, for its purpose. The illustrations, which give it the name—pictorial, are exceedingly well engraved.

Report on the Present State of the New Observatory of Glasgow. By Professor Nichol.

I. Klauer's German Manual for Self-Tuition. Two volumes, 12mo, cloth. Third edition; entirely revised and improved. London: Rolandi, Foreign Bookseller.—We have had occasion to speak with approbation of this hand-book of the German language before now. It is not less deserving of praise after the pains bestowed upon improving it.

II. Klauer's Progressive Exercises in Writing German. Two volumes, cloth. Second edition.—These two volumes are bound in one for the convenience of students.

III. Klauer's Key to German Exercises.

SERIAL WORKS.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art. Part XII. Longmans.—This valuable work is now completed. For accurate information upon a vast variety of subjects, brought up to the present day and hour, (in matters of progressive science and discovery,) and carefully digested, this work is, in its peculiar department, unequalled. As a compendious book of reference upon all subjects, it will long retain its value.

England in the Nineteenth Century. Northern Division. Part VII: Lancashire.—Among other curious traditionary matter, the new Part of this elegant work contains a history of the Peel family, and a pretty

wood-engraving of the cottage or small farm-house in which the first Sir Robert was born; the euphonious name of *Peel Cross*, his alleged birth-place, being, however, vulgarized into Fish-Lane, Blackburn. In the same neighbourhood, the ingenious Hargrave, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, was born. How opposite, as this world judges, has been the fate of the two families! The Part contains many valuable Tables necessary to a complete County History.

M'Culloch's Geographical and Statistical Dictionary. Part XV.—Another Part will complete this valuable work, whether it be regarded as a book of reference or one of information. The Part comprehends *Turkey*, *Texas*, and many important towns, and in it is commenced the article *United States*.

Chambers's Information for the People. Part XVIII. Agriculture, and the Kitchen and Flower Garden.

Cumming's Fox's Book of Martyrs. Part XIII.—The commencement of the second volume.

Facts and Figures. No. XI.

Martin Doyle's Cyclopedia of Agriculture. Part III.

Thornton's British India. Vol. III. Part III.

Willis's Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Part XIV.

Willis's Canadian Scenes. Part. XXV.

PAMPHLETS.

Introductory Lecture on Pictorial Anatomy. Delivered to the Students of the Edinburgh School of Design. By James Miller, F.R.S.E., F.R.C.S.E., Lecturer on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, Assistant-Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, &c., &c., &c.—This able and eloquent address has been published at the request of the Commissioners of the Board of Trustees for the encouragement of Scottish manufactures, under whose superintendence the School is placed. It is the Introductory Lecture to a course upon *Pictorial Anatomy*, which Dr. Miller is at present delivering to the students of this eminent school of elementary art. The Honourable Commissioners conceived "that it would be highly desirable that the Lecture was not confined to the place where it was delivered," and requested Dr. Miller to publish it. The same motive makes us desirous to extend its usefulness as far as this announcement may reach; for its objects are extensive as the knowledge of art, and its instructions, or rather the impulse it gives, is as available to students in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow, as in the city where it was delivered. As a brief specimen of a Lecturer's style, who seems himself imbued with the love of art, we quote this eulogium on Wilkie:—

And is not Scotland doing her own share of the work! [The Lecturer is speaking of the advance of art in Britain.] It is true we have lost a "name in which Scotland had a high and endearing pride, which England delighted to honour, and which was cherished in the breast of every reflecting man throughout the whole civilized world,"—our own Wilkie is gone! He who "made the cottage hearth his grave theme,—who surrounded the lives, and cares, and daily occupations of the poor with dignity and beauty,"—who indeed found sermons in stones, books in the running streams, and good in everything,—and who left in all his works the same breathing health, as in the air wafted from the heather of his native land." He is gone! but he has left a name,—and a fame as pure and unsullied as the bright sky which shines above a painter's grave. He has filled our minds and memories with what is mournful, yet as soothing as the rolling of the blue waters over his honoured head. Scotland, though in sorrow, cannot be despondent. More than one son is left her of the noblest promise; and to them she looks in confidence. How many Wilkies may there not be now struggling onward in the path of fame! The exhibition of our Royal Academy makes rapid progress both in the number and merit of its works, and will bear, nay challenge competition with any in the Empire."

Who is to Blame! or a Cursory Review of the American Apology for American Accession to Slavery. By James Grahame, Esq.—Since this pamphlet was published, we have heard of the death of its author, the historian of the United States. It is worthy, from its spirit and object, of being a Christian philanthropist's *last* labour for his kind.

The Duty of Free States, or Remarks Suggested by the Case of the Creole. By Dr. Channing.

A Word of Appeal and Advice to the Chartists. By the Rev. Henry Edwards.

The Present Crisis and its Remedy.—The full evils of the crisis are not clearly apprehended. The remedy is wild and visionary.

THE PRIVATE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

Sir,—Having been, during the two last months, in London, superintending the progress of a private bill through Parliament, I am enabled to communicate some information with regard to the manner in which the private business, as it is called, of the House of Commons is conducted, and which, I believe, is not generally known to your readers, as the proceedings of Parliament in this department are very seldom published.

Private bills, you are aware, are frequently of the greatest importance, not only to the individuals immediately interested, but to the public in general. Under this head are comprehended road, ferry, railway bills, &c. &c.

Private bills, when opposed, after having been read twice in the House of Commons, are sent to a Committee, consisting of about twenty members, where they are gone over clause by clause. The bill, if not rejected by the Committee, is reported to the House of Commons, with the alterations made in it, and then read a third time, and sent to the House of Lords, where precisely the same process is adopted. Of course the whole House of Commons, and the whole House of Lords, have the power of altering the decisions come to by their respective Committees; but as this is seldom done, the fate of a private bill may be said to depend on the Committees of the two Houses, whose judgments are generally con-

firmed by the Houses, although certainly attempts are frequently made, and that sometimes too successfully to overset in the House of Commons the decisions come to by their Committees.

The members of Committees on private bills, have thus most important duties to perform. They have not only to decide as to the general merits of the measure, but have to adjudicate on most delicate points of equity, betwixt opposing parties,—for instance, on questions of direct compensation betwixt individuals and the promoters of a bill, or the *principle* by which such compensation shall be afterwards determined. The members of Parliamentary Committees may therefore be considered, to all intents and purposes, to be judges—bound to act upon the same principles, and to be regulated in their intercourse with the different parties by the same feelings of delicacy and honour, by which the Judges of Great Britain, may be said to be universally guided.

Such being the case, the first thing which naturally suggests itself, is, that the members composing the Committees on private bills should have no interest in the question that is to come before them, either in their own persons or in that of their relations. Such an interest would be a disqualification to a judge of the Court of Session deciding upon an abstract point of law; and much more ought it to be a disqualification in a question of equity, such as those which come before Parliamentary Committees, where the members ought to be influenced solely by a sense of what is expedient and just.

In the next place, a member of Committee should keep himself aloof from every species of influence. He ought to come to the sittings with his mind unbiassed either on one side or the other. Above all, he should permit no canvassing, no attempt to obtain the promise of support from him, by ex-parte statements out of doors. A judge of the Court of Session who would submit to this, would be considered infamous, and totally unfit to sit on the Bench.

I shall now inform you of the manner in which the Committees are appointed. Great Britain and Ireland are divided into a number of districts; and the members of Parliament, elected by the constituencies of each district, form a Committee, before which every private bill relating to that district is brought. For instance, the South-eastern list of Scotland is composed of the two members for Edinburgh, the members for Leith, Dumfries, Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the Haddington burghs, and the members for the counties of Linlithgow, Edinburgh, Haddington, Berwick, Peebles, Selkirk, Roxburgh, and Dumfries,—amounting in all to fifteen. Every private bill, relating to any of those counties or burghs, is sent to this Committee; and it is the same in the other districts.

It is thus apparent, that on the Committee of every private bill, it must be nearly certain that there will be at least one, most probably more, partisan judges, either in favour or opposed to the measure,—having a direct personal interest to warp them, and taking, as is always the case, the most active share in the proceedings, and in influencing the other members. Let us suppose a bill for a road through the county of Edinburgh: Would not Mr. Gibson-Craig, one of the members for the city, and Mr. Ramsay, the member for the county, have a direct personal interest to have this road pass through, or as near as possible to their estates, even although the public advantage required it in a different direction? I instance such a possible case, as no road-bill for the county of Edinburgh has been introduced since those gentlemen have been in Parliament.

This is the first great defect of the Committee system of the House of Commons. Instead of a private bill being sent to a Committee of the district members, there ought to be a positive regulation that no member having the least interest in the matter should be allowed to sit in that Committee. This is the case in the House of Lords, who have no district Committees, and where a Committee is expressly appointed for each bill; care being always taken that no member shall be named who is personally or even locally connected with the measure. From this circumstance, it arises that the Committees of the House of Lords are looked upon as tribunals, fairer, more impartial, and infinitely better in every respect than the Committees of the House of Commons. One proof of which is, that the decisions of the Committees of the Lords are never attempted to be set aside, when the bill is brought back to the House; whereas, in the House of Commons, continual efforts are made by parties to upset the decisions come to by their Committees: thus proving that the House of Lords look on the members of their Committees as impartial judges, while the House of Commons regard theirs as mere partisans.

But to return to the House of Commons, it may here be mentioned that, by a late regulation, five members, (called the selected members,) not connected with the district, are appointed on every Committee, to act along with the district members. This was done to give a show of impartiality to the Committee. But the five selected members form such a small part of the whole number, and are in general so indifferent to the measure, compared to those locally interested, that their presence is of very little use in giving fairness to the proceedings.

There is no obligation on any member to attend a Committee on a private bill; so that it often occurs that measures of great importance are delayed, to the enormous cost of parties, and sometimes eventually lost for the session from the want of a quorum of members; and those who do attend are principally composed either of men who, having a personal interest in the measure, ought not to be allowed to be members at all, or of men who have been canvassed to attend by those having an interest.

Let us next consider the manner in which the Committee so appointed conduct themselves. With regard to this, there is no difference of opinion among those acquainted with their proceedings. A more complete system of jobbing and corruption, for I can call it nothing else, does not exist than that carried on in the Committee: of the House of Commons. It is not reckoned etiquette to canvass the five *selected* members of a Committee: but with regard to the district members, who compose three-fourths of the whole number, not only may they be canvassed and solicited by both parties, but those opposed to such a corrupt practice as that of canvassing judges, are obliged to comply with the rule, lest the members not called on should consider themselves slighted, and vote against the party neglecting them. It is quite notorious that the fate of a bill depends not upon the expediency of the measure or its intrinsic merits, but upon the success of the intrigues carried on in its favour or against it by the parties or the members interested, who are always the most active and influential partisans. The members of Committee, for the most part, seem to consider themselves entitled, whenever their own constituents, whom they may be afraid to offend, are not

interested, to gratify their particular interests, friendships, and caprices. They do not seem to think that they have any public duty whatever to perform. One member compliments a friend by promising to support a bill before he has read one clause of it; another votes against it because he personally dislikes the party or agent promoting it. And all this they can do with the most perfect impunity; because the divisions, and not only the divisions, but the discussions amongst the members themselves, take place with closed doors, and the public have no access to the record of the divisions, unless in the case of Committees on Railways, the minute of the proceedings of which, by a recent regulation of the House of Commons, have been ordered to be published with the votes. That there are exceptions to this mode of conduct I willingly allow; but that this is the case in the great majority of instances, I believe every one acquainted with Parliamentary practice will admit. So perfectly is this understood to be the case, that the principal qualification of a Parliamentary solicitor is, to be a man of gentlemanly appearance and demeanour, and to have a familiar and intimate acquaintance with the members, that he may bring them down to the House or to the Committees to support or oppose the bills, according as he, the solicitor, is employed to do so. It is quite ridiculous to see the manner in which the solicitors haul about the members, (the judges!) and make them do whatever they want.

Those members, in addition to those personally interested, who make a practice of attending the Committees on private bills, are, for the most part, men who have plenty of time on their hands, who are not in office, and whose voices are never heard in the debates of the house, and who are desirous of acquiring a little consequence by playing their part in a Committee on a private bill, where the agents and the parties are obliged to flatter and court them, lest they should revenge themselves by throwing out the measure. It is quite absurd to see the airs those little personages assume—the manner in which they keep their hats on during the dog days, to distinguish themselves from the audience, and swagger and lay down the law with the most peremptory caprice, and that without in the slightest degree understanding the case before them.

In what I have stated, I am not in any degree acted upon by spleen; for the bill in which I was interested has passed most triumphantly through both Houses, and of course I am naturally inclined to be of opinion that our Committee was an excellent one in every respect.

The question then is—How are these defects to be remedied? This, I conceive, can only be done in one way. The members of Committee must be paid. I am more and more convinced, from what I have lately seen, that we never shall have an efficient legislature until the members are remunerated for their services; and this might be commenced by paying those who sit in Committees on private bills. At the present time, members actually conceive that they confer a favour on a party by attending a Committee; but let them be paid, and they will feel that this is a duty. The only two members who are now paid for their services, as members of the House of Commons, are the Speaker, and Mr. Grees, the Chairman of Ways and Means, who have both a great deal to do with the passing of private bills. From this circumstance, both the Speaker and Mr. Green are completely at the public service. They attend in their offices at certain hours every day, and the solicitors can consult them freely on every point of difficulty.

It appears to me, that there should be selected from the House of Commons, at the commencement of every session, twenty men of good sense and business habits, who should receive £500 a-year each; and that from those twenty members a Committee of five should be appointed for every private bill, care being taken that any personal or local interest should exclude a member from a particular Committee. We should thus have four standing Committees, composed of men paid for their services, and therefore bound to act really as judges—to refuse themselves to every species of canvassing and solicitation; and who, from being paid, would be always ready when required, from ten o'clock in the morning till the House met at four o'clock in the afternoon, to sit on private bills.

I am convinced, if some such plan as this were adopted, justice, equity, and expediency would supersede influence and intrigue, and bills of the greatest advantage to the community would be introduced and carried by parties who, knowing the corrupt tribunals through which they must at present pass, will not venture on the expense and uncertainty now attendant upon Parliamentary Committees. The decision of such Committees would be viewed as the decision of judges, and would never, except on the ground of some glaring and acknowledged mistake, be interfered with by the House of Commons, any more than the judgments of the Lord Chancellor and the legal Peers, delivered on appeals, are interfered with by the House of Lords. The proceedings before such practised Committees, perfectly versed in the forms of Parliament and the laws of evidence, would be shortened to at least one-fourth of their present duration, and the expense of carrying a bill through Parliament would be diminished in a like ratio. Thus, for a cost of £10,000, paid to the members of Committee, many hundred thousands a-year would be saved to the country.

Such a reform as I have suggested would still leave with the House of Commons all the power it at present possesses. And as private bills have no connexion with party, I do not see how there would be any difficulty in selecting, from both sides of the House, competent men, willing to undertake the duties of acting as permanent judges on Committees.—Yours, &c.

JAMES AYTOUN.

Reform Club, London,
June 28, 1842.

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TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

TAYLOR'S NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS OF LANCASHIRE.*

Dr. Taylor's new work is critically timed. Some proof is required of "the moral worth and social importance of the Factory System;" at a moment when the outrages of the exasperated and starving operatives is frightening the isle from its propriety. Had facts, with us in the north, not anticipated his statements, these would have prepared us for even worse excesses than have yet been committed in Lancashire. They show the day of hope and forbearance to be departing; some of the people to be possessed by a reckless and vindictive spirit; and not always alive to the *real* causes of the misery they have so long and patiently endured. Yet the more intelligent among them do attribute the prevailing distress to restrictions on trade, the burthen of excessive taxation, and corrupt political institutions; to—in the phraseology of the day—"class legislation."

Dr. Taylor is so thorough an admirer of the Factory System, that he can perceive no inherent defect in its nature, even of the slightest kind; nor any contingent evil which might not be remedied by free trade, and the careful superintendence of the master manufacturers. The comparative condition of the operatives in some of the great rural or village factories belonging to enlightened and philanthropic individuals possessed of large capitals, goes far to confirm his opinion: though all the mills in England may not be exactly like those of Turton and Egerton; nor all the mill-owners like the Messrs. Ashworth. The work-people of these gentlemen had the good sense to own that the reduction of their wages, which the masters had delayed as long as was possible, was not owing to any selfish design, but to the decay of trade—which evident and alarming decay the operatives universally attributed to the refusal of the government to admit the materials of payment proffered by those who were anxious to become our customers. This view would not seem to have reached many of the rioters and depredators in Manchester, and the towns around it.

It was Dr. Taylor's practice to enter into all the cottages and dwellings of the operatives open to him; and to converse freely with the people wherever he found them congregated, or chanced to fall in with them. He thus, both by eye and ear, gained much information which is lost to the tourist who does not diverge and pry. He relates—

> On one occasion, the group with which I was conversing on the road was joined by a man who was stated to have belonged to a large factory which had just been closed. He described the increasing misery which this event had produced in the district from which he came,—I think the neighbourhood of Accrington,—and then quite astounded me by declaring that abundant means of furnishing food to the starving, and employment to the idle, so as immediately to relieve all the distress of the manufacturing districts, were in the country, and were perversely withheld. Not a little surprised and perplexed, I asked him for an explanation. "The corn in bond," he instantly replied; "it would pay for my former employer's yarn,—it would give food to my starving family,—it would set those wheels going which are never likely to turn another spindle." Here was a lesson in political economy from a vagrant cotton-spinner which I had not learned from my university education or private study. I felt and confessed my obligation. He coolly replied, "I hope you will never have such a teacher as I have had,—*it has been starved into me!*"

At the village of Hollymount, in the Forest of Rosendale, the tourist, on a morning, witnessed the Factory System under the fairest auspices, in the large establishment of the Messrs. Whitehead, where all was harmony and happiness. Here were to be seen comfortable and ample houses, clean, and well furnished; neat, healthy, and intelligent children; a school well attended, and on the best foundation; a handsome chapel; tee-totalism in many cases; and money in the Savings Bank.

> I found the villagers of Hollymount healthy, happy, and contented. The operatives, one and all, declared that their only anxiety was, lest the progress of distress should reach the establishment of Hollymount, and deprive them of the employment they possessed, and the

* In a Series of Letters to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D., author of the "Natural History of Society," &c. &c. 1 vol. cloth. London: Duncan & Malcolm.

comforts they produced. . . . . Within the memory of living men Hollymount and the surrounding district were little better than an uncultivated waste, where the stony ground produced a scanty herbage for a few cattle: its present condition need not be again described, nor a contrast drawn.

Burnley, lately so famous in the annals of famine, was reached on the same evening, and presented that painful contrast to Hollymount, which the latter may ere this present to its former self.

From Hollymount we drove to Crashaw Booth, as I had been invited to make Sunnyside my quarters. Here I parted from my companions; and as it was yet early, I proceeded on the same evening to Burnley, where the contrast to what I had seen in the morning was perfectly heart-rending. Groups of idlers stood in the midst of the street; their faces haggard with famine, and their eyes rolling with that fierce and uneasy expression which I have often noticed in maniacs. I went up to some of them, and entered into conversation. They were perfectly candid and communicative; for the men of this part of Lancashire retain much of the sturdy independence of the ancient foresters: they will go miles to do you a service, but they will not stir one inch to do homage to wealth or station. Each man had his own tale of sorrow to tell; their stories were not

"The short and simple annals of the poor;"

they were complicated details of misery and suffering, gradual in their approach, and grinding in their result; borne, however, with an iron endurance such as the Saxon race alone displays, and with the sternness belonging to that noblest form of pride—the pride of independent labour. "We want not charity, but employment," was their unanimous declaration; and proofs of their truth were abundant in the anecdotes told and verified of men having travelled miles to obtain a job, however heavy the labour, and however wretched the remuneration.

I found them all Chartists, but with this difference—that the block-printers and handloom-weavers united to their Chartism a hatred of machinery, which was far from being shared by the factory operatives. The latter also deprecated anything like an appeal to physical force, while the former strenuously urged an immediate appeal to arms. There was no concealment of sentiment on either side. I heard more than twenty openly advocate the expediency of burning down the mills, in order to compel the factory hands to join in an insurrectionary movement. A mill had been burned down at Colne two nights previously; doubts were entertained whether this had been the result of design or accident; and in the streets of Burnley there were groups expressing their hopes that it would be traced to design, and followed by imitation, while the heaviest curses were bestowed on the factory hands of Colne for having heartily exerted themselves to check the conflagration, and to supply water to the engines. Permit me to repeat that these sentiments were expressed openly and in the public streets. I stood amongst them and was known to be a stranger: there was no appearance of speaking either with a design to be overheard, or an anxiety for concealment. Had I been one of the posts in the street, my presence could not have been viewed with more perfect indifference.

Now we begin to obtain the key to the disgraceful scenes that have occurred in Lancashire. An intelligent manufacturer, with whom Dr. Taylor conversed on the causes of the existing distress, repeated in substance what has been said a hundred thousand times of the corn-laws, and the consequent want of employment; and now we reach the next link in that chain, the termination of which it is frightful to contemplate. This gentleman

Dwelt very strongly on the moral results of the crisis, which he described as far more alarming than its physical consequences; marriages had nearly ceased, while young persons, from having no work, were thrown together in dangerous circumstances, their passions stimulated by anger, and their powers of restraint destroyed by desperation. Revenge, "the wild justice of the hopeless," was preached by itinerant incendiaries; but while "the shadow of a chance" remained, he did not believe that the people would have recourse to violence. "If, however," he continued, "they once get it into their heads that no remedy is to be expected, there will be no safety in Burnley for any man with a decent coat to his back." From the conversations which I subsequently had with several of the unemployed operatives in this district, I am firmly persuaded that my informant did not exaggerate.

Conversations held with the people themselves, at different places, left no room for doubt, although such conclusions were not to be drawn from the state of physical suffering in which they were found. The manufacturing population are represented as very reluctantly yielding to accept parish relief, yet one-fourth of the people of Colne were receiving relief; the rates had been raised from 3s. to 10s. in the pound, and the relief granted was considered so inadequate by the paupers, that it was distributed, in one place, under the protection of a military guard. It was here that the tourist first adopted the plan which he afterwards invariably followed.

I went to the market-place, and addressed myself to the most intelligent-looking of the many idle operatives by whom it was crowded. I asked him to guide me to the streets where the unemployed work-people resided, that I might see with my own eyes the condition to which they had been reduced. As I had never been in this part of the country before, it was impossible for me to select specimens, and I took care that my guide should not; for, though he led to the streets, I took the houses at random. In all, I visited eighty-three dwellings, selected at hasard. They were destitute of furniture, save old boxes for tables, and stools, or even large stones, for chairs; the beds were composed of straw and shavings, sometimes with torn pieces of carpet or packing-canvass for a covering, and sometimes without any kind of covering whatever. The food was oatmeal and water for breakfast; flour and water, with a little skimmed milk, for dinner; oatmeal and water again for a third supply, with those who went through the form of eating three meals a-day. I was informed in fifteen families that their children went without the "blue milk," or milk from which the cream had been taken, on alternate days. I was an eye-witness to children appeasing the cravings of the stomach by the refuse of decayed vegetables in the root-market. I saw a woman in the very last stage of extenuation, suckling an infant, which could scarcely draw a single drop of nutriment from her exhausted breast. I inquired the child's age? Fifteen months. Why was it not weaned? Another mouth would be added to the number of those for whom the present supply of oatmeal was insufficient. I was told that there had been several instances of death by sheer starvation. On asking why application had not been made to the parish for relief, I was informed that they were persons from agricultural districts, who, on committing an act of vagrancy, would be sent to their parishes, and that they had rather endure anything, in the hope of some manufacturing revival, than return to the condition of farm-labourers, from which they had emerged. This was a fact perfectly new to me, and at the first blush utterly incredible.

To us it appears equally incredible, though it is plausibly supported. The houses, and the persons of the people of Colne, miserable as they were, in every respect, were "scrupulously clean." The children were in rags, but not in filth. Contrasted

with their neighbours, they were also remarkable for calm endurance. At Padiham, a township in which the owner of the land had allowed no mills to be erected, the distress was equally great; but the people were violent and fierce.

Here teeth were set, hands were clenched, and curses of fearful bitterness pronounced with harrowing energy. "We wait but for the word to begin," was stated broadly and openly by every hand-loom weaver or block-printer I met in the place, and the tone in which this declaration was uttered gave startling evidence of its sincerity. There was a reckless desperation about the aspect of misery in Padiham, which was unlike anything I ever saw in Lancashire, but I doubt if it be more dangerous than the steady and fixed resolution to obtain a redress of real or imaginary grievances which I found among the people in Colne and Marsden. The destitution in all these places is much alike; in all, you may hear the same declaration, that "things are worsening:" in all, too, you may find something like a determination to effect a change; but in Padiham and its neighbourhood there are superadded aspirations for vengeance, and threats of retaliating wrongs on the head of supposed oppressors. In Padiham I heard a man in the open streets go beyond even the violence of Burnley, and, amidst the cheers of some scores, express an eager hope that "Captain Swing would take command of the manufacturing districts."

The sight of the idle wheels, and smokeless chimneys of a beautiful village upon the Irwell, gives rise to a painful strain of moralizing, on the obduracy and actual madness of those who continue to oppose the only rational remedy; the last chance of amelioration, and of averting that fierce conflict between the "Have-nots" and "the Haves" which has already broken out in so many districts. It is said here, and the fact begins to be realized,

Coleridge's fearful eclogue of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," will become applicable to districts far more important and extensive than La Vendée. This alarm is suggested by no loud threat or angry declaration; I have heard little of such vapouring in Lancashire; it arises from hearing stern declamations made with a concentrated energy and bitter resoluteness which found vent in few and brief sentences: these were pregnant with meaning, and meant far more than they said. I endeavoured to remonstrate with one of these men, and to show him the perils of the course which he wished to see adopted: he cut me very short, and coolly imformed me that "the time for argument was gone past."

In this village I met with one of the most remarkable men I have ever seen, a perfect specimen of the "abnormis sapiens:" he never studied logic in his life, but I never saw any one who approached him in quickness of detecting a fallacy or exposing a sophism. His art of reasoning consisted in his powers of graphic and comic illustration. For instance, some conversation arose respecting war; he said, in a strong Lancashire dialect which I am quite unable to imitate, "My father was killed at Waterloo;—there was a day appointed for thanksgiving in church;—parson comes to me and says—Will you not come to church and thank God for the great victory which he has bestowed upon your country? And, says I,—What should I thank God for? Is it for killing my father?"—He told us several anecdotes of his anti-corn-law debates, for he is a zealous agitator in the cause of repeal.

A Methodist preacher told this man that the present distress was a visitation from God for the sins of the working-classes. The man's bold and startling reply is hardly fit for publication, though it does less dishonour to the Divine goodness than is implied in the averment of the Methodist. An observation made by this man merits to be quoted, for its power, originality, and practical wisdom. The minds of the operatives are at present an universal *raw*.

"Every improved faculty of the mind is new strength of muscle to help us forward when times are prosperous; but in such seasons as this each improved faculty is a *new raw* on which the whip descends more painfully and bitterly."

A poor silk weaver in Stockport said—

"The distress is owing to bad legislation. Landed gentlemen will not let trade open, because it will hurt them; but if corn was cheaper, it would never do any good until taxes came off. *It's the national debt; we had no voice in contracting that debt, and I don't think we are liable to pay it.* This is the opinion of the working-men; I don't know what the gentlemen think about it. The working-men get together and talk of these things; I have not been much among them for twelve months. There will be no good without a law to fix wages." Being asked whether such a law would force masters to find work, he said "No." He added, "There's another thing: there 's too many salaries; this Government 's as bad as the last in that; pensions, and things of that sort."

I may add here that Pownall's sentiments respecting the national debt are not singular; I heard similar declarations made in various parts of Lancashire; and one operative worded his argument in such an original and forcible form that I at once copied it into my notes. His words were, "The national debt was contracted to protect property, but the burthen of its payment has been thrown upon industry; now Property has no more right to ask Industry to pay its debts than I have to ask you to pay mine." I represented to him Napoleon's invariable hostility to the trade and commerce of England, and endeavoured to show that the French wars were maintained for the protection of industry as well as of property. He asked me, with a bitter sneer, "How much worse the working-classes would be off, if Napoleon had conquered the country, than they are now?" He then added, "The policy of Buonaparte, you say, was intended to destroy the trade and commerce of England; have not the corn-laws a direct and obvious tendency to produce the same result? You know they have, and so does everybody know who can put two ideas together. We cannot sell to people whose payments we refuse. So that, according to your account, we have spent hundreds of millions to prevent Buonaparte from doing that which, at the very moment of his fall, we set about doing ourselves. This is exceedingly like the story told of a man who paid his servant for saving him from an assassin on the very morning that he committed suicide."

So much needful publicity has of late been given to the statistics of misery in Lancashire, that there is some danger of hearts becoming callous in the continued contemplation of evils which some selfish people would fain persuade themselves cannot be remedied. We shall not, therefore, load our pages with relations of the distress prevailing throughout these districts; and which it is impossible to exaggerate. Along with suffering comes recklessness and despair. At Colne, where the people are described as patient and peaceful, more than twenty persons, with whom Dr. Taylor conversed in the streets, or their own houses, said—"We used to think that something better would turn up; but have waited so long that hope itself is worn out. We must do something for ourselves, since those above us will never do anything for us." Others are represented as listless and apathetic, their souls having been gradually crushed within them. In this pitiable and hopeless condition were the operatives of Stockport, who, within

a few years, had been among the most prosperous and happy of the manufacturing population of Lancashire. It is of them, and of the people of Bolton, Burnley, &c., that the tourist exclaims —

I have seen misery in many forms: I have been in the huts and hovels of Ireland, when my native land was visited with the fearful scourge of cholera; I have visited the cellars of Liverpool, where existence assumes an aspect which ceases to be human; I have penetrated into the wynds and vennels of Glasgow, localities which would try to the uttermost the hardest of hearts and the strongest of stomachs;—but nowhere have I seen misery which so agonized my very soul as that which I have witnessed in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. And why? Because the extreme of wretchedness was there, and there only, combined with a high tone of moral dignity, a marked sense of propriety, a decency, cleanliness, and order, the elements which produced the vast wealth I have described, and which do not merit the intense suffering I have witnessed. I was beholding the gradual immolation of the noblest and most valuable population that ever existed in this country, or in any other under heaven. We are not stocks and stones: I am as firmly persuaded as I am of my own existence, that, if the noble and wealthy had witnessed the scenes which I have gone through, they would fling all prejudices and selfish interests to the winds, they would stretch forth eager hands to raise the sufferers, pour oil and wine into the wounds they have inflicted, and devote the whole of their energies, heart and soul, to prevent the recurrence of such misery.

We are hardly able to embrace this charitable view.

The whole of the volume is, if not a studied eulogy of the Factory System, somewhat liable to a suspicion of one-sidedness. But at the present juncture, this is the wise as well as generous leaning. The immediate necessity for the total abolition of the Corn-laws is, if not directly advocated, incidentally and powerfully made out; and the threadbare fallacies regarding over-production, emigration, and danger to agriculture and machinery, are once more demolished, and driven from their last refuge of lies. But nothing in the work is half so important as the report of the spirit, as well as of the actual condition, of the operatives, which is gathered from their own lips; and that not under the restraints of an examination before a formal board of Commissioners, but in free and spontaneous conversation.

Dr. Taylor was in Manchester when the British Association lately held there its meeting for 1842. The members, in spite of the prevailing distress and embarassments, were as hospitably received as in any of the towns in which they had held their previous meetings; and the inhabitants tried to keep their many anxieties and causes of uneasiness out of sight of their transient guests. Matters were at this time hastening to a crisis. And we are told, by one who saw behind the curtain—

A very different state of feeling was manifested when they were visited in their warehouses and counting-houses. Even a fortnight had made an immense difference; men whom I had known the most strenuous advocates of Conservative principles were now foremost in urging resolutions and addresses to stop the supplies; those who were moderate Liberals have become advocates of the five points of the Charter: and many were ready to join in an association for the non-payment of taxes: in short, a very angry and dangerous spirit was increasing, and this in a class which had been always remarkable for prudence and moderation. The shopkeepers were not less excited;—the collector of the income-tax in Manchester will have a situation as little enviable as that of an inspector of mines under Lord Ashley's new bill. I found, too, that the apostles of mischief and sedition were not idle at a crisis so favourable to their schemes; indeed, they openly declared that their detestable project of an appeal to arms, and the consequent result of a total change in the constitution of the country, were now close at hand. In the midst of this threatening and distressing aspect of affairs, I seem to myself to see the prospect of some good arising. I think that many will learn the lesson of the very little importance of the constitution of government,—considered as it relates to parties and persons rather than to principles. . . . . .
I am not at all sorry that the leading politicians of Manchester are "looking more to things and less to men." There is a proof of it, which I very much lament, but which nevertheless I am bound to record, that, with the majority of the members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the most unpopular man at the present moment is Lord John Russell. I have endeavoured to ascertain the cause, because I am far from being pleased with the fact; and I have only received vague and indeterminate answers. Still the fact may be quoted as a proof that there is a growing tendency among the manufacturers to look to themselves as a body, and not to rest their dependence upon any party in the state.

The causes of the unpopularity of Lord John Russell with the Anti-Corn-Law party, are surely not difficult to divine, any more than his unpopularity with Radical Reformers, among whom, by the way, Dr. Taylor is not to be numbered. He concludes with an earnest exhortation to the manufacturers and the League to unite and consolidate their strength; to form, henceforth, an active as they are a powerful interest in the state; and not to rest contented with merely carrying the abolition of the Corn-laws. He would have them stand by their order, of which they have, till now, seemed ashamed; rescue their dependents from false teachers, by becoming their actual, as they are their natural, guides; and, in short, though this is not put in words, exercise that moral and political influence over them which the landowners do over the agricultural population, assuming that influence to be wholly beneficial. We do not mean to advert to several matters treated in Dr. Taylor's Letters. He is a Churchman; and, in suggesting some needful changes, would work only by machinery instituted by a state church. Yet there is good included, both in his means and ends.

We are sincerely happy to have his testimony to the increasing harmony between the employers and the employed, although it has not been corroborated by some of the circumstances and facts attending the late outbreaks.

We need scarcely add, that this work, though hasty and cursory, is well written, as well as ably reasoned, and peculiarly well-timed.

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Continued from page 501 of our August No.*)

CHAPTER XIII.

On taking possession of his old lodgings on his return from the Tower, the first circumstance communicated to Basil by his landlord,—(the retired butler of a noble family,)—was, that a shabbyish-looking person had called repeatedly with earnest inquiries concerning the moment and manner of his arrival.

"A gentleman?"—inquired Basil, who, being out of debt, had less apprehension of shabby-looking persons calling with inquiries, than might have been the case with Maitland or Wilberton.

"Why, I should say, yes, Sir," replied the man, "though there warn't much matters to boast of in the coat on his back.—But he spoke like a person of eddication."

Basil smiled approvingly at the distinction, which did not, however, assist his guesses.—At length, it occurred to him, so strongly as to bring the colour to his face, that the mysterious stranger was most likely the Protean Abednego; a suspicion fully confirmed by the information which his minute inquiries now managed to elicit.

"And he said he would call again?"—demanded young Annesley.

"This evening, Sir,—he said he would be sure to look in this evening."

And the tone of glee in which the young guardsman hastened to give orders that the moment his strange visiter arrived he should be admitted into his sitting-room, relieved the mind of the landlord, (with whom his first-floor was a first favourite,) from a suspicion that "a small account,"—a name usually given to a very large one, had been the cause of the spontaneous change of colour.

"I shall come home immediately after dinner to meet this gentleman," observed the young guardsman; "but if by chance he should arrive here first, you would infinitely oblige me, Mr. Smith, by detaining him till I come."

Thus adjured, Mr. Smith lost no time in converting the shabby-genteel man into a rich uncle of eccentric habits; and, accordingly, when the stranger *really* made his appearance, he was received with all the state and ceremony due to the Ambassador of one of the Great Powers!—Ten minutes only had he been seated, however, in the favourite arm-chair of Basil, beside his shaded reading lamp, when the young man, who had hurried home from the house-dinner of the Club, entered the room.

"*Verelst!*"—cried he, starting at sight of his unexpected guest; "this is indeed a most agreeable surprise!—I was afraid you had dismissed me altogether from your recollection!"

"It is not so easy to dismiss those altogether from our recollection, Mr. Annesley," gravely rejoined the old artist, "towards whom we have heavy obligations."

"If such be your only motive for remembering me," cried Basil, warmly, "God knows I have little desire to occupy a place in your memory. Unless remembered as one, towards whom, in a foreign country, in sickness and neglect, you did the part of a kinsman,—one whom you admitted to sit before your household fire, one to whom you conceded almost the privileges of a son, one who has never ceased to regard you as a father,—I would fain be utterly forgotten."

Basil flung down his hat impetuously on a chair, while uttering this tender expostulation; to which Verelst replied only by turning away, as if seeking for some papers he had placed on the table beside him.—But Basil fancied when the old man again addressed him, that there was a kindly moisture in his eye, as though his own words had not been utterly disregarded. Still, the painter attempted no direct reply to the appeal.

"I am come, Sir," said he, evading the question of such reminiscences, "with a thankful and rejoicing heart, to discharge the obligations you so nobly conferred upon me. It would have been easy to do so by letter, or through the intervention of a third person: but I was unwilling, my dear Mr. Annesley, you should a moment suppose that, because able to return back the exact tale of monies you generously disbursed on my account, I had become unmindful of the favour, never to be forgotten, which your timely aid bestowed with them on me and mine.—Letters are cold and dry in the expressions of such feelings as now swell within my bosom. Nor should I have found it easy so to define my own sentiments as to render you sensible with what fervour I and mine recognise the extent of our obligations, without overlooking the cruel manner in which you have attempted to force your way into the painful secrets of a family, which had withheld nothing else from your participation."

"As I live and breathe, my dear Verelst," cried Basil, eagerly, "I have not the most remote suspicion to what you allude: nor did I ever, in your case, or any other, attempt to possess myself unhandsomely of the secrets of other people!"

The artist gravely shook his head; and taking from the pocket-book beside him three notes of £100 each, placed them in the hand of Basil, who had now seated himself on the opposite side of the table.

"I am glad you bring me these," cried Basil Annesley, laying them carelessly down, "because it is a proof that you are more prosperous than when I had the happiness of enjoying your society. But what is the return of this money compared with that of your friendship! I fondly trusted, on seeing you under my roof, that you were come to tell me my unknown offence was forgiven;—that you had repented your injustice towards me;—that you

were again about to open your arms and heart to one who has no desire on earth so urgent as to find them unclosed to him as of old. I swear to you, dear Sir, that never, from the first moment of our acquaintance, have I cherished a thought or feeling that was not kindness itself towards you!"

"In that case," replied the artist, evidently much moved, and gazing upon the agitated young man with eyes which the tenderness of an almost paternal affection filled with tears,—"in that case, why insult my wife by disclosing to her that you have discovered her family connexion with one who—but no matter!"

"On my honour as a gentleman," cried Annesley, "I have made no discoveries,—I have intentionally offered no insult.—As regards the family connexions of Mrs. Verelst, she may be, for anything I know to the contrary, the daughter of a peer or the daughter of a peasant!—I never heard,—I never inquired even her name! It was enough for me that I knew her to be everything that is amiable, gentle, patient in woman,—the kindest of mothers —the most devoted of wives. In what way the book, which appears to have constituted my ground of offence, could have interested her feelings, I am wholly at a loss to surmise.—By a strange fatality, however, the very same volume proved to be of equal importance in the eyes of a person by a singular coincidence of circumstances highly interesting to myself,—a Mr. Osalez,—a man still more widely and more unsatisfactorily known under the name of A. O."

"You have said it!"—exclaimed Verelst, almost shuddering.

"What have I said?" inquired the astonished Basil.

"You have named the man by whose vindictive persecutions the heart of my poor wife was broken!"

"Persecutions!"—exclaimed Annesley. "Surely, surely you must be mistaken!—Chance has brought me somewhat familiarly acquainted with this singular individual; and as far as my observation and experience reach, I have found him the enemy only of his own comfort; generous to others,—to himself alone parsimonious; and even then, wilfully and waywardly,—as if in vengeance or atonement!"

"What should you know of him compared with my poor Rachael?" faltered the artist, much agitated by recurrence to the subject evidently so painful. "How should chance have taught you more of his character and motives than is known to *her*?"

"Pardon me!"—replied Basil.—"Circumstances which I will hereafter explain to you, make it evident to me that it is Mr. Osalez who, by a liberal expenditure of time, trouble, and money, has been the means of bringing to light those impositions so injurious to your prospects as an artist, which have been recently exposed in the newspapers. It was my intention, had you not visited me to-night, to take an early opportunity of apprizing you of the fact."

"I am aware of it," replied Verelst, coldly.—"The Marquis of ——, by whose munificent patronage I have been enabled to discharge my obligations towards you, informed me that it was to Mr. Osalez he was indebted for his knowledge of my address. But since acquainted with it,—since himself resident in this country, and aware that my unfortunate family had been driven hither for refuge,—what but the most cruel and revengeful obduracy prevented his offering the crumbs from his table to appease the hunger of his nearest kindred?"

Basil Annesley started from his seat to listen!

"Even if disposed to persist in his animosities against myself," resumed Verelst, "what pretext was there for withholding from his poor sister the aid that might have assuaged the pangs of sickness, and relieved the anxieties of a mother trembling for the destiny of her girls!"

Pale as death, and scarcely able to articulate,—Basil could now only falter, "Sister!—Mrs. Verelst *sister* to the notorious,—the infamous A. O.!"

Verelst appeared surprised in his turn.

"A few minutes ago," remonstrated the artist, "you were advocating his cause!—You even assured me that chance had brought you familiarly acquainted with circumstances inspiring high respect for his character?"

"I repeat it—"

"Yet you apply to his name such reckless epithets as infamous and notorious!" interrupted the artist.

"Say rather to his *calling!*" retorted Basil Annesley.

"In commercial England, you have surely little right to despise it!"—observed Verelst, in some amazement.

"Commercial England has her fair and legitimate modes for the disposal of Capital,"—observed Basil, somewhat nettled.

"I had always fancied that Exchange speculators, so long as prosperous, occupied an important position in the monied world!" replied Verelst.—"Without them, how are the finances of kingdoms to be carried on? The father and grandfather of my wife were the wealthiest merchants in Cadiz. Osalez, prospered by the advantages of an English education, entertained higher ambitions. —On the death of his father, he gathered together his enormous capital, and renouncing the hazards of commerce, attempted a career which, but for the accident of his singular personal disappointments, might have sufficed for his happiness. Of that period of his life, alas! it becomes me not to speak; but when enabled, later, to resume his position in society, it was surely insufficient to couple his unblemished name with such epithets as 'notorious' or 'infamous,' that it became one of the most accredited and widely known of those which convulse the Stock Exchanges of the various capitals of Europe?"

"Some of the first financiers and most respected men in the country, have been Stockbrokers," cried Basil. "But a Money-lender,—an advertising Money-lender!"

"How mean you?"—cried Verelst, growing pale in his turn.

"The money that now lies so unsatisfactorily before me," observed Basil, "enables me to inform you without further scruples of delicacy, that I should have been exposed to some personal difficulty

by the payment of the bills I accepted in your favour, but for having raised the sum in demand by the assistance of a common usurer,—whom I *then* believed to be a Jew, and knew only by his ill repute in the world,—under the opprobriated name of A. O.!"

"And these inconveniencies—this hazard you incurred so generously for our sake!"—cried the artist, seizing his hand, and losing all interest in the disclosure more immediately concerning his family on discovering the real amount of his obligation to Basil.—"Fool that I was!—How little, how *very* little did I conjecture the truth!—I fancied that you were obliging me out of the overflowings of an abundant fortune,—and even then, was grateful!—But that you should have hazarded for our sake the shame of the spendthrift,—the cares of the prodigal!—That you should have been forced into contact with the vile and degraded.—Ah! Basil—oh! Mr. Annesley!—this touches me to the quick!"

And reading in the expression of his young friend's countenance a degree of emotion almost equal to his own, Verelst, without further effort to contain his feelings, threw himself upon the shoulder of Annesley and wept like a child.

"And we presumed to find fault with you?"—faltered the artist, raising his head after some moments of absorbing agitation.—"We dared to condemn you!—to call you proud,—to suspect you of an intention to offend and insult us!"

"You cannot surely have been so unjust!" cried Basil, starting from his embrace. "Surely your wife—your daughters—"

"My wife could place no other interpretation upon your conduct in suddenly placing before her a book, formerly the property of, and bearing the names of her father and brother; by the former of whom she had been cast off on account of her improvident marriage,—by the latter of whom she was visited with still bitterer perseverance of vengeance."

"I have only to reiterate my assurances that I had not the most remote suspicion of the nature of the inscription or the meaning of the initials,"—said Annesley; "and that I borrowed the work from my mother's library, with no other object than to afford you entertainment. How it even came there, must be the subject of close and, I fear, vexatious inquiry hereafter.—Very little, alas! did I surmise your kinsmanship with a man so disgraced in the eyes of the world as the individual whose initials (as I then supposed by the effect of chance) were inscribed therein."

"And yet," said Verelst, "you assure me that you were aware of the interposition of Osalez in my professional career?"

"Still, believing you to be utter strangers to each other!—I fancied he was interesting himself in your behalf, as he would have done in that of any other man of genius lying under the scourge of evil fortune. But advantageously as I am prepared to think of Abednego in comparison with those who judge him only as a Jew,—a miser,—an extortioner,—there are revolting mysteries both in his character and circumstances, which I am wholly unable to solve.—The more I ponder on all I know of him, the more I become perplexed by that which I am unable to understand.—At one moment, I believe him to be one of the greatest,—at another, the meanest of human beings. In him all extremes appear united:—opulence and penury,—generosity and baseness,—enlightenment and ignorance,—liberality and prejudice,—tenderness and brutality!—How am I to reconcile all this?"

"But during the intimate intercourse you appear to have held together," demanded the artist, "did Osalez never become aware of your interest in my professional fortunes?—Nor give you to understand the bond of kindred blood uniting him with my wife?"

"Never!—never in the slightest degree!" cried Basil Annesley. "Yet, now I think of it, I remember hearing him refer to your position as an indigent artist; a proof that the misfortunes of his excellent sister must have been fully known to him."

"Till within a few weeks," observed Verelst, "we were utterly ignorant of his social position in this country: and aware of his antipathy, and dreading further persecution at his hands, my wife had not courage to address him with representations of the abject nature of our own.

"It was, thanks to that very picture-dealer whose knavery has been the means of presenting me to the Marquis of ——, (from whom I have already received orders that will keep my easel in full activity for years to come, and at a rate of remuneration exceeding my most enthusiastic anticipations,)—I had grounds for conjecturing that a picture of mine,—a design from the 'Notre Dame' of Victor Hugo,—had fallen into the hands of the wealthy brother of my wife.—Even then, I knew not his abode,—I perceived not his riches and consequence. Nay, I believed him to have fallen considerably from his high estate, till apprized yesterday, by my noble patron, of his prosperity. Little did his lordship imagine when apologising to me at his breakfast-table this morning, for the absence of the enlightened patron of the arts to whom he was indebted for his knowledge of my works, that he was talking to me of a brother!"

"More irreconcileable incongruities!"—exclaimed Basil, greatly depressed by his discovery of a connexion which he knew would be more fatal to the interests of his affection, with his mother, than the fact that his beloved Esther was a teacher, and the daughter of an artist,—inasmuch as a mere remote allusion to Jewish partialities, had been the cause of driving Lady Annesley to frantic exasperation.

"That very picture of the Esmeralda," resumed the artist, "affords further proof of the contrariety and eccentricity of character of poor Osalez;—nay, but for my certainty of his infirmities of mind, I should be wholly unable to account for such inconsistency. While avoiding or injuring his sister and her family, he was induced, it seems, to give hundreds of pounds for a work of inconsiderable merit, simply because the principal figure is a likeness of his once-loved Rachael!"

"Far more so of her daughter," added Basil, in a lower voice.

"You knew not my dear wife in her days of

youth and beauty!" faltered the artist. "The patient invalid,—the smiling drudge,—the humble artist's wife; presents but a poor shadow of the worshipped, the lovely, the triumphant Señora Osalez, who could not pass from her father's carriage to the steps of the church or theatre, but the idlers of Cadiz crowded to feast their eyes on her more than oriental beauty,—endowed as she was with the intelligence and accomplishments of Europe, yet glowing with the riper tints of the sunny South."

"I have seen all this, Sir, in your daughters," again hesitated Basil.

"Esther and Salome are lovely girls, as well as the most duteous of daughters," observed Verelst, with deep feeling; "but neither the one nor the other of them deserves comparison with her mother at the period when she forsook the gorgeous mansion of her father, to become the bride of the enthusiastic German artist, who dedicated to her beauty every impulse of a fervid soul, and had, alas! nought beside to offer to her acceptance.—The marquis informs me," added Verelst, after a long pause, during which he seemed labouring to overcome the struggle of his feelings,—"that large as was the price given by Osalez for my Esmeralda, he has offered him double the money to part with it, but in vain.—I cannot help fancying that, in spite of his apparent indifference to his sister's welfare, Abednego was unwilling her portrait should pass into the hands of a stranger."

"That can hardly have been the case," observed Basil, fancying he was about to flatter the self-love of the artist. "On the contrary, it must have been the intrinsic value he discerned in the execution of the picture, that rendered him so tenacious; since it was from his own hands, and as a free gift, that I obtained this copy."

While thus explaining himself, Basil drew forth from his bosom where, by day and night, it was fondly treasured, his enamel copy of the Esmeralda!

"What means this?"—cried the astonished Verelst, regarding at first sight the miniature in no other light than as a portrait of his wife. Say,—say!—what means this?—The likeness of my poor Rachael in your possession?"

The explanations rendered necessary by the emotion of Verelst, aroused Basil Annesley to a sense of his own imprudence.—It was impossible to give a colouring to his singular value for that lovely face, otherwise than startling to the painter.

"And you have been wearing it thus, then,—wearing it next your heart—wearing it as we treasure only the gift of affection, the pledge of fidelity!" cried Verelst; "and all the while we were accusing you of an intent to mortify us,—of coldness,—of—"

"Spare, spare me these vexatious truths!" cried Basil, eagerly.

"To *you*," resumed Verelst, after having hurriedly examined the beautiful execution of the miniature, (and noticed how singularly it recalled the features of those who were dearest to him, even while realizing one of the brightest creations of the magic of romance,) "to *you* it doubtless serves to retrace, in combination, both young and old of the grateful family of the artist on whom you have conferred such generous obligations."

Basil Annesley struggled for a moment with his feelings. However afraid of alarming the pride and susceptibility of Verelst, he would not submit to such a misconstruction of his sentiments. He satisfied himself however, by adding in a subdued voice—"It serves at least to recall to me the face which unites in my estimation all that is fairest, holiest, and dearest in human nature."

The simple artist listened with delight, but wholly without enlightenment.—It seemed to him the most natural thing in the world, that his old pupil, his generous friend, should love Esther and Salome, and pronounce them dear and holy,—they, whom he had known as children and appreciated in their womanly discharge of filial duty.—But that he should love either of them singly and separately, or one of them more than the other, never occurred to poor Verelst!

"You have received a commission then, from the marquis?" inquired Annesley, by way of giving a new turn to the conversation.

"A commission that delights me!" cried the painter with enthusiasm;" for it will enable me to realize my highest ambitions!—I am to paint in fresco the new gallery of his castle in the North;—a series of designs from English history!—For this, by the way, I must read as well as paint."

"But by such an engagement, you will be compelled to remove your whole family from town!" cried Basil, in a tone of consternation, on beholding his newly-erected castles-in-the-air precipitated in a moment to the ground. "Under such circumstances you will stand in need of funds previous to receiving the remuneration due to you; and I earnestly entreat you, as a friend on whom you have conferred obligations, and who has consequently a claim to priority of service in return, to appropriate the notes you have forced upon me to your own use.—At some future time, when you become rich, (as you now cannot fail to do,) you shall pay the money back to me. I promise you that it will be an act of charity so to secure it; for nearly a year will elapse before it becomes due to A. O., from whom I borrowed it on interest; and in the interim, if lying idle in my hands, it might lead me into a thousand scrapes.—It might teach me to become a prodigal,—a gambler,—a coxcomb,—heaven knows what!—Money, you know, my dear Verelst, is the corrupter of all human hearts!"

"An axiom of the truth of which my own experience, heaven knows, has availed little to persuade me!"—said the poor artist, with a bitter smile.—"Your arguments, my dear Mr. Annesley, are kind as they are specious. But my noble patron has rendered your assistance needless. Aware of the difficulties to be encountered by a poor painter of historical pictures, in such matter-of-fact days as the present, he has generously presented me with a couple of hundred pounds in advance. I am rich, my dear young friend,—rich,—rich,—I was about to say rich as a Jew—but that the word is in utter distaste in my family! Trust me, I am fully enabled to remove them all to the North in ease and comfort."

"But surely," cried Basil, horror-struck at such a prospect, "surely so long a journey, with such uncertain prospects at the close, will be disadvantageous to poor Mrs. Verelst, whose infirm state appears to demand the utmost care and consideration?"

"Rachael would suffer twenty times as much, my dear Sir, by separation from her husband.—As to accommodations, the Marquis has assigned to our use a suite of apartments in the castle."

Here was a new source of anxiety for Basil!—Esther,—his own Esther, exposed to the injurious admiration which her beauty must necessarily call forth in such a house!

"Surely," said he, attempting a new line of argument, "such an interruption to the engagements of the Miss Verelsts—"

"Engagements?"—interrupted the proud father, with enthusiasm. "You surely do not suppose that, now I am able to earn bread for them, I will allow them to waste their precious talents in teaching idiotic children or languid Misses?—No, no, no!—No more engagements for my girls!—It is one of my chief sources of joy and triumph on this occasion, that henceforward those dear children may live for the enjoyment of life,—for the embellishment of life,—for the delight of others, as ever, ever, of their fond and happy parents!—No, no!—No more engagements for Salome and Esther Verelst."

Basil was inexpressibly touched by the utter forgetfulness of self manifest in all the calculations of the good old man.

"Yet surely," said he, unwilling to abandon all hope of their future society,—"surely such utter seclusion as will await the young ladies at the castle—"

"They will not *both* bear us company," replied Verelst, calmly,—little suspecting the pain he was about to inflict.—"Salome is to go down with her mother; but, at present, Esther will remain on a visit to Madame Branzini. All was settled this morning. The Duke di San Catalda would not hear of her quitting London just now; and after some contestation, I acceded to their united request."

Basil Annesley had not strength or courage to give utterance to the question that rose to his lips—"They are engaged, then,—positively engaged?"

He could only stagger to a seat, and press his hand to his heart with the consciousness that its warm impulses of hope and affection were crushed for ever.

Shocked by his sudden change of countenance, Verelst was starting forward with inquiries into the nature of his seizure, when at that moment the door opened;—and, unannounced and unaccompanied, there appeared on the threshold the striking figure of—A. O.!

CHAPTER XIV.

It was now the turn of Verelst to change countenance; and a succession of strong emotions were rapidly portrayed on the open physiognomy of the painter, incapable of artifice or disguise. Surprise, vexation, satisfaction, perplexity,—obtained, by turns the mastery. There were tears in his large grey eyes;—there was determination in the lines surrounding the firmer and more expressive mouth.

His brother-in-law, on the other hand, betrayed not the slightest touch of feeling. Master of himself, hardened to habits of dissimulation, whatever emotions might be swelling in his heart, the countenance of Abednego was undisturbed. Though apprized that Basil was engaged with Verelst, he had still sought the interview. Nay, it soon became apparent that his visit was produced by the expectation of finding his brother-in-law with his young friend.

On recovering from the shock occasioned by his sudden entrance, Verelst, while Osalez gave his hand to young Annesley, (who, depressed and desperate, was scarcely sensible to his mode of salutation,) had snatched his hat and was preparing to quit the room.—But the unwelcome guest interposed ere he could reach the door.

"Hear me before you go!" said Osalez, in a firm voice. "I came hither for the express purpose of meeting you. The presence of a mutual friend was a fitter spot for our interview, than that of a cold stranger like the Marquis. It was not disinclination that kept me away from his house this morning."

It was now the turn of Verelst to exhibit composure!

"Had I been aware of your intentions," said he, coldly, "I would certainly have deferred my visit to Mr. Annesley till a future moment."

"You *could* not!" was the cool reply of Osalez. "It would have been impossible for you to sleep this night, with a sum of money in your possession which you knew to be the property of yonder boy.—I know ye both!—The same hot-headed enthusiasm that prompted *him* to pledge his name, his peace of mind, his narrow income, to a Money-lender, to obtain the means of obliging you, would render it impossible to you to close your eyes, while unnecessarily remaining his debtor."

"I have, I find, to thank you for the means of repaying him," observed Verelst, somewhat softened—"For *that* favour, accept my acknowledgments. But it does not, it cannot efface from my recollection your long neglect and unkindness towards the most deserving of women. Farewell!—Against you we cherish no resentment; but there can be neither love nor amity between thine and mine."

"Thine *are* mine!" replied Abednego, neither abashed nor dismayed by these bitter reproaches. "Resist as we may the dictates of nature, the ocean can no more dissever from its waves an offending drop, than your wife and children expel from their veins the blood that is kindred with my own."

"Neither are we the first of those so conjoined by nature," interrupted Verelst, "who have converted kindred blood to drops of gall!—Again I say, therefore, accept my thanks and my farewell. Between persons so closely united, it must be peace or war. With others there might exist a medium of lukewarm good-will,—with us there must be love or hatred!"

"I want no medium," said Osalez, still preventing his departure, and with such steadiness, that Basil

Annesley, deeply interested in the discussion, was driven to despair by the sturdy perseverance of Verelst. "There must be love between us,—there must be peace!—Never too late for peace. Your friend here will tell you," he continued, glancing towards Basil, "that I have recently wrestled, face to face, with Death. At such a moment the truths to which, in health and amid the contentions and struggles of life, we close our ears and eyes, speak trumpet-tongued to the Soul, and reveal their dread decree in characters as legible as those manifested in warning to Belshazzar. I have sinned against you, Verelst.—I have suffered vindictive feelings, and resentment of a single injury, to efface from my bosom those hallowed ties of affection vouchsafed by the Almighty for the solace and consecration of human life.—I have allowed your officious interposition in my affairs to steel my heart against the sufferings of a once-loved sister and the children she has born to you.—In this, I have greatly offended, and I therefore seek you, in all Christian humility, to acknowledge my fault and entreat the favour of your forgiveness."

Utterly thrown off his guard by this singular self-abasement on the part of the haughty and obdurate Abednego, Verelst was so far softened as to hesitate.—But a moment's consideration brought before him anew the years of suffering and privation endured by his excellent wife and lovely children; and again, he hardened his heart, and put forth no answering token to the extended hand of Osalez.

"You have my full forgiveness," said he.—"Friendship is not a thing to start into life spontaneously, on the slight demand of a converted enemy.—The wrongs of my family forbid me to say more:—the sense of what is due to your tardy repentance to concede less."

Once more the agitated artist made a movement to depart. But Basil Annesley now interposed.

"My dear Verelst!" cried he—"it is you who are now exhibiting a vindictive spirit. How—how can you allow yourself to torture a nature so beneficent, so cordial as your own,—in order to assume feelings of animosity, which, even if they existed, should be disarmed by the frank and fervent manner in which the olive-branch is extended towards you—"

"If you only knew, my dear young friend," cried the painter,—"what a series—"

"I know, and seek to know nothing on the subject of your quarrel!" hastily interrupted Basil. "But *this* I know,—that half the quarrels and half the resentments of this world, arise from misunderstandings, which a few reasonable words would suffice to clear up."

"In this case all is perfectly understood," replied the artist, coldly;—"nor are we children, to obey the impulses of momentary passion.—Both have brooded upon our wrongs, till mutual hatred has been engendered."

"If engendered,—on one side, it has been bitterly atoned,—on the other, bitterly repented," rejoined Osalez, with tears in his eyes.

"My dear Verelst!" cried Basil Annesley, deeply moved by witnessing such profound emotion on the part of men of advanced years,—"half an hour ago you were pleased to express towards me feelings of gratitude and regard. If I have ever served you, and you wish to mark your sense of obligation, I beseech you do it at once, and efface all trace for ever,—by accepting the hand which I see trembling with eagerness to enclasp your own!" At this appeal, Verelst, for the first time, turned his eyes full upon his brother-in-law: and either the traces of time and care perceptible in his broken frame and withered countenance, or the manifestation of emotions which Abednego was at no pains to conceal, softened the obduracy of the indignant husband; for, on finding the hand of Osalez placed in his, a moment afterwards, by Basil Annesley, he no longer persisted in rejection. At one moment, both gave a loose to the long-resisted promptings of nature; and the "iron tears of Pluto's cheek" were emulated in those that fell profusely from beneath the shaggy eyebrows of A. O.

Basil was about to retire to the adjoining room, leaving the two brothers to a more copious mutual explanation. But Osalez prevented him.—"Nay," said he,—"you are as if of our own flesh.—Tarry and hear all!—I have no secrets,—I wish to have none from you."

Amid all his struggles of feeling, Basil could scarcely refrain from a smile!—To hear A. O. boasting of having no secrets from him!—A. O. whose whole life was a mystery,—whose right hand knew not the doings of the left!—A. O., who concentrated in his own person half-a-dozen separate existences, and unaccordant fortunes!

"I would fain have taken steps towards this reconciliation, many months ago,—from the moment of my first acquaintance with this improvident boy, your friend Annesley," resumed Osalez, when at length confidentially seated beside Verelst on the sofa, (having resumed his own self-possession long before the simple artist had ceased to sob like a child,)—"but that I did not choose to approach as a benefactor the man I wished to conciliate as a brother.—I wished you to be independent in circumstances,—rich through your own talents and endowments,—before I addressed myself to you with overtures of good-will, of which the necessities of your family might seem to compel your acceptance. We have now met upon equal ground; and you have granted me your forgiveness, as a Christian and a kinsman, without forfeiting your self-respect.—All is as it should be!—I have taken every precaution to spare your pride as well as promote my own interest in your affection. And now, tell me—when will you propose a visit from me to my sister?—In her infirm condition, we must beware of producing agitation,—more especially on the eve of a long journey,—if, indeed, after our mutual explanations, you persist in fulfilling your engagements to the Marquis."

"I will speak to Rachael this very night," replied Verelst,—"but calmly and cautiously.—It will require time to prepare her for so trying an interview. Years of hardship,—the loss of several children, which she attributes to the same cause,—and positive ailments arising from those united causes, have so altered my poor wife, that the

greatest precaution is indispensable. She is so changed that you will not know her."

"I have been many times in her presence within these last few months," said Osalez, with a smile.

"You are mistaken,—quite mistaken!" eagerly rejoined the artist.—"She never quits the house. Ask Mr. Annesley!—She never leaves even her own room!"

"It was *there* our interview took place," calmly rejoined Abednego.

"Mistaken,—mistaken!"—persisted Verelst with a smile,—gently shaking his head. "I promise you that you would not know poor Rachael were you to meet!"

"She is far less changed, however, than myself," replied Osalez; "since, when we *did* meet, I recognised her perfectly; while *she*, addressed me as a stranger!—Do you remember the person who fetched from your rooms the two battle-pieces sold by the scoundrel Stubbs to the Duke of Rochester?"

Verelst paused a moment, for consideration.

"Perfectly," said he, at length. "But *that* was an old Jew?"

"It was myself!"

The artist replied by an incredulous smile.

"Do you recollect, that when you received the three five-pound notes for which you had sold the pictures, or rather, in consideration of which you had been robbed of them by the knavish dealer—you had him inform Mr. Stubbs that the original design of the Battle of the Standard was still in your hands, having withdrawn it from your series of military sketches, as the ground-work of the picture in question, and produced at the suggestion of a dear friend?"

"Which *dear* friend, was, I trust myself?"—gaily interrupted Basil.

"But *you* were not,—you *cannot* have been that filthy old Jew?"—cried the artist, in utter amazement.

"You have seen me more than once in disguises equally unseemly," replied Osalez, undisturbed.—'For years past, I have placed a great gulph betwixt myself and what is called the world; and when once we hazard so bold a step as to fling off the bond of fellowship with our brethren, we require the creation of prodigious interests, and excitements indeed strong, to fill up the vacuum.—I have long been at war with mankind,—as long as they were previously my enemies.—Out of my sixty years, for thirty did I support their injustice; and during the last thirty I have revenged myself!—But he who fights single-handed against society, must multiply the guises under which he wields his weapons; and shrink from no means or measures by which he can strengthen his cause.—For such explanations, however, we shall find a time hereafter. Enough that you promise me to prepare my poor dear sister to receive me.—Basil Annesley will apprize me of your success;—or better still, conduct you to my abode.—The way to yours I learnt from *him*;—few people, I suspect, are better acquainted with it."

The young soldier coloured deeply at this hazardous allusion.

"I was not aware," said he, "of having mentioned to you the address of Mr. Verelst."

"It was from your pictures, which I found in the hands of Stubbs and others," replied Abednego, addressing Verelst, rather than replying to his host, "that I became aware of your being a resident in this country.—But you may imagine with what care and cunning these knaves guarded the scent, so long as you remained a dupe in their avaricious hands."

"And it was my good friend Mr. Annesley, then, who did me this further service," exclaimed the painter, warmly.

"Indirectly.—I was anxious to know the object of a certain levy of money which he effected through my means; and since, whether as Osalez the Crœsus, or as A. O. the Money-lender, (who created Osalez the Crœsus,) I have the means of investigating and comparing all the secrets of the two money markets, (the great and the small,) I had no difficulty in discovering that the acceptances he had to meet were in favour of one Gerard Verelst, a painter living near South Audley Street.—The rest was readily ascertained,—the miniature I presented to him affords sufficient proof how soon and how thoroughly I made myself master of the secrets of the family!"

Basil Annesley gasped for breath. There was no guessing where the indiscreet revelations of Abednego might stop.

"And now," said he, regardless of the embarrassment he had created,—"I must wish you good-night.—Though I have found time to say much that may have appeared to one or both of you superfluous, I am in the greatest haste and some anxiety.—I have business to transact before midnight, that dearly concerns the happiness of a family whose ruin,—whatever I may do to avert the fatal crash,—will ere long produce nearly as much sensation in the bedlam called the *beau monde*, as that of the Duke of Rochester.—I should leave these Maitlands, in fact, to the consequences of their folly, but that one of the girls has managed to soften my old heart by the eager interest she takes in the fortunes of a certain brother officer of her brother, named Basil Annesley."

"Is all up then, with Lord Maitland?" demanded Basil in a tone of regret, without noticing his allusion.

"His bills have been hawking about the town this year past," replied A. O., with one of his former sarcastic smiles.—"Her ladyship is at Almacks, while her signature is in the hands of the Jews!"

After a few more bitter allusions to the improvidence of the family, he was gone;—nor did Basil much regret that Verelst, in his eagerness to communicate to his family the singular reconciliation which had taken place, instantly followed. When the artist had taken his departure, his young friend picked up from the floor the three hundred-pound notes which, amid the varied interests of the foregoing conversation, had fallen unnoticed to the ground.

"Would any one imagine," said he, with a mournful smile, as he placed them in his desk,—

"how short a time has elapsed since the possession of these notes appeared to be a matter of life and death!—And would not any one believe that, instead of the beggarly fellow I am, I had the wealth of the Indies, or of Abednego Osalez, at my command!—But, alas! what further care have I for money?—Verelst is now prosperous,—Esther lost to me for ever. As to my poor mother, though straitened in means, her pride is so much greater than her poverty, that I am convinced she prefers dispensing with the luxuries of life to being indebted for them to any mortal living,—even to her son!"

By degrees, as he began to recover the cruel shock arising from the discovery that the object of his affections was nearly akin to the infamous A. O. and affianced to another, Basil was forced to admit to himself, that the former circumstance was of a nature to reconcile him to the latter! Never would his haughty mother have consented to his pledging his faith to the niece of a Money-lender!—Abednego, if not a Jew, could not be many generations removed from Hebraism; and Basil was only too painfully aware of her rooted antipathy to anything even remotely connected with the Jewish nation.

As this aversion now recurred with redoubled energy to his mind, he also recalled with surprise the half-forgotten fact of her being in possession of a book of a peculiar nature, which Verelst stated to have been the property of his wife's father and brother. By what possible concatenation of events was this to be accounted for?—Once more, he was compelled to ask himself, through what fortuitous chain of incidents the daughter of Lord L——, and widow of Sir Bernard Annesley, could have been brought into connexion with the family of A. O.?

Summer was at hand; and he resolved to make the inviting nature of the weather a pretext for a short visit to Barlingham.—The discussions which had already arisen between him and Lady Annesley would afford ground for such interrogations as could not fail to throw light upon the mystery.—It was time that all relating to Abednego Osalez should be cleared up!—He would no longer be silenced like a child. He was resolved to confront the utmost indignation and harshness on the part of the rigid recluse, rather than remain a martyr to the mysteries by which he now felt himself to be encompassed.—The more he had achieved towards fathoming their darkness,—the more he seemed involved in new perplexities!

It was, however, an inexpressible comfort to Basil, that his confidence in his old friend was in process of restoration.—To find him openly avowing his disguises, and glorying in his eccentricity, was far more satisfactory than to fancy him the confederate of knaves and impostors; and even the certainty of his obdurate estrangement from a sister so worthy as Mrs. Verelst, was nothing in comparison with the pain of supposing him in league with Stubbs the picture-dealer, in a double imposition upon the Duke of Rochester and the unfortunate Verelst.

The first person who accosted Basil Annesley on the following day, as he was about to enter his Club, was John Maitland; who, instead of the nod that usually passed between them, surprised him by a sudden and fervent grasp of the hand.

"Come a little way down St. James's Street with me, Nan," said he, hooking his arm into that of Basil, and proceeding with him, leisurely, towards Brookes's.—"You are a good fellow," he resumed, as soon as they were out of hearing of Wilberton, and one or two others who were clustered round the door.—"Believe me, I feel the full force of our obligations!"

"What obligations?" demanded the astonished Basil.

"Oh! you need not affect ignorance.—No occasion to be afraid now of my pleasantries on the subject of A. O.—I am as fully aware as you can desire that *such* a friend in need is a friend indeed.'—Yesterday afternoon, my dear fellow, my prognostications were fulfilled.—There was an execution in our house.—A pleasant thing, eh? for her ladyship and the girls, to see bailiffs sitting in the hall!"—he continued, with a swelling bosom.—"However, it is partly their own fault, if that be any comfort!—All the blame was not on my father's side,—though they choose to place it there!"

"I am heartily sorry,—sincerely sorry," Basil was beginning.

"Come, come!—don't talk so like the Dowager-colonel!" cried John Maitland—"Carr was heartily sorry,—sincerely sorry!—but, hang it—you were better than sorry!"

"What was I, then?" inquired Basil, shrugging his shoulders at the levity of his friend,—"for, upon my soul, I have not the least idea!"

"Of course not,—because *you*, forsooth, have not the slightest acquaintance with A. O.!—It was not *you* who interceded in behalf of my family!—It was not your liking for Lucy, (who by the way is half out of her wits with thankfulness,) which induced you to determine the man whom you will not own as friend or acquaintance, but over whom you have all the influence of a master over a slave, or a Czar of Muscovy over a Colonel of Hussars, to come forward once more to my father's relief,—discharge the writ,—and (on condition of his letting the house in Arlington Street, and retiring to Maitland Park,) reëstablish the family affairs?—Oh! no!—It was not by any means *you* who did us this excellent service!"

"As I live and breathe,—*no!*" cried Basil Annesley, with such earnestness as to cause his companion to stop short for a moment.—"Had I the power, indeed, I would have done as much, or twice as much for a friend.—But I have not a guinea in the world!"

"My dear Nan, it is too late to recommence with this flummery!" cried Maitland, almost angry at his seeming mistrust.—"This man, (I beg his pardon, this gentleman,—for a gentleman, God knows, he has shown himself to *us*,) owned to me, in so many words, that he was acting at your instigation; or, more correctly speaking, with a view of affording you pleasure."

"He *has* afforded me sincere pleasure by his liberality," rejoined Basil. "But he must have divined my wishes by preternatural means, for I

wear I never expressed them; nor, on my word f honour as a gentleman, have I any claims upon im that could justify my attempting to influence is conduct in the smallest particular."

John Maitland replied by another incredulous mile.—But they had now returned to the Club oor.

"Not a word of all this before the others!"—as the parting injunction of John Maitland;—a arning altogether superfluous,—for nothing would ave induced Basil to advert, in presence of his rother officers, to any subject even remotely in-olving mention of a name so repellent as A. O.

Before night, Basil had managed to obtain a eek's leave of absence, with the view of accom-lishing his visit to Barlingham; and despatched letter to his mother entreating her sanction to is journey. The delay occasioned by waiting for er reply would, however, necessarily detain him wo days in town; a circumstance he would gladly ave avoided,—dreading that the renewal of his intimacy with the artist's family, and their recon-cilement with Abednego, might throw him once more into their society, and compel him to become a witness of the mutual affection and happiness of the Duke di San Catalda and Esther Verelst!

On the morrow, however, he was to be on guard, which, for four-and-twenty hours at least, would secure him from contact with any member of the family.

The weather was now as fine as London weather ever pretends to be;—for even the height of sum-mer is scarcely so enjoyable in the metropolis as those delicious days of opening May, before the young leaves have found out into what a world of soot and smoke they have budded: but bear their ver-dure in purity and freshness, like the bright and unsullied countenance of a sinless child.—The skies were blue,—the leaves green,—the sparrows chirping gaily in park and square, as if making the most of their time, ere London was covered once more with dust and ashes,—her leaves seared and shrivelled,—her atmosphere obscured.—At such a season, it is difficult for the buoyant heart of two-and-twenty to sink under the pressure of care!

At the instigation of its own pulses, it hopes when hope there is none,—it loves, when prospect of happiness there is none! The spring-tide of life dances wildly and irresistibly within its bosom.—No! despair is indeed difficult for the young.

Basil usually disliked being on guard; from the mere restraint of being tied to time and place;—getting up earlier than usual, and being restricted for the day to such pastimes as a lounge in the British Gallery. Unaffected and unpretending, he had no taste for parading himself and his uni-form in St. James's Street, an appetite that rarely extends beyond the first fortnight of escape from cubhood to ensignhood; during which, a young guardsman is privileged to astonish the waiting-women at Grange's and melt half the Mirific Balsam in Willis's shop, with the splendour of his scarlet and gold.

But on the day in question, howbeit the evening before he had congratulated himself on the certain-ty thus afforded of escape from the visits of Osalez or Verelst, no sooner was he established at St. James's, than he became insupportably irritated by his enthralment. He discovered that it was essential to go and pay a visit of ceremony to the Branzinis, before Esther was installed in their household. He found out that, in the family dis-tresses of the Maitlands, he should be inexcusable if he failed in the respect of leaving a card at their door.—In point of fact he wanted only to be free. —In the restlessness of his discontent he fumed and fretted to be master of his own actions. Had he not been on guard, Basil would probably have ridden off into the country;—devised business at Richmond, or sulked to his solitary white-bait at the Crown and Sceptre;—and when there—have suddenly become equally fidgety to return to Lon-don. He was, in fact, burning with desire to know all that was passing under the roof of the artist. For the first time, the brother officers on guard with him found him absent and unsociable.—Col-onel Loftus, (John Maitland being absent,) had ven-tured to banter him upon his flirtation with Lucy; and the pain which her manifest partiality was supposed to cause to their friend Blencowe.—But the fractiousness of Basil's replies soon convinced them that he was in no mood to be trifled with. They saw that he was thoroughly out of temper; nor was it till they had watched him fling away two or three successive cigars as they all stood smoking together on the steps after dinner, that they attributed his captious fastidiousness to the right cause;—the irritation of a man crossed in love, and whom everything and everybody else consequently crosses,—for if the course of true love never runs smooth, it assuredly seldom fails to render us equally stumbling-blocks in the paths of other people.

The first thing intimated to Basil on reaching his lodgings after coming off guard the following morning, was, that Mr. Osalez had called upon him once or twice in the course of the preceding day, manifesting great anxiety to see him.

"And why did you not tell him I was on guard?"—demanded young Annesley; to whom it appeared as easy a matter to pay a visit at St. James's, as at his private residence.

"I did, Sir; but the gentleman seemed put out, and muttered something about 'puppies' and 'coxcombs,' which made me think it unlikely he would drive further," replied the prim Mr. Smith.

"He was in his carriage, then?" inquired Basil.

"He was, Sir."

"And alone?"

"No, Sir.—There was another old gentleman with him, whom I could not rightly see. But both of them seemed much disappointed at not finding you."

After receiving this intelligence, Basil, while dressing and breakfasting, resolved to proceed immediately to the house of Osalez.—Something regarding the interests of Verelst might be in agi-tation, in which his assistance was needful.—But to which among the many residences of his Protean friend was he now to address himself?

"As he called in his carriage," mused the young guardsman, "he came, I conclude, in the character

of Osalez the financier ; and I will therefore hasten to Bernard Street."

Having mounted his hack, he proceeded thither in haste ; but at the door received, from the now obsequious butler, who delighted to honour all whom his master delighted to receive at his dinner-table, the information that might have been anticipated—"Mr. Osalez had been off to the city these two hours."

"And where am I to find him in the city?" demanded young Annesley; a query that appeared to excite as much amazement in the rotund pantler, as though he had demanded in what quarter of the town he was to look for Westminster Abbey!

"You will find Mr. Osalez, Sir, on the Stock Exchange," said he, conceiving that the handsome young gentleman, differing so widely from the usual visitants of that house, must be infirm of intellect.—"If off 'Change, you will find him at his house of business."

"And where is *that*?"—incautiously inquired Basil.

The man seemed to draw largely upon the decorum of his calling, in order to refrain from a laugh.

"In the Old Jewry, Sir.—But you need only mention the name of Mr. Osalez in the city, Sir, for any one to show you the way. The first cabman or orange-boy you meet will inform you."

To the city Basil now hurried; and his park hack was probably as much amazed as his master, to find himself wedged between wagons full of puncheons of sugar or bales of dry goods, the gigantic size of which accounted equally for the power of the splendid draught horses and extent of the teams in use, which appeared to belong to a world of more colossal dimensions.—The stunning rumble of Cheapside, the perpetual motion involving so much of the *utile* and so little of the *dulce* of life, served to excite his wonder how the less practical part of business, the portion requiring the aid of figures and calculations, could ever be carried on in the midst of such a hubbub!

On turning, however, into the narrow lane suggested to him, at his first inquiry, as containing the house of business of Osalez & Co., he perceived that even the city has its "quiet situations," its "no thoroughfares,"—like the aristocratic Park Places, and St. James's Places, adjoining the parks of the West End. The narrow, dirty, dingy lane was apparently occupied by the warehouses of wholesale trade.—For just as every house of mark in St. James's had formerly its iron extinguisher beside the door, to put out the flambeaux of the footmen, every doorway had, in token of distinction, its ponderous iron crane, and the lower windows of the houses were closely boarded. On every door-post was inscribed one or more names, as unaristocratic as "Jacob Grimms & nephew," "Fiskin, brothers," "Dando & Company," without further indication of their calling, names constituting the unostentatious thews and sinews of commercial life ;—and though little or no traffic was going on, at that hour, in the street, it is probable that a larger amount of capital passed through every one of those shabby doorways in the course of a week, than into any mansion in St. James's Square in the period of a year!

Half-way down the lane, however, was an opening into a small court, which, by calculation, appeared to contain the number indicated to Basil; and having accordingly dismounted and given his horse in charge to a steady-looking old man, who put himself forward for the charge, Basil proceeded through the gorge of a narrow court into a larger one, surrounded by high buildings ; one side of which seemed occupied by a handsome old-fashioned dwelling-house, and the other by a range of buildings, the basement story of which was appropriated to counting-houses. Of this portion of the mansion, the huge swing-doors seemed in continual vibration to admit or emit a perpetual string of human beings ;—the sort of careworn, sallow-cheeked people, who walk with their coats closely buttoned over their pockets, and their blank visages indicating a mind wandering at many miles' distance ;—whom one recognises at first sight as the children of the tribe of Mammon.

Unnoticed,—for such people proceed straight to their place of rendezvous, without a vacant thought to bestow on auguries of the flight of crows or sight of strange faces,—Basil pushed his way through the swing-doors among the rest ; and, after passing a second swing-door, found himself in a vast, skylighted chamber, containing, by way of furniture, a large time-piece against the wall, three long ranges of wooden counters, forty wooden stools, and forty wooden clerks sitting calculating thereupon ; each with his parchment-bound ledger before him,—each with the multiplication-table engraved on his soul in characters effacing even those of the tables of the law!

In the centre of the hall, was a single mahogany desk and stool, somewhat loftier than the rest, apparently destined to the use of the high-priest of the temple of Mammon. But it was vacant.—Clerks were bustling backwards and forwards, with cheque-books, or pocket-books, or printed papers in their hands ; apparently as mechanical in operations involving the disposal of millions, as the time-piece against the wall in admeasurement of the still more valuable currency assigned to its computation.—A buzz of whispers, never rising into unbusiness-like tumult, seemed to form a portion of the heated and unsavoury atmosphere of the place ;—the money shovelled backwards and forwards across the grated pay-counter being of no more account in the eyes of the individuals occupied in promoting its circulation, than barley-sugar in those of the confectioner's boy to whom prohibition has ceased to be irksome.

As usual, when in chase of his extraordinary friend, Basil Annesley found himself among a race of persons with whom he had neither an emotion nor an impulse in common ; and after being pushed against, and shuffled aside for a minute or two, by individuals having business to transact, and as careless in their outward man as is usually the case with those who have anything to do in the world,—he inquired for Mr. Osalez. The clerk to whom he applied, pointed to the vacant chair, as much as to say, "Can't you use your eyes and perceive that he

is absent?"—when Basil, perceiving that his informant was young and beardless, a stripling like himself, moved a few steps towards the swing-doors, and again addressed the inquiry to a grave-looking, middle-aged man, with a bald head, seedy coat, and mourning ring on his little finger;—who was wasting his time in mending his pen, and had the appearance, among his brother clerks, of a heavy coach running against the mails.

On finding himself civilly accosted by a well-dressed stranger, the elderly clerk slipped from beneath the counter, and desiring Basil to follow him, led the way to the extremity of the hall, towards a room divided from it only by a glazed compartment, shaded with green curtains; but containing only another desk with an old silver standish and writing implements, and half-a-dozen horse-hair chairs.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," apologized the dull old clerk,—"I fancied Mr. Osalez must be here!—He must have just stepped out. He will be back at two. He is always here as the clock strikes two. Perhaps you will return?—or at least favour me by writing your name for him?"

Basil declined doing either. He felt that he had committed a blunder in following Osalez. He found himself as little at home in that vast establishment, as at the bottom of a gold mine. The place was as little adapted to the confidences he was expecting as the little noisy chamber containing the clock-works of St. Paul's!—Angry with himself and the clerk for the time he had wasted, he muttered something about calling again; and bustled his way back again through the hall, when his transit was as little noted as that of one of the motes dancing in the slanting sunbeams straggling through the skylight,—as if in search of some living being on which to confer enjoyment, from the paved open space adjoining the old mansion-house, and ruralized by the name of garden, because containing a pump, and an old sycamore, with about as much sap in the trunk as there exists in the copper-tree forming part of the Chatsworth *jets d'eau*.

Having reached once more the narrow opening of the court into the street, Basil was about to remount his horse, the rein of which was offered him with one hand by the old man, while holding out the other for the expected remuneration; when, as he was groping in his pocket for a sixpence, instead of the shilling he would probably have given had his visit been less infructuous, the man whispered in a tone of mysterious confidence, "Vy for you sheek him here, ma tear?"—and lo, after a start of surprise, young Annesley recognised in the decent-looking individual by whom he was addressed, the fellow who, both in Delahaye Street and at Rochester House, had already marked his respectful recognition of the protégé of A. O.

"And *where* should I seek Mr. Osalez, unless at his house of business?"—demanded Basil, angrily.

"He hash more houshes of bushinesh than van, two, or dree,"—replied the familiar of Abednego's inquisition.

"Take me to the one where I am most likely to find him, then,—and it shall be worth your while," observed Basil Annesley.

The old man, who had been stooping in scornful examination of the minute coin bestowed on him by Annesley, now peered up into his face with a cunning glance, that not even the disappearance of his rusty beard could disguise from being that of the old Jew; and with only a familiar nod of the head by way of signal of acquiescence and intelligence, he now took the head of Basil's horse and preceded him through a tortuous complexity of dirty lanes, in which the stagnant atmosphere seemed imprisoned as in the cell of a felon!

At the close of a ten-minutes' walk, he paused in a small shabby street, which, from the unequal form of the buildings, seemed to constitute the rear or outlet of one of greater magnitude, and taking a key from his pocket, opened a mean-looking green door, to which neither knocker nor bell-handle was attached; then, stepping back stealthily to Basil, resumed the rein of his horse.

"Do you suppose that I am going to run my head into an earth so uninviting as *that*?"—cried young Annesley, warmly.—"How do I know into what sort of a den of thieves you may be decoying me?"

"Tievesh if ye shoose!" said the Jew, no whit offended. "But the pashage before you, ma tear, leadsh shtraigh where you would find A. O. *Thatsh* all!"

Reassured by his previous knowledge of the old fellow's connexion with Abednego, Basil determined to dare the adventure!—Single-handed, he knew himself to be a match for most men; and his strange conductor would scarcely venture to allure into any dangerous resort an officer of the guards, for whom active search would be made in case of disappearance, and who would easily be traced, through the house of business of Osalez, to the suspicious spot. Nevertheless, the entrance to the narrow passage was grim and repelling enough to daunt a bolder adventurer.

Once crossed the threshold, he was rather excited than otherwise, by the mysterious aspect of the spot. But scarcely had he groped a few steps along the dark stone corridor, when the door was clapped to behind him; and he found himself alone in the stone passage, which received light only through small gratings inserted in the doors at either end, as if for the purpose of ventilation.—Since it was as easy to attempt further progress, as to return, Basil pushed his way forwards; and on approaching the door at the end, he perceived that near it, the passage widened, so as to form a recess containing a wooden bench; while through the grating, which was on an exact level with his face, voices in eager disputation reached him from within.—One of them, at least, was familiar to him—one of them was that of A. O.!—The other was a woman's!

On applying his hand to find a latch or opening, he found to his surprise that what he had conceived to be a door, was simply a portion of the passage,—the wooden bench being continued across; and after a moment's reflection, the nature of the apartment within, and of the conversation which he could not forbear overhearing, convinced him that he was simply installed in some hiding-place or

observatory,—some Dionysius's ear,—from which the Money-lender was in the habit of exercising his unholy inquisition over his victims previous to a closer encounter! To interrupt such a conversation as was passing in the chamber beyond, with the admission of having been an eavesdropper, would convey mortification to one party, vexation to the other; and Basil felt consequently privileged to abide the result of the interview.

The fragment of discourse that now reached his ears, however it might disgust, afforded him no new insight into the character or conduct of the lady upon whom he was thus forced to play the spy, —being no other than the young Countess of Winterfield. All he had formerly heard to her disadvantage from Abednego, naturally recurred to his mind; and he was consequently less surprised at the tone of harshness and air of contempt openly assumed towards her by the Money-lender.

For it was no longer the well-dressed, well-mannered Osalez who stood before him. There was nothing to recall the distinguished financier,—the enlightened patron of the Arts!—It was the hard, cautious, calculating old usurer of Soho who occupied a plain arm-chair; opposite to the sofa whereon, arrayed in all the elegance of fashion, alternately smiling and weeping,—exercising her coquetry as a beauty, and her pathos as a petitioner,—sat the unhappy woman, who evidently trusted to the effect of her mingled charms and eloquence, to soften the obdurate heart of—A. O.!

THE BROTHERS.

Corsican Hero! Citizen of France!
In manhood fire and light—as in youth flame!
Famed by a name which ages in advance
Shall echo doubly—nor let die that fame;
Buonaparte—Hero!—Lucien is thy name.
Murmur the world o'er his dead brother's glory,
As vain winds whistle o'er day's dying gleam!
Those praises like that breeze are transitory.
Awe-struck, we sorrow for ambition's child,
(The oft-repeated, still forgotten story,)
Beguiled by what has sometimes *all* beguiled—
War, victory, conquest, empire grim and gory.
Not all—true friend and brother free—not *Thee*,
Patriot, Citizen, more than Emperor free.

Emperor o'er thy own aspiring soul,
Whose virtuous soul withstood His guilty art,
Whose pilot-voice warned of the perilous shoal,—
Why from thy friendship did Napoleon start?
Love's rose-links once light-wreathed *His* living-heart.
He grasp'd a sceptre. The chill touch of power
Shot through his nature a torpedo dart—
Harden'd that heart, and petrified each flower.
He wedded Empire. Deadly was her dower—
Jealousies, envyings, whisperings, and divorce.
The phantom soon o'er land and sea 'gan tower
Beckoning o'er corpses and through blood his course.
The giant shade, world shadowing, rose before him,
And carrion War's strong wings in triumph bore him.

Destiny pitying tried the name of "Father."
Love's looks and childhood's prattle Peace persuaded.
In vain. Not long he now loved Love. Hate rather
With wild songs lured him. Youth and Joy had faded.
If Pride woke Insult—Insult called in Wrong—
Wrong met with Wrath—and Wrath to Ruin rush'd,—
What marvel? Rapid is the strife—not long—
When the world's demon deities mingle, flush'd
With War's wild drunkenness, and drunk desire
Of more—more blood, more vengeance, more dominion.
If touchwood kindle—will not powder fire?
If hawks will soar—will eagles stoop their pinion?
If rats begirt with foes will fight for life—
Will the wolf, tiger, lion shrink from strife?
Was't strange—that, with the whole world's hunters round him,
Long kept at bay, he fell?—He fell to rise.—
Rose to fight—fought to fall. And then they bound him.
Yet Destiny, still pitying, her child's eyes
With solemn visions—such as make man wise—
In that first fall and second rise had blest;
Rent the sun-dazzling silver veil that drest
Glory's demoniac face in its disguise.
Avignon's hatred and Grenoble's love,
Echoing a brother's warnings, both exprest
His "had been" and his "should have been,"—and wove
Spells round his soul that might have given it rest,
And his realm blessing;—had it been his doom
To reign again—or rest, but in his tomb.

Oh France! thou wert not to be blest. Thy trial
Was not yet ended, as His nearly was.
That power whom thou hadst mock'd by thy denial,
Found not thy heart—if his—ripe for repose.
Yet look on these two brethren. Let the earth
Look on this drama of high heaven with thee.
On Glory's rocks red flares the beacon forth—
Home's hearth-flame shines more softly, yet as free.
Which will ye shun? which seek?—Lucien! once more
Upon *thy* amaranthine crown I gaze.
There Genius, Freedom, Self-restraint, the lore
Of art, of science, and of learning blaze
O'er eyes the stars of pure and faithful Love.
(If so—no nobler gem the skies above.)

Those eyes have gone searching the starry road
With Herschel, child of Science. Found they not
There a new world,—Hope's, Liberty's abode!
When fiery hearts are laid in earth to rot,
Should these Two Brethren meet on such a spot,
In ages yet undream'd of—shall the last
Be first? and the first last? yet not a thought
Of envy-wakening Ambition cast
Its old shade o'er the recreated spirit?
Until precedence merge in love divine,
And each the long-lost brotherhood inherit—
And both hearts, perfect, in one will, combine.
Who will make answer?—Answer it who can.
Hath Knowledge, Faith, or Fancy such a span?

MUSINGS IN THE WEN.—No. V.

LEGENDARY LORE.

London is extremely poor in localised tradition. A good ghost, such as every close and wynd in the Canongate of Edinburgh can furnish, is not to be had for love or money. Some attribute this deficient supply of spectres, in a market which has a swallow capacious enough for them or anything else, to the density of the population, and the rapidity with which events calculated to arrest the attention of the populace succeed each other.

"Ghosts," say this class of reasoners, "are notoriously a shy and proud race. They do not like to mix in a crowd: it would almost seem that the thin air of which they are composed requires more elbow-room than our condensed bodies, and is more susceptible of pain and inconvenience from a squeeze. And they are (strange to say of immortal beings) mortally offended at the slightest show of disrespect. Luther used to drive away the infernal apparition by which he was haunted by 'rumping him,' to borrow a phrase once current at the court of 'the first gentleman in Europe;' and everybody knows that ghosts do not condescend to appear to those who do not pay them the respect of thinking a good deal about them. In the throng of London, a ghost can scarcely find a quiet corner where it can place its thin substance, without incurring the risk of some clown 'putting his foot in it;' and the people are kept so constantly gaping by new shows and wonders, that the shadowy people feel a want of proper attention, and withdraw themselves altogether."

This is rather plausible; but does not account for the want of localised legends of a merely human and mortal interest, which are quite as scanty as the others. The truth appears to be, that there is a scarcity of traditions in London, because there have been so few permanent resting-places for them to nestle in. Legends, like the "temple-haunting martlet," require "buttress and coigne of vantage, to make their pendent nest and procreant cradle." In the busy ever-changing world of London, buttresses and coignes are both knocked down before time is given to build the nests. Had Sir Thomas Gresham's old original Exchange survived, it is possible that the ghost of the knight might have been found taking its nocturnal rounds to see how affairs went on. Possibly the enormous posterior protuberance of the trunk-hose of some Dutch merchant, who killed himself with Schiedam, for grief at having been overreached by a Jew in some bargain about the blood-manured spices of Amboyna, might have been seen or heard to rustle along his countrymen's walk at the witching hour, a gleaming meer-schaum in his mouth, from which issued strong fumes of sulphur. But Sir Thomas had little personal connexion with the late, and will have less with the new Exchange; while both belong to an era at which the hinder-ends even of Dutchmen, having been compressed within moderate limits, have become much too common-place to be fitting wear for the denizens of the spectral world. Then again if ever a deceased worthy had a right to "walk," (we use the technical phrase of ghost-seers,) it was Thomas-à-Becket,—not only on account of the rude manner in which his spirit was dislodged from its earthly tenement, but on account of certain freaks and pranks of his younger days, before he set up for a saint. And London as his native place, and Londoners as entertaining a great affection for him, (the guild or corporation of brewers made him their patron saint,) were more likely than any other place or persons, (except perhaps Canterbury and its well-fed monks, worthily represented in these Protestant days by its no less well-fed prebends residentiary,) to catch a sight of him. But his own and his father's house at the corner of the Old Jewry has been swept away, and the site built upon over and over again, till no ghost could recognise it, and till the very antiquaries of the ward and parish have ceased to associate the place with St. Thomas—"the blissful holy martyr," as Chaucer, the first Cockney poet, (and an inveterate Cockney he was,) calls him. But, above all, we incline to attribute the extreme paucity of traditions—spectral or human—to be met with in London, to the great fire of 1666, which "burned them out," a summary method of ejection still pursued towards another class of refractory undesirable neighbours.

Almost the only man of note, who has kept his ground, is Oliver Cromwell—and that is as a flesh-and-blood, not as a ghostly character. You no more hear of his spectre being visible in the neighbourhood of Tyburn (or, as it is now called, with that strange fatality which seems to identify a certain ducal title "illustrious by courtesy," with everything disagreeable, Cumberland) gate, than you do of that of Charles I. haunting the precincts of Whitehall. And yet, if vulgar butcherly spite, vented upon his remains by poor-spirited enemies, ever gave a man's ghost a right to disturb peaceable, unoffending people, Cromwell's has that right. But though he does not condescend to appear for the purpose of keeping people in mind of him, he has not been forgotten.

You can scarcely remain any length of time in any part of London, or its suburbs, without hearing of some house which local tradition represents as connected, some way or other, with the Lord Protector. In the year 1794, there was still standing, in Clerkenwell, a large house, said to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. It was burned down some years since; but the memory of its site is perpetuated by a Cromwell Place, which has risen upon the ruins. In Hoxton, in the far East, is or was a building, which claimed, in like manner, to have been once a residence of Oliver Cromwell. In Old Brompton, there is a Cromwell House, in which, so long as it was open to sight-seers, the old crone, who enacted the part of Cicerone, was wont to point out recesses and hiding-places in chimneys, and behind wainscots, in

which, as she averred, Cromwell was wont to ensconce himself when the soldiers were in pursuit of him. What strange freaks oral tradition does play with its heroes! converting Cromwell, from a hunter of fugitive cavaliers, into a "partridge hunted" through priest's hiding-holes; and George Buchanan, from a grave reformer of universities, into "the king's fool." Whoever has traversed the suburban continuation of Tottenham Court Road, towards Highgate, through Kentish-town, must remember an old square brick mansion, with the appearance of having once been moated round. Lonely and isolated it appears, though not remote from houses, upon its smooth level of stunted grass, with one or two dwarf trees beside it. Every time we have occasion to pass it, some new evidence appears of its yielding to the insidious sapping of the elements—some widening crack in the walls, through which daylight is visible—some falling of a lump of brick-work, leaving the lathing bare to view: and yet, although new structures are rising all around, and the site is an eligible one, nobody seems to think of removing the ruins, and erecting a new dwelling in their stead. Is it that no one can make out a title to the land? Is it that no one cares to take up his abode upon that spot? We know not; but ask any of the natives what that old, decrepit mansion—dead and lonely amid the surrounding life and bustle—has been, and you will be told it was Oliver Cromwell's house.

It is at first somewhat perplexing to find as many localities in London contending for the honour of having been the residence of Oliver Cromwell as there were cities in Greece contending for the honour of having given birth to Homer; seeing that Cromwell was a country gentleman, and had little or no permanent connexion with the metropolis, till near the time when he occupied the regal palaces. The explanation of the anomaly seems to be in the fact, that there were various Cromwells, who occupied distinguished offices at different times, and who are known to have resided in London; but that none of these having made any very deep or lasting impression upon the popular imagination, the little lights of all of them have in turn been absorbed in, and swallowed up by that Cromwell who did leave an indelible impression of his power upon it. So in the East, wherever any little Alexander, (or Iskinder,) has contrived to write his name, we find it, in a generation or two, coming to be taken for that of *the* Alexander—the Macedonian. This circumstance of the traditionary fame of Cromwell being swelled by so many tributary brooks, is the best proof of the reality and extent of his popularity. It must have been a gigantic reputation that could so engross the attention of men as to make them, in a manner, forget that any other of the name had ever existed. And it is never in an unkindly manner that his memory is kept up. Even in the time of Charles II., it was recalled with a kind of confiding affection—a fact to which the court-hunting, though not very courtly, Mr. Pepys, more than once bears testimony.

Something of the same kind has happened in Scotland with the name of Wallace. The one Wallace, like the one Jupiter of the Greeks, has absorbed the minor glories of all others of the name; and we find Wallace caves and Wallace seats where the real Wallace never has been. Wordsworth remarks in one of his poems, that the "Scottish patriot has left the name of Wallace to be found like a wild-flower all over his dear country." Oliver Cromwell, let those to whose minds the name conveys none but distasteful associations look grim as they may, is, in like manner, the flower of London—"London pride,"—there was a flower which used so to be called in our younger days. In Scotland you are a kind of polytheists: besides the universal name of Wallace, every nook and glen of the country has its local minor deity. But London, were it not for Cromwell, would be utterly devoid of traditionary associations. Your hills are deep-rooted. They will not shift and move from their places at the will of man. They will scarce even alter one feature of their stern countenances at his bidding: whilst our brick-work varies in form and situation almost as rapidly and unsteadily as the smile and frown pass interchangeably across a human face, like sun-bursts chasing the clouds' shadows over a field of ripening grain. It is comparatively easy for man to write his history in the memories of the few deep-thoughted inhabitants of a mountain country, where intruders rarely come; but that must indeed have been a mind of rare and startling qualities, (we speak not of their moral worth,) which could stamp its lineaments for perpetuity upon the inexpressive surface of the rich but commonplace undulations of the site of our metropolis, and on the unimpressible minds of its shifting crowd, where the inhabitants of to-day are elbowed out by the new-comers of to-morrow; and where the glare and din of the busy scene of which he forms a part, blinds and deafens every man to all other sights and sounds. It is a miracle scarcely short of a man's "writing his name in water" in lasting characters.

There is one popular monument of Oliver Cromwell's "whereabout," that has considerable probability. West of Hyde Park Corner, a little past where the roads to Fulham and Kensington separate, on the rising ground up which the latter curves, directly in front of the cavalry barracks, is an old-fashioned building, which is currently understood to have been Oliver Cromwell's posting-house, and the head-quarters of his body-guard. It has in every respect, except that it has been of late most glaringly white-washed, the appearance of the inns of the seventeenth century. The front is long in proportion to its height, and the windows are as broad as they are high; at the west end of the house a gateway admits into a back-yard, round which are (or rather have been, for the continuity is now somewhat interrupted) tiers of open galleries, out of which the bedrooms (now in many instances occupied as separate tenements) open immediately. The house is tenanted by a genuine Scot, who promises in his tap-room windows excellent Scotch whisky in addition to the indigenous beverages of the South, and has extended above the house a board long and broad, ranging the whole extent of the building, containing,—among other delectable devices of two grim green-plaided

Highlanders supporting the Fraser arms,—an intimation of the connexion formerly existing between the inn and the Lord Protector of these kingdoms.

The place seems to enjoy a fair share of the custom of the inmates of the neighbouring barracks. It would be curious if one could ascertain what are the prevailing traditions of the army about old Noll—for the army, (we mean the privates thereof,) like all corporate bodies, has a set of traditions especially and exclusively its own, of which the world at large is in a great measure ignorant. There are a many of military romance writers in our days; but the *literati* of the army are either the officers (and English officers know little of the men except on parade) or young men of some education who have drifted by their follies into the ranks, and never become perfectly amalgamated with them. The genuine old soldier is not a writing but a gossiping being, and he feels too awkward in the presence of his superiors to open out to them. Even the historian of the Peninsular War, whose battles read like passages from some epic poem, has failed in giving us an idea of the British soldier. Smollett and, still more, Fielding have left us one or two happy sketches; and Hogarth's grenadiers are the men themselves. But the opinions and traditions of the army—the current topics of conversation, the conventional creed of the private soldiery,—have yet to be recorded. It would nowise astonish us to find that Oliver Cromwell occupied a distinguished place in their muster-roll of military saints. One at least of the regiments which constitute the British army, dates from about his time; and of the component members of the original companies of the Guards, organized under his successors, Charles and James, not a few were drafted from the broken-up army of the Commonwealth. The revolution gave a tone to the soldiery favourable to the reminiscences of the civil wars, and the "iron-sides" who drubbed the Cavaliers, the legitimate ancestors of the Jacobites. Marlborough was a Whig, and the Tories (being mostly out of place) were the great declaimers against standing armies. It is far from unlikely that, could we creep into the confidence of the *habitués* of the guard-room, we might find Oliver warmly spoken of. This at least is in favour of the supposition:—Knightsbridge, the locality which has suggested these conjectures, has been long a military station. The Marquis of Granby had his head-quarters at the opposite end of the village from the present cavalry barracks, behind the great gallery where Mr. Dunn is now exhibiting his Chinese museum, and all the aristocracy are flocking to muse on the glories of the Opium War; but none of our more recent warriors have retained their position on the sign-posts around: Marlborough, the Duke of Cumberland, the Marquis of Granby—all have disappeared. A bleached Admiral Keppel at Little Chelsea, is the only rival, and scarcely a rival, to the jolly tavern immortality of the son of the brewer of Huntingdon.

None of our legitimate sovereigns has enjoyed such a popular immortality as this anomalous intruder, whose presence has sorely perplexed the *bienséance* of our decorous historians, in classifying and designating the successive rulers of England. He is not unfrequently concealed under the general title "the Commonwealth," like a pill in a spoonful of jelly. "Commonwealth," indeed, where one man's will was law, as surely as in the days of Bluff Harry VIII! He was a king in England,—a king with as little power of appreciating and respecting the liberty of the subject, as one born to the trade, but withal a greater master in their line of business than any of them. He and Napoleon are more likely to live in the memories of the people, than those who merely come to occupy a throne by hereditary succession; because it has been their lot to reëstablish the subverted throne, in order to sit in it,—to build up a new monarchy out of the *disjecta membra* of the old, weltering *in gurgite vasto* of a revolution. They obtain their hold on the public mind partly as *de facto* rulers, partly as belonging in some sort to the class of Lycurgus and Mahomet.

We have not quite so great an admiration for the Cromwell and Napoleon class, or so maudlin a love for them, as is felt or affected by some *energumens* of the press at present. They shine, in part, with a reflected light; what seems their own innate power, is in a great measure the force of circumstances,—they are cold, calculating, and swim with the tide, and thus succeed, not so much because they are better and braver than others, as because they are less accessible to self-forgetting enthusiasm. Take, for example, the latter of the two monarchs named above, whose career being nearer to us, whose feelings, and views, and language being those common to an age in which we have lived, we can more easily understand. When the revolution began, Napoleon hailed it gladly, because it removed the obstacles in the way of his rising in his profession. When he witnessed the capture of the Thuilleries, and saw Louis XVI. addressing his emancipated serfs with the *bonnet rouge* on his head, he merely exclaimed, "It is all over with that man." He did not sympathize with the possessor of fallen power, over whom all the savages who had been allowed or forced to grow up in the bosom of a seemingly civilized society, learning to imitate (as savages always will do) its vices more easily than its virtues, scampered with their muddy and bloody hoofs. But neither did he sympathize with the emancipated multitude who were by this outwardly revolting act rendered more assured of that freedom which man may abuse, but in which alone he can grow good or great. He sympathized merely with the idea of power, which had been overthrown, because deposited in feeble hands,—he sighed only for its restoration,—and perhaps even then the consciousness of what was within him, whispered the thought that he might be the person destined to weld its broken chain. He felt the instinct of domination strong within him, and he obsequiously, though warily, followed the pointing of his own appetite. There would be no tyrants were there no willing slaves. Already had the gilded and essenced sentimentalists of rank—already had the comfortable citizen—discovered that the road to that liberty which looked so fair, and which they dreamed could be obtained by grasping at, was

long and rough, a succession of hard stony ground which cut their tender feet, and sloughs of despond. They were yearning right heartily for the flesh-pots of Egypt. And destitute of a man to encourage them in the right path, they found one ready enough to lead them back to their old land of slavery, and to be himself to them in the place of the silly Pharaoh who lay whelmed beneath the red waves of the Revolution. All the seekers after a quiet, easy life—horrified by the terrors of the revolution—unable to muster sufficient manliness to resolve, since they had drunk of the bitter cup, to make an effort to obtain some enduring recompense for their sufferings—cried, "Come and king it over us." The epicurean selfishness of society rose *en masse*, and crushed beneath its feather-bed weight not only the ruffians, but the heroes of the revolution. Buonaparte was as much the more than half-passive figure borne along by this wave of reaction, as Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, had in their turn been merely the most conspicuous objects whirled along by the advancing wave of the revolution. Those effects were attributed to him, which were, in fact, marked by the combined force of the mass, at the top of which his good-luck as much as his genius had thrown him. He got credit for doing himself everything that was done in his name.

Something of the same kind can be traced in the career of Cromwell. He was born with the instinct of command, and he acted in blind obedience to it. He was strong—but strong like the elements, an involuntary power moving in obedience to a necessary law. He had not that degree of choice (most limited in all) which higher orders of intellect, by much wrestling, can attain to. He was the instinctive impulse of command contending against the equally blind appetite for having their own way, which animated the herd over which he triumphed. That there must be some kind of government is admitted upon all hands. This being the case, men are required with the taste and talent for commanding, just in the same way that men are required with aspirations after independence to keep the self-will of rulers in check. Minds like Cromwell and Napoleon are not to be lightly esteemed or indiscriminatingly reviled; but neither are they to be deified, as is the fashion with a class of pseudo-liberals—of men so liberal, that good and evil seem to them alike. The worship of a strong will is as degrading and more dangerous than the worship of "the moon as she walketh in brightness," and of the whole host of heaven to boot. They have their uses: their merits are to be allowed—and their despotism opposed.

It is a fatal thing for the greatness and happiness of a nation when such men arise at too early a period of their revolutionary struggles for liberty. The Toby Belches and Sir Andrew Aguecheeks,* who cluster round them, foster their innate egotism to a growth grotesque as it is gigantic. The mighty ruler learns to look upon himself as an end, not as the means to an end. The convulsive struggles, the sufferings of the nation, all are deemed to have been undergone in order that he and his race might be raised upon the shoulders of a crowd. The strife of men against a tyrant—of men against a false and degrading belief—becomes a strife of the slaves of contending dynasties. Men beat, and bruise, and hate each other, for empty words, or emptier puppets on a throne; and the investigation of truth, the flights of imagination, the cultivation of social happiness, are baffled and degraded.

These thoughts are for the present and for practical use: in the past we can regard the strife as we do a pageant on the stage—we can afford to be just to the merits of the idols of the populace. We do not quarrel with its deification of Cromwell, though we do protest against recent attempts to reëstablish the old idolatry of king and "hero-worship." And we feel that the isolation of Cromwell as the one hero of the localized traditions of London, has its bright side as a tribute to real, in preference to mere conventional greatness.

It is possible that we may be told that there are others besides him, whose memory is inseparably associated with certain places or buildings in the metropolis: and to obviate this objection we must point out the distinction between genuine and bookish tradition. Crook-backed Dick has an association with Crosby Hall, but only for the play-goer or reader of plays. It is the Richard III. of Shakspeare, not the real man that is thus remembered; and it is mainly by the reading public. This is a very different immortality from that which a man earns by his own efforts, impressing the recollection of his lineaments and deeds upon all, instead of having it done for him at second-hand by a poet. This book-worm tradition is forced work, not spontaneous: its shadowy objects stand in somewhat the same relation to those of the vulgar creed, that the grim phantom, which forced its presence upon Luther, does to the fiend whom Doctor Faustus conjured up with hard work and much sweat. There is a life, a distinctness, a reality about the voluntary spectre, that the reluctant slave of spells never attains to. Uncouth, tasteless, distorted are the lineaments of the heroes of popular tradition,—they are like fine drawings etched in lead or pewter,—but something of the geniality of the original does cling to them; and this is what we most desiderate in the associations of mere men of letters. Readers of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, of Boswell's Johnson, of the writers of the Elizabethan age, have pleasing conceptions of their heroes, and take pleasure in endeavouring to associate them with the localities they once haunted. But the effort is fruitless; the tie which bound them, has been severed by a mightier than man, and cannot be reknit.

> "Proximus illi tamen occupavit
> Pallas honores:"—

if any of the publicities of former days can be said to approximate to the traditionary vitality of Cromwell, it is the hero of one of the works just alluded to, Dr. Samuel Johnson. He has an immortality independent of Boswell, and extending beyond the mere reading public. The drayman is aware that Johnson's Court, was once inhabited by

* *Sir Toby.*—Wilt thou set thy foot upon my neck?
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.—Or upon mine either?

huge, blinking, ill-dressed gentleman, who "kept ne crown o' the causeway" (to use a northern hrase) when he walked the streets, and wrote ooks. His chair is still, or some years ago (as 're grow older those vanity-fairs cease to attract s) was shown at *The Cock;* and there the bag-ian, who drinks his stout and eats his oysters, nows who and what Dr. Johnson was without eing beholden for his information to the penny--liners, whose house-of-call it is; and not by any neans the more pleasant because of their company. At the Magog brew-house of Barclay and Perkins, he beer-swoln Cicerone points out to you a little oom over the gateway, in which, tradition says, Dr. Johnson composed his Dictionary. The anachron-sm contained in this last legend (for Johnson and he Thrales were not acquainted till long after the ublication of the Dictionary) warrants it genuine; no sophisticated extract of books. And it is right hat Johnson should thus live in the people's me-nory, for he had strong feelings for the rights of men, breaking through and illuminating his pre judices. He worshipped Church and State in the abstract, but he tore to tatters the cant which defended West Indian slavery, or any cruelty to man that was brought directly to his perception; and it is not in his books, but in Boswell, that we have his mind treasured up. A very incarnation was he of the spirit of domination, and tyrannised it in no gentle manner in the circles to which he belonged. But his conversation showed constant coruscations of robust, healthy judgment, which must have made him *somebody* had not his pension allowed him to indulge his constitutional idleness; and his tyranny was vented in words which, though they give pain, break no bones. He always strikes us as resembling Oliver Cromwell, much after the fashion that the swoln, distorted, and unsubstantial limbs of the giant spectre of the Brocken do those of the traveller who stands wondering at his uncouth mimicry.

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *July.*

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

THE SONG OF SEPTEMBER.—NO. IX.

I.

SUMMER, in radiant paradise,
Was redolent and bright
Of wings and eyes, that matched the skies,
In their celestial light;
And man, with laughing, joyous Eve,
Basked in the perfumed bowers
Of orange trees, that interweave
Their golden fruit with flowers:
But Earth's enjoyments were not full
—Though bright, and bland, and beautiful—
And so the whisper ran,
That fair September's hand must give
The heavenly grape to man,
Which tasted, he,
Like Gods, should be
Immortal, wise, imperative.—
Hearing the words, I breathed around,
And young Creation well'd
Its essence forth from sky and ground.
Man sought the vine; with eager soul
Compressed its nectar in a bowl
Of melon's rind, quaff'd deep, and grew
Wise, witty, fearless; felt, and knew,
Gods' hearts; and so rebell'd.
Triumphant o'er his clay, my spell,
That ripened grape, had kept him well,—
But in his joy Death dash'd the draught with evil things from hell.

II.

Ages had passed, the canker worm
Of Death still eating on,
Till came the term Life hid its germ
In old Deucalion;
Who, ere the deluged earth was dry,
Ere ocean drank its brine,
Where Ararat climbs to the sky
Had planted Eden's vine:
All that is left of heaven below,
To cherish Love 'midst death and woe.
So felt that ancient man;
And when the purple blush I pressed
On its rich fruit, began,
Like he who sees
High mysteries,
To feel immortal, rapt, and blest.—
Seeing him glad, I swore to teach
His children truths divine,
Beyond the priest's or prophet's reach.
And when I thrilled good Bacchus through
With knowledge Gods themselves scarce knew;
How life's love-spell, wine, drunk on,
Mimics or mocks Oblivion,
What wisdom equalled mine?—
No blight have I, no dearth, no storm;
I breath soft dew, my sun is warm,
Yet only boast my grape and wine,—heaven's light in earthly form.

J. A. O.

MADDEN'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.*

If the spy system be really revived in Ireland, which one insulated but very decided fact appears to intimate, then "The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen" is a work doubly called for. It forms the history of the horrible epoch known as "the Rebellion of '98"; an insurrectionary movement which is not the least memorable episode in the civilized world's grand revolutionary epic; opening with the revolt of the British American colonies, but where or when to terminate, no political prophet is yet alive that can foretell.

Dr. Madden, throughout a long course of years, has bestowed no ordinary pains in investigating facts, and collecting, from the most authentic original sources, materials for his desultory work; which may best be described as a series of biographical sketches of the Irish rebel leaders, illustrative of the profligate policy of the Irish government. If the work fail in accomplishing the perhaps impossible task of exalting the more distinguished of the actors and sufferers of that disastrous period into pure patriots and self-sacrificing martyrs, it completely succeeds in revealing the unworthy, and often atrocious conduct of the government and its base myrmidons; the total unfitness for their important trust of those to whom England then committed the safety of her most unmanageable conquered province, and the blindness of that dishonest policy with which Irish affairs have at all periods been administered. Nothing save that faint dawning of a more auspicious period, indicated by the active-passive, or resisting-nonresisting peaceful agitation, commenced by the Irish Catholic Association, which involves a grand principle in political science still very imperfectly developed, and from which society may hope for an illimitable power of self-improvement,—nothing save this could give us courage to enter upon the investigation of a period so deeply stigmatized by everything foul, treacherous, and base among the rulers; and hardly redeemed by the imperfect virtues and equivocal motives of the majority of the patriot leaders. In looking closely into the conduct and character of the more distinguished leaders in the Irish rebellion, even as displayed in this eulogistic work, little is to be seen save the fierce discontent of oppressed men wreaking itself indiscriminately upon whatever was nearest at hand; or the mercenary spirit which, in nearly the words of the old Highlander's prayer, wished to see the world turned upside down, that honest men might make their bread out of its troubles. With the few exceptions of the innocent victims most unscrupulously sacrificed by the villanous policy of the Irish government, and who are represented by such individuals as the elder Emmet; and of the honest if rash and shortsighted enthusiasts, who may be typified by Lord Edward Fitzgerald; there is really little among the leading Irish patriots of '98, or 1803, to command the sympathies of impartial inquirers looking calmly back after forty years; though there remains much to excite the bitterest indignation against those who played the Devil's part, in inciting to the commission of those acts or crimes which made the government sure of its victims at all hazards. We are not able, for example, greatly to admire the public character of Theobald Wolfe Tone, nor yet that of the Messrs. Sheares,—and are very doubtful of their claim to be enrolled in the list of genuine patriots; but we are, on the other hand, left in no manner of doubt as to the utter political profligacy of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clare, and the unredeemed baseness of their subordinates and hired spies: if, indeed, enlightened morality does not regard the tempter as a greater criminal than the meaner and more needy villain; and if the world's hollow code of honour has not blinded society to the true moral principles by which actions are to be judged. Of the more prominent actors of that period, it is, as in all such cases, much more easy to distinguish the degrees of rank and worldly estimation, than of crime and of treacherous meanness. Lord Castlereagh, when the occasion was past, certainly became heartily disgusted and ashamed of his spy and protegé, Mr. Reynolds; but, upon the other hand, that greatly wronged and calumniated patriot became exceedingly exasperated at the selfish noble patron, who ceased to appreciate, or to acknowledge, the purity of his exalted motives, rather sooner than was quite convenient for him. In all nations there is naturally a greater conglomeration of ideas upon questions of political than of social morals; and the Irish are certainly, in this respect, not in advance of other nations; their cardinal principle being blind, implicit fidelity to their party and their leaders. And yet it is remarkable to find the tie sacredly observed by the lower class so frequently and basely violated by those above them in social position, as becomes apparent in the history of the Irish Troubles.† The sense of honour found its last refuge among the very lowest of the oppressed people. There were no traitors among the infuriated peasantry, and little middle-class patriotism that seemed proof against the temptation of personal safety and a sum of money; while to many it seemed matter of indifference whether the great object, wealth and distinction, came to them from English oppressors or foreign invaders, so that it was obtained.

We must be prepared for an immense burst of indignation from the young and generous of all com-

* "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen." By R. R. Madden, M.D. 2 Vols., cloth. London: J. Madden & Co.

† May it not, however, be, that among the lower orders there were none whom it would have served the government to tempt to become rogues?—*E. T. M.*

ies, but especially from the Irish, when we venture
› acknowledge, that the well-known and most pa-
ıetic effusion of one of the most immaculate of the
rish patriots, appears to us to embody a very equivo-
ıl sentiment. "It was not thus, it was not thus, my
arah!" says young Emmet, in his memorable
ırewell letter to Curran's daughter, on the eve of
is execution. It was not thus, in sorrow and in
hame, that the rash and ambitious young barris-
ır, now become a sort of poetical idol, had looked
› close that career which he had chalked out for
imself, and of which individual exaltation seemed
t this stage quite as much the object, as wise, con-
iderate, and, above all, disinterested patriotism.
›f this noble quality there is, alas! very little
› be found in the whole world's history; and
reland has not hitherto been the land most favour-
ble to its growth. Yet society must act through
mperfect human agents, and not by angel inter-
ərence; though this is no reason why it should
ot examine and judge of the true character and
ses of all its instruments.

We shall at once clear the ground before us, by
cknowledging that the great majority of the peo-
le of Ireland, the whole Catholic body, were fully,
nd upon every principle of right, justified in their
esistance to the policy of England, and almost in
rying to shake off her yoke; and are only to be
›lamed for the ill-advised and suicidal manner in
rhich their resistance was displayed. The policy
f O'Connell, or whomsoever the merit may be-
ong to, is immeasureably superior to the tactics of
he leaders of the United Irishmen. It is the true
ecret of all efficient resistance. It is that which
lone is fitted to obtain the desired end, indepen-
ently of the avoidance of the vast amount of vio-
ence, crime, and suffering entailed by armed resis-
ance. The ostensible object of the United Irish-
nen was, in every view, just and sacred; the means
hey employed were unjustifiable upon any princi-
le whatever. Wisdom, humanity, the laws of
nan and the commandments of religion alike
ondemned them; and the insane attempt was,
hough at great expense of human suffering, hap-
ily, if by foul means, crushed; happily, we believe,
or the Irish people, who had at least as much to
ear from spurious native patriotism, and from ra-
acious foreign auxiliaries, as from that acknow-
edged oppression which had goaded them into
ebellion. To the account of that rebellion which
ow lies on our table, a literary friend of the
uthor has contributed an able and luminous His-
orical Introduction, in which he gives English
eaders a tolerably clear notion of the anomalous
elations that have ever subsisted between the coun-
ries; and a summary view of the various means
aken to subdue and coerce the Irish nation, from
he conquest of Strongbow to the crushing of the
Societies of United Irishmen; wading through the
lifferent stages of forfeitures, penal enactments,
ines, tortures, military law, and the blood-wrought
ubjugation, finally consummated by the Union.
The Society of United Irishmen, though its objects
xpanded with its growth, was the natural offspring
f the Irish Volunteers,—of those volunteer political
ssociations, which had become so formidable, and
which had only ceased to exist actively for a few years; while, in contemplation of the French Revolution, the principles of these reform clubs were fast gathering strength. The same event which excited the Irish to a fresh struggle for freedom, made it imperative upon the English government to carry the long-desired measure of the legislative Union of the kingdoms; and to counteract at this crisis the influence of the reform associations, the Irish government first tried the effect of the Orange societies, now become so formidable to the successors of those who, if they did not actually call them into existence, countenanced and endeavoured to extend them, and who have, at all times, freely employed them as instruments for advancing their own purposes. It was alleged by the leaders of the United Irishmen, that until the government courted the alliance of these associations of fanatics and self-seekers, the patriots never had recourse to France; and that the proximate cause of the Rebellion, was the cruelty, rapacity, and bigotry of the Orangemen; who used the pretext of religion, in the hope of obtaining possession of the property of their oppressed Catholic neighbours; together with the enormities perpetrated under military law, in the few counties in which disturbances had arisen, either from predial agitation and religious animosities, or from actual Orange depredation. We have, in the Introductory Chapter, this account of the origin of these societies, fostered by Lord Castlereagh to become, in process of time, the torment of Sir Robert Peel, if their mischief shall terminate with him.

The idea of Orange societies arose from the association of the aldermen of Skinners' Alley; the latter owed its origin to the restoration of the old corporate body to their former power and privileges, at the departure of James the Second. Their meetings were chiefly for the indulgence of that kind of Cherokee festivity, which is indicative of sanguinary struggles or successful onslaughts, past or expected. Their grand festival was on the first of July, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, on which occasion the charter-toast was drunk by every member on his bare knees. At the time of Sir Jonah Barrington's initiation, "his friend Dr. Duigenan was the Grand Master." The *standing* dish, at the Skinners'-Alley dinners, was sheep's trotters, in delicate allusion to King James's last use of his lower extremities in Ireland; and the cloth being removed, the charter-toast, the antiquity of which was of so ancient a date as the year 1689, was pronounced by the Grand Master on his bare joints to the kneeling assemblage, in the following words: "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes, &c., &c., &c." The concluding part of this loyal toast is a tissue of vulgar indecencies, and impious imprecations on "priests, bishops, deacons," or any other of the fraternity of the clergy who refuse this toast, consigning their members to the operation of red-hot harrows, and their mangled carcases to the lower regions.

This, the Normal School of Orangeism is described by Sir Jonah Barrington as "a very curious, but most *loyal* society."

The first society of United Irishmen is said to have been formed at Belfast, in the close of 1791, and by the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, then a barrister of short standing. In a few weeks afterwards, Tone and Napper Tandy organized a similar society in Dublin. The ostensible object of

both was a better form of parliamentary representation. These societies were naturally viewed with great suspicion by the Irish Executive; and the system of persecution for opinion—of gross injustice perpetrated under the form of law, was at once adopted. With this policy on the part of the government, the tactics of the societies were at once changed. They no longer affected to seek only parliamentary reform. Oaths of secrecy were administered to all the members; an executive body was chosen; each province of Ireland had its local Directory; and the now almost avowed and well understood object of the rapidly extending organization, was the establishment of Ireland as an independent Republic, by means of a revolution, and with the aid of France. The government could not, in such circumstances, stand by supine; and its hired spies were already selected, not only from among the most active and conspicuous, but from among the earliest enrolled members of the societies. They were individuals holding the most important and confidential offices; and the government consequently knew, at the earliest hour, all the danger which did exist, and also all that its tools chose to incite or to invent, where it served their purpose. And,——

The betrayers of their society were not the poor or inferior members of it; some of them were high in the confidence of the directory; others not sworn in, but trusted in its concerns, learned in the law, social in their habits, liberal in their politics, prodigal in their expenses, needy in their circumstances, and therefore covetous of money; loose in their public and private principles, therefore open to temptation.

Another fact, though much more incredible, seems to rest upon good evidence,—

The want of good faith, however, was not alone on the side of the disaffected; in the closets of the most influential friends and agents of government, there existed channels of communication with the leaders of the United Irishmen, by means of which the most important measures of the administration were made known to the directory, and to others in the confidence of its members, which frequently baffled the designs of government, and disconcerted the plans of the law officers of the crown, in the course of the proceedings instituted against the members of this society.

Arthur O'Connor, on his examination before the secret committee of the House of Lords, stated—that "minute information of every act of the Irish government" was obtained by the executive directory.

There seems a strong probability that this was either an entire misconception or an idle boast. The Government were too cunning for the Directory; and the instances of secret kindness shown by men of approved "loyalty" to "traitors" like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, are only among those traits of high-minded generosity which illumine the blackest periods of civil strife. That officers of rank in the army, and persons in the confidence of the Government, furnished the leaders of the United Irishmen with money to carry out their objects, is also extremely doubtful. And, indeed, almost every important event in the history of that period is involved in doubts and endless contradictions, even in the simplest matters of fact, such as the arrest and last hours of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. From a civil organization reaching to provinces, counties, and baronies, the next change was to a military organization, until the total number of those enrolled considered capable of bearing arms, amounted to 300,000—a half million having taken the test. But these numbers are probably much exaggerated. The sworn members were next divided into battalions, and officers were appointed to each of them in regular order—all, however, only on paper; for, throughout the movement, there was at all times "great cry and little wool." All the individuals whose names have come down to us—as Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, and Oliver Bond—held high military rank, and were, at the same time, members of the Executive Directory, or Provisional Government. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, from his rank if not his military capacity, was chosen as the Generalissimo of this paper levy *en masse*; and the general rising—precipitated by the policy of Castlereagh, who afterwards boasted that he had caused the revolution to explode prematurely—was fixed for a particular day in March 1798. The military incapacity of the leaders in the Irish Rebellion is fully as remarkable as the devoted fidelity and bravery of the peasants in their after skirmishes. A conversation, vouched for in this work as authentic and as deserving full credit, which took place between Lord Edward and a man unnamed, but who seems to have possessed some common sense, goes far to dispel the false halo with which gallantry, intrepidity, an unhappy death, and a genuine if ill-based enthusiasm, has surrounded the name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It is important as an historical fact, and valuable for the lesson and warning it holds out to all conspirators, however pure may be the ends they have in view.

On the accuracy of the information given respecting this matter the most implicit confidence may be reposed. The person in question met Lord Fitzgerald by appointment at the Shakspeare Gallery, Exchequer Street, about one month before the arrests in March, to confer with the delegates from the different counties respecting the projected rising. After Lord Edward had received the different reports of the number of men ready for the field in the different counties, he called on the gentleman above referred to for his opinion. Lord Edward said, "he deeply regretted his friend should have withdrawn himself so long from any active interference in the business of the Union, and that one in whose judgment he so much confided, should stand aloof at such a moment: if he unfortunately persisted in so doing, the friends of the Union might be led to imagine he had deserted them in the hour of need; that he, Lord Fitzgerald, had determined on an immediate and general rising of the people, their impatience for which was no longer to be restrained, nor, with advantage to the cause, to be resisted." He then appealed to the delegates for the truth of this assertion, and his opinion was confirmed by them. His friend, it is well to state, had withdrawn himself from the Union, about the beginning of the year, when the system was changed from a civil to a military organization. . . . . On the Sunday previous to the arrests, the gentleman I allude to had declined an introduction to Reynolds, at Jackson's in Church Street, notwithstanding M'Cann's recommendation of him, as "one of the best and honestest men in the Union." He had avoided Reynolds, because he did not like his character. He informed Lord Edward, though he had taken no part for some time in the affairs of the Union, he did not cease to give his opinion when consulted, and especially by Lord Edward—though he was well aware, when once his lordship had made up his mind on a point, he was little influenced by the

ounsel of any man: when Lord Edward had spoken of is deserting the cause, the latter felt hurt by the observation, and replied in strong terms that he had not eserted the people, nor betrayed their cause; but those eople had done so, who had precipitated measures prematurely taken, which did not afford the least promise f success. "My Lord," said he, "I am not a person desert a cause in which I have embarked. I knew ne dangers of it when I joined it: were those dangers nly for myself, or the friends about me, I am not the an to be deterred by the consideration of what may appen to myself or them—we might fall, but the cause ight not fail; and, so long as the country was served, would matter little: but when I know the step that ou are taking will involve that cause in the greatest ifficulties, my fears are great: I tremble for the result. Ly Lord, all the services that you or your noble house ave ever rendered to the country, or ever can render to will never make amends to the people for the misery nd wretchedness the failure of your present plans will ause them." "I tell you," replied Lord Edward impetuously, "the chances of success are greatly in favour of ur attempt: examine these returns—here are returns hich show, that one hundred thousand armed men may e counted on to take the field." "My Lord," replied is friend, "it is one thing to have a hundred thousand en on paper, and another in the field. A hundred housand men on paper, will not furnish fifty thousand in rray. I, for one, am enrolled amongst the number; ut I candidly tell you, you will not find me in your anks. You know for what objects we joined this Union, and what means we reckoned on for carrying em into effect. Fifteen thousand Frenchmen were onsidered essential to our undertaking. If they were at that time, still more so are they now, when our arlike aspect has caused the government to pour troops nto the country." "What!" said Lord Edward, would you attempt nothing without these fifteen thouand men—would you not be satisfied with ten thouand?" "I would, my Lord," replied his friend, "if he aid of the fifteen could not be procured."

"But," continued Lord Edward, "if even the ten ould not be got, what would you do then?"

"I would then accept of five, my Lord," was the eply.

"But," said Lord Edward, fixing his eyes with great arnestness on him, "we cannot get five thousand; and ith respect to the larger force we originally wished or, had we succeeded, with so large a body of French roops we might have found it difficult enough to get id of our allies." To this it was replied, "My Lord, if e found it possible to get rid of our enemies, ten mes as numerous as our allies, we could have little ifficulty in getting rid of the latter when necessity required it."

"But I tell you we cannot," said Lord Edward "get ven the five thousand you speak of; and when you now that we cannot, will you desert our cause?" The yes of the delegates were turned on the person thus ddressed. He felt that Lord Edward had put the atter in such a light before those present, that he ould have been branded as a traitor if he abandoned he cause, while there was a ray of hope for its success.

"My Lord," said he, "if five thousand men could not e obtained, I would seek the assistance of a sufficient umber of French officers to head our people, and with hree hundred of these, perhaps we might be justified in aking an effort for independence, but not without hem. What military men have we of our own, to lead ur unfortunate people into action against a disciplined rmy!"

Some farther conversation passed to the same mport, and then—

Lord Edward and his friend parted with the same ordiality and confidence in each other that had always ubsisted between them.

"Lord Edward," says that individual, who knew him erhaps better than any other of his associates, "was he noblest-minded of human beings. He had no deceit, no selfishness, no meanness, no duplicity in his nature; he was all frankness, openness, and generosity; but he was not the man to conduct a revolution to a successful issue."

The measures of the Government to make the insurrection (which they had winked at, if they had not, as is often alleged, fostered its growth) explode prematurely, by the simultaneous arrest of the leaders, we shall not dwell upon, though they are here fully detailed. Its secret machinery of informers, spies, corrupt witnesses, or regularly drilled "battalion of testimony," are more curious, as well as more instructive. The Government seems to have been aware of the most secret proceedings of the United Irishmen from the very first; and we would fain hope it is not possible that, among any people whom persecution and oppression has not debased, instruments could have been found in equal abundance, to do the same obnoxious and despicable, even when necessary, work. In 1795, a regular system of espionage was adopted; and in the following year the most hidden secrets of the societies were in the hands of the Government.

Mr. Cockayne, in 1794, was the first person who informed the government of the communication between France and Ireland. The agent of the French government, the Rev. W. Jackson, broached his mission to Theobald Wolfe Tone and other United Irishmen, at the house of Counsellor Leonard M'Nally, in Dublin. The treasonable communications were carried on with his knowledge and concurrence; the government was apprised of the fact by Cockayne; Jackson was tried and convicted, and Tone had to quit the country: but M'Nally was not molested; and being an United Irishman, and being generally employed as the professional advocate of the persons of that society who had been arrested and arraigned on the charge of treason, his means of acquiring information were very considerable; and it was only discovered at his death, that government had availed themselves of his knowledge, and had conferred a pension of £300 a-year upon him for his private services.

I do not here refer to the ordinary gang of spies and informers domiciled at the Tower, or in the purlieus of the Castle, under Messrs. Sirr, Swann, Hanlon, or O'Brien. These formed "the hacks of the department," of which I shall have to speak hereafter, and "the battalion of testimony," in general. We now only have to do with the "half-mounted" and "squireen" class of them, who appeared in the witness-box in the garb of gentlemen, or whispered yet unsworn informations in the ears of Mr. Cooke, and drew their bills from time to time on demand; and several of whom, after all the enormous sums paid to them during the rebellion, retired from business on their pensions, provided with the means of a respectable subsistence.

Mr. Frederick Dutton, who at an early period was employed in the north as an informer, and had been sent especially to Maidstone to ensure the conviction of O'Connor, was a regular informer of this class—a most reckless one in the case of the unfortunate priest, Quigley, in whose great-coat pocket, by mistake for Arthur O'Connor's, was placed the treasonable paper on which he was convicted. Mr. M'Gucken, the solicitor of the United Irishmen, was another of the private informers, who was intrusted with the defence of the prisoners charged with treason in Belfast, and at the same period was in the pay of government—was largely paid, and ultimately pensioned; and during these frightful times M'Gucken continued to possess the confidence of the United Irishmen.

For upwards of twelve months before the breaking out of the rebellion, several members of the Ulster United Irish Society were likewise in the pay of government. John Edward Newell entered on his duties at

the Castle the 13th of April, 1797, and retired from them, rather abruptly, the 6th of February, 1798. Nicholas Maguan, of Saintfield, in the county of Down, a member of the provincial and county committees, and also described in the report of 1798, as a colonel in their military system during the whole of 1797, and down to June, 1798, regularly attended the meetings of the county Down United Irish Societies, and communicated to the Earl of Londonderry's chaplain, the Rev. John Cleland, a magistrate of that county, the treasonable proceedings of those societies after each meeting.

Mr. John Hughes, a bookseller of Belfast, another member of the United Irish Society, was apprehended at Newry, and brought into Belfast the 20th of October, 1797, on a charge of high treason, *and the same evening was liberated on bail.* Mr. Hughes's character and *past* services, it cannot be doubted, obtained for him an indulgence so extraordinary in those times. No date is assigned to the disclosures of Mr. Hughes, which were subsequently published in the secret report of 1798; but there is reason to believe that he was known to General Barber as an informer in the latter part of 1796. On the 7th of June, 1798, this man again went through the formal process of an arrest, and was transmitted to Dublin for special service there. Another member of the United Irish Society, named Bird, alias Smith, had from the same period been in the pay of government—had laid informations against Neilson and several of his associates, and in the latter part of 1797, like Newell, abruptly relinquished his employment. Both refused to come forward as witnesses on the trials of Messrs. M'Cracken, Flannaghan, Barret, and Burnside. Mr. Thomas Reynolds, of Kilkea Castle, at length supplied whatever evidence was wanting to enable government to complete its "timely measures."

It is not a little revolting to find that the legal advisers, the attorneys and counsel of the accused parties, were among the regular secret agents of the Government.

The fame of Reynolds, if not his services, soon, like his pay, far exceeded that of all who had gone before him.

Reynolds, of whom, in the course of these details, we hear enough, or more than enough, is thus described:—

> The person whose disclosures of the designs of the Leinster societies of United Irishmen, government ultimately availed themselves of, was Mr. Thomas Reynolds, a silk manufacturer in the Liberty, whose business had been carried on at 9, Park Street, the house in which he was born, on the 12th of March, 1771. On the anniversary of that day, twenty-seven years subsequently, namely, on the 12th of March, 1798, the first striking incident in the drama of his public life took place, at the house of his friend Oliver Bond, in Bridge Street, where the latter and fourteen others of his associates, delegates from various societies of United Irishmen, holding a provincial meeting, were arrested on his information.

Previously to these arrests, Reynolds, who was known to be a man of indifferent private character, had been suspected by the more discreet of the United Irishmen; though, as in many other cases, impudence, and the knavish affectation of excessive zeal, imposed on the greater number. How invaluable to society, and how formidable to bad governments, is the secret of having nothing to conceal! The striking incident referred to above took place at the house of Neilson, and is related by the younger Curran in the Memoirs of his father. It proves, that without a certain kind of daring hardihood, and great presence of mind, there cannot be a perfect villain. Reynolds was an Irishman, and therefore could not fail in personal courage; and he was troubled with none of the misgivings, and scruples of conscience or feeling which, in emergencies, embarrass less hardened rogues. Before the arrests, Reynolds was denounced by a distant relative of his own, who was himself one of the United Irishmen, and who, Brutus-like, proposed to assassinate the traitor; a proposal which was negatived by the meeting at which it was made. His life was afterwards, at different times, in danger, from the exasperated people whom he had betrayed; and it is probable that, had he continued to reside in Ireland, Mr. Reynolds might not have died in his bed. The services of Reynolds were not obtained for nothing, indignant as he at first affected to be at the idea of reward for saving his country. A person named Cope, with whom he had some money dealings, first sounded him, and made lavish, vague promises. Reynolds was quite willing to betray his friends, but he shrunk from being known as an informer; and though he would take no reward, he was willing, nay, eager to obtain ample indemnification for his trouble and alleged losses. That indemnification, first and last, in gratuities, appointments, and pensions, still continued to his family, has already cost the country above £45,000. Nor is this debt of gratitude yet fully discharged. Besides the arrests early in March at the house of Oliver Bond, upon information given by Reynolds, the arrest of Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. M'Nevin, and other of his late associates, speedily took place, and were followed by that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who had been the personal benefactor of his betrayer. The dishonesty of this man, in the closest relations of private life, was proved against him on the State Trials of the United Irishmen, in order to invalidate his evidence. There was even proof of his attempting to poison his own mother, whom he had previously robbed. At the trial of one of the unfortunate persons done to death by his evidence, beside the testimony against his character borne by several respectable, impartial persons, two of his female relatives, nuns, his brother-in-law Major Witherington, and another brother-in-law of the same name; his late partner in trade, and his clerk, swore that they did not consider him worthy of being believed on his oath. But the Government needed convictions; pliant juries were tampered with; and his own attorney, and a clergyman, a friend of the Crown-solicitor, swore that Mr. Reynolds was, in their opinion, worthy of credit. If freely taking oaths the most solemn, and as freely breaking them, could make him so, his credit was unimpeachable. He had been sworn to secrecy and fidelity when admitted as a member of the United Irishmen's Society; and again to his Captains when he was appointed a Colonel in the projected Rebel Army. He solemnly swore at Oliver Bond's, when suspected and accused, that he had not betrayed his associates; and he swore the oath of allegiance, and to the truth of the information he gave the Privy Council, quite as often as he was required. It was afterwards attempted, when Irish policy was for a season introduced into England, to place this notorious person upon an Eng-

sh jury; but the name was ill-omened; his true haracter transpired, and the infamy was crushed r public indignation. So self-deluding is the uman heart, and so reluctant is even the most egraded of educated human beings to be cut off om all sympathy and fellowship with his kind, at it is not surprising that even a Reynolds ould have had some reserve in his own favour: t it is wonderful to find another man, though at man be his son, attempting not merely to ologise for his father's deep-dyed crimes, but represent him as an extremely ill-used man by e ungrateful Government which he had so essenally served. According to this book, if not proerly appreciated, Mr. Reynolds was at least very ell paid. Thus stands the account with him, ken from authentic public documents—

"1798, Sept. 29, Mr. T. Reynolds received £1000
" Nov. 16, Ditto ditto 2000
1799, Jan. 19, Ditto ditto 1000
" March 4, Ditto ditto 1000"

—to complete £5000." And, moreover, on the 14th June, 1799, Mr. Reynolds received his annuity of 1000, "in full to the 25th of March 1799;" from which eriod till his death, the 18th of August 1836, his pen-on continued to be paid to him.

The amount of that pension was £1000 Irish, or £920 ritish. He received it for a term of thirty-seven ears.

he gross amount for the above period, at £920 per annum, is £34,040
ratuity before the trials of Bond, M'Cann, and Byrne, ... 500
ratuities between September 1798, and March 4, 1799, ... 5,000
onsulship at Lisbon, four years, at £1400 per annum, ... 5,600
onsulship at Iceland, two years, at £300 per annum, ... 600

£45,740

In 1810 he was appointed to the Consulate at Lisbon, here he remained nearly four years, the salary and moluments of which office averaged £1400 per annum.

In 1817 he was appointed to the consulate at Iceland, here he remained about one year, on a salary of £300 er annum; he returned to England, and in 1819 went ack to Copenhagen, where he continued a few months, nd then, on leave of absence, repaired to France, leavng his son to act in his stead as vice-consul, in which fice he continued till 1822; another son obtained a ecrative appointment under the stamp-office department t Hull.

This enormous sum of £45,740, the "disinterested riend of his country" received; and as the pension on he Irish civil list reverts to his widow and to his two ons, who are now in the prime of life, it is by no means mprobable that one of the parties may survive the per-on to whom it was originally granted some five-and-wenty or thirty years; and if so, the people of Great ritain will have the further gratification of paying nother sum of twenty or five-and-twenty thousand ounds more, for the credit of Lord Castlereagh's go-ernment in Ireland, (nominally of Lord Camden's,) and s a tribute of respect to the memory and worth of Mr. homas Reynolds. There are gentlemen in the British arliament, thought not forgetful of the services of Mr. eynolds and others of his class, who may think this ubject deserving of their attention, who may imagine hat the children of the starving operatives of Leeds and anchester, are entitled to as much consideration as hose of the gentlemen who made orphans of so many, nd who, during their lives, were amply rewarded for ny service they rendered to their employers.

This person neglected no pretext to establish pecuniary claims against the Government. While weaving his toils around Lord Edward Fitzgerald, then in concealment in Dublin, he presented his victim with a pair of pistols, to be used in self-defence, together with powder, bullets, and a bullet-mould, which Mr. Reynolds, junior, relates as a proof of his father's friendship for the unfortunate gentleman he is said to have betrayed. He, at the same time, gave Lord Edward some money. There is a bare chance that Reynolds might have wished his victim to escape; though every appearance favours the conclusion drawn by Dr. Madden, when he says—

The present of the pistols, with the powder, and bullet-mould, for the protection of a man whose peril, he well knew, was the consequence of his own treachery to him and his associates, was worthy of Reynolds; villany less accomplished would hardly have devised so refined an act of specious perfidy. It was a particular feature of Reynolds' infamy, that he seems to have felt a gratification in witnessing the effects of his proceedings on the unfortunate families of his victims. A few days after the arrests at Bond's, he paid a visit of condolence to Mrs. Bond, and even caressed the child she was holding in her arms. He paid a similar visit of simulated friendship to the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, on the 16th of March. Mr. Reynolds' son must tell the particulars of this interview: "She (Lady Fitzgerald) also complained of a want of gold; my father told her he had given Lord Edward fifty guineas the preceding night, and would send her fifty more in the course of that day, which promise he performed. Neither of these sums were ever repaid. In the course of their conversation, my father mentioned his intention of leaving Ireland for a time; on which she took a ring from her finger and gave it to him, saying she hoped to hear from him if he should have anything of importance to communicate, and that she would not attend to any letter purporting to come from him, unless it were sealed with that ring, which was a small red cornelian, engraved with the figure of a dancing satyr."

Mr. Reynolds having deprived himself of his pistols, on the 15th of March, the act was considered by him, and, at a later period, it would seem was recognised by government as one done for *the public service;* for these pistols were replaced by Major Sirr, and the bill for the case purchased on this occasion, by the Major for his friend, was duly presented to Mr. Cooke, and the subsequent payment of it was not forgotten.

"1798, July 26, Major Sirr, for pistols, for Mr. Reynolds, ... £9 2 0"

So much for the friendship's offerings of Mr. Thomas Reynolds!

The insatiable cupidity of this man, at length disgusted the administration in both countries, and when his importunities were disregarded, in the pathetic language of his son, having settled his accounts "he bade an eternal adieu to his kindred and country, and arrived with his family in London, on the 1st of January, 1800."

According to his son's statements, this "Exile of Erin" was not much better used by the English Government than that kindred spirit, Richmond the Spy, describes himself to have been used by the Scottish Crown lawyers.

"During two years," continues his son, "he did not cease to urge on the English ministers, the promises made to him on leaving Ireland, but to no purpose. He received much politeness; but the English ministers referred him to the Irish, these again referred him to those in England, until at length disgusted with both, he dropped the pursuit and applied himself exclusively to the care of his family."

It argues a strange state of moral feeling to find that this person continued to be treated with the

outward shows of civility by men bearing the character of respectable; though, for this, he may have been in part indebted to his own importunity and impudence. Mr. Henry Inglis, in his Tour in Ireland, expresses astonishment at having seen decent-looking country people in the Court-house of Ennis, at an assize, familiarly nodding and smiling to a prisoner arraigned for a foul murder, and of whose guilt there was no doubt; and from the Memoir of the notorious Reynolds, published by his son, who probably wrote in ignorance of many of the facts of the case, we find men in high situations, bearing (when put to the question by him) flattering testimony to his character; and Sir Jonah Barrington addressing him, when Consul at Lisbon, as "My dear Reynolds." There is, by the way, in this work, some statements or insinuations, which, though not very clear, tend to show that Sir Jonah, at the worst period of the Irish troubles, played fast and loose between parties, and took good care of himself, whatever became of his friends. Lord Castlereagh shied Mr. Reynolds at last; and England was found too hot to hold him.

In 1817 the people of England, who had given themselves very little concern about Mr. Reynolds' doings in Ireland, so long as they were confined to that country, took the alarm rather suddenly, when they found the subject of treason in England, and the system of packing the juries for the trial of the traitors, connected with the ominous name of Mr. Thomas Reynolds. On bills being found by the grand jury of Middlesex against Dr. Watson and four others, for high treason, (the Spafields Rioters,) no sooner was Mr. Reynolds' name discovered on the pannel, than the press of England took the alarm, and the walls of parliament rung with loud denunciations against the Irish informer.

Lord Castlereagh plainly saw the folly of the attempt to resort to the old practices, which had been adopted with so little trouble in the sister kingdom. He left Mr. Reynolds to his fate; and when he threatened to publish a vindication of his acts, it was plainly intimated to him, that it was the pleasure of Lord Castlereagh that he should be silent on these subjects. At length, the coollest sarcasm on an importunate candidate for public employment that ever was carried into effect, was put in practice by Lord Castlereagh in 1818, when he sent that ardent patriot, Mr. Thomas Reynolds, to freeze in Iceland. In October, 1818, Reynolds, having sickened of his Iceland consulship, abandoned his post and returned to London. On his arrival, Mr. Planta communicated to him "his lordship's extreme surprise, and marked displeasure, at his having quitted his public duties for his private affairs, without his lordship's previous sanction."

Lord Castlereagh "did not like him to be in London;" and the ill-used Mr. Reynolds, who had prevented the dismemberment of the empire, took great offence. The message which he left with his old friend, his Lordship's secretary, was, that

In case he continued to hold this consulship, he expected to be treated with attention and consideration by the British ambassadors wherever he settled, and that he still held government bound to provide for his two sons. "I tell you again," said Mr. Cooke, "I'll see them on it."

This must have been a scene that Gay would have delighted to have witnessed and to have depicted, for no other hand could have done justice to the little differences of the gentlemen of those golden days of the good old times.

In 1822, the star had set on the prosperity of Mr. Thomas Reynolds. Mr. Canning had come into power, and had been applied to for employment for the former. Young Mr. Reynolds states, that Mr. Planta communicated to his father Mr. Canning's final determination, "not to employ any member of our family in his department, as he did not consider himself bound by Lord Londonderry's engagements."

Mr. Reynolds deemed the time was come to retire from the turmoil of public life: he fixed his abode in Paris, and died in that city the 18th of August, 1836.*

Reynolds died at last "in the odour of sanctity;" but the less that is said of such great sinners and tardy saints the better. Charity enjoins that we should hope the best of every man; wisdom and modesty, that in such cases as this of "the notorious Reynolds," a modest silence should be preserved, and his family be contented with their pension.

Dr. Madden, in compiling these Memoirs, upon which he has spent many years, and travelled far and wide to gain information from the surviving eye and ear witnesses of the scenes described, has, among other documents, obtained a narrative containing an account of the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It was drawn up by Mr. Nicholas Murphy, an honest shopkeeper, in whose house Lord Edward was then concealed. It is the plain story of an honest, unpretending, and peaceful man, brought into trouble through sheer goodness of heart. It possesses much of the De Foeish gusto, of the minute and graphic narrative of a deeply-interested eye-witness. We shall copy out a few extracts, from admiration of the natural manner of the writer, as much as from interest in his story.

An Account of the Arrest of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Written by Nicholas Murphy, in whose house the arrest took place.

"On the night of Friday, the 18th May, 1798, Lord Edward Fitzgerald came to my house, (No. 153, Thomas Street,) in company with a lady,† about the hour of ten or eleven o'clock at night. I did expect him the previous evening; and the reason I state this is, that a friend of his came to me, and requested that I would receive him, as he wished to move from where he was at present.‡ I was getting the house cleaned down and scoured, and I brought his friend in, and he saw the persons employed as I told him; he mentioned that it was not intended to remove him immediately, but said, 'I think a week or ten days would answer.' I assented; and, indeed, with reluctance:—however, I made no mention of that. In a few days previous to Lord Edward's coming, the government had offered one thousand pounds reward for his apprehension. I certainly felt very uneasy at this circumstance, and I wished very much to see Lord Edward's friend; but where to see him I did not know. As a man of honour, I wished to keep my word; and I could not think of refusing him admittance when he came. Unfortunately for him and myself, I did keep my word. I expected him on Thursday, but he did not come till Friday, the 18th of May, 1798.§ I perceived

* For Banim's portrait of Reynolds, see *Tait's Magazine* for June 1842, p. 374.—*E. T. M.*

† That lady was Mrs. Moore, in whose husband's house Lord Edward had been previously concealed.

‡ The person alluded to was Surgeon Lawless.—R. R. M.

§ Lord Edward had been previously concealed in his house for a fortnight, on his leaving the residence of the Widow Dillon, "a retired house on the banks of the canal." When Murphy wrote this part of the narrative he was in prison, and evidently did not wish to run the risk of its being discovered that he had previously sheltered Lord Edward.

Mr. James Davock, a respectable silk merchant of the city of Dublin, informed me, a short time previously to his death in 1836, that he and two other persons conducted Lord Edward to Murphy's house the first time he was in concealment there; that about a fortnight before, he met Murphy at the

looked very bad and altered from what he appeared *when I saw him before*. The lady that came with him did not stay long; and I made a tender of my services to go home with her, as she lived in the neighbourhood: there was a person that we met on our way, who, I believe, was waiting for her—I had some knowledge of him myself:* I returned to the house with a troubled mind. Lord Edward told me he was very ill with a cold, and it was easy to perceive it. I had procured for him whey, and put some sherry wine in it. At this time he appeared quite tranquil, and went up to the room intended for him—the back room in the attic story. In the morning he came down to breakfast, and appeared better than the night before. The friend that spoke to me respecting his coming, came, I believe, about eleven o'clock. Then came out, for the first time, an account of the rencontre that took place the night before, between Lord Edward's party and Major Sirr's.† It is perfectly clear, in my humble judgment, that Major Sirr had known of his removal, and the direction he intended to take, when his party and Lord Edward's came in contact in a place called Island Street, at the lower end of Watling Street. They there met, and a skirmish took place, and in the confusion, Lord Edward got off: however, one of the party was taken, but could not be identified.‡ I found my situation now very painful, but nothing to what it was afterwards. In the course of the day, (Saturday 19th,) there was a guard of soldiers, and I believe Major Swan, Major Sirr, a Mr. Medlicot, and another, making search at Mr. Moore's house, the Yellow Lion in Thomas Street. A friend came and mentioned the circumstance to me. I immediately mentioned it to Lord Edward, and had him conveyed out of the house, and concealed in a valley, on the roof of one of the warehouses. While I was doing this, Sam Neilson came, and inquired of the girl if I was at home? I believe she said not. 'Bid him be cautious,' I think was what she told me he said. I considered that conduct of his very ill-timed; however, I am led to believe it was well-intended.

"After placing Lord Edward in the valley, on the roof of the warehouse, I came down in a little time and stood at the gate, the soldiers still at Mr. Moore's. I perceived four persons walking in the middle of the street, some of them in uniform; I believe yeomen. I think Major Swan and Captain Medlicot was of the party. Towards four o'clock, Lord Edward came down to dinner; everything was supposed to be still. Now, at this time, Sam Neilson came in to see us. Dinner was nearly ready, I asked him to stay and dine, which he accepted. Nothing particular occurred, except speaking on a variety of subjects, when Mr. Neilson, as if something struck him, immediately went away, leaving us together; there was very little wine taken. Lord Edward was very abstemious. In a short time I went out; and now the tragedy commenced. I wished to leave Lord Edward to himself. I was absent I suppose about an hour. I came into the room where we dined, being the back drawing-room: he was not there. I went to the sleeping-room: he was in bed. It was at this time about seven o'clock. I asked him to come down to tea. I was not in the room three minutes when in came Major Swan, and a person following him in a soldier's jacket, and a sword in his hand; he wore a round hat. When I saw Major Swan I was thunderstruck. I put myself before him, and asked his business. He looked over me, and saw Lord Edward in the bed. He pushed by me quickly, and Lord Edward seeing him, sprung up instantly like a tiger, and drew a dagger which he carried about him, and wounded Major Swan slightly I believe. Major Swan had a pistol in his waistcoat pocket, which he fired without effect: he immediately turned to me and gave me a severe thrust of the pistol under the eye, at the same time desiring the person that came in with him, to take me into custody. I was immediately taken away to the yard: there I saw Major Sirr and about six soldiers of the Dumbarton Fencibles.

"Major Swan had thought proper to run as fast as he could to the street, and I think he never looked behind him till he got out of danger, and he was then parading up and down the flags, exhibiting his linen, which was stained with blood. Mr. Ryan supplied Major Swan's place; he came in contact with Lord Edward, and was wounded seriously. Major Sirr at that time came up stairs, and keeping at a respectful distance, fired a pistol at Lord Edward in a very deliberate manner, and wounded him in the upper part of the shoulder. Reinforcements coming in, Lord Edward surrendered after a very hard struggle. Now the work of destruction commenced. The house was taken possession of by soldiers. An old invalid volunteered to guard me, along with the man who first held me in charge. The old soldier would not let me put my handkerchief to my face, to wipe away the blood. A neighbour came to offer me a glass of wine and water, but the valiant Major Sirr would not allow it. He was going to break the glass, saying, wine was not fit for rebels. There were Invalids at that time in James Street, and they were soon brought down, and took possession of the house. I never had such a stock of wine, before or since; I little thought who I bought it for. In some time a carriage came, and I was placed in it, in company with two soldiers of the Dumbarton regiment, then stationed in Dublin, and brought off to the castle, and there placed in the castle guard-house. A sad change for me! I was there perhaps an hour or more, when my friend Major Sirr came to me, to bring me into the presence of Mr. Cooke, taking me very friendly under the arm, and telling me to state everything I knew about the business. I felt no inclination to take his advice on that occasion.

"Well! I had the honour of an introduction to Mr. Cooke. There was a gentleman lolling on the sofa, who I afterwards learned was Lord Castlereagh. My friend Cooke looked at me very sharply, and now for question and answer. 'How long was Lord Edward in your house?' 'He came there last night.' 'Who came with him?' 'He came with a lady.' 'What was her name?' 'I cannot state the lady's name.'—I declined to answer to that '*in toto*.' I mentioned that I was led into the business very innocently, and that would appear on an investigation taking place, and I could procure sufficient bail. Mr. Cooke laughed at that, and no wonder he might, for he immediately wrote out a Castlereagh warrant for me; I was walked back to the guard-house, and a large guard was ordered to prime and load, which was soon complied with. Then I was placed in the centre, and marched off to Newgate—this was about nine o'clock at night. On arriving there, I was left to ruminate on the situation I was unfortunately placed in. The only consolation I had was, that there were very respectable men at the time in the same place with me. . . .

"I have now to state the treatment I experienced from the soldiers and others that took possession of the house. Alderman Archer, who was one of the sheriffs at that time, but since dead, broke open my secretary and book-case, expecting, I suppose, to get as many papers of a treasonable nature as would convict a hundred, but was disappointed. Next he examined the clothes-press, and then a general search commenced through the rooms; the office desk was broken open, but no papers to be found that could attach criminality. Plundering the place then commenced. Unfortunately, there was a company of Invalids stationed in James Street; they were ordered down; they were known generally by the name of 'Old Fogies.' Their wives came in great numbers, and immediately commenced robbing the place. A large silver gravy-spoon, a plated tea-pot, and plated goblet were taken—everything they could lay their hands on! They were quarrelling, I was informed, about the plunder; nothing in the house could escape their Argus eyes. An officer asked the men 'if

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Globe Coffee-house, and told him there was a friend of his who wished to be out of the way for a few days; that he did not mention Lord Edward's name, for Murphy was not a United Irishman: but as a personal favour to him, Davock, Murphy agreed to receive his friend; but, subsequently, he told Murphy who the person was.—R. R. M.

* This person was probably Surgeon Lawless.—R. R. M.

† Sirr was accompanied by several persons, amongst whom were Major Ryan and Mr. John Swift Emerson, an attorney.

‡ William Putnam Macabe.—R. R. M.

they found out the wine cellar!'—it was soon forced. I never had such a stock of wine, before or since. They destroyed six dozen of as fine wine as could be found—claret, port, and sherry—I purchased it in the wood. The late Alderman Manders fortunately came in as a magistrate, and I believe did all he could; but it had no avail. I had a respected sister—a married lady—who came to the house and conducted herself nobly in the cause of her unfortunate brother, by doing all that was possible under such circumstances. The soldiers and 'Old Fogies' fell to at the wine. I had some pickled beef and chickens in a coop; they were soon in requisition, and my new visiters, regaling themselves, calling aloud to the servant, 'You old—this and that—get us some porter,' they wanted it with the beef and chickens. Fine times with them while it lasted! They never took the trouble of using a screw, but struck off the heads of the bottles with the next thing that came to hand. I have grounds for stating, that when they got tired drinking the wine, they were selling it in the morning at sixpence per bottle, and buying whisky with the money.

"My losses in this unfortunate business amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds, and I never yet received one shilling of compensation from any quarter; and was confined fifty-five weeks a state prisoner, and my house and concerns made a barrack of for ten months and upwards, having ten soldiers—some with wives—besides Invalids, and some of the Rea Fencibles, and the baggage of the regiment in the warehouses."

After farther describing his own condition, and that of some other of his fellow-captives, he returns to Lord Edward, whom none of the other prisoners were permitted to see.

"Two surgeons attended daily on Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It was supposed, the evening of the day before he died, he was delirious, as we could hear him with a very strong voice crying out—'Come on! come on! d——n you, come on!' He spoke so loud, that the people in the street gathered to listen to it. He died the next day early in the morning, on the 3d of June. The surgeons attended and opened the body: then he was seen for the first time by the prisoners. The bowels were opened, and whatever was found there was thrown under the grate, and then the part opened was sewn up. He had about his neck a gold chain, suspending a locket with hair in it.

"Thus died one of the bravest of men, from a conviction, I believe, that his projects would ameliorate the condition of his country. I shall endeavour to describe his person: he was, I believe, about five feet seven inches in height, and a very interesting countenance; beautiful arched eyebrows, fine grey eyes, handsome nose, and high forehead—thick, dark-coloured hair, brown, or inclining to black. I think he was very like the late Lady Louisa Conolly about the nose and eyes. Any person he addressed must have admired his manner,—it was so candid, so good-natured, and so impregnated with good feeling; as playful and humble as a child—as mild and timid as a lady—and, when necessary, as brave as a lion. He was altogether a very fine, elegantly formed man. Peace to his name!"

Murphy received notice of trial along with the brothers Sheares, and about sixty other State prisoners. The execution of the Sheares was followed hard by that of M'Cann, and Michael Byrne. Bond died in prison before his sentence could be carried into effect. Murphy, with simple pathos, thus describes those dreadful days:—

"Words cannot now describe the feelings of the state prisoners: no chance of acquittal! an organized system! and the miscreant Reynolds the '*avant-garde*' of it! I will not speak of the juries of 1798; I leave that for others to do.

"At this time there was a Mr. Dobbs a lawyer, and a Mr. Crawford an attorney—two very good men. There was a proposition, I believe, came to the state prisoners through those gentlemen, I suppose sanctioned by the government, *and that was*—'That the state prisoners would give the government such information as they required, and for the state trials to terminate; the information not to criminate any person, and the prisoners to emigrate to a country not at war with his majesty.' There was a document to be signed conformable to this agreement. There was not a moment to be lost, as Mr. William M. Byrne was to be executed this day, and Mr. O. Bond on the day following. All the state prisoners in our prison signed the contract, and myself among the rest. The privy council, early on that day, deliberated on the business, and the proposal was unfortunately rejected. In the course of the day, while it was pending, my revered and attached sister hearing what I had done, came to the prison in tears, and asked me if I had done such a thing! I answered, I had, and that I would go to any place to leave that abode of misery. 'The business is now,' I said, 'before the privy council; and if Mr. Byrne is respited, which I hope he will, I will be satisfied to expatriate myself; but, I will promise you, if it is to be done again, I will decline it.' Well, the awful news came; and the council rejected the proposition, and Mr. Byrne was executed. He was an elegant young man, and went to death with as much composure as if he was going to dinner. Well, the next day, the same business came on for Mr. Bond. I was now placed in a most unpleasant situation; but I was determined to keep my word. Mr. Dobbs, a good-hearted man, was most anxious for the prisoners, and the same business was again commenced. When it came to my turn to sign, I requested to say a few words:—I said, that I was under great obligations to my family; that one of them came to me yesterday, in great trouble, in consequence of my signing the paper; and that I then promised that I would not sign it if it was to do again: however, I went to Mr. Bond myself, and stated to him how unhappy my family was at my signing, and the promise I made; but that if I was at my liberty, and walking the street, I would sign for him if it served him. He very honourably left me to myself, and requested I would do nothing on his account, saying, at the same time, 'You know how you are situated.' The document went a second time before the privy council. The greatest excitement that could be conceived existed at this time in the prison, to see Mr. Bond, an athletic fine-formed man, who occupied the first class of respectability in Dublin, now heavily ironed!—and what made it more lamentable, was to see Mrs. Bond with him, linked arm to arm. The coffin in the yard! the dreadful apparatus ready! The sensation it excited could not be conceived. I cannot attempt to describe my own feelings at the time. Three o'clock came—no news from the Castle. Alternate hopes and fears crowded on the mind. At half-after three, the news came—'*A respite during pleasure!*' The shout in the street was the first thing to announce it. There was some person brought into the prison for shouting in the street. Joy was now visible in every countenance. A great change took place in the prison—the place was now comfortable to what it had been. The state trials now terminated, and the gentlemen who signed the agreement expected to go to America; but government decreed otherwise, for reasons best known to themselves. On the 6th of September, Mr. Bond died suddenly in Newgate: he was as well as ever he was on the evening before, and was playing rackets in the yard, to my knowledge: his apartment was quite detached from the rooms of the other prisoners, being convenient to the yard below stairs. Simpson the under-jailor, Samuel Neilson, and himself, spent the evening in Mr. Bond's room. It was understood Samuel Neilson went to bed top-heavy, and left Simpson and Mr. Bond together. About eleven or twelve o'clock, Simpson came into the room I was in. Mr. Pat. Byrne, Mr. J. G. Kennedy, and myself, were in this room. Simpson, I think, brought with him two bottles of wine, (I was in bed at this time:) they commenced drinking the wine. Mr. G. Kennedy got powerless, and went to bed as well as he could. Mr. Byrne being a strong man, kept drinking

rith Simpson some time after. I was awake all this ime, and perceived that Simpson wished to provoke a uarrel with Mr. Byrne; Mr. B. acted with great com- and of temper in the business, and with much ado impson went away; I then spoke to Mr. Byrne, and old him I heard all that passed, and that if he had in ture any intercourse with Simpson, I would renounce is friendship, I was so enraged at what I heard. He greed with me in what I said. The next morning, bout five o'clock, it went through the prison that Mr. oad was dead. I immediately arose and went down airs, and there to my astonishment saw Mr. Bond, ing on his back lifeless, with exactly the same dress e wore the day before. I came and informed Mr. yrne and Mr. Kennedy of the fact. Samuel Neilson ept in the room that night, and could give no account hatever of what happened, or how it happened. S. eilson appeared very much affected, and cried like a hild. There was a serious alarm in the prison, and reat uneasiness among the prisoners, fearing there was ul play. Mr. Byrne arose in the bed, and mentioned ith great emphasis, 'Our lives are not worth an hour's urchase!'—however, nothing came out that could estab- sh that. As I was the only person who did not sign the Banishment Bill,' the government was endeavouring to ave me brought to trial; and for that purpose, the usty Major Swan went to my house, that was a bar- ack for three months at that time, with a person (I uppose one of the 'Battalion of Testimony') to look for ikes,—desiring the person to go through the dormant indow of the house, and if he found one, he would get alf a guinea for it. A person who was in the house, ame to my brother with that word: it was well the illow did not think of bringing one. However, *nothing as found*. When my brother heard of this, he went to e Castle and mentioned the circumstance, I believe to Ir. Cooke; and the answer he got, was,—'that there ould be no more searching.' Some of my family, en- eavouring to procure my liberation, went once, or twice, r thrice, to Lady Louisa Conolly, a very amiable char- ster, to interest herself with Lady Castlereagh, and at ne time, she gave my sister a letter to that personage. ly sister went to Lady Castlereagh's residence, expect- g a favourable answer; and after waiting a consider- ble time—'Indeed,' Lady Castlereagh said, 'she could ot interfere with Lord Castlereagh's affairs!' No hope that quarter!—well! patience is a virtue, if we could ot submit to it."

The remaining State prisoners were sent off to 'ort-George; and Murphy, after being confined or upwards of twelve months, was liberated on iving very heavy bail. He found his house lundered and dilapidated; and his claims for in- emnification were treated with total neglect: nor id the Duke of Leinster, though he appeared to el for the condition into which this worthy man ad been thrown by sheltering Lord Edward, offer im the smallest pecuniary assistance; for which is friends had hoped, when they urged him to ait upon the Duke. He farther relates—

"I endeavoured to raise my trade with very limited eans, and found it very difficult to do so. I felt now at great men were very easy about the misfortunes of thers; and, I am sorry I am obliged to make the re- ark—my case was one that was to be deplored in very point of view.

"There was a large reward offered for the apprehen- ion of Lord Edward, and I fearlessly state that, if it as ten times the sum, it would be no inducement to e, as I felt myself bound by every sentiment of honour- ble feeling, when he came to my house, to admit him nd protect him, as far the means were in my reach— nd what man could do less for an ill-fated gentleman, ndeavouring to evade the vigilance of his pursuers? I ink I would act on the same principle to my greatest nemy, under similar circumstances. However, my rospects in business were in a great measure destroyed by the long confinement I was obliged to submit to, and the coercive treatment I experienced from my oppres- sors. My trade totally disappeared—some of my friends were afraid to speak to me, from the appearance of the times. Well, I breathed the clear air of my beloved country, and was at liberty; and I felt some satisfac- tion at the circumstance. I commenced business, and I felt a great want of what is called the 'sinews of war,' and went on as well as the circumstances would admit."

When Robert Emmet and his associates were arrested on the assassination of Lord Kilwarden, this good man was once more brought into trouble; though he was quite unconnected with their schemes, and, indeed, entirely ignorant of them. His description of his second arrest is even more significant of the tender mercies of the "loyal" than his persecution when he was really implicated. The volunteer yeomen by whom he was escorted to prison, belonged to the "Attorneys' Corps." He says—

"I could not help taking a view of these military gentry —many of them quite boys, scarcely able to handle a musket; and their affected knowledge of military tactics drew from me a smile of contempt. On our way to the Castle the crowd increased immensely, every one inquir- ing—'Who is that?' Dublin appeared to be in a state of siege. In Skinners' Row, I saw Sir John White com- ing up against us on the other side; I knew his person, but never spoke to him. He came over to me, and said to me—'Murphy, you will be hanged to-morrow.' I told him 'I hoped not so soon.' He was fully appointed in military array. I was told he commanded a corps known by the name of 'Sepulchres,' and was going to meet them at the time. What a melancholy circum- stance it is, to be obliged to remark the conduct of re- spectable characters, wound up to a pitch of frenzied loyalty, and making use of language degrading to the human species. However, I met this military hero in some time afterwards, and he thought proper to apologize for it, and did appear sorry for his mistaken zeal. . . . . In a little time I was removed to the Castle guard-house, and there placed in a crib, with several others, a place I could hardly breathe in, and there exhibited for public curiosity. A soldier of the 38th said he wished to have a crack at me. In the course of the day I was ordered, with others, to the provost-prison, situated in Harbour Hill. I was brought there under escort. This place appeared to be a new building, and is situated on a rising ground. I was placed in a room, with five or six other prisoners; it was intended, I heard, as an hospital for invalided soldiers: there was not in it either table or chair, or anything whatever except the walls, and they were thick enough. I sent for a bed, and I accommodated two of my fellow prisoners with part of it. If I had not, they would be obliged to sleep on the floor. The window stools supplied the place of a table. The wet was run- ning down the walls in the most copious way. There was in this place two hundred prisoners, and from ap- pearances, the principal part of them were of the humblest class of society. It was a horrible place for any man to be placed in, that was accustomed to a respectable situ- ation in society. It required great fortitude to submit with calmness to this state of things; however 'we must bear those ills we cannot cure.' My house was deserted, my trade destroyed, my credit injured! I would prefer being three months in Newgate, to three weeks in this place. Sometimes there would come informers, and then the prisoners would be ordered out for inspection, two deep, and the informers would view us all round with the eye of an Argus, trying to recognise any unfortunate prisoner in the crowd to whom to attach criminality. I have seen Majors Sirr and Swan amusing themselves here, laughing at the misfortunes of others, but at the same time taking care of themselves. I felt I gave great uneasiness and trouble to my family, and it caused very unpleasant sensations to myself. I considered this cir- cumstance as a very coercive measure: but I was well

aware, it was to please a certain party, at this time in power."

He was at last liberated, after giving bail for seven years, himself for £1000, and two sureties in £500 each; besides the similar amount of bail still hanging over him from the time of his previous liberation. Poor Murphy's example affords very little encouragement to a man sacrificing himself for a public cause. After he had been thus unjustly punished, "to please," as he says, "a junto of exclusive loyalists that were lording it over the people," he returned home to find his trade again ruined. He was once more induced to apply for assistance to the Duke of Leinster, who gave him sympathy and condolence, but nothing more substantial. He died at an advanced age, in embarrassed circumstances, but with the rare character, in those times, of unimpeachable integrity. Besides Murphy's Narrative, now first published, the "United Irishmen" contains other accounts of the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and of the persons intimately connected with, and forming what was called his body-guard. Few as they were in number, (besides the information of Lord Edward's movements and places of retreat in Dublin regularly communicated by Reynolds,) there was one traitor among them; and it seems not unlikely that, throughout his various places of concealment in Dublin, Major Sirr never fairly lost sight of him.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, the Sheares, and men of their cast, laid themselves fairly open to the government; but even the most wary and innocent were not safe in those treacherous and slippery times, and a bold attempt seems to have been made to implicate Grattan, who was denounced by Lord Clare in the Privy Council, along with the United Irishmen. This, however, failed. Grattan's accuser was another Government spy, named Hughes, who had been a bookseller in Belfast; a person who, if not as villanous as Reynolds, was a more fortunate and dexterous deceiver. He was one of the first and most active members of the Northern Societies. He was often employed in missions to other places; and as Secretary of the Belfast Society swore in all the members. Subsequently his affairs became embarrassed; he was declared a bankrupt; and probably became a volunteer spy, as the price of his liberation when arrested on a charge of High Treason. In his capacity of spy, he came up to Dublin, in the spring of 1798, to do useful work. He had been in the capital in the previous summer, when the military organization of the different counties was going forward, but he was not then in the pay of the Government. When once fairly at work, we learn his proceedings from his own evidence—

"He went to Dublin on the 20th of April, and remained there about nine days. He called on Samuel Neilson, walked with him to Mr. Cormick, a feather-merchant in Thomas Street. He was introduced by Neilson to Cormick in the office. Cormick asked them to go up stairs; he and Neilson went up stairs, and found Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Lawless the surgeon, playing billiards. He had been introduced to Lord Edward about a year before by Teeling; he was a stranger to Lawless; so he staid about an hour; no particular conversations; was invited to dine there that day, and did so; the company were Lord Edward, Lawless, Neilson, Cormick, and his wife. The conversation turned upon the state of the country, and the violent measures of government in letting the army loose. The company were all of opinion, that there was then no chance of the people resisting by force with any success. He was also introduced by Gordon, who had been in Newgate, and Robert Orr of Belfast, chandler, to Mr. Rattican, the timber-merchant at the corner of Thomas Street. Rattican talked to him on the state of the country and of the city of Dublin, and told him that they would begin the insurrection in Dublin by liberating the prisoners in Kilmainham. Rattican showed him a plan of the intended attack upon Kilmainham. Whilst he was in Dublin, in April, he dined with Neilson at the Brazen Head. Next day, Neilson called him up at five o'clock, and they went to Sweetman's, near Judge Chamberlaine's, to breakfast; Sweetman was then in prison, but Neilson lived in his house. Neilson took Sweetman's carriage to Mr. Grattan's, and brought him along with him. When they got to Mr. Grattan's, Neilson told him he had something to say to Mr. Grattan in private, and desired him to take a walk in the domain. Neilson, however, introduced him to Mr. Grattan first, and Mr. Grattan ordered a servant to attend him to show him the grounds. He returned in about half an hour. Went into Mr. Grattan's library—Neilson and Grattan were there together. Grattan asked a variety of questions touching the state of the country in the north: how many families had been driven out, and how many houses burned by the government or the Orangemen? Grattan said he supposed he was a United Irishman? he said he was. Grattan asked him how many United Irishmen were in the province? he said he reckoned 126,000. Grattan asked him how many Orangemen there were? he said about 12,000—Grattan made no particular answer. Neilson and he left Grattan's about twelve in the day; they walked to their carriage, which was at Enniskerry; he asked Neilson what had passed between Grattan and him? Neilson evaded the question, but said generally that he had gone down to Grattan to ask him whether he would come forward, and that he had sworn him. That Grattan promised to meet him in Dublin before the next Tuesday. He left Dublin that evening, and returned to Belfast. He has known the Reverend Steele Dickson, of Portaferry, for two years intimately."

Neilson afterwards denied that he had sworn Mr. Grattan, or that he had ever said so; and that any copy of the constitution of the society had been shown to Grattan. Hughes remained long unsuspected, as he was not called upon to give evidence at the trials of the persons whom his disclosures implicated. According to our author, he was kept in reserve for higher uses. Fuller light is thrown upon his functions and individual character by the narrative of the imprisonment and exile of the Rev. Dr. Dickson of Belfast;—

Dr. Dickson was arrested on the 4th of June, 1798, in consequence of the disclosures made by Magin and Hughes.

During his confinement in the house called the Donegal Arms, then the provost-prison of Belfast, the plan was carried into effect, which had been very generally adopted at this frightful period in other parts of the country, of apprehending some of the least suspected informers, and having it rumoured abroad that such persons had been arrested as ringleaders of the rebels, who were sure to be convicted, and then placing these persons among the unfortunate prisoners, for the purpose of making the latter furnish evidence against themselves and their companions. This proceeding, which would hardly be had recourse to in any uncivilized country, in these times, is thus described by Dr. Dickson, from his own sad experience of it:—

"The first of these persons, of whom I had any knowledge, or by whom I was beset, was the notorious John Hughes, a man some years before of considerable respectability, but with whom I never had any particular

nnexion, or even intimate acquaintance. However, was fixed on as most likely to succeed in entrapping e and a few others. With a view to this, opportunity as taken to excite our compassion, either on the day , or after his arrest. We were entertained with a fable aly affecting—'that there was no hope of saving his e—that his mind was deranged—that he was treated ith great cruelty—and, that he was placed among a owd of poor wretches, with whom he could neither ve conversation nor comfort.' This pathetic fiction as immediately followed with an observation, that, 'if e could possibly make room for him, taking him to us ould be an act of the greatest charity.' Completely posed on by the tale, we instantly yielded to the ap ication, and smothering though we were, received him to our *stove*. On his entrance, his looks and manner ere wild, unsettled, and strongly marked with melan oly. Afterwards, he talked, in a desponding tone, of e certainty of his conviction, and sometimes of a secret nspiracy against him, in which, as it appeared, he con dered some of us as concerned. At other times, he ould start, with seeming horror, and exclaim that the ntinel was about to shoot him. On the whole, though sometimes talked soberly, and generally *listened at atively to our conversation*, he acted his part so well, at tervals, that during two nights, and the intermediate ay, I was as fully convinced of his derangement as I as of my own existence; and under this impression, ot only prayed with him, and for him, in his seemingly mposed moments, but was quite delighted with the *onderful* comfort which *devotional exercises* seemed to ive him. Some of our party, however, suspected him imposture from the first; and their suspicion was soon nfirmed, by his being removed, for some time every ay, to a distant apartment, and detained in secret con rence. His total removal from us, a few days after ards, and his *symptoms of insanity* suddenly disappear g, certainly excited suspicion, and his name was con gued to infamy together with those of his employers.

"Besides Hughes, other informers were placed among s, about the same time. One of which was the Mr. Magin ientioned by him, in his deposition, which will appear fterwards. He, like the other, was committed, under ie most dreadful denunciations of vengeance, and, as ie other had done, expressed the most lively apprehen ons of his impending fate, even with lamentations and ars. He made his way to me frequently, and under arious pretexts; sometimes to complain of his melan oly situation, sometimes to borrow trifles, and, at hers, to affect confidential conversation, or ask advice."

Hughes' sham arrest was therefore for the sole urpose of forwarding the objects of his nefarious ffice; and only took place when he had done his uty in Dublin; Lord Edward Fitzgerald having een arrested on the 19th of May in Dublin, and lughes on his return to Belfast on the 7th June. y official documents since brought to light, and hich form an important feature in this work, it ppears that even his most trifling personal ex enses while suffering confinement, were defrayed ut of the public purse. He was long detained a prison, it is not easy to say for what object; ough the Government seems to have had little nfidence in its spies; and though not paid upon ie magnificent scale of Reynolds, he did not go holly without his reward. When discharged from ie Castle, he seems to have received £200 "in full of ll demands." This was but poor work, though robably but a balance.

The novel infamy of employing the confidential aw-agents of prisoners as spies upon their clients, as reserved for the Irish Government of 1798. The aw-agent of the United Irishmen of Antrim was he person named M'Gucken; and the individual he employed to go to Dublin to engage counsel to defend his betrayed clients was Hughes, who, like himself, was then quite unsuspected by the members of the societies. Well is it said

Treason upon treason meets our eyes, at every step of the agents, actors, and adversaries too, of this conspiracy. It is painful to trace the revolting progress of such perfidy, but it is needful to unmask and to expose its hideousness, in order to prevent a recurrence to the use or practice of its wickedness.

It will be seen, that M'Gucken's "services," did not go without their reward in this world.

"March 5, 1799. J. Pollock for M'Gucken, sent to him by post to Belfast	£60
October 1, 1799. M'Gucken, Belfast, per post, by direction of Mr. Cook	50
January 2, 1800. Mr. Pollock for M'Gucken .	100
April 1, 1800, M'Gucken, per Mr. Marsden's order	50
June 11, 1800. M'Gucken, per ditto . .	50
June 21, 1800. Mr. Pollock for M'Gucken .	100
January 1, 1801. M'Gucken, per post to Belfast	100
February 20, 1802. J. M'Gucken, to replace £100 advanced to him May 16, 1801, but afterwards stopped out of his pension . .	100
February 12, 1803. Mr. Pollock for M'Gucken, an extra allowance	50
June 25, 1803. Mr. Pollock for J. M'Gucken . .	100
September 19, 1803. Mr. Marsden to send M'Gucken	100
December 5, 1803. J. M'Gucken, per Mr. Marsden's note	100
February 7, 1804. Mr. Pollock for M'Gucken	500"

It may be presumed, for these large sums and his pension, moreover, that Mr. M'Gucken rendered many and important services.

Though the first item which bears his initials is dated the 5th of March, 1799, several other sums of a previous date are set down, with the name of the person only through whom the succeeding payments were chiefly made, and one to the amount of £300.

The earliest proof of Mr. M'Gucken's services that has transpired, was given on the occasion of the disappearance of six brass field-pieces of the Belfast Volunteer Corps, the property of the town of Belfast, which General Nugent issued a proclamation to be given up to him, the 28th May, 1798. Four of the pieces were given up on the 30th; the two others, Mr. Robert Getty was held responsible for, as the officer of that corps, in whose charge they had been originally placed. The pieces having been carried away clandestinely long before, without the knowledge of Mr. Getty, it was not in his power to produce them: this gentleman was arrested and sent to the provost. This measure excited much surprise in Belfast, even at a period when any outrage on one of the old volunteers, of independent principles, excited little. Mr. Getty was a man of undoubted loyalty; he had been, however, one of the early advocates of Catholic emancipation, but on every political subject, was of very moderate opinions. In those times, few considerations weighed against the secret charges of a recognised informer.

Mr. Getty's life was in imminent peril, and probably, if the crown-solicitor, Mr. Pollock, had not visited him in the provost, he would have been hanged. It turned out that some charges, but utterly unfounded ones, had been laid against him. Getty's influence, however, and high character, triumphed over the malignity of the informer, and he was released.

It was only in the year 1809 or 1810, that Mr. Pollock told Getty, that the informer against him was Mr. James M'Gucken, the attorney. He showed Mr. Getty the informations, and I have good authority for saying there was no truth in them. Mr. Getty never could account for this proceeding; he had never given any offence to this man, and from his early advocacy of emancipation, to the last day of his life, was a favourite with his Roman Catholic townsmen, to which body M'Gucken belonged. The late General Coulson, an aide-de-camp at that time to General Barber, subsequently informed a member of his

family, that one of M'Gucken's relations had been arrested by him in 1798, of whose guilt there was not the slightest doubt; he was allowed, however, to escape, but why, he did not know.

In the year 1802, there being no longer a field for the services of Mr. Hughes, he was "paid off," and permitted, like Reynolds, to "bid an eternal farewell to his friends and country." His loss, like that of Mr. Reynolds, no doubt, was borne with Christian fortitude.

From these details it may be concluded, that no man who has fairly entered upon the trade of a hired spy ever abides by the mere facts within his knowledge. He embellishes the real, or, if need be, creates fictitious circumstances to enhance the value of his information.

The sufferings of the country during the Rebellion forms a frightful chapter in this work. The use of torture is, we believe, no longer denied by any party; because the fact is undeniable. Without entering upon the painful details of these enormities, we shall cite one brief notice of the results.

Throughout the country, the total loss on both sides, in this rebellion, is estimated by Plowden, Moore, Curran, and Barrington, at about 70,000; 20,000 on the side of Government, and 50,000 on that of the insurgents. It is generally admitted by all, but more especially by the Rev. Mr. Gordon, that very many more were put to death in cold blood than perished in the field of battle. The number of deaths arising from torture, or massacre, where no resistance was offered, during the year 1798, forms the far greater portion of the total number slain in this contest. The words of Mr. Gordon are, "I have reason to think, more men than fell in battle were slain in cold blood. No quarter was given to persons taken prisoners as rebels, with or without arms."

It would be vain to conceal that the insurgents all but equalled the "loyal" and the military in acts of sanguinary and wanton cruelty, though the actual loss of life through their means was comparatively little.

The expense of this rebellion is estimated variously at from twenty-one to fifty-two millions of money. The sum must have been enormous. The indemnification of suffering loyalists alone, is estimated at about a million and a half; though there was no indemnity for the injury sustained by such poor, oppressed men, as Nicholas Murphy. We do not pretend to follow the narrative of the civil war, in Wexford and the other disturbed counties; but a few isolated facts will throw some light upon the appalling results of secret conspiracies, and attempts at employing physical force to overthrow any established government. When the rebels, or the rabble in arms, took the town of Wexford from the military, among other State prisoners whom they released, was Mr. Harvey, a popular young barrister of respectable family, and the heir to a good estate. They immediately made Mr. Harvey their commander, though he was very reluctant to accept an appointment for which he was totally unfit. But, though military talents were not to be expected from the rebel General and his chance-medley staff, steady conduct, and a moderate degree of sobriety might have been looked for. What was their behaviour while leading on a force, or a horde of from 20,000 to 30,000 men, and when preparing to attack the town of Ross?

They arrived late in the evening at Corbet Hill, within a mile of Ross, and there Mr. Harvey and his principal officers took up their quarters in the house of a gentleman, where "being regaled (says Hay) with an excellent supper and exquisite wines, they were so well pleased with their cheer, and so far forgot their prudence as commanders, that they had scarcely time to have fallen asleep, when they were roused, according to the orders they had given in their *sober moments*, to commence the attack at the break of day." In plain terms, the general and his staff, the night preceding a battle, on the issue of which depended all their hopes, sat up all night drinking and carousing, instead of making their dispositions, and maturing their plan of operations. Their example was followed by their troops the following day: and drunkenness alone was the cause of their defeat on that occasion. Cloney, an eye-witness of these scenes, says, "the leaders found more attraction in Mr. Murphy's good wines, than in the discharge of those arduous duties that appertained to their command."

Harvey had formed a plan of attack on three different parts of the town at once; which Mr. Gordon thinks, "would probably have succeeded if it had been put in execution." "Harvey, (he says,) though neither destitute of personal courage, nor, in some respects, of a good understanding, possessed not that calm intrepidity which is necessary in the composition of a military officer, nor those rare talents by which an undisciplined multitude may be directed and controlled."

Harvey's first act in the morning, was to despatch one of his officers, Mr. Furlong, with a flag of truce, and a summons to the commanding officer in Ross, to surrender the town. Furlong no sooner reached the out-posts, than he was shot in the performance of his mission. Mr. Gordon, a protestant clergyman, in relating this circumstance, says, "To shoot all persons carrying flags of truce from the rebels, appears to have been a maxim with his majesty's forces."

An attack was immediately made on the town, with indiscriminate fury; the plan of the general was totally disregarded. After some hard fighting, they gained possession of the town; but instead of following up their advantage, "they fell to plundering and drinking;" and after being some hours in possession of the town, the great body of the multitude was so inebriated as to be incapable of defending their new conquest. "Such of the insurgents (says Hay) as were not too drunk to escape out of the town, of which they had been by this time some hours in possession, were driven out of the town;" but having recovered a little after their hasty retreat, which in a great measure made them sober, they again returned to the charge, and their intrepidity was more signally displayed than on any former occasion. They again got possession of the town; "but even after this (we are told by Hay) they soon fell into the same misconduct as before, crowning their bravery with drunkenness." They were again driven out of the town; several houses were set on fire, and one in which seventy-five of these unfortunate wretches were shut up, all of whom perished in the flames, with one exception, who, in running away, was fortunate enough to get clear of the fire of the soldiery.

A Quaker of the name of Cullimore, who had been taken up on the preceding day, when leaving the town on a visit to his family, had the courage and humanity to interfere on behalf of the prisoners who were confined in the market-house; a number of soldiers had rushed in, with the intention of putting the prisoners to death; Cullimore stood boldly forth, and cried out in an authoritative and impressive tone, "You shall not shoot the prisoners, there are some men here as loyal as you are." The manner and the spirit of this single, unarmed, and uninfluential man, awed and overcame the infuriated band; "they retired without perpretating the horrid crime they had intended to commit." . . .

Several of "the respectable persons," of that class called middle men, during the engagement, having a cask of port-wine which they had conveyed from Corbet Hill to a well-protected spot, under the shelter of a high ditch, drinking out of wooden "noggins," and occasionally advancing in warlike array towards the gate, and then inquiring with becoming authority, "How goes the day,

eys!" and then returning to the wine cask while the attle was going on; which, "if it had succeeded," (says loney,) "our way was open to Waterford and Duncanon Fort, both would have been hastily evacuated, and he province of Munster at once in arms."

Harvey was speedily deposed from his high post; ot altogether for military misconduct, but for his nterference to preserve the lives and property of he persons who fell into the hands of his troops. He was afterwards arrested in one of the Saltee slands, where he had concealed himself with some ther rebel leaders in a cave; and he paid with is life the penalty of his few days of generalship. Testimony borne on his trial to his humanity, stood im in no stead, but rather operated unfavourably. Ve are told that—

The rector of Killegny, in alluding to this fact, in the ase of one Redmond, observes, "The display of humanity y a rebel was, in general, in the trials by court-martial, y no means regarded as a circumstance in favour of the ccused; strange as it may seem in times of cool reflecon, it was very frequently urged as a proof of guilt. Whoever could be proved to have saved a loyalist from ssassination, his house from burning, or his property om plunder, was considered as having influence among he rebels, consequently a commander.

Men became afraid of being suspected of generosity r tenderness to their enemies, and a Roman Catholic gentleman, one of the rebels, under this pprehension, is said to have exclaimed, "I thank ay God that no one can prove me guilty of saving he life or property of any one!" Harvey, though ost unfit to be an insurgent leader, seems to have een an amiable, if weak man. When he beheld he horrible scene in the barn of Scullabogue, where number of prisoners had been foully destroyed in old blood by some of the rebels, in their flight after he battle of Ross, he is said to have turned from he scene with horror, and, wringing his hands, to ave exclaimed to those about him,—

"Innocent people were burned there as ever were orn; your conquests for liberty are at an end." He aid to a friend he fell in with, with respect to his own tuation, "I see now the folly of embarking in this usiness with these people: if they succeed, I shall be urdered by them; if they are defeated, I shall be anged." . . . . . Harvey met his fate with beoming fortitude; even Sir Richard Musgrave acknowdges, "he died in a very decent manner, having been ttended by a Protestant clergyman, and having prayed ost fervently." Hay, in his account of his execution, ates, that on the 27th, when he was brought out of his ail, "he met Mr. Grogan in the gaol-yard, and accosted im in a feeling and affectionate manner. While shaking ands with him, he said in the presence of an officer and ome of the guards, and in the hearing of several prisoners ho had crowded to the windows, 'Ah, poor Grogan! ou die an innocent man, at all events.' They were then onducted to the bridge, where they were hanged, when he heads of Messrs. Grogan and Harvey were cut off, nd placed upon pikes on each side of that of Captain Keogh, (who had been some days previously executed,) hile their bodies were stripped, and treated with the sual brutal indecencies before being cast over the bridge. Mr. Colclough was executed on the day following; but is body, at the intercession of his lady, was given up to er to be interred. Mr. John Kelly, of Killan, whose ourage and intrepidity had been so conspicuous at the attle of Ross, now lay ill in Wexford of a wound which e had received in that engagement—he was taken from is bed, tried, and condemned to die. His head was cut ff, and his body, after the accustomed indignities, was hrown over the bridge. The head, however, was reserved for another exhibition—it was first kicked along the Custom-house quay, and then brought up into the town, and treated in the same manner opposite the house in which his sister lived," &c.

The executioner of these unfortunate gentlemen was a sergeant of the King's-county militia, of the name of Dunn—a monster in the human form, whose brutality and ferocious cruelty has never been exceeded in any country—not even in France, in the worst times of the French Revolution. The clothes of each sufferer, he was accustomed to strip off, the moment the body was cut down, in the presence of the victim next in turn for execution, then tied up the effects in a handkerchief with the greatest composure; and proceeded with another victim, and with a similar disposition of his perquisites. As the generality of those executed on the Bridge of Wexford were persons of respectability in life, watches and other valuable effects were not unfrequently found on their persons, and these Serjeant Dunn was in the habit of selling to the yeomanry rabble and supplementaries, as rebel trophies, at the close of each day's business. The heads of the persons executed, he used to carry to his own house after the execution, rolled up in the linen of each, and in the course of the evening he proceeded to the town-house, mounted the roof, and fixed the heads on pikes.

For a length of time, the Bridge of Wexford was a fashionable lounge, for "the bucks and blades" of the Wexfordian "ascendancy;" and Sergeant Dunn was wont to gather his evening group around him, and regale his hearers with ludicrous anecdotes of his official labours. This brutal man, like one of the ermined jesters of that day, enlivened the awful scenes in which he acted a foremost part, by sallies of ribald humour, and jibes and jokes in reference to the appalling circumstances by which he was surrounded.

The arrest of the brothers Sheares, which took place in a few days after that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, gave the last blow to the Societies of United Irishmen, an organization which we cannot view in the same light with our author, either in its origin or progress.

Dr. Madden's work, which is somewhat rambling and episodical, contains a very long and minute history of the brothers, which was communicated to him by a Mr. Davock of Dublin, who had been the intimate friend, near neighbour, and political associate of Oliver Bond. The Sheares were betrayed by the notorious Captain Armstrong, a spy who is classed by Sir Jonah Barrington as in a lower grade than even Reynolds; as he had the honour of a soldier, as well as the integrity of a man to sustain; and, in fulfilling his odious office, deliberately sacrificed both. The Sheares had imbibed the Republican mania in Paris, where they happened to be at the time of the storming of the Bastile by the populace; and the younger brother had become a member of a political club, most probably the Jacobin Club. They were the sons of a respectable banker in Cork, who had been a member of the Irish Parliament. He left the bulk of his fortune to his eldest son, Henry, who was for some time in the army, though he afterwards went to the bar. He appears to have been a genuine Irishman in his habits and tastes; and his late vocation to patriotism seems to have been quite accidental, and to have arisen from the agency of his more energetic younger brother, John Sheares, who was also a barrister, and who, after the fashion of the times, became a speculative Republican. It is stated in this narrative, that the dashing Henry Sheares was the successful rival in love

of Lord Clare, when the latter was only known as Mr. Fitzgibbon, a struggling young barrister; and that this long past circumstance was, in 1798, ungenerously remembered, and was the cause of that implacable hostility which pursued both the brothers to an ignominious death. However this may be, Henry Sheares seems to have been both a more reluctant and a less deeply implicated conspirator than his enthusiastic brother; though men quite as guiltless suffered in those times. Nor are we inclined to place implicit faith in Henry's having, by the forfeiture of his life, expiated the crime of having married Miss Swete, an imaginary heiress, who had refused the future great man, and eloped with Sheares, sixteen years previously. Fitzgibbon, it was as likely, might have congratulated himself upon luckily escaping an heiress of £50,000, whose father became a bankrupt before one penny of her fortune had been paid. There was, however, bitter political animosity between the parties; and Lord Chancellor Clare, when raised to the Bench, showed the most vindictive feelings to the brothers, both of a personal and political kind. In Ireland there was then no room for a tolerant spirit among men of hostile parties; there is but little now. The Sheares professionally received great provocation from the Chancellor, and they were not forbearing. Henry Sheares upon one occasion challenged the Chancellor; and John was known to be the second of the Hon. Simon Butler, who also challenged the great man. Though the decorums of office prevented Lord Clare from taking any notice of these absurdities, as an Irishman he must have been more than mortal if he could have forgotten them.

When the first arrests, at the house of Oliver Bond, deprived the Society of United Irishmen of its more active leaders, the Sheares, but especially John, was induced to assume the guidance of its desperate fortunes. One of his duties was writing intemperate and inflammatory addresses for their newspaper, *The Press*.

Besides the information derived from Mr. Davock's memoranda respecting the Sheares, Dr. Madden has obtained an interesting communication, relating to the brothers, from a lady named Steele, to whom John Sheares was paying his addresses while engaged in those fatal transactions which cost him his life. She died unmarried; and never, to her latest hour, mentioned his name but with tenderness and sorrow. From her memorandum, we learn that

"Both the brothers had been United Irishmen more than a year, when she first knew them in 1794: and they attended the meetings of that society as many others then did. A speech that was made at one of those meetings, gave Lord Clare an opportunity of speaking disrespectfully of them in the House of Lords, the consequence of which was a demand for an explanation from the eldest. They had become United Irishmen at the same time; but there was nothing legally criminal in their proceedings till 1798.

"In the year 1797, about Christmas, John was intensely desirous of going to America. He was indeed very anxious to leave Ireland, and would have gone wherever those he was attached to pleased, but he would not go without one particular companion."

Namely, the fair writer, who, after mentioning other family circumstances, relates—

"Henry's income was called twelve hundred a-year; John's fortune, three thousand pounds. At the time he joined the Society of the United Irishmen, he was not embarrassed, his little fortune was then whole, and fully satisfied his wants. He bought nothing but books.

"Henry lived beyond his income; his affairs were somewhat embarrassed, and he sold a part of his property; he also borrowed a good deal from John, who at one time wished to reside apart from his brother, but could not, on that account. In 1797, Henry was for some time in a retired lodging, at No. 5, Mecklenburgh Street, the house of a Miss Halpen. He was successful at the bar, till the Chancellor became the enemy of the brothers. Lord Clare's enmity was chiefly against Henry; John had no quarrel with him; but on their conviction, it was said, he could not be spared and Henry put to death. After Henry's correspondence with the Chancellor, he prevented them from doing business in his court as lawyers. John then became exasperated, and spoke more severely of him than he had done before, on account of his politics. He always thought him an enemy to Ireland. When I knew the brothers, in 1794, they had been at the bar some time, and lived together in Henry Sheares' house, in Baggot Street.

"Henry's second wife was a Miss Sally Neville, a beautiful and accomplished woman; I remember her well. He had two children by his second marriage.

"Henry Sheares was naturally high-spirited, eloquent in discourse, and possessed of a remarkably martial and noble bearing; but his great hauteur and want of discretion, would have made him a bad leader in any public cause. In his domestic relations, he was warm, tender, indulgent, willing to promote every present amusement, —but wanting calculation and foresight for the future. I have always heard he was a fair scholar; and have heard good judges say, that they had never seen a library so admirably selected as that of the Sheares. Henry was not considered so deeply read as John. He did not give so much time to study; but he never appeared deficient in company, either with the learned, or with those whose reading lay more amongst works of imagination and modern literature. He spoke with great fluency and elegance on literary subjects, but not without a degree of characteristic pride. His disposition was most generous; but he was not patient or forbearing. He would have made a good despot, if there can be such a thing. He spoke with much violence at times, even in society; but though haughty, and sometimes fierce, he was not of a cruel temper.

"He used *to talk* of republicanism—but he was formed for courts. He loved power, and splendour, and luxury. The self-denying virtues he knew not. He was, however, an accomplished gentleman, fond of society, and capable of adding lustre to the most brilliant circle.

"If it was possible for either brother to have acted on the proclamation attributed to John, found at the house of Henry, it was more so for the latter than for John, who was supposed to have written it; but Henry was as incapable of deliberate cruelty as his brother."

The violent proclamation referred to, was the strongest documentary evidence produced against the Sheares. That it was the production of John, and that Henry knew nothing of it, seems to be unquestioned. Of this document, Maria Steele farther writes—

"In regard to the proclamation found in his desk, I believe he was the writer of it; though that was never fully proved. At the time when it was supposed to have been written, he appeared so altered, that those who used to delight in listening to him would scarce know him. His mind seemed to have lost its balance. Even his dress was not the same—his hair was neglected, &c., &c. In March, 1798, he became a member of the Directory, and then first took any active part in the rebellion: I do not think he desired a revolution, till at a very late period of the struggle. . . . . .

John's sentiments, at the commencement of his political career, were moderate; but latterly they became

less so. He once drew up a plan of an independent government for Ireland, but it was done in rather a sportive kind of manner than in a serious mood; and when the mother of a young friend of his spoke with displeasnre of it, he gave it to her to burn. . . .

"As to his personal appearance—he was tall, and rather slender than full; not what is termed muscular, but well-proportioned and active.

"In his person, he differed strikingly from his brother. His air was gentle and unassuming, but animated and interesting. He was pale; rather light complexioned, with full blue eyes, and an open countenance; well-formed nose; large eloquent mouth, and white teeth; his voice was fine, his articulation very clear, his language rich, but quite unaffected; he had much playful wit and humour, but was easily made serious. You ask, was he of a sanguinary disposition? He was quite the reverse. He had a most tender heart, and benevolent disposition."

This may be somewhat partial, but it is probably accurate testimony. The lady gives a genuine love-letter of Sheares, addressed to herself, breathing much ardour and passion, and with no alloy of fustian; and some copies of verses by him, also addressed to herself.

John Sheares devoted himself to his perilous duties after the arrest of the other conspirators, with redoubled energy, but with very little discretion; if, indeed, the most desperate counsels and courses were not now advisedly adopted as the forlorn hope of the United Irishmen. He and his brother were betrayed by the Captain Armstrong alluded to above, who forced himself upon their acquaintance through their bookseller, Byrne, who was one of the United Brethren. Armstrong pretended to be as violent a revolutionist as any of them, and one of old date.

The new Directory had fixed upon the 23d of May for the general rising of the people throughout the country. On the 10th, this infamous person, who was then a captain of the King's-County militia, visited the bookseller Byrne, to procure some of those deistical and republican works which he pretended to admire, and which he regularly purchased. He had no sooner effected his purpose of worming himself into the confidence of John Sheares, than he began, in the most business-like manner, to make notes of their conversations, which he had the incredible effrontery to refer to, when, soon afterwards, giving evidence on their trials, at which he said, "I never had an interview with the Sheares, that I had not one with Colonel L'Estrange and Captain Clibborn, and my Lord Castlereagh." This man's baseness surpasses belief.

Armstrong, on leaving Byrne's on the 10th of May, immediately proceeded to his brother officer, Captain Clibborn, and informed him of what had passed. The latter advised him "to give the Sheares a meeting." He then returned to Byrne's late the same day, and remained there till Henry arrived. Byrne led him to the inner part of the shop, toward a private room, and introduced him to Sheares, in these terms: "All I can say to you, Mr. Sheares, is, that Captain Armstrong is *a true brother, and you may depend on him.*"

They remained at the entrance of the private room; but Henry Sheares declined any conversation, "except in the presence of his brother." Armstrong said, "he had no objection to wait until his brother came." Henry, however, declined to wait; and, shortly after, John Sheares arrived, and was introduced to him by Byrne.

John Sheares told Captain Armstrong, "he knew his principles very well." He then solicited him "to join the cause by action, as he knew he had done by inclination;" and Armstrong replied, "he was ready to do everything in his power for it, and if he could show him how he could do anything, he would serve him to the utmost of his power." Sheares then informed him, he states, that the rising was very near; "they could not wait for the French, but had determined on a home effort;" and the principal way he could assist them, was by gaining over the soldiers, and consulting with him about taking the camp at Lehaunstown. John Sheares then made an appointment with him for the following Sunday, at his house in Baggot Street; and on that day he went and found Henry only at home. He apologized for leaving him on the former occasion, "having had to attend a committee that day." The informer states, he then asked about the camp, where it was most vulnerable? how to be most advantageously attacked? John came in, and spoke about the necessity of gaining over the soldiers, and then informed Armstrong, that their intention was to seize the camp, the artillery at Chapelizod, and the city of Dublin in one night: there was to be an hour and a half between the seizing of the camp and Dublin; an hour between seizing Dublin and Chapelizod; so that the news of both might arrive at the same time.

The 13th, on Sunday night, at eleven o'clock, by appointment, Armstrong had another interview with the brothers at their house, for the purpose of getting the name of some soldiers in his regiment who were known to be United Irishmen.

In brief, he plied the brothers night and day, for ten successive days. On Sunday the 20th, the day before their arrest, he said, that John Sheares, on the part of the Executive, informed him that he was to be appointed to the King's-County rebel regiment; and that Sheares

Further informed him, that on the night of the rising in Dublin, the Lord-lieutenant was to be seized, and all the privy council, separately in their own houses. That, when the privy council was seized, there would be no place to issue orders from, so as to counteract the rising; and in case of a failure of the attack on the camp, on the march of the soldiery into town, through Baggot Street, they had a *sufficient number* of houses there in their interest, to shoot them from, so as to render them useless." All this part of the conversation was represented to have taken place while Henry had been present. Captain Armstrong did not think it necessary to state, that at his Sunday's interview, he shared the hospitality of his victims; that he dined with them, sat in the company of their aged mother and affectionate sister, enjoyed the society of the accomplished wife of one of them, caressed his infant children; and on another occasion (referred to by Miss Steele) was entertained with music—the wife of the unfortunate man, whose children he was to leave in a few days fatherless, playing on the harp for his entertainment! These things are almost too horrible to reflect on. . . . . .

Armstrong, after dining with his victims on Sunday, returned to their house no more. This was the last time the cloven foot of treachery passed the threshold of the Sheares:—on the following morning they were arrested, and committed to Kilmainham gaol.

The most active coadjutor of Sheares, at this juncture, was Mr. Lawless, a surgeon, who fortunately got some hint of danger, or felt some suspicion of the treachery of Armstrong, as he escaped. This man afterwards rose to the rank of a general in the French army, in which he greatly signalized himself. To have done with Armstrong, of whom it is said—

Other informers, when they have once wormed themselves into the confidence of their victims, and have possessed themselves sufficiently of their secrets to bring them to the scaffold, rest from their labours, and spare themselves the unnecessary annoyance, perhaps a feeling

of remorse, at beholding the unfortunate wretches they have deceived, when they are fairly in their toils and delivered over to the proper authorities. In Ireland, there is no such squeamishness in the breasts of our informers. No sooner was the younger Sheares safely lodged in the Castle guard-room, than he received a visit of condolence from Captain Armstrong, on the very morning of his arrest. He was asked by the prisoner, if his brother was taken? and Captain Armstrong answered: "*I do not know.*" The unfortunate young man then asked him, if *his* papers had been seized? Captain Armstrong replied: "*I do not know.*" John Sheares then said, he hoped not, for there was one paper among them that "would *commit him*" (John Sheares.) The latter words were deserving of more attention on the trial, than, unfortunately for his brother, was paid to them; for it plainly showed the paper to have been in his possession, and not his brother's; and his own impression to have been, that he, John Sheares, only could be injured by its discovery.

His opening his mind at all on the subject, proves that when he made these inquiries, he had no suspicion that he had been betrayed by Armstrong.

The same strong delusion continued to screen Reynolds' treachery from the generous mind of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He continued to receive the visits of the informer, after the arrest of his associates, and his poor lady was not even exempt from the infliction of his presence. This mode of recreating his feelings, for these visits were not essential to the objects of his employers, was a customary indulgence.

Before the trial of the Sheares came on, Mr. Wolfe was raised to the Bench by the title of Lord Kilwarden; and Mr. Toler, as a much fitter instrument for the purposes of the government, was made Attorney-general. It is not, amidst conflicting statements, easy to determine with what degree of fairness the trial was conducted; but, so far as the witnesses were concerned, there was certainly no scrupulosity on any side, either about the forms or the substance of justice. It is believed that, had Henry Sheares not requested to be tried along with his brother John, he might, though the successful rival of the vindictive Chancellor, have escaped with a more lenient punishment.

In the interval previous to the trial, the zealous Captain Armstrong was employed in hunting rebels, then a favourite pastime with the loyal; and on the trial of the Sheares, Curran, who was their counsel, elicited from him the following reply, concerning three inoffensive peasants whom Armstrong had tortured or murdered at this time.

He said, with respect to the three countrymen they had taken, "*One was to be hanged, another was to be flogged. We were going up Blackmore Hill, under Sir James Duff; there was a party of rebels there; we met three men with green cockades. One we shot, another we hanged, and the third we flogged and made a guide of.*"

Mr. Curran asked the witness, "Which did you make the guide of?" Captain Armstrong jocularly replied, "The one that was neither shot nor hanged."

Lieut. Shervington of the 41st regiment, deposed that "he was nephew, by marriage, of Captain Armstrong, and had known him since his childhood. When in Lord Cork's regiment in England, had conversations with him. Did not think his principles exactly such as a military man's should be. Had a conversation with him at his agent's, Mr. Mulholland; talked of various things, the French Revolution, and he said he did not wish for kingly government. *He said, that if there was not another executioner in the kingdom for George III. but himself, he would be one, and pique himself upon being so. I told him he was a d——d fellow and ought to give up his commission, and leave the army, and go over to France.*" He had met him at Byrne's, the bookseller's, in Grafton Street; he handed him a book, saying "Read this, it is my creed;" he (the witness) found it was Paine's "Rights of Man," he thrust it into the fire, and said, he (Captain Armstrong) should be served so." The witness further deposed, that he did not know the Messrs. Sheares, and never had seen them until that day. That he would not have come forward to give evidence on this trial, but had been summoned, "and would not have appeared for 100 guineas." That on meeting with Captain Clibborn, he had said, "he was sorry to hear that John Armstrong was finding out the secrets of men, in order to discover them, and being told it was a different thing, that the Sheares wanted to seduce the soldiers, he had said, 'D——n him, he should have run them through the body.'"

Soldiers, it would seem, may have different ways of considering such points. On the trial, Captain Armstrong was proved to be an avowed Atheist, and an unbeliever in a future state; yet, on his testimony, confirmed by that of the Captain Clibborn, to whom he made his diurnal reports, and the documentary evidence, a conviction was obtained. Captain Clibborn received £500 for his services on this occasion, and Armstrong had certainly worked for much more. By the law of Ireland at that period, (a very convenient law for that country,) a single witness was enough to convict a man of treason. From the testimony borne against both Reynolds and Armstrong, by their own relatives and friends, neither would, in England, have been believed on their oath.

Some deeply affecting letters, written by John Sheares to his relatives, while he lay under sentence of death, appear in these volumes. Great and generous efforts were made to obtain the pardon of the Sheares, but all proved unavailing. When Lord Cornwallis gave way, Lord Clare was at hand to inform the new viceroy, that if an example was not made, *loyal men* could have no confidence in him; an argument still occasionally used in Ireland in subduing liberal Lords-lieutenant to obnoxious measures. Of John Sheares, after his trial, we are told—

The only friend he saw after conviction, besides one of his counsel, was Dr. Dobbin, a clergyman of great worth, who had been his tutor at one time in college. He wrote three letters—to his mother, his sister, and one other person. He seemed indifferent to his own fate, but agonised at that of his brother. His speech in court, between conviction and sentence, expressed his real feelings. Lord Carleton, who was the judge on the trial, had been the particular friend of the father of the Sheares. Previous to passing sentence, he made a pathetic address, in which he mentioned the regard and respect he had ever felt for both parents. His cousin, the late Oliver Carleton, told me that, on his return home, after having passed sentence, he wept, and was obliged to go to bed."

The sister of the Messrs. Fleming, the friends and relatives of the Sheares, to whom I have already referred, as having given me many particulars respecting the brothers, has communicated the following circumstance of most mournful interest.

"The Earl of Shannon was a relative and intimate friend of old Mrs. Sheares, and the day of her son's execution, of which she was then ignorant, his lordship went to see her: a most melancholy scene, as may be supposed, occurred between them. She threw herself on her knees to implore his mediation for her younger son, at the time not knowing that her son Henry was implicated, or had been imprisoned, having been told

that he had been advised to keep out of the way for some time, and was actually expecting him home that evening. The earl left the house, not being able to tell her they had *been both executed* that morning."

A more minute account of the survivors of the Sheares is given than was required to elucidate their connexion with the political disturbances of their country; and a copious Appendix is filled with documents connected with the Societies of United Irishmen. It is worthy of notice, that in the scheme for equal representation, prepared for the consideration of the United Irishmen, that though the suffrage was proposed to be universal, parliaments annual, and members paid for their services, the ballot was expressly prohibited.

The Appendix gives an account of the private life, "the birth and parentage," of Major Sirr, who died only last year, and who now lies buried very near his mangled victim, Lord Edward Fitzgerald; of Dr. Duigenan, who boasted that his obscure origin was like that of the Nile; and of many other worthies of the period. One of these, the account of Hepenstal, *alias* the Walking-gallows, is recommended by its brevity, and by the illustration which it affords of the ferocious loyalty of the "*loyal.*" Hepenstal was, at the breaking out of the troubles, a lieutenant in the Wicklow militia. He was, we are informed—

A native of the county Wicklow, had been educated at the school of a pious Catholic priest, in Clarendon Street, Dublin, of the name of Gallagher, his mother being of the Catholic religion. He was brought up to the business of an apothecary, but, in 1795, renounced the pestle for the sword—and halter. Being a man of Herculean stature, he made a gallows of his person, and literally hung numbers of persons over his shoulder. The first inhuman exploit of this kind performed by him, was at Mysores, in the county Westmeath, in 1796, where he entered the cabin of a poor man of the name of Smith, arrested the old man and his two sons, and put the latter to death; one of them having been strangled by suspension over the shoulder of this monster.

At the trial of Hyland, in September 1797, at the Athy assizes, under the White-boy Act, Hepenstal being examined touching the mode of procuring evidence from the witness against the prisoner, said on examination, "He had used some threats, and pricked him with a bayonet;" and when cross-examined by Mr. M'Nally, said, "this prisoner had also been pricked with a bayonet, to induce him to confess: a rope had been put about his neck, which was thrown over his (Hepenstal's) shoulder, he then pulled the rope, and drew the prisoner up, and he was hung in this way for a short time, but continued sulky, and confessed nothing:" whereupon Mr. M'Nally said, "Then you acted the executioner, and played the part of a gallows?" "Yes, please your honour;" was the reply of Lieutenant Hepenstal.

The Solicitor-general, Mr. Toler, who tried the case, in his charge to the jury, regretted the treatment of the prisoner, "*but it was an error such as a young and gallant officer might fall into, warmed by resentment.*" Sir Jonah Barrington was one of the counsel for the crown. The prisoner was found guilty.

The memory of this infamous man has received its deserts at the hands of a clerical gentleman of the name of Barrett, in the form of an epitaph.

"Here lie the bones of Hepenstal,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope, and all."

The notorious Major Sirr was the son of an officer in the army, and had been a kind of wine-merchant in Dublin, when he took up the more lucrative employment of acting for the Government in the following capacity:—

His services chiefly consisted in organizing and maintaining a band of wretches, who were employed at the assizes throughout the country, but especially in the vicinity of Dublin—as informers. They were known to the people by the name of the "Battalion of Testimony."

It is said on high authority that the employment of spies and informers tends rather to the increase than the repression of crime, and that a good government has no need of their infamous services. One thing is certain, that their services were thought useful to a bad government; and the same circumstance that rendered their services necessary, made their infamy a matter of little moment to their employers. From the year 1796 to 1800, a set of miscreants, steeped in crime, sunk in debauchery, prone to violence, and reckless of character, constituted what was called "The Major's People." A number of these wretches were domiciled within the gates of the Castle, where there were regular places of entertainment allotted for them, contiguous to the viceroy's palace; for another company of them, a house was allotted opposite Kilmainham gaol, familiarly known to the people by the name of the "Stag House;" and for one batch of them who could not be trusted with liberty, there was one of the yards of that prison and the surrounding cells assigned to them; which is still called the "Stag Yard." These persons were considered under the immediate protection of Majors Sirr, Swan, and Sandys; and to interfere with them in the course of their duties as spies or witnesses, was to incur the vengeance of their redoubtable patrons.

When the country was broken down sufficiently in strength and spirit to effect the Union, these men were turned adrift on society. A great many of them took to desperate courses, and acting under the dominion of violent passions, they came to violent ends. The common people ascribed, and to this day continue to ascribe, their sudden and unprovided deaths to the divine retribution. The common expression is, "The judgment of God fell on them." Perhaps it would be more consonant to a widely extended knowledge of the action of those general laws of nature which govern humanity, to regard the violent deaths of unjust and cruel men, as the natural consequence of violent courses, and the aggregate of such awful examples as an evidence of the action of that law of nature, in its extended application, which visits even in this world, signal violations of it with a general rather than a particular retribution. Some of the men I speak of, expiated their subsequent crimes on the gallows; others were transported; several committed suicide: many of them, however, whose guilt was of as deep a die as that of Crawley's or O'Brien's, were men who could not say like these unfortunate persons when the times of public commotion were at an end—they had not the means to live—but their superiors in rank, fortune, and education, their employers and accomplices, who superintended their performances in the witness-box and at the triangles, who witnessed and directed their infliction of the tortures of the pitch-cap and the taws, still lived without reproach, but it could not be without remorse. And charity would hope that the time that was given them, was afforded for repentance!

The extent to which the organized system of espionage was carried in those days seems almost incredible. Items extracted from an account of secret service money, most of which passed either through the fingers of Mr. Cooke, Lord Castlereagh's secretary, or of Major Sirr, and was expended on spies and the Battalion of Testimony, amounted, from the 30th September, 1801, to the 28th March, 1804, to no less than £53,547, 13s. 1d. A good deal of this expenditure is for the board, lodging, washing, and clothes of the "Major's people." Some of these items are curious enough. M'Gucken, the treacherous agent of the United Irishmen of the North, comes on pretty well; but

Reynolds is the only man gorged with gold. It is not easy to comprehend the precise nature of all the services so liberally rewarded. Sometimes we find Catholic priests receiving the secret-service money, and in considerable sums. It must, however, be confessed, that all the faults of that dreadful time did not lie on the side of the Government. In a paper named the *Union Star*, published at Belfast, which was the organ of the United Irishmen, assassination was openly advocated, and the persons to be got rid of denounced in terms as atrocious as ever were employed in the Jacobin clubs of Paris, or by the *Mountain*, during the Reign of Terror. From a complete copy of one number of this atrocious print, which seems to have appeared only at intervals, we select the following extract, which will sufficiently display the ferocious and vindictive spirit of the period.

The Star will be published occasionally, as new and notorious characters appear, which the committee may think proper to guard the Society of United Irishmen against.

The Star offers to Public Justice the following detestable traitors as perjured spies and informers :—

" Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest, may reach his heart, and free the world from bondage."

William J——s, about six feet high, corpulent, lives in William Street, better known by the name of Alderman Level-low, from some horrid murders he committed in Meath Street, under the name of laws, which are constructed to leave the lives and properties of Irishmen to the mercy of ignorant and abandoned magistrates. This nefarious upstart, in answer to a club of wretches calling themselves Aldermen of Skinners' Alley, boasts of a Constitution and Protestant ascendancy, secured by the blood and treasure of his forefathers. 'Tis notorious his forefathers were a long line of bricklayers' labourers. Though not at the battle of the Boyne or Aughrim, yet we acknowledge his grandfather died about that period, though he did not bleed, as his valuable life was squeezed out under the gallows for sheep-stealing. The Constitution and Protestant faith were rather ungrateful to the alderman and his cousin Nat, for the blood and treasures of the family so gloriously spent, by suffering those illustrious young gentlemen to begin a mercantile life, as root merchants, in a cellar in Bride Street, where our alderman often displayed his loyalty every returning 4th of November, or July the 1st, by ornamenting his vegetable merchandise with a well-placed orange lily. Thence we see the partners emerge from the subterranean apartment, to manage the nagin in the whisky-shop, which forwarded him rapidly to satisfy his devotion at the shrine of the Orangemen in College Green, when municipal wisdom made our hero lord mayor.

William B——w, sovereign of Belfast, by trade a minister of the Church of England. This infernal mountebank unites the cruelty of an Inquisition to all the chicanery of a vicious priest, under the patronage of what is called the Head of the Church, to whom he looks for rewards for committing every atrocity that ever English villany promoted ; why cross to the continent for a history of king-craft and priest-craft ; every crime that either is accused of, is united in this gospel magistrate and his English master.

Chichester S——n, high Sheriff of the county of A—— : This villain inherits all the vices of tyranny, as a descendant of the first English robbers and invaders; if assassination was heretofore unknown, his treatment and Bristow's of Mr. Orr, would awaken the necessary invention.

L——ll, an infamous name, which his father got hidden and disguised under the name of C——n. This nefarious tyrant, among the crimes that a military government empowers him to commit, has had several men committed to gaol on charges of treason, that he might have an opportunity of obliging their wives to earn a promise of the unfortunate men's enlargement by submitting to him; thus, the stories of Rhaynfault, and other monsters in power, of the dark and barbarous ages, are realized in unfortunate Ireland, and is named the mildness of administration. This villain is remarkable ill-looking, about five feet five inches high, black complexion, wears a uniform, and his hair in queue.

Stephen Sparks, master of the Charter School, Castle Carberry, and Michael Sparks, his brother, and Gilbert Walker, his brother-in-law ; the two latter were rewarded by Luttrell with commissions, for their alacrity as spies and house-burners.

Benjamin Armstrong, alias Benjamin Bung the gauger—43 years of age, large red features, hooked nose, lives at Ervey, near King's Court, county Cavan.

—— Fairbrother, about five feet three inches high, ruddy complexion ; a clothier, in Tenter's Lane, in the Liberty ; one of Corbally's jury.

—— Pettigrew, five feet six inches high, black complexion, thirty-three years of age ; lives in Linen Hall Street ; a sergeant in Dick's company—a juryman of young Hart's.

—— Robertson, five feet ten inches high, a black-looking fellow ; and car-pilot on the Custom House quay.

Hautenville, five feet eight inches high, sixty years of age ; collects for the pipe-water office ; formerly kept a huxter's shop in Mary's Lane.

—— Rice, silversmith in Capel Street, an infamous rascal, and gambler, known by the name of Count Brilliant.

Bartholomew Cannan, about five feet eight inches high, compass-knee'd ; keeps a public-house in William Street, corner of Castle market ; is a notorious spy.

These may serve as a specimen ; but other individuals are denounced in the same style ; and then their murder, or Lynching, is coolly recommended in this easy strain :—

We are constantly witnessing the impudent affectation of cowardly moderation, acting in partnership with tyranny, against the Union Star, which they accuse of inculcating principles of assassination.

We certainly do not advise, though we do not decry assassination, as we conceive it to be the only mode at present within the reach of Irishmen, to bring to justice the royal agents, who are constantly exercising rapes, murders, and burnings, through our devoted country.

We appeal to thy noble and venerated name, O Brutus ! who bravely assassinated the tyrant of your country amidst his cohorts, and in the presence of his pensioned senate ; it is not our solitary suffrage that has attempted to honour thy name and worship thy spirit. The patriot, the sage, and the hero, in every honourable state of life, for eighteen centuries, have given thy name the first and most unequivocal recommendation to the admiring earth, as one that deserves the highest rank amongst the benefactors of the human race.

Yes ! Prince of Patriot Assassins, thy noble and virtuous spirit should pervade our land ; the infant whom a British, or a British-Irish, butcher has left fatherless, should be taught, through his progress to manhood, that thy example should be rigidly imitated, as an honest duty to his parents and his country. The Irish seaman, maimed in the service of his country's tyrant, whose banners he often led to victory—perhaps at the same moment when his aged mother lived to see her daughter violated by a horrid soldiery, who had mingled the ashes of her husband with those of their humble habitation,—in such a son, assassination would be a holy duty, commanded by nature and approved of by Heaven.

Is it wonderful, that in a country where such atrocious doctrines were publicly inculcated only forty years since, that human life is still held of small value, and party murders considered no crime? One would be glad to find relief in imputing

the above horrible suggestions to the license permitted to spies; but truth forbids the charitable assumption. They were the genuine effusions of what was then considered the liberal spirit.

Upon the whole, there is nothing in this history of Irish espionage to encourage the Irish Executive to repeat the experiment; nor in that of the Societies of United Irishmen to tempt any sane man to depart from that open course of steady but peaceful and continued effort, which has already accomplished so much, and which is equal to every desirable end.

MOFFAT'S MISSIONARY LABOURS AND SCENES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

(Concluded from our August No.)

We left our intrepid missionary making his way to the court of the renowned African sovereign, Moselekatse, the king of the warlike Matabeles, "The Great King of Heaven," "The Elephant," "The Lion's-paw." Moffat was the first white man who had ever penetrated so far in this direction. It will be remembered that he came hither with the ambassadors whom Moselekatse had sent to the mission station to examine and report on the wonders to be seen there; and with other secret diplomatic objects which were not avowed. In his reception of the white man, the representative of the powerful race of whom so many fables were told—this barbarous sovereign, the Napoleon of the desert, endeavoured to impress him with a due sense of his own power and dignity. As this is the most important of the native tribes whom Mr. Moffat visited, and equal in interest to any of the relations given by Park or Clapperton, we must present the "Lion's Paw" with some ceremony.

He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at our feet, and invited us to partake. By this time the wagons were seen in the distance, and having intimated our wish to be directed to a place where we might encamp in the outskirts of the town, he accompanied us, keeping fast hold of my right arm, though not in the most graceful manner, yet with perfect familiarity. "The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please." When the "moving houses," as the wagons were called, drew near, he took a firmer grasp of my arm, and looked on them with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the wagon with the utmost caution, still holding me by one hand, and placing the other on his mouth, indicating his surprise. He looked at them very intently, particularly the wheels, and when told of how many pieces of wood each wheel was composed, his wonder was increased. After examining all very closely, one mystery yet remained,—how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without either end or joint. 'Umbate, my friend and fellow-traveller, whose visit to our station had made him much wiser than his master, took hold of my right hand, and related what he had seen. "My eyes," he said, "saw that very hand," pointing to mine, "cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them." A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. "Does he give medicine to the iron?" was the monarch's inquiry. "No," said 'Umbate, "nothing is used but fire, a hammer and a chisel." Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors were still standing as he left them, who received him with immense bursts of applause.

Some thousands of the Matabele, composing several regiments, are distinguished by the colour of their shields, as well as the kind and profusion of feathers which generally adorn their heads, having also a long feather of the blue crane rising from their brows, all which has an imposing effect at their onset. Their arms consist of a shield, short spear, and club. The club, often made of the horn of a rhinoceros or hard wood, they throw with unerring precision, so as even to strike dead the smaller antelope. . . . . Moselekatse did not fail to supply us abundantly with meat, milk, and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and people to the best advantage. In accordance with savage notions of conferring honour, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighbouring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given in compliment to the strangers. A smooth plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem with long white wands marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked me if it was not fine, and if we had such things in my country. . . . . Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Baaite!* or *Aaite!* followed by a number of his high sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant, &c.

The farther account of the court and the nobles of "the great king" is full of interest. The history of an officer of the king's, degraded for some crime, but who was saved from death by the intercession of the missionary, shows that the proud, conventional sense of honour, the feelings "of chivalry," may glow as intensely in the sable breast of a barbarian in South Africa, as in the heart of a descendant of the highest Norman nobility. The sable warrior disdained the poor boon of life if deprived of his rank and privileges, and the badges of his honours; and rejected the commutation of his sentence which, to the astonishment of the other nobles, the missionary had obtained.

The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon, and exalt in songs applicable only to One, to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But, no! holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied, "O king, afflict not my heart! I have merited thy displeasure; let me be slain like the warrior; I can-

not live with the poor." And, raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued; "How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honour which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!" His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now, my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honours he had won at the point of the spear—honours which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish—to exile and poverty, among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom! This was a sabbath morning scene, such as heathenism exhibits to the view of the Christian philanthropist; and such as is calculated to excite in his bosom feelings of the deepest sympathy. This magnanimous heathen knew of no hereafter. He was without God and without hope. But, however deplorable the state of such a person may be, he will not be condemned as equally guilty with those who, in the midst of light and knowledge, self-separated from the body, recklessly rush into the presence of their Maker and their Judge. . . . . .

Moselekatse's conduct in this affair produced a strange impression among his people, some of whom regarded me as an extraordinary being, who could thus influence one more terrible to them than the fiercest lion of the forest. His government, so far as I could discover, was the very essence of despotism. The persons of the people, as well as their possessions, were the property of their monarch. . . . . Although his tyranny was such, that one would have supposed his subjects would execrate his name, they were the most servile devotees of their master. Wherever he was seated, or wherever he slept, a number of sycophants, fantastically dressed, attended him, whose business was to march, jump, and dance about, sometimes standing adoring his person, then manœuvring with a stick, and vociferating the mighty deeds of valour performed by himself and Machobane. The same things are repeated again and again, often with a rapidity of articulation which baffles the understanding of their own countrymen. After listening many times, I was able, with the assistance of one of these parasites, to pick up the following expressions:—"O Pezoolu, the king of kings, king of the heavens, who would not fear before the son of Machobane, mighty in battle! Where are the mighty before the presence of our great king? Where is the strength of the forest before the great elephant? The proboscis is breaking the branches of the forest! It is the sound of the shields of the son of Machobane. He breathes upon their faces; it is the fire among the dry grass! His enemies are consumed before him, king of kings! Father of fire, he ascends to the blue heavens; he sends his lightnings into the clouds, and makes the rain to descend! Ye mountains, woods, and grassy plains, hearken to the voice of the son of Machobane, king of heaven!" This is a specimen of the sounding titles which incessantly meet the ear of this proud mortal, and are sufficient to make the haughty monarch believe that he is what the terror of the name of Dingaan convinced him he was not; for, notwithstanding all his vain boasts, he could not conceal his fears of the successor of the bloody Chaka, against whose iron sway he had rebelled.

Monarchy was seen here in its highest perfection. The character of the monarch, the Napoleon, or the Nicholas of Africa, is of itself a study. We can only give a faint indication of his previous career, which is described at great length.

Though but a follower in the footsteps of Chaka, the career of Moselekatse, from the period of his revolt till the time I saw him, and long after, formed an interminable catalogue of crimes. Scarcely a mountain, over extensive regions, but bore the marks of his deadly ire. His experience and native cunning enabled him to triumph over the minds of his men, and made his trembling captives soon adore him as an invincible sovereign. Those who resisted, and would not stoop to be his dogs, he butchered. He trained the captured youth in his own tactics, so that the majority of his army were foreigners; but his chiefs and nobles gloried in their descent from the Zoolu dynasty. He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met with his equal; and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions. . . . . In his person he was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with a short neck, and in his manner could be exceedingly affable and cheerful. His voice, soft and effeminate, did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, happily for his people, it was not so, or many would have been butchered in the ebullitions of his anger.

The above is but a faint description of this Napoleon of the desert,—a man with whom I often conversed, and who was not wanting in consideration and kindness, as well as gratitude. But to sympathy and compassion his heart appeared a stranger. The following incident, for a day or two, threw a mystery over my character which he could not understand, though it was only an illustration of the principles I laboured to implant in his heart, apparently impervious to any tender emotion which had not self for its object.

The affecting incident which afforded the missionary an opportunity to display what are Christian feelings and principles, tended, with many other circumstances, to excite Mokhatla's curiosity, is too long for us. The missionary was to him a completely new specimen of humanity, and consequently a mystery, whose motives of action were incomprehensible. Mr. Moffat says—

He asked me if I could make rain. I referred him to the Governor of the universe, who alone could give rain and fruitful seasons. 'Umbate was more than once called to bear his testimony as to our operations and manner of living at the Kuruman. Our leaving our own country for the sake of the natives, obedient to the will of the invisible Being whose character I described, was to him a bewildering fact; for he did not appear to doubt my word; and how we could act independently of our sovereign, or without being his emissaries, he could not understand: but his greatest puzzle was, that I had not seen my king, and could not describe his riches, by the numbers of his flocks and herds. I tried to explain to him the character of the British government, the extent of our commerce, and the good our nation was doing in sending the Gospel of peace and salvation to the nations which know not God; and told him also, that our king too had his instructors to teach him to serve that God, who alone was "King of kings, and King of the heavens." "Is your king like me?" he asked. I was sorry I could not give him a satisfactory reply. When I described the blessed effects of peace, the populousness of my own country, the industry of the people, the number of sheep and cattle daily slaughtered in the great towns, the reigning passion again burst forth in the exclamation, "Your nation must be terrible in battle; you must tell your king I wish to live in peace."

The day after this conversation he came to me, attended by a party of his warriors, who remained at a short distance from us, dancing and singing. Their yells and shouts, their fantastic leaps, and distorted gestures, would have impressed a stranger with the idea that they were more like a company of fiends than men. Addressing me, he said, "I am a king, but you are Machobane,* and I am come to sit at your feet for instruction." This was seasonable; for my mind had just

* The name of the king's father, which he in reverence gave to the missionary.—*E. T. M.*

been occupied in contemplating the miseries of the savage state. I spoke much on man's ruin, and man's redemption. "Why," he asked, "are you so earnest that I abandon all war, and not kill men?" "Look on the human bones which lie scattered over your dominions," was my reply. "They speak in awful language, and to me they say, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man also will his blood be shed.'" This was fearful language in the ears of such a murderer. "You say," he added, "that the dead will rise again." My remarks on this subject were startling in the ears of a savage, and he interrupted by hastily assuring me that he would not go to war. While we were yet speaking, a body of *Mackaha* soldiers advanced, and bowed behind their shields at a distance, to wait his awful nod. The Entoto (married man) their leader, then addressed him in language and attitude the most suppliant. The burden of the petition was, "Permit us, O king of heavens, to obtain new shields:" in other words, "Allow us to go and attack some distant town, to acquire new spoils and fresh glory." This was an inauspicious moment for these ambitious men. Turning to me, the monarch said, "You see it is my people who wish to make war," and instantly dismissed them from his presence.

As he was rather profuse in his honorary titles, especially in calling me a king, I requested him rather to call me teacher, or anything but a king. "Then," he said, "shall I call you my father?" "Yes," I rejoined, "but only on condition that you be an obedient son." This drew from him and his nobles a hearty laugh. When I recommended a system which would secure not only safety, but plenty to his people, without the unnatural one of keeping up a force of many thousands of unmarried warriors, he tried to convince me that his people were happy; and to a stranger they might appear so, for, alas! they dared not let any murmur reach his ear; but I knew more than he was aware of. I knew many a couch was steeped with silent tears, and many an acre stained with human blood. About ten minutes after the conversation, a lovely boy, the son of one of his many wives, sat smiling on my knee, caressing me as if I were his own father. As some of the king's harem were seated near, I asked the boy which was his mother. He shook his little head and sighed. I asked no more, but learned soon after that the mother, who was the daughter of a captive chief, was a superior woman, and took the liberty of remonstrating with her lord on the multitude of his concubines. One morning she was dragged out of her house, and her head severed from her body.

The happiness of the king and his subjects appeared to be entirely derived from their success in war, and the reward of a wife was a stimulus to his men to multiply their victims. Days of feasting were held, when they glutted themselves with flesh. The bloody bowl was the portion of those who could count the tens they had slain in the day of battle.

The parting scene of the missionary and this barbarous monarch is characteristic.—

Having resolved on returning, Moselekatse accompanied me in my wagon a long day's journey to one of his principal towns. He soon became accustomed to the jolting of an African wagon, and found it convenient to lay his well lubricated body down on my bed, to take a nap. On awaking he invited me to lie down beside him; but I begged to be excused, preferring to enjoy the scenery around me. Two more days we spent together, during which I renewed my entreaties that he would abstain from war, promising that one day he should be favoured with missionaries, which he professed to desire. Having obtained from me my telescope, for the purpose, he said, of seeing on the other side of the mountains if Dingaan, the king of the Zoolus, whom he justly dreaded, was approaching, I bade him farewell, with scarcely a hope that the Gospel could be successful among the Matabele, until there should be a revolution in the government of a monarch, who demanded that homage which pertains to God alone. . . . . To my solemn exhortations he only replied, "Pray to your God to keep me from the power of Dingaan."

Mr. Moffat made a subsequent visit to this monarch, who had in the interval been constantly engaged in wars, and has since been driven from his conquests. Before he fled, the influence and admonitions of Moffat had this good effect.—

Overwhelmed by such superior and unexpected forces, he fled to the north; and it merits notice, that before his departure he allowed all the captive Bahurutsi, Bakhatla, and other neighbouring tribes, to return to their own land. This was a measure which astonished the natives, who have since congregated on the ancient domains of their forefathers; and if no foreign power again drive them from their native glens, they will ere long become the interesting objects of missionary labour.

By this time the tide had fairly turned in favour of the missionaries among the people amidst whom Mr. Moffat was stationed. The progress of evangelizing and civilizing, slow in the beginning, became rapid. The country, which had suffered from several successive years of great drought, had, in the season after he returned from visiting the Matabele, been blessed with plenteous fertilizing rains, and the fields and gardens teemed with a plenty which had been unknown for years. The native settlers began to cultivate the new sorts of grain and vegetables presented to them by the missionaries, and to plant fruit-trees; and all was cheerfulness and good-humour. The new converts among the natives soon became eminently useful in spreading knowledge and the love of improvement. Many were learning to read their native language; and Mr. Moffat had translated the Gospel of St. Luke, and Dr. Brown's Scripture Texts. A neat chapel, a school-house, dwellings for the missionaries, and workshops, had been substantially built by the voluntary assistance of the natives; and the important improvement of irrigation had been attended to: the natives, seeing the uses of watercourses, imitated what they saw, and gradually adopted those barrows, ploughs, harrows, spades and mattocks, which they had formerly ridiculed and despised, as innovations on the wisdom of their ancestors. Great progress was made at the station during the year in which Mr. Moffat was at Cape Town getting his translations printed, and acquiring a knowledge of the art of printing, which, together with that of the blacksmith, the mason, the carpenter, &c., was now brought to the station. A small hymn-book was first printed there. We are told—

Among the treasures brought with us from the colony, was a box of materials for clothing, for the encouragement of such as were making efforts to clothe themselves. This was the first supply of the kind, and nothing could be more seasonable to a people just beginning to emerge from barbarism, the impoverished remains of scattered tribes, but the first-fruits of the Gospel among the Bechuanas. The needy were supplied, and many a heart was made glad.

Mr. Moffat contends that "evangelization must precede civilisation." Among his converts they seem to have gone hand in hand. It was either made a condition or was a decent custom observed, that those who were baptized should previously procure decent clothing. How much of happy change to a whole people is comprehended in the following passage.

Hitherto a sewing school had been uncalled for, the

women's work being that of building houses, raising fences and cultivating the ground, while the lords of the creation, for their own convenience and comfort, had from time immemorial added to their pursuits the exercise of sewing their garments, which, from their durability and scanty supply, was anything but a laborious work. It was a novel sight to observe women and young girls handling the little bright instrument, which was scarcely perceptible to the touch of fingers accustomed to grasp the handle of a pickaxe, or to employ them to supply the absence of trowels. But they were willing, and Mrs. M., in order to encourage them, engaged to meet them as often as her strength would permit. She had soon a motley group of pupils, very few of the whole party, possessing either a frock or gown. The scarcity of materials was a serious impediment to progress; and living as we did far beyond the reach of traders, and six hundred miles from a market town, it was next to impossible to obtain them, at least just when wanted. The same Gospel which had taght them that they were spiritually miserable, blind, and naked, discovered to them also that they needed reform externally, and thus prepared their minds to adopt those modes of comfort, cleanliness, and convenience which they had been accustomed to view only as the peculiarities of a strange people. Thus, by the slow but certain progress of Gospel principles, whole families became clothed and in their right mind. Ornaments which were formerly in high repute, as adorning, but more frequently disfiguring their persons, were now turned into bullion to purchase skins of animals, which being prepared almost as soft as cloth, were made into jackets, trowsers, and gowns. When opportunity was afforded by the visit of a trader, British manufactures were eagerly purchased.

For a long period, when a man was seen to make a pair of trowsers for himself, or a woman a gown, it was a sure intimation that we might expect additions to our inquirers; abandoning the custom of painting the body, and beginning to wash with water, was with them what cutting off the hair was among the South Sea islanders, a public renunciation of heathenism.

The garments were, and probably still are, awkward, grotesque, and incongruous enough, according to European ideas; but what an advance from the grease and ochre besmeared persons and filthy customs of former times!

Our congregation now became a variegated mass, including all descriptions, from the lubricated wild man of the desert, to the clean, comfortable, and well-dressed believer. The same spirit diffused itself through all the routine of household economy. Formerly a chest, a chair, a candle, or a table, were things unknown, and supposed to be only the superfluous accompaniments of beings of another order. Although they never disputed the superiority of our attainments in being able to manufacture these superfluities, they would however question our common sense in taking so much trouble about them. They thought us particularly extravagant in burning fat in the form of candles, instead of rubbing it on our bodies, or depositing it in our stomachs.

A bunch of home-made candles hanging from the wall of a hut was now often to be seen; and afforded the missionary more gratification than the most charming picture; as an indication that instead of moping over the embers, unable to see what they were eating, or each other, the inmates could now read, work, and converse by the steady light of a candle. "We have been like the beasts," the poor Bechuanas would now exclaim; "what shall we do to be saved?"

The lovers of Natural History, and juvenile readers, will find much to gratify their tastes in this volume, which abounds in anecdotes of lions, elephants, baboons, hyenas, buffaloes, &c.; and of the dangers incurred in numerous encounters with them, while the missionary was travelling through the arid deserts. The perils and adventures of Mr. Catlin among the Red Indians, and the buffaloes and bisons of the "Far, *far* west," are not nearly so stirring as those of the missionary Moffat, in the wilds of Africa, while bivouacking, or seeking food for himself and his attendants in the chase. And he appears to have handled a rifle quite as bravely and as skillfully as a text. One night, when sorely in want of "a collop," he went with two of his company, to watch at a place where wild cattle were likely to come to drink, resolving to shoot whatever first appeared, rather than be, next day, exposed to the burning sun, on an arid plain, in hunting for food. The hunters lay in a hollow place, close by the fountain.

It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. "What is that!" I asked Bogachu. "Ririmala," (be silent,) he said; "there are lions, they will hear us." A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visiters were two buffalos, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mosi, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly towards us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visiters were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply.

The thrilling adventures of Mr. Moffat, and other travellers in Africa, throw the feats of our lion-tamers of the theatre into the shade.

In another place our hunter relates;—

When I had occasion to hunt, in order to supply the wants of myself and people, a troop of men would follow, and as soon as a rhinoceros or any other animal was shot, a fire was made and some would be roasting, while the others would be cutting and tearing away at the ponderous carcase, which is soon dissected. During these operations they would exhibit all the gestures of heathenish joy, making an uproar as if a town were on fire. I do not wonder that Mr. Campbell once remarked on a similar occasion, that from their noise and gestures he did not know his travelling companions. Having once shot a rhinoceros, the men surrounded it with roaring congratulation. In vain I shouted that it was not dead: a dozen spears were thrust into it, when up started the animal in a fury, and tearing up the ground with his horn, made every one fly in terror. These animals were very numerous in this part of the country; they are not

gregarious, more than four or five being seldom seen together, though I once observed nine following each other to the water. They fear no enemy but man, and are fearless of him when wounded and pursued. The lion flies before them like a cat; the mohohu, the largest species, has been known even to kill the elephant, by thrusting the horn into his ribs.

On another occasion, when Moffat was traversing the desert, bound on a distant expedition, he relates—

Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool (Khokhole,) we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and, amid the darkness were unable to trace footmarks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand, and examined the edges of the pool to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many *spoors* of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the wagon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow with them, and though I recommended their making her fast also, they very humorously replied that she was too wise to leave the wagon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn, and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my wagon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet. A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking the bones, while its bellowings were most pitiful. When these were over, I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the wagon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen. The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by examination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn-bushes with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone if he did not molest us.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I found that the large, round, hairy-headed visiters were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when, coming to my wagon-driver, to inform him of our danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful of them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the wagon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some paces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced anything but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fat meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expressions of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcass in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch, which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcase instead of himself.

When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the foot-marks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the foot-marks of the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion could eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left, and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer. . . . . Much has been written about African lions, but the half has not been told. The following trait in their character may not be intrusive, or partaking of the marvellous, with which the tales of some travellers are said to abound. I give it as received from men of God, and men who had been experienced Nimrods too. The old lion, when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself; or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe, and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the meantime, the others draw around, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcase, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires, the others, watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. This was what Africaner called better manners than those of the Namaquas, [who abandon their aged parents.]

Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their foot-marks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept towards a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up towards the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed

his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn towards the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the meantime two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said; and, fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."

At an earlier period, and in another part of the country, the following circumstance occurred, and formed Mr. Moffat's first introduction to the companionship of lions:—

One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the 'Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard: our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monster is perceived, they start like race-horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found.

While travelling with the ambassadors of Mokhatla, the chief or king mentioned above, he relates—

As we were retiring to rest one night, a lion passed near us, occasionally giving a roar, which softly died away on the extended plain, as it was responded to by another at a distance. Directing the attention of these *Balala* to this sound, and asking if they thought there was danger, they turned their ears as to a voice with which they were familiar, and, after listening for a moment or two, replied, "There is no danger; he has eaten, and is going to sleep." They were right, and we slept also. Asking them in the morning how they knew the lions were going to sleep, they replied, "We live with them; they are our companions."

There is greater loss of human life from the hyenas entering the towns and villages by night, and lying in wait at the pools whence the women and children fetch water, than from the "monarch of the wild." Upon one occasion Mr. Moffat ran more danger from what are considered very ignoble animals—from baboons, than he had ever done from the lion. The whole passage is full of beauty, and shows the author to be a man who really need not fear to preach before the most cultivated audience that Cape Town or any other town could furnish. When travelling towards Griqua Town, and near the Orange River, he had the following animating series of adventures:—

On one occasion I was remarkably preserved, when all expected that my race was run. We had reached the river early in the afternoon, after a dreadfully scorching ride across a plain. Three of my companions, who were in advance, rode forward to a Bushman village, on an ascent some hundred yards from the river. I went, because my horse would go, towards a little pool on a dry branch, from which the flood or torrent had receded to the larger course. Dismounting, I pushed through a narrow opening in the bushes, and lying down, took a hearty draught. Immediately on raising myself I felt an unusual taste in my mouth, and looking attentively at the water, and the temporary fence around, it flashed across my mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. I came out, and meeting one of our number, who had been a little in the rear, just entering, told him my suspicion.

He recovered, after great suffering, and tells—

I was deeply affected by the sympathy of these poor Bushmen, to whom we were utter strangers. When they saw me laugh, they deafened our ears with expressions of satisfaction, making a croaking and clicking, of which their language seemed to be made up. And these barbarians to the letter "showed us no little kindness," for they gave us some meat of zebras, which had died from drinking the same water on the preceding day. This was very acceptable; for having fasted that day, we were all ready for a meal; and, though the poisoned water had partially blunted my appetite, I enjoyed a steak of the black-looking flesh mingled with its yellow fat.

On leaving the next morning, I gave these poor people a good share of our small stock of tobacco, which set them all dancing like merry Andrews, blessing our visit with the most fantastic gestures. It grieved me, that, from the want of an interpreter, I could say but little to them about Him who came to redeem the poor and the needy.

These people had come down from the desert on the north in search of water, and were subsisting by the chase, by catching a solitary animal in a pit-fall, or else destroying it with water poisoned by an infusion of bulbs, or other roots. They were evidently living in some fear of the Corannas on the opposite side of the river, whose cattle form a tempting bait to these hungry wanderers. Thinking, and *justly too*, that some part of the earth's surface *must be theirs*, they naturally imagine that if *their* game is shot, and their honey pilfered, they have a right to reprisals, according to natural law, and therefore cannot resist the temptation of seizing the property of their more wealthy neighbours, when it lies within reach.

On the seventh day we reached that part of the river called Quis or Kwees, from which we intended to go in a direct course to Griqua Town, leaving the Orange River far to the right. We had previously made inquiries about the country which lay between: some said there was water; others, that we should find none. We had eaten a small portion of meat that morning, reserving only enough for *one* single meal, lest we should get no more; and drank freely of water, to keep the stomach distended; and felt tolerably comfortable. At night we came to some old huts, where were remains of tobacco gardens, which had been watered with wooden vessels from the adjoining river. We spent the evening in one of these huts; though, from certain holes for ingress and egress, it was evidently a domicile for hyenas, and other beasts of prey. We had scarcely ended our evening song of praise to Him whose watchful care had guided and preserved us through the day, when the distant and dolorous howls of the hyena, and the no less inharmonious jabbering of the jackal, announced the kind of company with which we were to spend the night; while, from the river, the hippopotami kept up a blowing and snorting chorus. Our sleep was anything but sweet. On the addition of the dismal notes of the hooting owl, one of our men remarked, "We want only the lion's roar to complete the music of the desert." "Were they as sleepy and tired as I am," said another, "they would find something else to do." In the morning we found that some of these night scavengers had approached very near the door of our hut.

Having refreshed ourselves with a bath and a draught of water, we prepared for the thirsty road we had to traverse; but, before starting, a council was held, whether we should finish the last small portion of meat, which any one might have devoured in a minute, or reserve it. The decision was to keep it till evening. We sought in vain for ixia bulbs. Our only resource, according to the custom of the country, was to fill ourselves with as much water as our bodies could contain. We were obliged to halt during the day, fearing our horses would give up, from the excessive heat. When the evening drew on, we had to ascend and descend several sand-hills, which, weary and faint from two days' fasting, was to us exceedingly fatiguing. Vanderbyle and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when we observed our three companions remaining behind; but supposing they staid to strike light and kindle their pipes, we thoughtlessly rode forward. Having proceeded some distance, we halted, and hallooed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground near the Long Mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching a bushless plain, we alighted, and made a fire: another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our suffering,—to retrace our steps was impossible:—probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us:—at the same time we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain, when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered—by the lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. No wood was at hand to make a fire, nothing but tufts of grass; so we ran, and remounted our horses, urging them on towards a range of dark mountains, the gloom increasing as we proceeded; but as our horses could not go much above a walking pace, we were in dread every moment of being overtaken. If we drew up to listen, his approach in the rear was distinctly heard. On reaching the winding glen or pass through the mountains, despairing of escape from our enemy, we resolved to ascend a steep, where, from a precipice, we might pelt him with stones; for we had only a couple of balls left. On dragging ourselves and our horses up the steep, we found the supposed refuge too uneven for a standing-place, and not one fragment of loose stone to be found. Our situation was now doubly dangerous; for, on descending to the path, the query was, on which side is the lion? My companion took his steel and flint, to try, by striking them, if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear. We instantly remounted, and continued to pursue the track, which we had sometimes great difficulty in tracing along its zig-zag windings, among bushes, stones and sand. The dark towering cliffs around us, the deep silence of which was disturbed by the grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of some of its young ones, added to the colouring of the night's picture. We had not proceeded very far before the lion gave a tremendous roar, which, echoing from precipice to precipice, sounded as if we were within a lion's den. On reaching the egress of the defile through which we had passed, we were cheered by the waning moon, rising bright in the east. Descending again, we would gladly have laid our weary limbs down to rest; but thirst, and the possibility of the lion's resolving to make his supper on one of us, propelled our weary steps, for our horses were completely jaded.

We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished for "waterfall," so named, because when it rains, water sometimes falls, though in small quantities; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We allowed our poor worn-out horses to go where they pleased, and having kindled a small fire, and produced a little saliva by smoking a pipe, we talked about our lost companions, who happened for their comfort to have the morsel of meat, and who, as Jantye thought, would wander from the position in which we left them towards the river. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us, was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel anything like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. I felt as if engaged, during my short repose, in roving among ambrosial bowers of paradisaical delight, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps; it was the night wind falling on my ears from the neighbouring hill. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount, flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These Elysian pleasures continued till morning dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. We were, however, somewhat less fatigued, but wanted water, and had recourse to another pipe before we could articulate a word.

My companion then directed me to a projecting rock, near the top of the hill, where, if there were water at all, it would be found. I took up the gun to proceed in that direction, while he went in search of the horses, which we feared might have been devoured by the lion. I ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there were any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent was very laborious, but I would have given anything to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Levelling my piece at two that seemed the most fierce, as I was about to touch the trigger, the thought occurred, I have escaped, let me be thankful; therefore I left them uninjured, perhaps with the gratification of having given me a fright.

Jantye soon appeared with the horses. My looks, more expressive than words, convincing him that there was no water, we saddled the poor animals, which, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We now directed our course towards Witte water, where we could scarcely hope to arrive before afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain, where the delusive mirage tantalized our feelings with exhibitions of the loveliest pictures, of lakes and pools studded with lovely islets, and towering trees moving in the breeze on their banks. In some might be seen the bustle of a mercantile harbour, with jetties, coves, and moving rafts and oars; in others, lakes so lovely, as if they had just come from the hand of the Divine artist, a transcript of Eden's sweetest views, but all the result of highly rarefied air, or the reflected heat of the sun's rays on the sultry plain. Sometimes, when the horses and my companion were some hundred yards in advance, they appeared as if lifted from the earth, or moving like dark living pillars in the air. Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock, the shrubs sapless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a

beetle, resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

The hardships of the missionary, on this wild journey, were not yet ended, nor was his every day course of life without severe privation.

We have been tempted beyond all due bounds by this fascinating narrative, which combines beauty and interest of every sort, divine and human. One more isolated picture, and we have done, sincerely hoping that tens and hundreds of thousands may experience the same delight and instruction from the perusal of this narrative, that it has afforded to ourselves. By a happy suggestion, the singing of hymns, which Moffat had composed or translated into the native language, was adopted, and it charmed the natives. A distant chief, of mild and highly interesting character, named Mosheu, had, at different times, visited the station, and had brought his family to be instructed; and while out on a tour, Moffat visited his village, where this animated scene occurred—

The moment I entered the village, the hue-and-cry was raised, and old and young, mother and children, came running together as if it were to see some great prodigy. . . . . I took my Testament and a hymn-book, and with such singers as I had, gave out a hymn, read a chapter, and prayed; then taking the text, "God so loved the world," etc., discoursed to them for about an hour. Great order and profound silence were maintained. The scene (so well depicted in the vignette in the title-page) was in the centre of the village, composed of Bechuana and Coranna houses and cattle-folds. Some of these contained the cattle, sheep, and goats, while other herds were strolling about. At a distance a party were approaching riding on oxen. A few strangers drew near with their spears and shields, who, on being beckoned to, instantly laid them down. The native dogs could not understand the strange-looking being on the front of the wagon, holding forth to a gazing throng, and they would occasionally break the silence with their bark, for which, however, they suffered the penalty of a stone or stick hurled at their heads. Two milk maids, who had tied their cows to posts, stood the whole time with their milking vessels in their hands, as if afraid of losing a single sentence. The earnest attention manifested exceeded anything I had ever before witnessed, and the countenances of some indicated strong mental excitement. . . When I had concluded, my hearers divided into companies, to talk the subject over; but others, more inquisitive, plied me with questions. While thus engaged, my attention was arrested by a simple-looking young man at a short distance, rather oddly attired. . . . The person referred to was holding forth with great animation to a number of people, who were all attention. On approaching, I found, to my surprise, that he was preaching my sermon over again, with uncommon precision, and with great solemnity, imitating as nearly as he could the gestures of the original. A greater contrast could scarcely be conceived than the fantastic figure I have described, and the solemnity of his language, his subject being eternity, while he evidently felt what he spoke. Not wishing to disturb him, I allowed him to finish the recital, and seeing him soon after, told him that he could do what I was sure I could not, that was, preach again the same sermon verbatim. He did not appear vain of his superior memory. "When I hear anything great," he said, touching his forehead with his finger, "it remains there." This young man died in the faith shortly after, before an opportunity was afforded him of making a public profession.

In the evening, after the cows were milked, and the herds had laid themselves down in the folds to chew the cud, a congregation, for the the third time, stood before my wagon. The bright silvery moon, holding her way through a cloudless starry sky, and shining on many a sable face, made the scene peculiarly solemn and impressive, while the deepest attention was paid to the subject, which was the importance of religion illustrated by Scripture characters. After the service, they lingered about the wagon, making many inquiries, and repeating over and over again what they had heard. . . . The following day, Monday, was no less busy, for though the wind was very high, so as to prevent a public service in the morning, I was engaged addressing different parties at their own dwellings, and teaching them to read. . . . When another deeply interesting evening service had closed, the people seemed resolved to get all out of me they could. All would learn to read there and then. A few remaining spelling-books were sought out, and the two or three young people I had with me were each enclosed within a circle of scholars all eager to learn. Some were compelled to be content with only shouting out the names of the letters, which were rather too small to be seen by the whole circle, with only the light of the moon. While this rather noisy exercise was going on, some of the principal men with whom I was conversing, thought they would also try their skill in this new art. . . . "Oh, teach us the A B C with music," every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discovery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded. The tune of "Auld lang syne" was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by sucoeeding voices, till every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heart-felt satisfaction. The longer they sang the more freedom was felt, and "Auld lang syne" was echoed to the farthest corner of the village. The strains which infuse pleasurable emotions into the sons of the North, were no less potent among these children of the South. Those who had retired to their evening slumbers, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; "for music," it is said, "charms the savage breast." It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste, which enables them to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished by melody and softness. . . . . The company at length dispersed; and awaking in the morning, after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming their alphabet over again. . . . Mosheu and his people made very pleasing advances in Christian knowledge, and so eager were they to benefit by the instructions of the missionaries, that at a considerable sacrifice of time and comfort, they made frequent journeys to the Kuruman. It was an interesting spectacle to see forty or fifty men, women, and children, coming over the plain, all mounted on oxen, and bringing with them a number of milch cows, that they might not be too burdensome either to the missionaries or the people. Their object was to obtain instruction; and they would remain at Motito and the Kuruman for more than two months at a time, diligently attending to all the opportunities afforded; and Andries, the brother of Mosheu, being the more talented individual, was soon after appointed schoolmaster, and under his humble and devoted labours they made wonderful progress. What they valued for themselves they were anxious to secure to their children; and Mosheu left his daughter to the care of Mrs. Moffat, for education, while Andries committed his son to that of Mr. Lemue, at Motito, both of whom made most satisfactory progress, not only in reading and writing, but the daughter in needlework, and in general domestic employments.

FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1842.

It is easy for us, however the public in general may take it, perfectly to comprehend the delicacies and difficulties which lately beset our opposite neighbours of the pavilion on the Castle Hill. We mean, of course, those gentlemen appointed by the Highland Society the other day, to judge and award its prizes among hundreds of rival candidates, and eager competitors for glory. Often, a fellow-feeling informs us, must they have felt, that where only one fortunate individual could obtain the reward of his achievements in breeding or feeding, there might be a dozen almost equally deserving of the prize; and that where the shades of superiority were so slight, and the claims so equally balanced, it might be quite as just to decide by a throw of the dice, as by critical examination and fixed rules. Such, at least, is our predicament; and our task is even more onerous than that of our neighbour judges, as, unlike the domestic animals and agricultural produce, verse, though it admit of being scanned and measured, cannot so well be judged of by its weight and bulk. In these circumstances, we can only protest that we have acted with due deliberation, and to the best of an unbiassed judgment, in awarding our annual prizes; an honoured place, namely, at our Feast of the Poets for 1842—with—upon certain conditions, which depend wholly upon the competitors themselves—Immortality in reversion. This premised, we proceed without farther observation.

GROUP I.

POETRY OF DAY, THOUGH NOT FOR THE DAY ONLY.

THE REVIVALIST.—A PORTRAIT.

And thou art he!—I wish thee joy
Of recent Time's arrivals,
Not the least strange, the godly boy,
The preacher of Revivals!
Thou hast made uproar great, I learn,
In this good town appearing;
Filled all our maids with soul-concern,
And all our men with sneering.

I'll judge thee justly, trust me, youth;
Fame, like a broken mirror,
With twenty faces of a truth,
Gives twenty shapes of error.
I find thee modest, meek, and mild,
With smooth and boyish braid
Thy hair, as simple as a child,
Thou gentle as a maid.

But pensive, sad, and inly-grieved,
Else that slow utterance why,
That each fair thought, howe'er conceived,
Must still be born a sigh?
But even thou art not all night,
Thy soul, too, has its gleaming;
Mark! now it flickers with fair light,
Now with red fire 'tis streaming;

Now like sea-murmur on the shore,
Soft ripple on the pebble;
Now like the many-surging roar
That furious scales the treble.
A wind-waked stream of gospel notes,
Which systematic ears,
Because for them too wild it floats,
Will listen to with sneers.

But God, who nothing does in vain,
And gives to each his part,
Oft compensates the feebler brain
By stronger-pulsing heart.

Thus He to thee gave strong desires,
Emotion deep, not clear,
The power to wake the fusing fires,
And urge the softening tear.

And if, belike, scant wisdom serves,
And weakness be an ally,
To witch convulsions from the nerves
Of Susan and of Sally;

Is it not better thus to hear
The Word, and wildly feel it,
Than to receive it in thine ear,
And in thy heart congeal it?

And were the preacher very fool,
A man of basest note;
'Tis well, lest men confound the tool
With the high power that wrought.

This further mark: whate'er he speaks
Is simplest and sincerest,
As if for each lost soul he seeks
His own heart's blood the dearest

He'd wring. Who rate him false mean this,
That they cased in his crust,
To weep like tears would act amiss,
Their hearts being dry as dust.

Ye Doctors learn'd, compact, and square,
Of decent reasons full,
This boy is rich where ye are bare,
And quick where ye are dull.

Let him alone!—with his rude creed,
And logic loose arrayed;
He is a *workman*, hath sown seed
Where ye ne'er moved a spade.

Enough with one gift to be true;
The poise of all the powers
Belongs to few, and very few,
In such a world as ours.

J. S. B.

THE CLEVER YOUNG ADVOCATE.

[A Parliament-house Song. Air—"The Waterman."]

And did you ne'er hear of a clever young advocate,
Who in the Parliament-house used to pace?
Such a wonderful compound of strength and agility,
Life in each look, and each motion was grace.
He walked so trim, he trode so trippingly,
Hart on the hill never bounded more skippingly.
And how should this advocate not be a gainer?
If he has not, he cannot long want a retainer.

His eye was aye flashing, his blood flowing cheerily,
Like a fine-feather'd wagtail his busy tongue goes.
The points of his fingers electric with wit were,
The world seem'd poised on the point of his nose.
He saw so clear, and he looked so steadily,
The writers all gave him a brief so readily.
And how should this advocate not be a gainer?
So clever, he never could want a retainer!

His laugh was aye loudest where mirth was a-going;
His wit flew like shuttlecock well-play'd and true;
He drank aye the longest where good wine was flowing,
But headache or heartache he never yet knew.
When he drank so free, and roared so mellow,
What wonder all praised him a "devilish fine fellow!"
And how should this advocate not be a gainer,
When each joke was a fee, and each glass a retainer?

His brethren in circles they gathered around him,
To hear him discourse of all possible things—

Greek, Hebrew, and German, half song and half sermon,
The Vedas, the Eddas, Courts, Cabins, and Kings:
And if for the nonce he might make a blunder,
He was up like a cork ere you knew he was under.
And how should this advocate not be a gainer,
So clever, and never without a retainer?

O! if you had seen him bamboozling a jury,
With a glance to command, and a smile to decoy,
While he fanned his nose with his white muslin kerchief—
In truth but he was a most wonderful boy!
He tipped his wig, he looked so knowingly,
The words came purling so sweet and flowingly.
And how could this advocate not be a gainer,
When every new speech brought another retainer?

One day on the street the Lord Advocate met him:
"To carry the county, friend, do what you can!"—
He called and he canvassed, he jested, he feasted,
He phrased them and dazed them, and brought in his man.
Whoso will have ease, must first learn to drudge, Sir:
The Advocate speedily made him a judge, Sir.
And how should this advocate not be a gainer,
When he's snug on the Bench, and now needs no retainer? B.

THE LUSTY PEN.

"Pennis——homini datis."—Horace.

I sing the Pen, the lusty Pen,
The fittest muse for manful men.
Let courtly poets make a fuss
About their Hippocrene,
And mount their winged Pegasus,
My fount, *my* steed 's the Pen.
The kindliest muse Parnassus shows,
By brooklet, grove, or glen,
To my imagination glows
Less brightly than my Pen!
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
Companion meet for men!

I sing the Pen, the lusty Pen,
The shield, the sword, of trustful men!
Once barons bold at Runnymede,
Their "spiriting" did well,
Invoked its sanction to their deed,
While tyrants own'd the spell.
Should barons bold in turn oppress
Stouthearted, poor, good men,
The Charter where we seek redress
Is none but Her's—the Pen.
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
The Champion stout of men!

I sing the Pen—the lusty Pen,
Weapon of wrong'd, resentful men.
When taxlords, lawlords, landlords meet,
In privilege secure,
And league to stint the millions' meat,
And grind in dust God's poor.
What takes the Tory clique aback?
What gives their chiefest pain?
What deals them many a hearty whack?—
The flagellating Pen.
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
Apt scourge for cruel men!

I sing the Pen, the lusty Pen,
Life, liberty, to needful men.
To crown and crozier bent we down
Long years—mere slaves, in sooth;
Our crozier's now the Pen alone,
The crown we bow to, Truth.
Kingcraft and Priestcraft, hand in hand,
Skulk back into their den;
Not magic owns more forceful wand,
Than disenchanting Pen.
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
Liege sovereign of men!

I sing the Pen, the lusty Pen,
That gives the heart to fearful men.
Pale Ghost, dark Goblin, hence, avaunt!
Your "occupation's gone;".
Mind's Sun is risen, nor may ye haunt
The precincts of the dawn.
Night visitants, ye gibe and mow
No more—the monkish chain
Ye cast o'er man is rent, I trow,
By dint of honest Pen.
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
Emancipating men!

I sing the Pen, the lusty Pen,
That stills the feuds of wrathful men.
The heart is curs'd—the crime of Cain
Dries up its kindliest dews,
And Abel's blood, with vengeful stain,
The earth with slaughter strews.
Brother slays brother:—thus no mo
Shall war shed blood of men.
No streams in fight shall henceforth flow
But those from nib of pen.
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
True peacemaker of men!

I sing the Pen, the lusty Pen,
Best balm for Cupid's woful men.
When the blue eyes of some sweet girl
Play havoc with our hearts,
And forth from every clustered curl
Some latent mischief darts,
What anodyne may cure the ill
And give back health to men?
The virtue of a grey goose quill—
The soft *proposing* Pen.
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
That winneth Love for men!

I sing the Pen, the lusty Pen,
The trust of the world's hopeful men.
It rights the wrong, makes weakness strong,
Where'er its flag 's unfurled;
And mind with mind it links in long
Enweavement round the world.
Earth's complicated woes removes,
Brings Eden back again,
Breathes only brotherhoods and loves—
God speed thee, noble Pen!
Hurrah! the lusty Pen,
Best friend of gods and men!

Chambers. Trinity, Dublin. L. L. B.

A DECADE FOR THE CHOLERA.

"Clap on the cataplasm."—Monsieur Thomas.

Toll for the loved departed
A glad, though muffled knell;
They died not broken-hearted,
Though suddenly they fell:
They heard no sounds of gladness
Mock widows as they wept,
They felt not hunger's madness,
But full, and hoping, slept:—
Their thoughts, though sad, were holy:
No famine-tortured mind
Knew its own sorrows solely,
But sympathised—was kind.
Though that sad year proved ungrateful,
'Twas welcomed at its birth;
Its malignity seemed hateful,
Yet joy was at the hearth.

It came with summer's presage,
More secure to strike the blow,
Without a stormy message,
Or island built of snow;
From cottage to the palace,
From infancy to age,
The humblest felt its malice,
The "noblest" feared its rage.

Fond ties—the strongest—nearest—
Were broken at a sweep,
And many of the dearest
Found their everlasting sleep.

There a father, or a mother,
Where all had used to meet,
Or a sister, or a brother,
Have left "a vacant seat;"

The maid sunk o'er her lover,
The bridegroom o'er his bride;
Beneath their earthy cover
They now lie side by side,
For ere they were forsaken
Whom Love had tended well,
The watcher's strength was taken,
And loved and loving fell.

All wept;—but now the harvest
Of England's "*surplus*" sons,
Cries, "Cholera! thou starvest;
Devour the cankerous ones:
Thy plough-share to the furrow,
Thy harrow to the plain,
Where the bloated vermin burrow,
Who rob us of the grain:

"Oh, leave us not to linger,
Palsied in strength and mind;
Stretch thy spasmodic finger
And snatch us from our kind;
Thy gripe hath less of terror,
It breeds no famine-worm;—
Life-love is all an error
When Hope can yield no germ:—

"What hope for shrunken sinews?
Wealth's mildew, with the rot
Of purchased Power continues,
——Old England's leprous spot—
Destroying God's best blessing,
The yellow harvest fields;
Drying, while babe's caressing,
The milk the bosom yields!

"Emit, then, jungles—Nigers—
Contagion in a flood;
Fell us, so fall the tigers
Who live upon our blood;
Come Plague, with all thy evils;
Come Typhus—dreadful breath—
The human demi-devils
Have power o'er all but Death;

"Welcome to us! and batten;
Destruction brings no dread
Save to the fiends who fatten
Upon the poor man's bread.
Round them your horrors wreathing,
Be busy night and morn,
Leave not a locust breathing,
To blast the future corn;

"For no pity can we render
Where we no pity find;
Is vengeance *ever* tender?
Despair, can it be kind?
Ere comes the howling winter,
God! change, or chase;—or then
Their vintage finds a vinter
In us, famine-maddened men.

"So, toll for the departed
A glad, though muffled tone.
They died not broken-hearted
When worn to wasted bone;
They heard no ruler's gladness
While doomed to starve and mourn,
No stern revengeful madness
Was in their musings borne." J. A. O.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

[AIR—"Hence to the Happy Land."]

Cheer, brethren, cheer,
We seek a brighter sky;
Brethren, dry the falling tear,
'Tis from misery we fly.

Our Fatherland no more 's a home
For those that would be *free;*
The poor are robbed, the meek oppressed,
By the sons of Tyranny.
Then cheer! brethren, cheer,
We seek a brighter sky;
Brethren, dry the falling tear,
'Tis from misery we fly.

The ruthless tyrants of the soil,
The plunderers of the poor,
The iron grasp which binds the land,
Oppress us shall no more.
Then cheer! brethren, cheer!
We seek a brighter sky;
Brethren, dry the falling tear,
'Tis from misery we fly.

Their pomp and pageantry we loathe,
Their minions we despise;
Their prancing cars are bought with blood,
With the widow's tears and cries.
Then cheer! brethren, cheer!
We seek a brighter sky;
Brethren, dry the falling tear,
'Tis from misery we fly.

One sigh we heave—one tear we shed,
As we sail from Scotia's shore;
That sigh, that tear 's for our Fathers' graves—
We shall visit them no more.
But cheer! brethren, cheer!
We seek a brighter sky;
Brethren, dry the falling tear,
'Tis from misery we fly.

Each bounding billow heaves us,
To a free and happy home;
The rustling of the rising breeze
We hail as freedom's song.
Then cheer! brethren, cheer!
We seek a brighter sky;
Brethren, dry the falling tear,
'Tis from misery we fly.

GROUP II.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

VISITS TO GRAVES.—NO. I. THE STUDENT'S GRAVE.

"He has outscar'd the shadow of our night."

I stood beside his low and lonely grave
When the bright sun shed noontide beams around;
Lighted the grey-worn church, and show'd each nook
And sheltered spot of that old burying-ground.

The fresh grass springing, and the young buds bursting,
As they could know of change and blight no more,
But added to the grief which shook my bosom:
I had not stood beside his grave before.

The simple stone told only of the lineage
And name, and age of him who slept below;
And straggling weeds were growing o'er the inscription
Carved by rude hands a few short months ago.

Those cold sods weigh'd upon a heart as gentle
As ever bless'd the weary ways of earth,
And press'd upon a brow as broad and noble
As ever gave the thoughts of genius birth.

From early childhood had his soul been thirsting
With that deep fever which such minds endure;
The zeal for knowledge, and high aspirations
After things beautiful, and good and pure.

There was no grief or gloom within his bosom:
He look'd on Nature with a lover's eye,
And drank the light of beauty which was streaming
From every varied form in earth and sky.

And dreams of far renown were his heart's visions
Through years of studious toil and weary thought;
And offering up his fresh youth on Fame's altar,
He deemed her smile was all too cheaply bought.

No clouds of dark mistrust came o'er his spirit
To mar the future which he fondly formed ;
With Hope's far gaze he look'd on glory's summits,
As heights his genius had already storm'd.
And midnight studies o'er the works of sages
Had streak'd with grey his locks of raven hair ;
And written on that forehead's glorious surface
The wrinkles of deep watching thought and care.
But what were these to him ? his proud ambition
Look'd to the future for its guerdon high ;
And yielded up his health, strength, youth, and beauty,
For the blest name the world would not let die.
Already had his early works, though nameless,
Rais'd a new train of thought the nation o'er ;
And anxious minds had turn'd to that new teacher,
Eagerly asking and expecting more—
When Death's dread bolt fell on him, and the fever,
Which haunted his young life, fed on its powers ;
The mind which grasp'd infinity, resided
In a frail form which number'd o'er its hours.
And he whose highest aspirations pointed
To earthly fame, turn'd trembling now to Him
Who show'd that, to the mighty future opening,
Earth's highest powers and proudest names were dim.
In that fell hour I saw him—I had dreaded
The anguish of that soul check'd in its might,
The passionate longing for fresh life, and horror
Of the dark coming and mysterious night.
But all was calm ; and deep and strong reliance
Upon God's goodness, mixed with the desire
To know the mighty secret of our being,
And to draw near to our Eternal Sire—
Had superseded all the earnest craving
Which once was his, to build himself a name;—
An immortality was dawning on him,
Which render'd dim and shadowy that of fame.
Nature still held her place—her charms undying
Yielded a sense of rapture near to pain ;
For waving grove and murmuring rill repeated,
" Thou wilt not look upon my face again !"
He died—and rustic hands and toil-bow'd shoulders
Consign'd him to the humble bed,—where sighing
From the green branches of the trees wind-shaken,
Was the sole wailing o'er his grave low lying.
The shadow of the church, as late I linger'd,
Fell o'er its turf, and gave the only gloom
Which, in that day of summer pomp and gladness,
Seem'd to befit the sadness of the tomb.
And though his lot seems mournful—yet in spring-time,
Before one hope had blossom'd thus to perish,
With all his gifts to go down lone, forgotten,
Leaving not one his memory to cherish—
Who will deny that from such graves are springing
Profounder truths and lessons more sublime,
Than all the gifted pens of bards and sages
Have sent to float along the tide of Time?
Who has not caught from dying lips and glances
An impulse winning him to thoughts more true,
And deeds more sacrificing, pure and tender,
Than till that hour he ever dream'd or knew ?
And when the gifted stand on Death's dark threshold,
They surely feel the wish that fill'd their spirit
To win a name—to be a form more humble
Of the great hope that all live to inherit !
Peace to the slumbers of the early dying !
Peace to the mind that pour'd its wealth too fast !—
Already has oblivion, creeping slowly,
Mix'd him with shadows of the buried past !
Sweet may his rest be, in that green, old churchyard !
May children's footsteps lightly on him fall;
And the lark's singing, and the loud wind's murmur,
Steal o'er the spot soften'd and musical !
Better that calm, deep sleep than high aspirings !
Better its silence than wide-spread renown !
And better far in bright worlds to press onwards,
Than wear on earth fame's freshest, fairest crown !

S.

WILT THOU REMEMBER ?

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone ?
Say, wilt thou weep when I am far from thee ?
Let all the world forget, so *thou* alone
Wilt give me place within thy memory.

Remember me, when, in the hour of sadness,
Thou fain would'st have a friend to weep with thee;
And sometimes, in thy careless hours of gladness,
Pause for a moment, and remember me.

Though smiles around thy beauteous lip be wreathing,
Though thy light laugh should echo through the hall,
Though many round thee flattery are breathing,—
Remember me ! thy heart will spurn it all.

Remember me in the soft summer's eve,
And let me be remembered with a sigh;
The very fragrance of the flowers will grieve
Thee, raising sad thoughts of days gone by.

Remember me when the night-winds are sighing,
Think that my name is echoed in their tone;
And when their voice is slowly, sadly dying,
Bow down thy head, and weep for him that's gone !

Remember me when thou art sad and weary,
And fain would'st weep, although thou know'st not why.
When all without and all within seems dreary,
Then breathe my name, and breathe it in a sigh !

Remember me when, starting from thy sleep,
And happy dreams of hopes and days long past,
A long-forgotten voice sounds sad and deep
Above the loudest, dreariest, wintry blast.

Remember me when friends have wronged, deceived thee;
When the cold world repels, remember me !
Then think, with tears, of him who ne'er had grieved thee,
Whose heart was true, although unprized by thee.

If ever, in a mirthful, joyous hour,
Some voice should chance to sing that gentle strain,
Then, *then* remembrance will assert her power,
And thou shalt weep, remembering *me* again !

Sadly the well-known chords will meet thine ear,
Sadly *my* voice will echo in each tone.
What then, though bright and gay thy smiles appear !
Thy heart will throb, and ache for him that's gone.

Thou shalt remember me ! for many ties
Will chain my image to thy memory,
And tears unbidden often shall arise,
And thou shalt find their source in thoughts of *me!*

Thou shalt remember me ! an aching heart
Must sometimes, in a joyous scene, be thine;
And suddenly, as from a dream, thou'lt start,
Thinking thou hear'st a voice resembling *mine.*

Thou shalt remember me ! thou canst not blot
All that has past from out thy memory.
In weal or woe, whatever be thy lot,
Thou canst not choose but still remember me !

M. M.

STANZAS TO A STILL-BORN INFANT.

Oh, born to light, though not to life, my child—
My child, sweet sharer of my wayward fate—
For thee my harp, in silence long exiled,
Once more shall wake, lingering albeit and late
The lay—though nought avail to dissipate
The shadows which thy destiny enfold,
To fix those hues, brief even in fancy's date,
Reft pledge of earliest love—(the heart's hidden gold)—
Sealed spring of thousand hopes, and sympathies untold.

Thou blighted bud of being—if to be
Indeed were thine, (thus dubious all we deem,)
Tears have been shed, and pangs endured for thee,
And thou of prescient cares wert ceaseless theme;
And these and thou have passed alike—a dream
Of tenderness, all dim and unrevealed;
An unformed thought of love—an orient beam,
Beneath the horizon quenched—a mystery sealed—
A spiritual fount even at its sacred source congealed.

Earth has its due—what certain life hath more,
  Than waits on thy less surely quickened clay?
So the far wave, too weak to win the shore,
  Blends pure with ocean's deep its idle spray,
  The mightier bears the taint of earth away;
Imagination, too, of what had been,
  Shapes yet her mystic tracery day by day;
How like some lucid lake, where oft, at een,
Mirrors the illimitable arc its multitudinous sheen.

In tranquil miniature, upon thy face
  And taintless brow it had been mine to gaze,
And watch thy mother's form reimaged there,
  And her deep eyes in thine renew the rays;
  Or how the head—thy little world—might raise
A fane, where aspirations high should dwell,
  Even such as were thy sire's in other days,
Safe from the mortal chill which those befell—
Such may no longer be—and thus, perchance, 'tis well.

Pass thou unwept: even that beloved breast
  Whence thou hadst drunk young life, may now be calm:—
What hast thou lost?—nay, what hadst thou possessed?
  A sea of bitterness—a drop of balm.
  Hath hope no solace now?—hath love no charm?—
Pain hath no terror to a doom like thine:
  Dear purchase asks the strangely envied palm.
Few win—who win with life, with life resign.
Happy thy wakeless rest—ah, happier deemed if mine!

THE GRANDAME—A FRAGMENT.

Eighty summers o'er her head
Have passed,
Yet still she walks the earth
With lightsome step.
No cares harass her guileless heart,
Nor pondered woes, nor gloomy thoughts
Are nourished in her mind.
By blazing fire and happy hearth,
She sits contentment;
And o'er the youthful faces
That surround her seat
Sheds mirth and joyful wonder.
With tales oft told,
But ever willing heard,
She feeds their greedy fancy:
How knights of old,
By deeds of arms and prowess great,
Had conquered and had won;
How beauteous dames,
With grateful arms, and praises loud,
Received them.
Or, sooth to say, some other theme
Might charm the wondering child:
How daring youth,
With 'venturous heart
And eager soul,
Attacked a giant fell,
Whose deeds of blood
And savage mien
Struck horror dread and deep.
Or to some wild and mournful tale,
She'd change with glistening eye;
And tell how, on the foaming deep,
'Midst lightning's flame
And thunder's peal,
A shattered bark was driven:
How loud the shriek
And fierce the yell
That burst from every breast,
As, on the rock,
The trembling ship
Is dashed with frightful force.
With these and other moving tales
She'll pass the winter's night;
Then, as the hour draws
Nigh for rest,
Their minds she'll turn above,
And paint to each
The holy joy
That there awaits the good.
Her aged hands she'll now employ
Their simple dress
To doff;
And then to kneel
With fervent mind,
Directs the willing child.
In lisping accents
Sweet, their prayer
She hears with purest pleasure;
And in her arms,
With fond embrace,
Craves blessings
On their head.
* * * *
The child's delight,
The mourner's stay,
The ever ready friend;
May sweetest bliss
And endless joy
Such virtue always find! N.

NOT WORDS, BUT FLOWERS.

By SPENCER HALL, the Sherwood Forrester.

Bring me a poem, Betsy love,
  Not writ in words, but flowers,
Gather'd from lane, and field, and grove,
  In May's delicious hours:
For I full oft have known thee show
  Poetic taste and skill,
In making wreaths of wild-flowers glow
  Harmonious to thy will.

Bring then, a wild, sweet poem bring,
  That to the heart will bear
Whate'er of blossom-bursting spring
  The memory holds most dear!
Let its first verse be golden broom,
  Its next a white-thorn spray,
Its third a wild-rose in full bloom,
  From some green bowery way:

For these will 'mind me much of thee,
  While from the future turning
To long-gone hours of ectasy,
  Ere thou wert wan with mourning:
Ev'n Hope itself will backward steal,
  Charmed by such emblems gay,
And brightlier smile, as they reveal
  Thy own life's lovely May!

Betsy, bring daisies from the hill,
  And cowslips from the valley—
Primroses from the wood-side rill,
  Where ring-doves love to dally—
And bluebells from beneath the boughs
  That o'er the warm bank spread;
Where violets breathe their sweetest vows,
  And bine and bramble wed.

Bring from yon blackbird's choral shade,
  Where gladdest sounds are born,
A branch of blossomy crab, array'd
  In hues that mock the morn;
And fetch the full-orb'd king-cup bright,
  And meadow-lady, while
I stand and watch thee with delight
  From this old village stile.

And hie thee where broad chestnuts flower—
  Where oft, in life's young day,
We felt the rapturous evening hour
  Melt our fond thoughts away.
Then pull we down the waxlike cone,
  That blooms o'er one dear spot;
And thence bring, too, for joys far-flown,
  The sweet *forget-me-not*.

Betsy, my love! my heart of hearts!
  My muse! my life of life!
The word a thrill still new imparts,
  Whene'er I call thee—Wife!
There *is a melody* in flowers
  By thy light fingers strung,
In sunny fields or shadowy bowers,
  When the glad year is young!

And 'tis most sweet with thee to tread
Wherever they abound,
And catch the ectasy they shed
On everything around:
For wide o'er mountain, plain, and dell,
Their countless little blooms
Are stars, that sparkle to dispel
Life's sad and weary glooms.

Then thanks to thee, loved poetess!
The wreath by thee entwined
Bespeaks, in words of blessedness,
The beauties of thy mind!
For flowers—dear flowers—I love to greet
Their hues from spray or sod:
They are the language, mute though meet,
When Nature worships God!

GROUP III.
CLASSICAL AND REFLECTIVE POETRY.

HYMN TO "REASON."

The life of Man were a life in *Death*, without *Reason*.

The subjoined poem will be better understood, by the ordinary readers of poetry, from the few words explanatory of the *motive-power* of the piece, which we take the liberty to prefix, although they were intended only for the eye of the Editor.

[I submit to your judgment a few lines which I wrote upon rising from the perusal of the greatest work of the immortal Coleridge,—"The Friend":—for if the *Reason* be the only light and medium, in and through which alone we are made conscious and become partakers of the Eternal Truths which God has made the pillars of the world,—that which was written by Coleridge, solely for the purpose of directing men's thoughts and consciences to this momentous truth, (being in itself the ground of all other truths, the true fountain of all wisdom,) must surely be considered his greatest work. And the reflections of others, if they be sincerely reflections, however faint, of the same light, so far as they serve to awaken the minds of others to this true knowledge of themselves, and thus echo the eternal oracle—Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν—must have their uses. And I have no doubt, that you have often observed the true difference between the doctors of the true and the pseudo ethics, of all ages, to consist in this very important difference,—namely, that the false ever seek to draw men away from the contemplation of this divine inward light, which is the sole explanator of *all other revelation*, and confusing the judgment by taxing the *understanding alone*; and thus rendering them blind to their own powers and *self respect*, ever seek to make them dependent upon the dicta of others, the slaves of a system or a doctrine:—hence is Sophistry and Superstition in the place of Philosophy and Religion:—While all true Philosophy ever and ever appeals to all that is *truly* human in man, seeking to arouse the Light that shall give birth to the qualities that *slumber* rather than *perish*. "None can under-rate his merit: None can *over-rate* his *Nature*," says YOUNG, in one of his sublime passages.]

O Life, thou art a dark and troubled dream,
Dim-shadowing with thy wings our proper being,
Clouding the spirit that should shed its beam
Bright to the vision of our inward-seeing.

Yet not the less, my soul, I strive to raise
The film of matter from thy God-like eye,
That thou may'st know and feel His glorious rays
That light thy passage thro' Eternity!

Alas! how few those holy rays descry,—
Crush'd by the Sense's vilest tyranny,
The herd's inglorious days roll vainly by
Dark'ning the image of the Deity;

They never seek to know Life's solemn end,—
As they were creatures of a *destiny;*
And the calm Conscience, which should be a *Friend*,
Is alien to their hearts of vanity!

It is a mournful thought, O God! that they,
Whose souls are lighted by Thy smile divine,
Should seek to shadow that prolific ray,
They dwell in darkness, who were born to shine,

And to reflect thy heavenly light on high,
Th' eternal Reason, which we have from Thee,
Reason supreme, 'tis *that alone* whereby
We contemplate our own eternity!

For *that*, we know, must aye have shone supreme
Ere the first dawning of created day,—
Light Increate! *thou* cause of all would'st seem,
Efflux divine! thy *nature* who shall say!*

Ev'n as the clouds reflect the sun's bright ray,
Diffusing the glad light with varied hue,
And multiply the beams they cannot pay,
As in return some gratitude to show;—

So should the soul reflect the Reason's light,
The precious boon by God to mankind giv'n,
Grateful for that it *never* can *requite*,
Though it should make its own *return* to Heav'n!

Shine inward then, O glorious ray divine!—
For thou *hast* shone through all eternity,—
O! shine in *me*—for He has made thee *mine*,
One with my being and identity.

O! rise, my thoughts, in gratitude to Him
Who hath ordain'd my soul to dwell in *thee*,
O light! and let me triumph over sin,
And vindicate mine own divinity!

For what?—if He had never made thee mine,
Nor made me conscious of thy mystery,
My very life had crept o'er Earth supine,
The creature of a fated *destiny!*

The cattle grazing on the grassy lea,
The herb that flutters in the joyous wind,
Had met a fate as noble and as free;—
For they have sense—have life—but have not mind!

And what is mind but self lit up by *thine*
Eternal radiance? What the gift of *thee*,
But that all-living light, which aye must shine,
Where'er *thou* dwellest, in *Infinity!*

Thine are the rays that circle round the Throne,
Whence beams the glory of the Arch-Unseen!
Thine are the smiles He sheddeth on His own,
Raising the heart above this transient scene!

O mystic Conscience! thine Arch-angel cry,
Heard o'er the tumult of the world's vain noise,
I reverence; it is *thy* prophecy,
O Reason! warning with a prophet's voice;

The messenger of His Eternal Will
Of all that *is*, or *has* been,—having power
The loudest tumults of the heart to still,
And make e'en Ages seem a passing hour

"In the eternal silence!"†—Wherefore then
Do ye still dwell in darkness heedlessly?
O! wherefore do ye seek, children of men,
To darken down your own divinity?

O! know the Truth,—that this dark waste of years,
Which men call *life!*—this rock in Time's vast sea,
Which darkly frowns over its vale of tears,
Is not the proper resting-place for ye!

Your home is far away! Your native shore,
Where doth eternal summer ever shine,
Is lighted up, as it was told of yore,
With the primæval smile of *Love Divine!*‡

Ask your own *hearts!* and they will tell ye true,
Far truer ev'n than wisdom's golden page,
That the high fate which is design'd for you
Is onward progress thro' Eternal Age!

The Conscience, gifted with the eternal light
Of Reason shining thro' Eternity,
Is gifted with its nature, and of *right*
Partakes of Reason's own Infinity.

O ye, who move with Folly's thoughtless wheel,
Yourselves unknown, your own hearts unexplor'd,
Could ye your God-like nature truly feel,
No more would Folly be, but Self, ador'd.

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* *Reason*, being in its nature self-affirmative, self-grounded, can never be understood in the true sense of the word "understand:" for, being spiritual in its nature, it cannot be subjected to the sensuous understanding. We possess it, and *know* that we possess it, as a special gift of God:—but the ray that beameth from His throne, who shall understand but God himself!

† Wordsworth. "Intimations of Immortality"—

"Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence."——

‡ See the beautiful Greek mythus of "the Creation out of chaos."

It is no less than *truth*, though it might seem
To thoughtless folly arrogance to say—
To folly shrinking from Light's inward beam,—
"None to himself doth his due homage pay!"

Yet pause, and think,—to contemplation grand
Pay your arrear, cast off your vanity,
Expatiate for a while in Thought's *wide* land,—
Land unexplored and all-unknown to ye;—

And to your hearts will glide an holy light,
Won from Reflection's ever-beaming ray,
And rouse your souls from their long, dreamless Night,
To the bright morning of eternal Day!

Arise, arise! the God within ye know!
Steep not the spirit in dull lethargy:
Virtue's high path ascend with lofty brow,
And vindicate your Immortality!

G. S. W.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY TO THE STUDENTS OF THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY CLASS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW'S.

Haste! oh haste! I have call'd ye long,
I shine through the mist of years;
A holy spirit pervades my shrine
To scatter doubts and fears:
I am rich with the glorious spoils of Eld,
With the lore of gifted seers.

I will strew, as I tread your cloister'd hall,
The visions which Plato drew:
O how my heart thrill'd with delight—
Perchance they *might* be true!
They will stir your thoughts like Music's swell:
Such dreams ye never knew.

We'll bend o'er the Stagyrite's* noble dust;
But no tear shall dim our eye;
A colder spirit congeals the drop
And checks the rising sigh;
For a haughty Stoic marks our grief—
Zeno is standing by.

Come, then, I'll lead your willing feet,
Not by Castalia's stream,
Not to the vale where Peneus glides
And Tempe's marbles gleam;
But through a fresher nobler maze—
The groves of Academe.

There Epicurus, great and good,
His mental feast shall spread;
Take from his hand yon talisman,
Thy cares—thy griefs are fled:
Then pluck that fragrant myrtle green,
And wreathe it round thy head!

And see! clad in Egyptian stole,
The Samian sage appears.
It is—it is Pythagoras
His God-like form uprears,
And bears that brow where swell sublime
The garner'd thoughts of years.

Behold—my pride—yon care-worn wight!
No genius lights *his* eye,
But call to mind the poison-cup—
His high philosophy;—
Hush! I will summon Socrates,
He'll teach you how to die.

Yet kneel not blindly!—would ye scan
The page of Destiny?
Ah! none with me may seek to cross
The dark unhallow'd sea
That rolls before her gloomy hall,—
The shrine of Mystery.

Nor will I tempt your vagrant steps
Where Elean Pyrrho trod—
The man who doubted e'en his doubts,
Himself,—his soul,—his God.
Ah! no,—I ne'er would tempt your feet
On such a cheerless road.

But when Misfortune rains her ills
On your devoted head,—
When Calumny's envenom'd web
Around your fame is spread,—
When all the ties that bind to Earth
Are rudely severed,—

When, hanging o'er a dying friend,
Thy heart is chill and drear,—
When prostrate o'er his wasted corpse,
You groan upon the bier;—
I will be there to soothe thy grief
And wipe away the tear.

Should pale-faced Envy raise her head,
And hiss upon thy name,—
Should wild ambition fire thy breast,
With reckless, ruthless flame;—
I'll shield thee from thyself and foes,
Thy saviour—still the same.

Be thou my child! thy head shall tower
Among thy compeers high,
Sublime as yonder hoary piles
That frown unto the sky;
Pleasure and Peace thy constant guests,—
O calmly thou shalt die.

Be thou my child! the priceless mines
Of THOUGHT I will disclose—
A wondrous gem,—the HUMAN MIND—
Its duties,—all it owes;
A cure for all its little pride—
A balm for all its woes.

Then haste! oh haste! I have called ye long,
I shine through the mist of years;
A holy spirit pervades my shrine,
Dispelling doubts and fears;—
'Tis I alone can nerve the heart
And dry the mourner's tears.

T. C. L.

* Aristotle.

ALTERI SÆCULO PROSINT.

They slumber, and are bound and blinded—they
The lords of earth—perchance the heirs of heaven—
And who their Dalilahs? doth fiend or fay
Flutter the vampire wing to lull and slay?
Stirs aught around their couch the poppied air
Which steals the frame throughout, a subtle leaven,
Rendering it strengthless to resist or bear?
Lo you—a dæmon triad—ever near
The food lethargic—Ignorance, Penury,
And Superstition—that hoar hag, whose brow
Glares bloody through the veil of mystery
She shrouds her hideousness withal—these three,
Prime progeny of sloth obscene, who now,
In loathsome interunion linked strong,
Do reproduce their parent ceaselessly;
Man slumbers, and these bind him—God! how long?

They slumber, and are bound and blinded, who
Draw ease, wealth, luxury from that vile trance.
The many slumber: have the wakeful few—
Self-deemed such—no vigilant tyrants too,
Whose stern behests fulfil they? Speed Thy glance
O'er the throng universe and know uncraved
Still man's twain destinies *one*—to enslave or be enslaved.

Yea, destinies: though man have wrought them first,
Yet such the intricacy of the chain,
So strictly knitted round his heart and brain,
That he, albeit self-trammelled, cannot burst
His fetters and be free—be man again—
Save by the laggard Patience, and a still
Indomitable energy of will,
Defensive warfare he be taught to wage,
And bid far-sighted Prudence forth, a guide
To pilgrim Reason, scattering far and wide
(While echoless as snow her footstep falls,)
The immortal seeds of truth—revivified,
Which may work marvels to another age,
Yet leave the present hopeless, cureless thralls.

Must *we* then only live to life blaspheme,
Poor toys of destiny, a stricken race?
To me much meditating on this theme,
Whene'er with aching brow and heart I trace
The history of man and man's disgrace,
(These ever one in deed, and oft in name,)
Through passive ages of endurance base,
A record apathy should write alone;
Or on the crimsoned page, whose letters flame
And sword have graven,—every word a groan—
The past brings agony, the present shame.
Slaved by thyself, whom none might else enslave,
Nature had formed thee for high things—the boon
Thy fathers lost—hast thou redeemed it? Knave,
Fool, tyrant to thyself alike—thy noon
Of opportunity hath ceased to shine—
All present antidote defies thy bane—
Freedom were but thy malison—such shrine
As thou that holiest offering would deprave:
Vain are thy startled slumbers—vain the throes
Convulsive of thy being, ere it close;
Thy dust perchance may nurture hope—but vain
Even hope to thee of aught beside the grave.
Vain for thyself—oh, not all vain for thine.

THE WISH.

Oh! give me matchless eloquence,
And words of thrilling fire,
And with the breath of Poesy
My panting breast inspire!
I would not lay me in the grave,
The being of a day,
To join the crowd of nameless dead,
As nameless as are they.
Perhaps when I sleep quietly
Beneath the waving grass,
The passer by may mark the spot,
And linger ere he pass.
I care not for the sorrowing
Of those who knew me here;
Ah! they may drop upon my grave
Full many a bitter tear.
But e'en the dearest must forget:
Grief quickly passes by:
The flower they planted on my grave
Will like their sorrow die;—
While if the world has heard of me,
By aught that I have done,
My brow shall wear eternally
The wreath it may have won.

GROUP IV.

LEGENDARY, TRADITIONAL, AND SCOTTISH POETRY.

THE PETRIFIED WEDDING.—A SOMERSETSHIRE LEGEND.

[On my visiting the druidical remains which are disposed in circles in a field or meadow at Stanton Drew,* and which druidical remains no doubt gave name to the village, I inquired of mine hostess with whom I abode, the why and wherefore of these remarkable relics. Her answer may be found in the following lines; and as a proof that every strange story is not incredible, I may state, that the inhabitants (I mean the peasantry) most firmly believe, and strenuously maintain, the story of the Wedding Party being turned into stones for their impiety in profaning the Sabbath.]

'Twas on a morning fair and bright
As ever yet blest human sight—
A Sabbath May-day morn, when Earth
Looks fresh as at her virgin birth—
Our old church bells sent forth a sound
That rous'd the neighbouring hamlets round;
For well you know a marriage peal
Will drooping Sorrow's eye unseal,
While hearts that never knew a sigh,
And eyes whose lids are ever dry,
Ope but to greet, or heave to bless,
The candidates for happiness.
No wonder, then, that Stanton Drew
Sent forth her children not a few,
For Time is different now and then,
Where we name one they reckon'd ten.
So young and old, and rich and poor,
Came trooping round the old church door,
And wondering, ask'd impatiently—
For whom that merry peal might be?
Yet none made answer, save they knew
They might not be of Stanton Drew.

Some baron bold, or doughty knight,
From Palestine's red field of fight,
With Syrian maiden nobly won
In Joppa, or in Ascalon;
Or doting eld, by fancy led
With some young innocent to wed,
Comes here, asham'd at home to stay,
To celebrate his wedding day;
Or spendthrift who, to widow old,
Barters his name for brighter gold.

Thus Wonder, fed by faint surmise,
Stood gaping with distended eyes;
Nor least when laughter, long and loud,
Burst on the sight-expecting crowd,
And strange wild voices rais'd a cry
That told the sight was drawing nigh.
Then 'twas old Age confounded stood,
For that wild laughter spoke no good;
For how mistimed, misplaced, is mirth,
That jests on consecrated earth,
As they shall rue in Heav'n's own hour,
Who mock His name, or slight His power.
Then 'twas that matrons, wedded there,
Turn'd red with rage, and pale with fear;
And fair young maids, old Stanton's pride,
Press'd closer to their lovers' side—
Deeming, be sure, that state unblest,
Whose vows are followed by a jest,
Much wondering that the holy roof
Crush'd not these objects of reproof.
But, 'tis not ever wilful sin
Doth swiftly condemnation win;
Sure not immediate—Vengeance kills
Not as we deem, but as she wills.
Hark! creaking opes the cumbrous door,
Loud grating on the marble floor;
And every eye is fix'd to see
Who these rude revellers may be.
Then 'twas that Expectation took
Astonishment's bewilder'd look;
For how might Reason justly pair
Black Sin with those bright creatures there!
First, fifteen smiling maidens came,
Their age alike, their looks the same;
Each with a basket in her hand,
Snow-white the dresses of the band;
Their number showed, what some would hide,
The summers of the wedded bride.
In threes they came, in threes they past,
Sweet singing, as their flowers they cast,
A song to Venus—Queen of Love,
Instead of hymns to God above.
Next came the bridegroom and his bride,
All beauty, loveliness, and pride.
In green and gold the youth was drest,
A sword his knightly rank confest;
And high in air above his head,
A snowy plume wide waving spread.
Lock'd arm in arm, with stately stride,
He led his fair and lovely bride.
His lovely bride! O words are weak
That matchless maiden's charms to speak.
Her look, her air, her shape, her mien,
Were all we fancy Beauty's Queen
Possest, when she, as poets sung,
From Ocean's foam to being sprung;
Or might appear, if once again
For earth she left the starry plain,
And stood to human sight confest
A goddess as a woman drest.
Clad in a robe of purest white,

* Stanton Drew is a small village between six and seven miles distant from Bristol.

Her beauty took the ravish'd sight;
So bright, so spotless, was the show,
You might esteem it woven snow;
And yet so soft, so thin, and clear,
As is the summer's noon-tide air.
Her hair was like full-ripen'd corn,
Deck'd with the dew-drops of the morn,
For there were laid among the curls
Rich strings of glittering orient pearls.

Next came six maidens two and two,
All fair and comely to the view;
Their bosoms bare, their zones unbound,
Their brows with myrtle blossoms crown'd.
These were the bridesmaids,—and, I ween,
A stranger sight was never seen
In these our days, or those of yore,
Come from a consecrated door.
The sun shone clear, the sun shone bright:
In truth it were a goodly sight,
But on this holy day, to see
So glad and gay a company.
They left the church, they left the road,
They left wherever men abode,
And as across the fields they went
Uprose afresh their merriment.
They came beneath a spreading tree,
To them a welcome canopy;
And there they sung in jocund strains,
A song tradition still retains.
To them all other themes above
The wilful waywardness of love.

Let others, slaves to custom still,
The dictates cold she bids fulfil:
We minister to lordly will
For aye and ever.

Love knows no bonds except his own,
By this his birth divine is shown:
Attempt to bind him, he is flown
For aye and ever.

Life reft of love is nothing worth—
A plague, a pestilence, a dearth;
But with him, what a heav'n is earth
For aye and ever!

Love comes as comes the morning bright,
Love goes as goes the evening light,
And none may stop his purposed flight
For aye and ever.

'Twas thus they sung beneath the tree,
To them a welcome canopy;
Then on their way delighted went,
With jest, and laugh, and merriment.
Not far they past, when they espied
A fiddler by their pathway side—
A drunken knave unknown to few,
That lived in honest Stanton Drew.
Outstretched asleep, he snoring lay:
What was to him the Sabbath day?
Two things alone he counted dear,
Namely, his fiddle and his beer.
But God's commands are vilified
As much by drunkenness as pride;
As they shall find, to their dismay,
Who desecrate the Sabbath day;
For high or low, vice is the same—
The only difference is the name.

"A dance, a dance!" the bridegroom cried—
"A dance, a dance!" exclaimed the bride—
"A dance, a dance!" the maidens all
Did in one voice together call.
The word had magic in its sound;
Uprose the fiddler with a bound,
Amazed, and yet right glad to see
So fair and bright a company.
"What do you choose, good sir?" said he,
"There's scarce a tune unknown to me;
But name your choice, and I will play,
E'en though it be the Sabbath day."
"There is a tune," the bridegroom cried,
Which some may fear, and others chide;
But yet, it matters nought to me,
Nor to this goodly company.
We call it 'Dian's dear delight,'
Since best it suits the moony night.
But others, knave, and thou as well,
Ascribe it to the Prince of Hell.
Be this thy task, and thou shalt win
Our gold; so instantly begin."

The maidens form'd a circle wide,
Each with her basket by her side.
The bride and bridegroom hand in hand
Within that joyous circle stand.
The bridesmaids fair with myrtles crowned,
Their bosoms bare, their zones unbound,
Stand tiptoe, three on either side,
Beside the bridegroom and the bride.
The fiddler touch'd his instrument,
And on and on the dancers went.
With graceful step, and blithesome spring,
They make the circuit of the ring.
The circling maids, too, dance around,
With joy's own light fantastic bound.
Light as the clouds upon the sky,
They seem to float, they seem to fly.

The sun shone clear, the sun shone bright
In truth it were a goodly sight,
But on this holy day, to see
So gay and glad a company.

Now, mark the judgment—mark it well,
That on these impious dancers fell!
No light'ning flash'd—no thunders roll'd—
To scare the weak, or fright the bold;
Earth open'd not her mouth, as erst
She did on Korah's tribe accurst;
No tempest howl'd among the trees;
No deadly blast came on the breeze;
No rain-storm dread his stores unbound,
As when he Noah's neighbours drowned.
The daisy with unmoisten'd eye
Look'd upward smiling to the sky.
The king-cup, in his vestment bright,
Stood glistening in the morning light.
The grass had on its Emerald sheen—
May's own dear rich delightful green;
And all below, and all above,
Look'd only as Love looks on love.

Twice round the ring they circling past,
And now prepare they for the last.
"A merrier note!" the bridegroom cries.
"A merrier note!" the bride replies.
"A merrier note!" the maidens all,
In one loud voice together call.
The fiddler bows, his hand is on;
There was a note, but, lo! 'tis gone:
The dance that was afresh begun
Is over ere the dance is done.
The bridegroom as he clasp'd his bride—
The tiptoed maids on either side—
The fiddler, as his bow he sent
Across the sounding instrument—
The cirling ring that seem'd to fly
Light as the clouds across the sky—
All, all, no sign, no warning given,
By outrag'd Earth, or angry Heav'n;
Smote by stern Vengeance, dread and dire,
Whose motion was as flashing fire;
Without a sigh, without a groan,
Stood still and stiffen'd into stone.

There are who may this tale esteem
As some craz'd poet's idle dream;
A phantasy of madness born—
A thing that Wisdom holds in scorn—
A shadowy scene, a vision caught
From the vain realms of vainer thought.
Yet, 'tis not so: I only tell
What once Tradition says befell
In ages past. But false or true,
The stones remain in Stanton Drew.

THE WEE VOYAGER.

[On seeing a notice in a Scotch paper, that a vessel had discovered a hare floating in the Firth of Forth, upon a sheet of ice, to the ocean.]

An' whar' are ye gaun, ye wee voyager,
At e'en whan it 's sae late ?
An' whar' are ye gaun, ye wee voyager,
On sic an eerie gate ?

Ye're sailin' awa' in a cauld, cauld bark,
An' nae a frien' beside ye;
Ye're sailin' awa' in a cauld, cauld bark,
Without ane helm to guide ye.

Ye ha'e nae a mast, ye ha'e nae a sail,
Nor bield frae win' to hide ye;
The lift glowrs mirk, an' it threatens a gale,
Sae ill will sure betide ye.

The gloamin' is cauld, and the gurly sea
Is gapen to owertap ye;
The big pellocks soom, and the wild maws wing,
Watchin' to entrap ye.

The sun has now set in a blea, blea cloud,
Mirkness is comin' on;
There 's nae a stern in its hie, hie bauk,
Nor moon upon her throne.

The wraith o' the storm shows her grim, grim face,
The petrel skreighs aloud;
Sea an' yird look sick—lift gin it wad fa',
For Nature's fun'ral shroud !

Then whar'fore sail ye, in ye're frail, frail bark,
At sic unseemly hour ?
Come ye're ways wi' me, (the Skipper then said,)
Frae gurly Ocean's power.

An' his coggly punt the Skipper then launch'd
Upon the roarin' wave;
And stoutly he plied wi' his stumpy oar,
The wee voyager to save.

Then, glegly he reach'd the wee timid puss,
An' snatch'd her frae the flood;
An now the maukin that ance sail'd the sea
Rins i' the bonny green wood.

J. L., New York.

MADGE.

Madge is like a stately tower
Made of alabaster;
Ne'er without a cunnin' glower
Can the priest go past her.

Madge has aye a laughin' e'e,
Bless the kindly rays o't !
Could a weary wight like me
But secure the gaze o't ;

Then let howling storms affright
Sun and moon to madness :
Mine's a day that's ever bright,
Mine's a night o' gladness.

Then let scores o' crosses fa',
Gloomy cares a hunder :
Madge's mirth will gleam through a',
Like the nightly thunder.

Madge has aye a laughin' e'e,
Bless the kindly rays o't!
But a weary wight like me
Maunna bide the gaze o't.

J. R.

O STANEHIVE IS A BONNIE, BONNIE TOUN !

O Stanehive* is a bonnie, bonnie toun,
From its quiet bay bright peeping;
'Twixt the rocks sae hard and bare,
Like a little Eden sleeping.
There ance lived a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And worthy was the man that got her ;
She was like the bonnie toun,
He the rocks of strong Dunottar.

She was mine by rights—a'e night
In the starry clear December,
She did squeeze my hand so warm,
Looked so kindly, I remember.
But for want of needfu' cash,
I was blate to tell my story ;
And so I lost my bonnie lass,
And anither cam' afore me.

Truth, she had a laughing e'e,
And her mou' was made for kissing;
Light her step, and when she spak'
Ilka word did seem a blessing.
O she was a bonnie, bonnie lass,
Worthy was the man that got her ;
Ne'er without a tear I pass
Sweet Stanehive, and strong Dunottar !

J. S. B.

* Anglicé, Stonehaven.

THE EMIGRANT'S REVISIT.

Twice twa-and-twenty autumn suns
Had clad the fields in waving grain,
When frae far distant lands I cam'
To see my youthfu' hame again.
E'en in that time, but little change
The outward face o' Nature wore:
There stood the trees; and through the glen
The burn sang sweetly as before.

But yet there was an unco change
Where'er I look'd—whate'er I saw;
In vain the watery e'e I strained
To see my father's ancient ha'.
An auld aik tree, or aiblins twa,
In spite o' Time, was still the same—
Was a' that stood to tell the place
O' my ance blithe and happy hame.

The weel-kent road adoun the park
I looked for, but couldna' see—
Where to the kirk, on Sabbath morn,
I've toddled by my faither's knee :
That park, the scene of childish glee,
Alas ! was noo nae langer green;
An' e'en the very kirk itsel'
Was changed frae what it ance had been.

I speer'd wi' friendly, kind regard,
For youthfu' cronies, ane or twae ;
They led me to the green kirkyard,
An' pointed where their ashes lay.
Ilk mound o' yirth they loot me see,
Some auld acquaintance slumber'd there :
I thocht my heavin' heart wad burst—
For oh, that heart was sair—was sair !

To see ance mair my native place,
I've sail'd across the stormy main;
An' oh ! I thocht some auld, kent face
Wad bid me welcome back again :
But a' my early friends are gane,
An' a' are strangers grown to me;
An' I am left alane, alane,
A sapless, bendin', wither'd tree.

W. G.

LILT TO THE RISING SUN.

O whaur ha'e ye been, sun ? Whaur ha'e ye been ?
Last gloamin' ye seem't till ha'e mounted till hevin,
As ye drapt, like Elijah, upon the pale meen
The mantle o' glory unto thee given.

The young lambs are bleatin', the wild flow'rs are greetin'
Thy comin', and gladly the burn-trouts play ;
And the sky and the sea stan' like twins at thy knee;
Then why leuk sae dim, and sae dowie, and wae !

O what are ye, sun ? and what ha'e ye seen,
The lee lang nicht, in hevin hie ?
And what's a' adee 'mong the starlets keen,
That licht the lang lanes o' Eternity ?

O thou art the first flow'r o' hevin and time,
Plantit by God not to fade nor decay ;
There's nae cauld nor winter in thy fair clime—
Then why leuk sae dim, and sae dowie, and wae !

Thou hast traced wi' a pencil o' licht and o' flame,
The glory o' God on the far awa sea ;
And never a king had a choir to sing
On his bridal feast such as waiteth thee.

Then come frae thy eastern ha's, come wi' thy brichtness,
The waves will haud up yer' lang train as ye gae ;
Put on thy mantle o' beauty and lichtness,
And leuk nae mair dim, and dowie, and wae.

S. C. W.

KILMAVEONAIG.

Lines written at Dunkeld in September 1841, on returning from a visit to Blair-Athole.

[Kilmaveonaig (the Gaelic etymology of which name I will not attempt to explain) lies immediately above the Pass of Killiecrankie, and forms part of the parish of Blair-Athole, but may here stand for the whole of the Blair. Its Episcopal chapel, belfry and ancient burial-ground, lying around the building, all form a singular memorial of the olden time.]

Dear Kilmaveonaig, thy braes are reposing
On Athole's proud bosom, so sunny and still;
I grieve that the winding Strathgarry is closing
Their light from my vision with forest and hill.
O'er hill and o'er forest, by distance decreasing,
Schehallion heaves proudly to view thee below :
O'er hill and o'er torrent, that rushes unceasing,
Look down the high summits of dark Ben-y-Gloe.
Like giants o'erwatching an infant in slumber,
The old mighty mountains stand silent around,
While songs from the streams flowing by without number,
At noontide and midnight thy lullaby sound.
Ye waters of Athole—the Tilt and the Garry—
O ne'er from the banks that embrace you depart,
Lest danger, and ruin, and sadness ye carry
On Kilmaveonaig, the place of my heart !
Ye winds, that through glen and in corrie are swelling,
Blow soft as ye cross it, or harmless if shrill,
But chasing the blight from the leaf, or dispelling
The cloud with its tempest, and mists that would chill !
And I, if misfortune befall not, to wither
The feelings that spring as its beauty I praise,
May often be journeying joyfully thither,
With heart that is fresh as the green of its braes !

N. C.

THE AULD SCOTS SPRINGS.

The auld Scots springs, the dear Scots springs,
That in my childhood pleasured me :
How different frae the senseless things
Brought o'er fra France an' Italy !

Alas ! our ancient native tunes
Are known and relish'd now by few ;
These foreign follies rule the hour,
And still the cry is—Something new !

The music played in bower and hall,
O'er which our artists raptured bend,
It seems but wild confusion all,
Without beginning—middle—end.

With graceful turn, and melting close,
Our sweet and simple native airs,
They lull'd the infant to repose,
And soothed the man of silver hairs.

Their memory still is dear to me,
Fraught wi' the joys of " Auld lang syne ;"
My heart until the day I dee
Their lingerin' echoes winna tyne.

WILLIAM CALDER.

GROUP V.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

THE RIVALS.

Two rivals—young and aged—met
Within the fairy bay,
Where Beauty and her radiant set
Of smiles and glances play ;
The one was Love, so fond and fair,
The other, Gold, the millionaire.

" How's this," cried Gold,
" That Love's so bold,
A pirate on the coast
Where wealthy I
Have sovereignty,
As Beauty 's fain to boast ?"
Love curled his handsome lip with pride,
Said Gold was base, and basely lied ;
To which quoth Gold, " She can't endure
The beggar, Love,—the boy is poor."
Friends interposed,—the duel stay'd,
Wisely advising, " Try the maid :"
So, bending now in Beauty's bower,
Each ply'd her heart with all his power.

Love lit the beacons of his eyes,
And Beauty blushed with joy ;
Love uttered burning words and sighs,
Then Beauty kissed the boy ;
" Ah, Love !" she said, " come weal or woe,
With you alone through life I go."
The graceful youth
Believed it truth
And came forth gay and bold:
" Now, Sir, advance,"
With haughty glance
He said to scornful Gold.
Love's yellow rival bent his knee
To Beauty with a pedigree,
A casket, carriage, laqueys tall,
Soirée, and rout, and frequent ball ;
" Oho ! dear Gold !" false Beauty cried,
" I'll jilt fond Love and be your bride."
Gold tied the knot—Love left the shore.
Now, Love and Beauty meet no more.

J. A. O.

STANZAS TO FANCY.

Seldom is the enchantment broken
Fancy doth around her cast,
Not a joy but leaves its token
Lovely-thrilling to the last;
Why of paceless bliss complain,
Doth not memory remain ?

Scarcely deeming why—delighted
Thought renews each vanished scene,
Joyance dimmed, expectance blighted,
Live they yet in what hath been,
Years remembered, shadows caught,
Rising in the " light of thought."

Music of the childhood hour
Wakes in many an after tone.
Hopes and terrors, passion's dower,
Never, never are they flown,
To the heart where once they rested,
Theirs a charm by time invested.

Silent paths of peaceful wanderings,
Falling leaf and changeful billow,
Streamlet's musical meanderings,
Margin sedge and silvery willow,
Varied each and lovely all,
As the visions they recall.

On the gentle brow or bosom
Is the token love hath placed,
Wakes not fantasies that blossom,
Mortal pen hath never traced,
He who wreathed it there is gone,
Lives his image still thereon.

Small their source, let none despise
Feelings " through the heart re-sent,"
Nothing boots it whence they rise,
'Tis the passion with them blent.
Pluck the lily from its stem,
Gaze not on the mantled stream.

Slumber ye in fancy's bower,
(Rapture's self is rapture's dream,)
Wreathing each phantasmal flower
In her witching twilight gleam,
Vision's brighter glow would chase,
Forms of light, and love, and grace.

Song and beauty wait ye there,
In that twilight universe,
Hers the realm whose spell-wove air
Thousand stars in light increase,
Realm where transport ever glows,
Realm of life without its woes.

Hers an atmosphere of passion,
Breathed by passionate souls alone,
Hope, the spirit's sole creation,
Lingering where her first rays shone,
Joy whose fragrant pinions light
Stir the gale that tracks her flight.

WRITTEN IN A GLADE IN EPPING FOREST.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The circumstance doth still endear the scene!—
Yet, in these sunny glades, sweet moods of mind
'Midst fitful pains of body do I find;
And gather from green branches hopes as green,
That wither soon as culled! This woodland screen
Shuts out a world's disquiet:—I have heard
The banded nightingales, when there has been
The plenteous dew-fall on the grass, that stirred
With the cool breath of evening:—I have seen
The forest deer, bounding in liberty,—
And heard the cuckoo's dear, familiar call,
Which whistling blackbirds answered!—More than all,
The voice of Friendship hath, in accents free,
Spoke kindness to my heart:—Should I not grateful be?

SONNET.—TO A POET.

Like to the music of a rich-toned flute,
Breathed by the brink of some unruffled lake,
When all around is motionless and mute,
Thy sweet and plaintive melodies awake
Within the sanctuary of the heart,
A thrill such sounds and scenes alone impart.
The recollections of departed youth,—
The feelings cherished most in their decline—
Find echoes true in every word of thine;
And thou hast painted, in its native truth,
Nature's external aspect—dark or bright,
In vernal freshness in autumnal blight—
And viewed alike, with philosophic eye,
The humblest things on earth—the brightest in the sky!

ANNE.

TO A SWALLOW.

Bird of the restless wing!
From what Winter-home on a distant strand,
Where cold ne'er chills the glowing Spring,
Com'st thou to our fair land?
Hast thou cross'd the ocean,
And left behind that far off sunlit shore,
Again to please us with thy gladsome motion,
Till Summer's reign is o'er?
Didst thou, when far away,
Thy little clay-built nest still keep in sight;
Didst thou sometimes pine far our Summer's day,
And its calm tranquil night?
And did my own sweet home,
When far away, in thy memory dwell,
Didst thou, though forced by Winter's power to roam,
Still fondly love it well?
Thrice welcome art thou then,
Beneath my straw-thatch'd roof to build thy nest;
Till with the rose thou pass away again,
There undisturbed to rest.
Tell me, who hath taught thee,
Through the mid air to take thy wand'ring way?
What kind power hath hither brought thee,
At the appointed day?
Hast thou held on thy way,
The earth unseen, amid the gloom of night?
Hath the mystic star, with its glimm'ring ray,
Guided thy course aright?
How knew'st thou that the flowers
Were springing again from the spell-free'd earth,
And thine old friends in their verdant bowers
Were welcoming their birth?
Though Reason be not thine,
Nor knowledge gained in long and painful hours,
Yet our great Father-God, thy friend and mine,
Doth give thee wondrous powers.
He teacheth thee to tell
The time when thou shouldst quit our island shore;
He guides thee safely o'er the ocean's swell,
Above the wild waves roar.
The same all-seeing eye,
Whose sleepless glance is ever bent on thee—
The same all-powerful hand is ever nigh,
Watching and guiding me.
When Life's sun leaves the land
O'er Death's dark waves, amid the gloom of night,
He too will lead me with a gentle hand
Into the realms of light.

MADRIGAL.

Is not this world a world all bright
To souls whose love and life are one?
Twin sparkles of coeval light,
Twin chords in mystic unison;
One rude touch mars of each the tone,
Of each one cloud obscures the sheen;
Love vanished, life but lingers on,
Drear shade of all its past hath been.

Perchance to-morrow steals the rose
Of mortal loveliness away;
Yet why should he repine who knows
It brightly blooms for him to-day?
'Twere vain to anticipate decay
The true, fond heart would break to see;
Quenched in one shadow, eye and ray
Can each for other mourner be!

To blend with each one other heart,
Blend them inextricably one;
Lest to the joy of life to impart,
And soothe the pang it may not shun;
To win, and wear the wreath when won,
Accorded at thy sacred shrine:
These—these thy boon; beneath the sun
What palm—what prize—O love!—like thine!

How oft hath given the midnight deep,
To my voluptuous, vain caress,
One phantom form of joy, the lip,
The bosom's thrill and tenderness;
Still—still through waking hours no less,
For sleep doth learn of these its theme;
Sweet spirit of love and loveliness,
Be thou the heart's delicious dream!

A SERENADE.

The lonely heart divided far
From all it lived but to adore,
Is dark as night, whose brightest star
Is seen no more!

Alas! that hopes should only spring
Within my soul to be o'erthrown,
Like budding flowers, ere blossoming
All withered strewn.

Thy perfect form within my breast
Have I long hoarded up in vain?
And never can my heart be blest
By thee again?

Not so—not so—the hour of need
Thy noble heart will not forsake,
Thy own sweet breast the bruised reed
Will never break!

Then come;—but yet I fear to see
My fancied joys all melt away,
And faded, as I gaze on thee,
Hope's dying ray.

To gather from thy glance the woe
I *should* expect—but yet will not;
To see thy smile of scorn, and know
I am forgot.

And wilt thou dash the hopes away
That to thy love still eager cling,
As birds that watch the earliest ray
Of sunny spring?
And will thy heart, so truly loved,
The dearest prayers of mine repel?
To gentle pity steeled—unmoved—
Love's yearnings quell?

When all around with gladness own
The rapture of thy loveliness,
My heart will still—its hopes o'erthrown,
Thy form caress.

Were endless night my future lot,
Should morn but wake to misery,
Till mind was gone—or life was not,
I'd think on thee!

Again then let me see thy face,
Thy lip where smiles should ever play;
If there no thought of me I trace,
I'll turn away.

The brightest dream that cheered my rest,
The sweetest voice that whispered peace,
The loveliest form that filled my breast,
Will ever cease.

H. C.

TO AN ACTRESS.

Not for thy beauty, though thy face
Is very beautiful to see;
Nor for the elegance and grace
That mark thy perfect symmetry:—
I loved thee when I saw thee first,
Flower-like, upon my presence burst!

Not for the flowers, that fill'd thy voice
With music—perfume's very sound;—
Tones, or to bid green Earth rejoice,
Or formed to wail deep sorrow's wound;—
Accents, that thrilled through all my veins,
Like memories of youth-haunting strains.

Nor for the intellect that turned
All common things to things uncommon;
Showing thee all for which I yearn'd—
Woman, without the faults of Woman:—
Less warm than pure, yet warm and fond;
For earth less fit than realms beyond.

Yet not unfit for earth, and all
Its duties high, affections chaste;
Nor hoarding 'gainst its faults the gall
Which meaner spirits love to waste;
Nor, in thy sympathy for Man,
Forgetting Him who life began!

For none of all thy graceful ways
I loved thee; for I loved thee ere
Their merits met perception's gaze;
And, therefore, sweet one, it is clear
That love with me has been most wise,
In choosing more by *mind* than *eyes!*

But if I taught thee too to love,
I taught thee too to doubt and dread;
And now too late I try to prove
How false the idle words I said:—
Where pride is stronger love is weak,
Yet Love the strongest pride *should* break!

And thou shalt never meet again
With love than mine more pure, more true;
Amidst life's many days of rain,
Like sunshine shall its light pursue
Thy memory; whilst, in after years,
Thou'lt bathe its grave with gentle tears!

Major Calder Campbell.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Forest Life. By the author of "A New Home: who will follow?" Two volumes, post octavo, cloth. Longman & Co.

The fair and lively author of these pleasing volumes, having given the world nearly all the cream of her knowledge of emigrant life in the Far West in her former works, has here very cleverly whipped up what remained, and made, with the help of sundry literary garnishings, a very palatable and dainty dish of it. She herself pleads to having become so Westernized, as no longer to be a competent painter of Western peculiarities. She therefore turns the forests and prairies of Michigan into a sort of "Our Village," and Mitfordizes them. She likewise labours under the disqualification of having become too good-natured. There are, in Michigan, few remarkable changes to note; and good-humoured reproaches on slovenliness and want of taste, and modest suggestions for improvement, have an American and not a European fitness and applicability. The farm-house and establishment of Mr. Hay, a substantial settler, who has lived on the same *clearing* for the very long term of fourteen or fifteen years, is as Far Westish as anything we can find in the volumes, and therefore affords a favourable specimen of "Forest Life."

Our friend Mr. Hay has a noble farm. His cleared and cultivated acres may be counted by hundreds, and his "stock" of all kinds will far outnumber them. A wide tract of forest land hems in his clearing; and this too calls him master. He is wont to boast that he has more land enclosed within a ring-fence than any man in the county; and he boasts still louder that it is all the fruit of his own industry; and, loudest of all, that it has never made him proud. He maintains, and insists upon his family's maintaining, the simplicity of habits and manners that is usual in the neighbourhood; and watches with jealous eye every tendency towards an imitation of those who attempt fashion and style among us. He goes daily into the field with his men, and his wife and daughters spin and wear wool and flax of home production. No imported luxury graces their daily table. Mrs. Hay, to be sure, has her tea, but she has it in the afternoon, before the family supper; and the sugar (for the few who like "sweet'nin'" in their tea) comes from no further off than the farm "sugar-bush." Notwithstanding these strict sumptuary laws, however, no family lives in greater comfort and abundance.

Mr. Hay's house is large enough to make a respectable figure any where, though it lacks as yet the beautifying aid of the paint-brush. His barn would make a hôtel of tolerable dimensions, and the various outhouses and sheds, and coops and pens, that cluster round it, make passing travellers fancy they are coming upon a rising village in the deep woods. A fine young orchard adorns the sloping bank behind the house; whole rows of peach and cherry trees border the ample door-yard; hedges of currant and gooseberry bushes intersect the garden; thick screens of wild grape and honeysuckle overshadow the porch and drapery the "square-room" windows.

When you enter, you find bare but well-scrubbed floors; the only exception being found in the aforesaid "square-room," which is decorated with a home-made carpet of resplendent colours, large enough to reach (almost) the border of chairs, and shaken every morning on the grass to avoid the ravages of the wasteful broom. A great eight-day clock, with a moon on its face, is the

most conspicuous ornament of the common or "keepin'-room;" but there is, besides this, in a favoured corner near the window, a small mirror, round which hang black profiles of all the family, including aunts and uncles; pincushions of every size and hue; strings of little birds' eggs; vials of camphor, peppermint, and essence of lemon; and perhaps a dozen other small articles much prized by different members of the family; while over the glass wave a few peacock's feathers, and a whole plume of asparagus.

Pass into the kitchen, and you will find Mrs. Hay kneading bread or rolling pie-crust, to give her handmaid time for some less delicate service; her daughter Marthy-Ann preparing dinner; her daughter Sophia-Jane shelling peas; her daughter Harriet-'Lizy rocking the cradle, in which lies yet another daughter, whose name is Appollonia,—not quite Apollyon, but so like it that I almost wonder that people who read John Bunyan should be fond of the appellation. The truth is, we do love high-sounding names, and the more syllables or adjuncts the better.

The kitchen has a great fire-place, with a crane stout enough to swing a five-pail kettle of soup, and a great oven too, that will hold at least a dozen country loaves. About the walls are disposed all the conveniences necessary for the full use of fire-place and oven, on the same plenteous scale. A rifle and a shot-gun hang on wooden hooks driven into the rafters over-head; two or three gleaming butcher-knives ornament a leather strap fixed against the chimney. A meal-room near at hand contains several varieties of flour; and a buttery and milk-house supply other rustic dainties in profusion. Is it not to be supposed that Mr. Hay and Mrs. Hay, and their five daughters, and their "help," and their three hired men, live well?

One daughter we have not introduced into the kitchen because she was seldom found there. Caroline Hay was delicate from her infancy, so much so that even her father was willing to see her excused from the more arduous part of domestic duty, and sent to school more constantly than were her sisters. But it was not without many misgivings that Mr. Hay observed the distinction which this circumstance made between his daughters.

Miss Caroline is the heroine of a future Crabbe-like story, which ends happily. The over-refined young lady comes to her senses, and marries the bashful and clownish youth, whose exterior was his only blemish; and even that uncouth exterior acquires polish. Manners are supervened on mind and moral worth. Pass we some years, and accompany Caroline home from a long visit made to a wealthy and luxurious, though Quaker relative in New York:

Before Caroline Hay had been three days at home, she had become painfully sensible that her father's forebodings as to the effect of a city residence had not been groundless. All was changed to her eye, if not to her heart. Much as she loved the dear inmates of the plentiful farm-house,—and she loved them as dearly as ever,—an air of coarseness, which she had never before observed, met her at every turn. Her mother's dress and occupations, the homely phraseology of her sisters, the furniture, the style of living, though certainly unchanged, or at least not changed for the worse, struck her unpleasantly and chilled her feelings, even against the pleadings of her heart and of her better judgment. She saw and acknowledged that all was good and true, generous, and contented, and happy; that her father's house was a well-spring of bounty to all who were in need, and that to him and to his excellent partner and help in all good things the whole neighbourhood looked with undoubting trust for sympathy and kindness. She compared the simplicity and ease of her rustic home with the feverish excitement of the scene she had left; and though her reason and her good sense told her which to approve, she found that habit had become tyrannical, and likely to maintain a struggle in her mind which would cost her many bitter tears.

The acquaintance which she had accidentally formed in the city beyond her aunt's sober circle had been rather showy than solid people, who were, however, possessed of sufficient refinement to add a degree of fascination to their gay tastes and habits; so that the eyes and ears of the inexperienced country girl were at once dazzled and delighted, and she learned to look upon elegance as almost synonymous with *dashing*, and to find everything insipid and vulgar which was characterised by plainness or sobriety. No wonder she contemplated with mortified pride the unadorned aspect of things at home! . . . . . Unpleasant feelings were not wanting on the other side. So prone is youth to extremes, that it is not surprising that Caroline should have used her liberty and her father's liberal allowance in providing herself with dress which was rather gaudy than elegant. Her aunt had felt her inability to be a counsellor on a subject where her own views made her averse to even the smallest indulgence of taste or fancy, and the dressmaker had been but too happy to display all her art on so elegant a form—those artists generally considering their employers rather in the light of sign-posts than of rational beings. So our poor Caroline was very fine. There were such loads of curls that the fair head reminded one of a flourishing bed of Scotch kail, or of the decorations of some lucky child, who, having the *petites entrées* of a carpenter's shop, makes use of the opportunity to cover her eyes and ears with elegant pine shavings. Her fingers were heaped with incongruous rings; and worse than all were the long ear-pendants, which vibrated with every word, and seemed determined to repose their weary length on the snow-white shoulders below.

But this is not exclusively American. Parallels to Caroline Hay might be found in any county of England. The Sibthorpes, a genteel and estimable small family of enthusiastic English emigrants, are more at home in the book, and quite out of their element in *the Forest*. Here they are:

When Mr. and Mrs. Sibthorpe returned our visit, they had experienced some difficulties, in consequence of the marriage of one of the maids with an excellent man-servant, who had been Mr. Sibthorpe's *fac-totum*, and who now bought land with his wages, and assumed the position of country neighbour, instead of that of faithful domestic. However, as the newly-married couple were living quite near them, they still had the benefit of their occasional services, and were, in the meantime, making diligent inquiry after others, who might, at least, be trained to fill their places. Mrs. Sibthorpe was in fine spirits, boasting that she had learned to make bread, and was even taking lessons in making butter; and declaring that she really believed the best thing that could happen to her would be the desertion of all her servants in time, in order that the domestic employments, which she felt to be so rational and so healthful, might become compulsory; at least, long enough to oblige her to obtain an insight into their mysteries. . .

The next time we visited Newton Grange we found its bright-eyed mistress, with her sleeves turned up, making an attempt at a pie. The only maid who still remained with her was prostrate with ague; and Mr. Sibthorpe himself had experienced a shake or two, and sat in the corner of the great kitchen fire-place, looking doleful to be sure. The account of things was now somewhat shaded: the bright tints which had been cast upon the manufacture of bread and butter were dimmed a little; Mrs Sibthorpe had laid aside her rings, and left the papillotes in her ringlets; a dress scarcely suited to woodland kitchening, was defended by an apron borrowed from the maid. This said maid, a devoted and excellent creature, had her little bed in a corner of the kitchen, with the double view of making the care of her chill days less laborious, and of aiding her mistress in the household duties, by suggestions, and hints, and cautions, which were delivered with most amusing apologies; and ceaseless regrets that such business should fall into such hands. "Oh, ma'am,—if you please, your kettle is boiling over!—dear me! if I could but lift it off

myself! This hager is the hoddest thing! Yesterday I was quite stout. Oh, please ma'am,—don't scald yourself! Oh, ma'am! I beg your pardon—but the nasty pig has come in at the door, and has got at master's gruel!"

Mrs. Sibthorpe's spirits were almost as good as ever, and she found amusement in all the vexatious crosses of her present lot. Her husband was far more disturbed: he could not bear to see the exertions and sacrifices made by his wife, while he, only half-sick, but quite useless, sat looking on, "a sad and silent cypher."

And, all this time, no assistance to be procured in any department. Ague is very impartial in its visits, and often puts an entire neighbourhood down at once, so that it not unfrequently occurs that there are not able persons enough in a whole district to attend properly to the sick.

After this seasoning was at an end, and ague seemed to have worn off, or nearly so, our English friends began again to enjoy the real pleasures of a country life, and to gather round them such additional means of comfort and convenience as had been at first unprovided. The new part of the dwelling was finished, and a sweet low-browed many-sided cottage it was. Furniture came, and was placed in its appropriate positions,—that is, appropriate according to Mrs. Sibthorpe's views, though sadly out of order in the estimation of her neighbours. A fine piano-forte was drawn from its hiding-place, in a neighbouring barn; books, in copious measure, filled every corner of the little nook called a library. A rustic arbour was constructed in the garden for Charlotte's special use; and here her school-books and her "baby-things" were bestowed,—the arbour having been carefully thatched to protect the treasures from the weather. A light open carriage, and a pair of ponies, were aded to the establishment; and one would have thought there was little left for plain people to wish for.

But, alack for short-sighted humanity! Parlours and libraries, and halls and verandas, require to be swept and dusted. An air of slovenliness soon spreads itself over gardens and shrubberies that are not duly cared for. Horses exact the most odious regularity in feeding and currying; and carriages give very little comfort if we must use them muddy, or wash the mud off with our own hands. . . . . Certain it is, that the want of good domestics is a sad drawback on the comforts of their pleasant house and its accompaniments. The one faithful damsel still kept her place, and divided herself into as many parts as she could, but she had had rogue enough to lessen her efficiency not a little; and besides, the more we enlarge our bounds and increase our conveniences, the more care and labour do we render necessary. Many and desperate efforts did Mr. Sibthorpe make to supply the deficiency. Women were found who would undertake the business for good wages, but they were ignorant, and must be taught—proud, and must be conciliated. Some would flounce out of doors, and insist on their being carried back to their homes, on the discovery that they were to have a table separate from that of their employers. Others would swallow this mortification for a while, until their own purpose was answered—the price of a new dress, or a smart bonnet perhaps—and then call up the latent dignity, and declare they "couldn't stan' it no longer!"

These usually took a good deal of pains to make known far and wide the ground of their dissatisfaction; and it became, after a while, almost equivalent to a loss of caste to endure indignities which so many had spurned. Then domestics were brought from the city, at enormously-disproportioned expense, and these invariably became dissatisfied—some because they were taught by their neighbours to feel themselves in a degraded position, and others for want of company and amusement. Poor Mr. Sibthorpe was almost in despair, but his wife took all cheerily, and learned to be so good a manager that the discomforts of imperfect arrangements were almost forgotten, and Mr. Sibthorpe acknowledged that the greater amount of absolute labour than he had supposed himself capable of, had really benefited his health and spirits. To till the soil is tiresome enough, but it was only pleasure to dig in the garden at his wife's solicitation. The care of horses has its disagreeables; but he could generally hire some kind of a biped who would attend to the ponies after his own fashion; and for the rest—did not the daily drive with Florella and Charlotte through the openings more than compensate for all the personal supervision which he himself bestowed on them! And so the time wore on, and, for people out of their element, the Sibthorpes were the happiest family I ever saw.

But difficulties multiplied, and novelty lost its charms; and when matters were come to extremity with the "genteel" and refined settlers without *help*, some rich relations in England popped off, and they were under the happy necessity to return home.

The description of a *quilting* which Mrs Sibthorpe gives to her correspondent in England is pleasing and genuine American:

It was held at the house of a very tidy neighbour, a Mrs. Boardman, the neatness of whose dwelling and its outworks I have often admired in passing. She invited all the neighbours, and of course included my unworthy self, although I had never had any other acquaintance than that which may be supposed to result from John and Sophy's having boarded with her for some time. The walking being damp, an ox-cart was sent round for such of the guests as had no "teams" of their own, which is our case as yet. This equipage was packed with hay, over which a blue-and-white coverlet was disposed by way of *musnud*; and by this arrangement half a dozen goodly dames, including myself, found reclining room, and were carried at a stately pace to Mrs. Boardman's. Here we found a collection of women busily occupied in preparing the quilt, which, you may be sure, was a curiosity to me. They had stretched the lining on a frame, and were now laying fleecy cotton on it with much care; and I understood, from several aside remarks which were not intended for the ears of our hostess, that a due regard for etiquette required that this laying of the cotton should have been performed before the arrival of the company, in order to give them a better chance for finishing the quilt before tea, which is considered a point of honour.

However, with so many able hands at work, the preparations were soon accomplished. The "batts" were smoothly disposed, and now consenting hands on either side

> "Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
> Yellow and red,"

wherein stars and garters, squares and triangles, figured in every possible relation to each other, and produced, on the whole, a very pretty mathematical piece of work, on which the eyes of Mrs. Boardman rested with no small amount of womanly pride.

Now needles were in requisition, and every available space round the frame was filled by a busy dame. Several of the company being left-handed, or rather ambidexter, (no uncommon circumstance here,) this peculiarity was made serviceable at the corners, where common sempstresses could only sew in one direction, while these favoured individuals could turn their double power to double account.

This beginning of the solid labour was a serious time. Scarcely a word was spoken, beyond an occasional request for the thread, or an exclamation at the snapping of a needle. This last seemed of no infrequent occurrence, as you may well suppose when you think of the thickness of the materials, and the necessity for making at least tolerable short stitches. I must own, that the most I could accomplish for the first hour was the breaking of needles and the pricking of my fingers, in the vain attempt to do as I was bid, and take my stitches "clean through."

By and by it was announced that it was time to roll—and all was bustle and anxiety. The frame had to be taken apart at the corners, and two of the sides rolled several times with much care; and at this diminished surface we began again with renewed spirit. Now all

tongues seemed loosened. The evidence of progress had raised everybody's spirits, and the strife seemed to be who should talk fastest without slackening the industry of her fingers. Some held *tête-à-têts* communication with a crony in an under-tone; others discussed matters of general interest more openly; and some made observations at nobody in particular, but with a view to the amusement of all. Mrs. Vining told the symptoms of each of her five children through an attack of the measles; Mrs. Ketaltas gave her opinion as to the party most worthy of blame in a late separation in the village: and Miss Polly Mittles said she hoped the quilt would not be "scant of stitches, like a bachelor's shirt."

Tea-time came before the work was completed, and some of the more generous declared they would rather finish it before tea. These offers fell rather coldly, however, for a real tea-drinker does not feel very good-humoured just before tea. So Mr. Boardman drove four stout nails in the rafters over-head, corresponding in distance to the corners of the quilt, and the frame was raised and fastened to these so as to be undisturbed, and yet out of the way during the important ceremony that was to succeed. Is it not well said, that "necessity is the mother of invention!"

A long table was now spread, eked out by boards laid upon carpenters' "horses,"—and this was covered with a variety of table-cloths, all shining clean, however, and carefully disposed. The whole table array was equally various, the contributions, I presume, of several neighbouring log-houses. The feast spread upon it included every variety that ever was put upon a tea-table, from cake and preserves to pickles and raw cabbage cut up in vinegar. Pies there were, and custards, and sliced ham, and cheese, and three or four kinds of bread. I could do little besides look and try to guess out the dishes. However, everything was very good, and our hostess must have felt complimented by the attention paid to her various delicacies. The cabbage, I think, was rather the favourite, vinegar being one of the rarities of a settler's cabin.

I was amused to see the loads of cake and pie that accumulated upon the plates of the guests. When all had finished, most of the plates seemed full. But I was told afterwards that it is not considered civil to decline any one kind of food, though your hostess may have provided a dozen. You are expected, at least, to try each variety. But this leads to something which I cannot think very agreeable.

After all had left the table, our hostess began to clear it away, that the quilt might be restored to its place; and, as a preliminary, she went all round to the different plates, selecting such pieces of cake as were but little *bitten*, and paring off the half-demolished edges with a knife, in order to replace them in their original circular position on the dishes. When this was accomplished, she assiduously scraped, from the edges of the plates, the scraps of butter that had escaped demolition, and wiped them back on the remains of the pat. This was doubtless a season of delactation to the economical soul of Mrs. Boardman: you may imagine its effects upon the nerves of your friend. Such is the influence of habit! The good woman doubtless thought she was performing a praiseworthy action, and one in no wise at variance with her usual neat habits; and if she could have peeped into my heart, and there have read the resolutions I was tacitly making against breaking bread again under the same auspices, she would have pitied or despised such lamentable pride and extravagance. So goes this strange world.

The quilt was replaced, and several good housewives seated themselves at it, determined to "see it out." I was reluctantly compelled to excuse myself, my inexperienced fingers being pricked to absolute rawness. But I have since ascertained that the quilt was finished that evening, and placed on Mrs. Boardman's best bed immediately. . . . . .

So much for the country chronicle for April, which, I dare say, will find you in deep deliberation upon spring ribands, or the last light mantilla. My preparations for enjoying the spring have been—a pair of very stout shoes waterproof; and a great bonnet, braided of oat straw, by a good lady of my neighbours. These, with a pair of indescribable gloves, will furnish me forth for public appearance for some time to come.

I wish you could have been here this morning when I had a visit from an old woman who is my adviser in perilous emergencies, such as the contumacious refusal of a turkey hen to sit still on her eggs, or the obstinacy of a caldron of soap, refusing to "come," and so justifying the opinion of some ingenious philologist, that the term soap is a contraction of "so hap," betokening the uncertainty attending the manufacture. This good dame dabbles in half the circle of sciences: and when I ask for information on any particular point, I always get a vast deal of gratuitous information. This morning the matter in hand was Charlotte's wrist, which she scraped badly in falling out of her swing, a day or two ago. The place looked so angry this morning that I sent for old Mrs. Lettsom in her surgical capacity.

"Land o' Goshen!" said the good woman, holding up both her hands, when Charlotte, with doleful eyes, unwrapped her arm. "Why, that does look perfectly awful! I never see sich a one but once since I was born, and that was Miss Taylor's, and she come nigh hevin' to hev' her hand took off!"

Charlotte looked at me perfectly aghast, and began to cry sadly.

"Law, me!" said Mrs. Lettsom, "don't you be scar't! *I* can cure ye! *I've* cured worse things than that! I cured Miss Taylor's, quick as wink! Jist smash up everlastin', and lay on a good mess of it, and it'll get the *information* out on't like witchcraft!"

This sounds like a stupendous operation; but a little inquiry brought to light the true nature of Mrs. Lettsom's "everlastin'," which is only a soft cooling herb, much cultivated in these regions.

This being disposed of, I had the usual discursive lecture.

"That everlastin'," said the good woman, "is a prime thing to wrap up the axe in, after you've cut yourself a-choppin'. As long as that keeps moist, the wound 'll keep cool and easy. The bees knows the good of it, for when they've been a-fightin', you'll always see 'em a huntin' for everlastin', if there is any; and they go and get it for to heal 'em up. But bees is dreadful knowin' critters; they understand what you say, jist as well as anybody. If there's anybody dies in the house, they'll all go away if you don't take no notice on 'em; but if you go and talk to 'em, and tell 'em that sich a one is dead, (calling him by name,) and hang a black cloth over the hive, and tell the bees if they'll stay you'll do well by 'em, why, they'll stay and go to work peaceable. And if there's dissension in a house, the hives ought to be set a great way off, down in the garden, so that the bees can't hear what is said. There was the Johnsons down in Austerlitz; there was a division in the family, and the bees began to grow dreadful uneasy, and hardly made any honey; but, by and by, one day, Johnson gin his wife a whippin', and the bees all flew away. And, any how, bees won't never thrive well, unless you talk with 'em. You must take your knittin' work, and go and sit by 'em, and tell 'em things, and talk about the neighbours and sich, or they'll get lonesome and discouraged, and your honey 'll be all bee-bread. Now, honey is one o' the best things you can have in your family, for its good sweet'nin' for anything, cake, or coffee, or anything."

Much more do we admire "Aunty Parshalls," who must be a bit of real and true womanly flesh and blood. "Talk of the Venus, indeed! The statue that enchants the world is not half so respectable as Aunty Parshalls standing on her dish-kettle." This milky-bosomed, warm, and withered old creature, is what the Irish call "the willing slave" of a pretty, little, useless, doll of a daughter-in-law, and of a fat, surly husband; whose lazy selfishness devolves every task and burden upon her shoulders, while she, good creature, excuses all his exactions on the ground of his being "so fleshy." We cannot scan

good Aunty Parshalls of her fair proportions, but we may present her dish-kettle. She belongs to universal humanity, but the kettle is exclusively American and of the Backwoods:

One ought to have seen Mr. Parshalls, senior, and his house, and that good but very odd-looking wife of his, to imagine anything of the poor little daughter-in-law's situation, after she became an inmate of the paternal establishment. She sat on one of the chests which garnished the sides of the room, her white hands idly resting in her lap, or listlessly straying among her mazy curls, while she watched, with an aspect of real distress, the labours of poor Aunty. These were of the most primitive kind; various enough, indeed, but all performed with scarcely more utensils than would have been invented by our first mother, if she had had workmen at command.

One article in particular, which Mrs. Parshalls called her "dish-kettle," performed daily a round of duties which would utterly have confounded Papier's Digester, or the "Marmite Perpétuelle." It cooked the potatoes for breakfast, and was then put on to heat water for washing the dishes. When this same washing process was about to commence, the dish-kettle was always hoisted to the table, since where was the use of wearing out a pan when the dish-kettle did just as well, and kept the water hot longer too! By the time the dishes were washed, it was time to feed the pigs; and then poor Aunty, being sadly scanted in pails, carried this heavy iron vessel up the rising ground, at the top of which the pan was placed; then the kettle was scoured and put on for dinner. After dinner came the whole dish-washing process over again; and then the factotum was cleaned once more, and put on to heat water for moping the floor —a daily ceremony. At this point of the diurnal round, I confess a discrepancy of opinion between Aunty Parshalls and myself, since I could never quite like to see the mop going in and out of the dish-kettle. But as she said, in reply to a very sharp remonstrance of her lady daughter on this head,—

"Why, bless your dear soul, I sca-oured it."

I will answer for it she did; but we all have our prejudices.

But the dish-kettle is not yet at rest for the night: it has still, after another "sca-ouring" process, to cook the supper, wash the dishes, carry the pigs' mess up the hill, and come home to be cleaned again, in order that the beans may be put to soak for to-morrow's porridge.

This is one of Mrs. Parshall's peculiarities, and it is one which, I doubt not, will cleave to her as long as she lives, in spite of many snappish remarks from her husband, and the undisguised horror of Mrs. Henry. She says she must do as she has been used to, and as her mother did before her, or she should get her work all "out of kelter." And whatever may be the judgment of others upon this coarse estimate of comfort, I am sure neither of the objectors just mentioned have any right to say a word, since neither of them ever lifted a finger to lighten the good woman's labours. . . .

As for father Parshalls, I fear he is too old to learn. The last time I saw his "old woman," she was on the top of the hill again, and by way of adding to her height, already passing that of women, she had turned the dish-kettle upside down, and was standing on it, a skeleton statue scantily draperied—looking roupd the landscape with a searching glance.

"I do wonder," she said, "what has become of that heifer critter! If my old man comes home afore I find her, I shall get an awful talkin' to!"

Talk of the Venus!

The statue that enchants the world is not half so respectable as Aunty Parshalls standing on her dish-kettle!

These are not unfavourable specimens of this work, of which the usefulness is surely not lessened from its instructions, and the hints exemplifying its own philosophy, being conveyed in a polished and lively style.

The Expedition into Affghanistan: Notes and Sketches Descriptive of the Country, contained in a Personal Narrative during the Campaign of 1839-40, *up to the Surrender of Dost Mahomed Khan.* By James Atkinson, Esq., Superintending Surgeon of the Army of the Indus, &c., &c. 1 vol. cloth, with Map. London: Allen & Co.

The disastrous events which have taken place in Affghanistan since this narrative was closed, though they may in one sense have lessened its interest, have in another increased it; as there is now a keener curiosity to look into the causes of those events. Up to March 1841, when his Narrative is closed, the author, whatever he may have become, was an enthusiastic admirer of Shah Shoojah, and an approver of the British policy for his restoration; and almost the personal enemy of Dost Mahomed, in whom, or his faithful Affghans, he can see no good point. Viewing the entire question, it is not easy to get rid of the unschooled logic of Jubbar Khan, the half-brother of the Dost, who, after Shah Shoojah had been raised to the throne, came from Caubul to Ghizni to treat with the new sovereign for an adjustment between the contending potentates. When Jubbar Khan was introduced to the king his deportment was not uncourteous; but he said—"If you are to be king, of what use is the British army here? if the English are to rule over the country, of what use are you here?" The Shah, with unruffled temper, parried this observation, by soothing his hurt mind; and, in a bland manner, promised him a confidential situation near his person. But Jubbar Khan was sulky, and returned to Caubul. On seeing the tents of the English army at a distance, this proud chief, who had never before seen a British camp, said contemptuously—"Why, your army consists merely of camels and canvass—ours, of mounted coonies, with sharp swords"—a speech scarcely to be forgiven. This Narrative is compiled under the strong delusions which prevailed among the British up to the fatal moment when they were startled out of their pleasing dream, and found themselves betrayed.—Mr. Atkinson, on his journeys, paid that attention to objects of science and of liberal curiosity, which now more or less distinguishes every gentleman in the British service.

Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind. By Jonathan Dymond. Fourth edition. London: Gilpin. Carlisle: Scott & Benson.

It gives us sincere pleasure to meet with a popular, cheap edition of this sterling work. The book appeared a good many years ago, and attracted considerable notice, both from the learning and ability with which it was written, and the single-minded view taken by the author of every great question in morals. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and died, we believe, shortly after the publication of his Code. A Memoir of Jonathan Dymond, however brief, would have been desirable with the present edition. To studious readers the book is tolerably well known; but the great mass of casual readers, whom it is so well fitted to enlighten and benefit, may require to be told, that this whole *social and political duty of man* is written upon the principle, that the Will of God is man's only rule; and that to inquire what is our duty, or what we are in any particular instance obliged to do, is, in effect, to inquire what

is the will of God in that instance, which known, consequently becomes our duty, and involves the whole business of morality. This is, in substance, the principle which Paley lays down, but which Jonathan Dymond rigidly abides by. The standard of duty in all cases is the Will of God, and that Will is assumed to be revealed to us in the Scriptures; and those who have no direct revelation, are yet held not to be destitute of all direct knowledge of the divine will. The system of Jonathan Dymond affords no place to the doctrines of expediency; and his notions of *Utility* are held in complete subordination to the high standard of duty that he assumes. Nor is this unqualified respect given to those subordinate standards of right and wrong,—*The Laws of the Land, the Law of Nations*, or the *Law of Honour*, unless where they are in perfect accordance with the higher standard of Christian morality. The author's opinions on some points are naturally modified by the tenets of the sect in which he was bred, and to which he adhered, as on oaths, death punishments, duelling, offensive war, military virtue, idle forms of compliment, and so forth; and he may at times, though not on these subjects, verge upon "straining at a gnat;" but in every weightier matter he is as sound in principle as he is uncompromising; and in his reasoning as acute as he is profound. Two or three brief, isolated paragraphs will better explain the character of a Code of Morals, Rights, and Duties, which we have formerly recommended, and would like to see widely diffused, than any laboured description of the contents of the book.

Duelling.—We are shocked and disgusted at the immolation of women amongst the Hindoos, and think that, if such a sacrifice were attempted in England, it would excite feelings of the utmost repulsion and abhorrence. Of the custom of immolation, duelling is the sister. Their parents are the same, and, like other sisters, their lineaments are similar. Why does a Hindoo mount the funeral pile? To vindicate and maintain her honour. Why does an Englishman go to the heath with his pistols? To vindicate and maintain his honour. What is the nature and character of the Hindoo's honour? Quite factitious. Of the duellist's? Quite factitious. How is the motive applied to the Hindoo? To her fears of reproach. To the duellist? To his fears of reproach. What then is the difference between the two customs? This—That one is practised in the midst of pagan darkness, and the other in the midst of Christian light. And yet these very men give their guineas to the Missionary Society, lament the degradation of the Hindoos, and expatiate upon the sacred duty of enlightening them with Christianity! "Physician! heal *thyself*."

One consideration connected with duelling is of unusual interest. In the judgment of that religion which requires purity of heart, and of that Being to whom thought is action, *he* cannot be esteemed innocent of this crime, who lives in a settled, habitual, determination to commit it, when circumstances shall call upon him so to do. This is a consideration which places the crime of duelling on a different footing from almost any other; indeed there is perhaps no other, which mankind habitually and deliberately resolve to practise whenever the temptation shall occur."

Distinction made between Sons and Daughters.—It is a common, though not a very reasonable opinion, that a son needs a larger portion than a daughter. To be sure, if he is to live in greater affluence than she, he does. But why should he? There appears no motive in reason, and certainly there is none in affection, for diminishing one child's comforts to increase another's. A son too has greater opportunities of gain. A woman almost never grows rich except by legacies or marriage; so that, if her father do not provide for her, it is probable that she will not be provided for at all. As to marriage, the opportunity is frequently not offered to a woman; and a father, if he can, should so provide for his daughter, as to enable her, in single life, to live in a state of comfort not greatly inferior to her brother's. The remark that the custom of preferring sons is *general*, and therefore that when a couple marry the inequality is adjusted, applies only to the case of those who do marry. The number of women who do not is great; and a parent cannot foresee his daughter's lot. Besides, since marriage is (and is reasonably) a great object to a woman, and is desirable both for women and for men, there appears a propriety in increasing the probability of marriage by giving to women such property as shall constitute an additional inducement to marriage in the men. I shall hardly be suspected of recommending persons to "marry for money." My meaning is this: A young man possesses five hundred a-year, and lives on a corresponding scale. He is attached to a woman who has but one hundred a-year. This young man sees that, if he marries, he must reduce his scale of living; and the consideration operates (I do not say that it ought to operate) to deter him from marriage. But if the young man possessed three hundred a year and lived accordingly, and if the object of his attachment possessed three hundred a-year also, he would *not* be prevented from marrying her by the fear of being obliged to diminish his system of expenditure. Just complaints are made of those half-concealed blandishments by which some women who need "a settlement" endeavour to procure it by marriage. Those blandishments would become more tempered with propriety, if one great motive was taken away by the possession of a competence of their own.

An equal division of a father's property will be said to be incompatible with the system of primogeniture, and almost incompatible with hereditary rank. These are not subjects for the present Essay.

Unjust Defendants.—It does not present a very favourable view of the state of private principle, that there are so many who refuse justice to plaintiffs, unless they are compelled to be just by the law. It is indisputable, that a multitude of suits are undertaken in order to obtain property or rights which the defendant knows he ought voluntarily to give up. Such a person is certainly a dishonest man. When the verdict is given against him, I regard him in the light of a convicted robber—differing from other robbers in the circumstance that he is tried at Nisi prius instead of the Crown bar. For what is the difference between him who takes what is another's and him who withholds it? This severity of censure applies to some who are sued for damages. A man who, whether by design or inadverteney, has injured another, and will not compensate him unless he is legally compelled to do it, is surely unjust. Yet many of these persons seem to think that injury to property, or person, or character, entails no duty to make reparation, except it be enforced. Why, the law does not *create* this duty, it only compels us to fulfil it. If the minds of such persons were under the influence of integrity, they would pay such debts without compulsion. This subject is one amongst the many upon which Public Opinion needs to be aroused and to be rectified.

Insurance.—It is very possible for a man to act dishonestly every day and yet never to defraud another of a shilling. A merchant who conducts his business partly or wholly with borrowed capital, is not honest if he *endangers* the loss of an amount of property which, if lost, would disable him from paying his debts. He who possesses a thousand pounds of his own and borrows a thousand of some one else, cannot virtuously *speculate* so extensively as that, if his prospects should be disappointed, he would lose twelve hundred. The *speculation* is dishonest whether it succeeds or not: it is risking other men's property without their consent. Under similar circumstances it is unjust not to insure. Perhaps the majority of uninsured traders, if their houses and goods were burnt, would be unable to pay their creditors. The injustice consists not in the actual loss which may be inflicted, (for whether a fire happens or not the injustice is the same,) but in *endangering* the infliction of

the loss. There are but two ways in which, under such circumstances, the claims of rectitude can be satisfied—one is by not endangering the property, and the other by telling its actual owner that it will be endangered, and leaving him to incur the risk or not as he pleases.

"Those who hold the property of others are not warranted, on the principles of justice, in neglecting to inform themselves from time to time, of the real situation of their affairs."

Civil Liberty.—One great cause of diminutions of civil liberty is War; and if no other motive induced a people jealously to scrutinize the grounds of a war, this might be sufficient. The increased loss of personal freedom to a military man is manifest; and it is considerable to other men. The man who now pays twenty pounds a-year in taxes, would probably have paid but two if there had been no war during the past century. If he now gets a hundred and fifty pounds a-year by his exertions, he is *obliged to labour* six weeks out of the fifty-two to pay the taxes which war has entailed. That is to say, he is compelled to work two hours every day longer than he himself wishes, or than is needful for his support. This is a material deduction from personal liberty, and a man would feel it as such, if the coercion were directly applied—if an officer came to his house every afternoon at four o'clock, when he had finished his business, and obliged him, under penalty of a distraint, to work till six. It is some loss of liberty, again, to a man to be unable to open as many windows in his house as he pleases—or to be forbidden to acknowledge the receipt of a debt without going to the next town for a stamp—or to be obliged to ride in an uneasy carriage unless he will pay for springs. It were to no purpose to say he may pay for windows and springs if he will, and if he can.—A slave may, by the same reasoning, be shown to be free; because, if he will and if he can, he may purchase his freedom. There is a loss of liberty in being *obliged to submit to the alternative;* and we should feel it as a loss if such things were not habitual, and if we had not receded so considerably from the liberty of nature. A housewife on the Ohio would think it a strange invasion of her liberty, if she were told that henceforth the police would be sent to her house to seize her goods if she made any more soap to wash her clothes.

Now, indeed, that war has created a large public debt, it is necessary to the general good that its interest should be paid: and in this view a man's civil liberty is not encroached upon, though his personal liberty is diminished. The public welfare is consulted by the diminution. I may deplore the cause without complaining of the law. It may, upon emergency, be for the public good to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. I should lament that such a state of things existed, but I should not complain that civil liberty was invaded. The lesson which such considerations teach, is, jealous watchfulness against wars for the future.

Public Satisfaction.—It is always incumbent upon the legislature to prove the probable superiority of the existing institutions when any considerable portion of the people desire an alteration. That *desire* constitutes a claim to investigation; and to an alteration, too, unless the existing institutions appear to be superior to those which are desired. It is not enough to show that they are *as good;* for though in other respects the two plans were equally balanced, the present are *not so good* as the others if they give less satisfaction to the community. To be *satisfied* is one great ingredient in the welfare of a people; and in whatever degree a people are not satisfied, in the same degree civil government does not perfectly effect its proper ends. To deny satisfaction to a people without showing a reason, is to withhold from them the due portion of civil liberty. . . . Promises or Oaths of *Allegiance* to Governors do not appear easily reconcileable with political reason. Promises are made for the advantage or security of the imposer; and to make them to governors seems an inversion of the order which just principles would prescribe. The security should be given by the employed party, not by the employer. A community should not be *bound* to obey any given officer whom they employ; because they may find occasion to exchange him for another. Men do not swear fidelity to their representatives in the senate. Promising fidelity to the *state* may appear exempt from these objections, but the promise is likely to be of little avail; for what is the state? or how is its will to be discovered but by the voice of the governing power? To promise fidelity to the state is not very different from promising it to a governor.

Cases of Conscience.—A man who possesses five thousand pounds has two sons, of whom John is well provided for, and Thomas is not. With the privity of his sons he makes a will, leaving four thousand pounds to Thomas and one to John, explaining to both the reason of this division. A fire happens in the house, and the will is burnt; and the father, before he has the opportunity of making another, is carried off by a fever. Now the English law would assign a half of the money to each brother. If John demands his half, is he a just man? Every one I think will perceive that he is not, and that, if he demanded it, he would violate the duties of benevolence. The law is not his sufficient rule.

A person whose near relations do not stand in need of his money, adopts the children of distant relatives, with the declared intention or manifest design of providing for them at his death. If, under such circumstances, he dies without a will, the heir at law could not morally avail himself of his legal privilege, to the injury of these expectant parties. They need the money and he does not; which is one good reason for not seizing it; but the *intention* of the deceased invested them with a right; and so that the intention is known, it matters little to the moral obligation whether it is expressed on paper or not.

Possibly some reader may say, that if an heir or legatee must always institute inquiries into the uncertain claims of others before he accepts the property of the deceased, and if he is obliged to give up his own claims whenever theirs seem to preponderate, he will be involved in endless doubts and scruples, and testators will never know whether their wills will be executed or not: the answer is, that no such scrupulousness is demanded. Hardheartedness, and extreme unreasonableness, and injustice, are *one* class of considerations; critical scruples, and uncertain claims, are *another*.

It may be worth a paragraph to remark, that it is to be feared some persons think too complacently of their *charitable* bequests, or, what is worse, hope that it is a species of good works which will counterbalance the offence of some present irregularities of conduct. Such bequest ought not to be discouraged; and yet it should be remembered, that he who gives money after his death, parts with nothing of his own. He gives it only when he cannot retain it. The man who leaves his money for the single purpose of doing good, does right: but he who hopes that it is a work of merit, should remember that the money is given, that the privation is endured, not by himself but by his heirs. A man who has more than he needs, should dispense it whilst it is his own.

From these scraps some idea may be formed of this instructive and valuable book.

Letters from Hofwyl, by a Parent, on the Educational Institutions of De Fellenberg. 1 volume, cloth. Pp. 372. Longman & Co.

An English father and mother, convinced, by observation and experiment, that a home education was not that best fitted to render their sons virtuous men, and useful members of society, and afraid of the moral contamination of the great public schools of England, desired "to find an education which should unite the advantages of numbers with the spirit which sanctifies every home." After very careful inquiry, and deliberate reflection, they sent their elder boys to Hofwyl, where they prospered so well, that it became a question whether "all the little ones" (all the boys, we presume,) should

not be sent to the same Institution. The result was, that they were taken to Hofwyl by their parents. A minute and careful, and highly encomiastic account of that great educational establishment, written by the mother of the family, during her residence at Hofwyl, forms the subject-matter of the book. The system of Fellenberg is already well-known from the writings of Lord Brougham and others; and it has stood the test of time, and been, in several respects, completed and perfected since it was first brought under the notice of the English public about thirty years ago. The Letters we consider well worthy the attention of parents anxious for the proper training of their sons, and this whether they shall send them to Hofwyl or not,—which is a very different question.—The work is also especially important to persons engaged in the education of youth. An Appendix, more bulky than the original part of the work, consists of a series of sketches of Hofwyl, written by a clergyman of the United States' Episcopal Church, named Woodbridge, and published by him in "The Annals of Education," a periodical work, of which he is Editor. There is a complete concurrence in the views of the English mother and the American clergyman; and, consequently, in their report of Fellenberg's Seminary; but the lady's descriptions are much more lively, picturesque, and inviting.

The Art of Conversation, with Remarks on Fashion and Address. By Captain Orlando Sabertash. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 188. London: Nickisson.

A lively and clever little work, written by a shrewd observer, who understands both the forms and essence of politeness, and whose hints are well worth studying. We feel infinitely indebted to him for the denunciation of those "privileged persons," whose privilege comes of venting, at all times and places, whatever rude and disagreeable impertinence comes uppermost in their vulgar minds; and his proper showing up of another class, and the exposure of another gross fallacy, under which a yet more offensive order of persons obtain social impunity. We must quote.

We sometimes hear superficial observers say, that they would rather have to deal with quick, hasty, or violent-tempered persons—whose outbreak of passion once over, is supposed to leave only sunshine and calm behind—than with the revengeful, rancorous, or malicious, of whom you can never be certain. This is mere foolery; the outburstings of rage are no security against malice and revengefulness; for the tendency to fly into a passion about every trifle, when not resulting, as it generally does, from mere mindless folly, can originate in no very amicable disposition. Besides, men may really possess ordinary equanimity of temper, be free from all flights of fury, without being either malicious or revengeful; and no pigmy of a walking volcano should be allowed to shelter itself, after every half-hour's explosion, under the assurance that it never harbours malice. The fact is, that in nine cases out of ten, people only get into a towering passion when their avarice is assailed, some selfish gratification endangered, or when they strive to conceal error or shabbiness beneath an explosion of paltry rage.

This is the common-sense of the matter.

The Cottage on the Common, and Little Gleaners.

A neat juvenile quarto, the main purpose of which is to make the Scriptures more attractive to children, by pointing out to them the beautiful allusions to Oriental customs with which they abound.

Lectures on Animal Physiology, and on the Condition of Man, as regards Life, Health, and Disease. By B. T. Lowne, of St. Bartholomew's Medical School, London. Simpkin & Marshall.

The Self-Instructing Latin Classic. By W. Jacobs, Private Teacher of Mathematics and Classics. 2 vols. cloth. Brittain, Paternoster Row.

English, or the Art of Composition. By G. F. Graham. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth. Longman & Co.

SERIAL WORKS.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspere: Shakspere's Biography, No. II.

England in the Nineteenth Century.—*Lancashire.* Part VIII. This completes the History of one of the most important counties in England, and a beautifully embellished and highly interesting volume. The illustrations alone amount in number to 179; and these are the least merit of this elegant work.

The British Minstrel, Parts I. II. III. This is a cheap but neat Glasgow publication. The music is very well printed by musical types; and each Part contains a popular selection of songs, duets, and glees, &c., interspersed with short extracts connected with Music and the Musical world.

Cumming's Fox's Book of Martyrs. Part XIV., with portrait of John Huss.

Canadian Scenery. Part XX.

Scenery in Ireland. Part XV.

Fisher's People's Edition of Henry's Commentary on the Bible. No. I.

Gaberlunzie's Wallet. Part VIII.

Thornton's History of the British Empire in India. Vol. III., Part IV.

Martin Doyle's Cyclopedia of Practical Husbandry. Part IV.

Chambers's Information for the People. Part XVIII. Management of Pigs, Poultry, Sheep, Rabbits, Pigeons, Dogs, &c., &c.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

Museum of Mankind.—This is a project for forming a comprehensive National Museum, with which Lectures, &c., &c., should be connected.

The Triune Constitution of the Mind. A Sermon. By the Rev. Henry Mackenzie, M.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford.—The three constituents of the mind, here unfolded, are the Animal, the Rational, and the Spiritual.

True and False Phrenology.

Love to Man essential to the true Knowledge of God. A Sermon preached for the London Missionary Society, by the Rev. Joseph Sortain.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1842.

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

THE SONG OF OCTOBER.—NO. X.

I.

'Now that September's full feast is all over,
And Earth and her myriad breathers are blest;
To the swallows farewell, and the cry of the plover
Sweet Nature would sink to repose on Earth's breast:
Unrobe her,
October,
And lay her to rest,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby."

II.

So chanted the winds round my pinnace of cloud,
Gyrating for ever, a frolicksome crowd;
For they waited for me, unbounded in glee,
Assured while I live, they may wander forth free.

III.

I would fain be a gentle mother,
As soft as the dew I weep,
Or the murmur of each to other
As I hush my babes to sleep;
The forester tall,
Who towers o'er all,
And the bines that round him creep;
With the simple weeds that find a tongue,
Proclaiming God their roots among;
I would close their wings, and soft and slow,
Stop their green pulse, and their juices flow,
For they need the sleep which no dream may break,
Till Spring to her flowers shouts out, "Awake!"
I would do it thus, with the tender sigh
Of a loving heart, and a smiling eye,
While the winds breathed only lullaby:—

IV.

But hark! From those oaks at the forest's bound,
A mocking comes forth, and a tittering sound:
What boots it? I must strip them bare
As ever the boughs of their fathers were.
I will take their proud full branches
Of gnarled or dainty form,
Hurling leafy avalanches
In thunder down the storm.
They have felt the brand of my ireful band,
And the withering gripe of my scathing hand.
In the tempest's roar, 'midst their branches hoar,
When their sturdiest boles I cracked,—
O'er their angry throes my voice arose
Like a deafening cataract:
Huge arms I clove from their inmost grove,
Till they writhed and howled with pain,
And darkened the air with fragments bare,
On my furious hurricane.

V.

I will do it again, and with funeral pall
Of a ghastly hue will envelope them all:
For my mission's unfilled till the fast-coming rain
Can creep to the Earth's covered crannies again.—
When the vole-mouse has burrowed, when the squirrel's concealed,
And the Iris-robed snake has forsaken the field,
And the millions of germens, create by the sun,
Are scattered and earthed—then my mission is done.

J. A. O.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

BY ONE OF THE BRIEFLESS.

LETTER I.—THE PREPARATIONS.

EDINBURGH, 30*th August*, 1842,
Charlotte Square.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,—Doubtless you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me bearing the Edinburgh postmark; and still more so, when you learn, that for the last fortnight I have been wandering in breechless majesty in the Land of Cakes, instead of attending to my duties on the Northern Circuit. These duties, God knows, are not very difficult to discharge; for though, as you know, I have pursued the Judges for these three years with all the stupid pertinacity of a millhorse, my whole aggregate of fees has scarcely sufficed to pay the charges of keeping my wig in repair. As usual, the bigwigs had all the luck. "I sighed and looked, sighed and looked, sighed and looked again," at those lovely Thaises the attorneys; but they were impervious alike to glances and to groans. At last, finding that briefs were *not* to be bagged, and hearing from my friend M'Donald that grouse *were*, I pitched Blackstone and Chitty to the infernal gods; and having first shipped off my gown and wig for the Temple per rail, I shipped myself per steam to the *terra incognita* of Scotland.

I arrived at Glasgow in the midst of a dense fog, accompanied by a close drizzling rain—a pleasant combination of the vapour and shower bath, which the waiter at the hôtel assured me was "a fine saft drappin' wather, (*Anglicè* weather,) and uncoomon guid for the craps." Not being in any

way interested in the "craps," however, and finding strong symptoms of an asthmatic cough coming on, I resolved to bid adieu to the western metropolis with all convenient speed; the more so that I was informed that the same laxative atmosphere was the staple commodity of the Glasgow skies. To obtain a view of the town through the smoke of two thousand manufactories condensed in a worse than London fog, was about as hopeless as for Sir Christopher Hatton, in *The Critic*, to have seen the Spanish fleet, and for the same good and substantial reason, viz., that it was not in sight. I was, no doubt, assured by a travelling Tomkins, that if I would mount a chimney, some five hundred feet high, erected to St. Rollox, or some other Glaswegian divinity, I might obtain a view of certain Elysian fields denominated "The Gorbals," and a fine sheet of water, called, I think, "The Gusedubs;" but I resisted the temptation, and fled to join my friend M'Donald in Blair Athole.—

I had immolated a hecatomb of grouse, and began to drink whisky like a native, when a rumour reached us that the Queen was to visit Scotland. It had been officially announced by the "special correspondent" of *The Caledonian Mercury*, that her Majesty and her princely Consort, sick of the monotony alike of Windsor and the Green Park, had resolved upon a crusade among "the Children of the Mist." The country to a man jumped at the intelligence. All the exuberant loyalty of the nation began to effervesce. The fiery-cross flew from hill to hill. Peer and peasant, laird and citizen thought, spoke, and dreamt of nothing else. Bagpipes, whose drones had been dumb since the Avatar of George the Fourth, were heard in the still of the evening, to wheeze an asthmatic pibroch to the tune of "Carle, now the King's come." Claymores, that had rusted in their sheath since last brandished in the faces of Cumberland's horsemen at Culloden, were taken down from the wall, subjected to a searching scrutiny of sand, and furbished up for a demonstration of adherence (this time) to the reigning house. Heather and thistles were at a premium; and the flags and banners of the Reform era of 1832 reappeared after a renovating dip in the dyer's tub, and some important alterations in the article of motto and device.

It was amusing to remark the anxiety of the populace in the little sequestered hamlets to know, whether their native place would not be selected for some special honour in the course of the Royal progress. Such exclamations as the following were heard on all hands:—"Will the Queen no come to Lochgellie?" "Shure, she'll bide twa three days wi' Sir Jone at Auchtermuchty!" "Hur canna come north, and no pe veesit ta Macallummore!" "Div' ye think, Jock," inquired a sturdy burgess's wife of Pittenweem of her bewildered gudeman, "that oor Provost will be knichtit?" "Wha's to gie her Majesty the keys o' Anst'er?" inquired an ex-bailie of that disfranchised burgh, in blank despair. "Deil's in't, if she disna' come to Kilrenny!" ejaculated the leading grocer of that great city; while, I believe, strong denunciations of personal violence were openly held out by several of the leading gentry of Crail, should her Majesty refuse to tarry among them for a space, until the freedom of their burgh should be presented to Prince Albert in a pewter box. With all their loyalty, the Scotch are confoundedly jealous of each other, and ready to pull caps for the possession of their beloved sovereign. Pray heaven, this Royal visit may not prove the apple of discord among the Royal Burghs. Leith and Edinburgh already look moodily at each other. Glasgow sucks its thumb in disappointed silence; and the inhabitants of Alloa have all but declared war against the indwellers of Kinross, because these latter happen to hold their local habitation on the north road by which her Majesty must inevitably pass, on her way to Perth and Taymouth Castle.

Several days before her Majesty was expected to arrive, the tide of population began to set in steadily towards the metropolis; and the crowded appearance of the stage-coaches warned me that I had no time to lose, if I wished to secure comfortable quarters in Edinburgh. Accordingly I yielded to the stream, and arrived here two days ago. You know what Edinburgh is in the summer—the blank array of closed window-shutters, and the desolation of its untrodden streets. Very different did I find the state of matters on my arrival. The streets swarmed—and hôtel-keepers, as somebody says,

> ——— repenting of their sin,
> Declared they could not take one other in.

Beds were commonly charged at a guinea a-night; and I was in some perplexity where to lay my head, when accident threw me in the way of our old friend and brother of the bar, M——, who kindly offered me the hospitality of his roof.

I hardly knew him at first sight; for, instead of being arrayed in "his customary suit of solemn black," he had converted himself into the likeness of "these misbegotten knaves in Kendal green," whom Falstaff did *not* slay. In plain language, *horresco referens!* he had donned a close-fitting green tunic, green small-clothes, and green cap with a sable plume therein, and flourished as a mighty man of valour, with bow in hand, and half-a-dozen arrows stuck in his belt, with the feathers uppermost, and projecting *au derrière* like a diminutive peacock's tail. This, he tells me, is the costume of the Royal Archers, a corps whose privilege it is to act as body-guard to her Majesty while in Scotland; and I have since observed numbers of them, and, among others, several London men, rushing about the streets with an air of frantic importance, which leads me to conclude that this gallant band are at present labouring under a slight epidemic attack of insanity. Their talk is most martial,—"right face," and "left wheel," being the most intelligible of their current phrases; and as they are called out to drill twice a-day, and it has been announced that none will be allowed to fall *into* the ranks except those who are reported by their drill-sergeant as not likely to fall *out* of them, I have no doubt they will cut a most distinguished figure in the ensuing processions. Undeniably, they are a fine-looking set of fellows; but at the same time, it is equally undeniable that their uniform gives them somewhat

the air of overgrown children in disguise. I suspect I shall see little of M—— for the next two or three days, as he hints, that the body-guard will be constantly called out on duty.

I have been killing time by perambulating the streets in search of such fragments of intelligence as were to be picked up. There has been talk of her Majesty wishing to make this a private visit. The thing is impossible. There may be no pageant such as ushered in the arrival of George the Fourth. There can, *eheu!* be no Sir Walter to marshal the clans, and give one impulse to the assembled nation. There will be no apparition of a Lord Lyon, with his heralds and pursuivants buckramed to the teeth in stiff tabards of crimson and gold; no Lord High Constable or Knight Marischal in panoply of steel, with metamorphosed squires clinging in desperation to their saddles—but likewise there will be no privacy. Privacy! The very idea is preposterous. Is anybody so stupid as to imagine, that the first entry of her Majesty into her "Auld kingdom of Scotland" is to pass with as little notice as the return of a Lord Provost to his native city, after presenting a loyal and dutiful address? No, no, there can be no privacy. The dress of the nineteenth century may supersede the older costumes that variegated the streets in 1822: but that will be all.

Meanwhile, that "great and important body" of cherubs, who sit up aloft in the Royal Exchange, and preside over the fate of Edinburgh—I mean the Town Council—have been doing wonders in the way of preparation, in which the question of pounds shillings and pence has, with singular good taste, been continually prominent. Much fiery debate has been held on the subject of cocked-hats, and a new ermine robe proposed to be provided for the provost. A remit to two of their body—knights of the shears—to inquire into the state of the civic gowns, has ended in a report that they were in a fragmentary state of dilapidation, which no tailor's surgery could cure. Of course, a new supply at the cheapest rates was voted; when again a fearful difficulty arose in the item of hackney coaches, to carry their worships to and fro during the ceremonies. One exemplary guardian of the public purse entered his protest "against the old, rotten, abominable, aristocratic system of entertaining the rich at the expense of the poor." Most of the council, however, with an air of lordly indifference, announced their intention of scattering the civic funds to the winds of heaven on this auspicious occasion; while the city treasurer declared, in a paroxysm of unprecedented generosity, that he would not be able to say "No" to any demand on the burgh funds for a month to come. The beautiful steeple of St. Giles, upon the suggestion of some of their number, more conspicuous than the rest for his knowledge of the Fine Arts, has been painted all over with some cream-coloured abomination, that it might look spruce and cleanly in the Royal eyes. One poetic bailie suggested that the streets from Granton to Holyrood should be strewed with flowers; but the proposal was rejected, after an animated discussion, as heathenish and prelatic; and pounded earth (which, if to-morrow be wet, will mean *mud*) having been voted a fit and economical substitute, has been liberally scattered over the causeway along the whole line of her Majesty's approach. Finally, these deep deliberations have ended in the concoction of the inclosed memorandum of the approaching procession, in which provision is made for the Town Council, and for not a soul besides. In fact, to judge by the style of these worthies' proceedings, one might suppose it was *them*, and not Scotland, that her Majesty was visiting.

You see, therefore, that so far as the Council are concerned, everything has been satisfactorily arranged. Meanwhile, sea-faring Leith lies wrapped in gloomy rebellion. "Five of your Majesty's ancestors," said a soul-rending remonstrance forwarded a day or two ago to the foot of the throne, "have honoured the pier of Leith with the pressure of their royal toes. Are thy servants dogs, that upstart Granton should be preferred to our ancient burgh?" But plaintive as was this appeal, the royal soul remained unmoved. Leith boils through all her veins. She murmureth angrily along her shore; and should her Majesty still disregard her paramount claims to dirty the royal slipper, why then—the town wont illuminate! Dismal catastrophe!

It hath been notified that a Drawing-Room or Levée, or mixture of both, will be held on Friday; and accordingly every presentable person, and that means half the population, has been giving in his card to Sir William Martin's to-day. No doubt there will be enough of high blood, brilliant talent, gallant bearing, and surpassing beauty, to grace the first Drawing-room in the world; but then all the town-councillors from Jeddart to Thurso, and their wives, and daughters, and sandy-haired sons, and all manner of country parsons, and rural scribes, and distillers from the Highlands, and excisemen from the Lowlands, and lieutenants of yeomanry, and the Lord knows whom besides, must needs be presented, or otherwise be disgraced for ever. The mixture, therefore, you may be sure, cannot but prove as heterogeneous as the contents of a pawnbroker's shelves, but so much the better. Meanwhile the tailors are at work for dear life—scarce time allowed for needful cucumber and cabbage; and Donaldson of the Albion's whiskers expand in neglected luxuriance. The hot goose runs hissing over miles of broad cloth, and the star of tape is in the zenith. Philipps has arrived with a whole Holywell Street of refreshed court suits. Men stand at shop-doors, girding their thighs with every imaginable kind of rapier. Ladies are closeted with milliners, discussing the hidden mysteries of satin petticoats and tulle slips. Grandmothers are besieged for their treasures of Brussels and point-lace, and the country, from sea to sea, is ransacked for ostrich feathers. I see an advertisement from a shop in George Street, announcing an arrival of "*Lelong diamond Ornaments and Voizet's pearl jewellery*," which the advertiser, amusingly enough, pronounces to be "necessary to complete the court costume;" so that a blaze of Bristol stone of the purest water, and pearls of the most unimpeachable paste may

be expected to irradiate the old walls of Holyrood. All the world is on the tiptoe of expectation, and I—am confoundedly tired. So good bye, my boy—I shall let you hear more of these doings as they progress; and now—to bed, Sir Knight. To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new.

Thine ever, &c., &c.

LETTER II.—THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

EDINBURGH, 31*st August*, 1842,
Charlotte Square.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,—I said in my yesterday's letter, that the idea of making the Queen's visit a private one was utterly preposterous; and I hardly needed the spectacle which this "romantic town" has presented to-day, to confirm me in what I said. Such downright, hearty, holiday abandonment I never witnessed. The Scotch, we are constantly told, are a cold and phlegmatic people. My own experience of them long since satisfied me that it is only to a superficial glance that they appear so. Still, although I had no doubt as to the strength and glow of feeling which the nation possesses, and fully anticipated a very decided manifestation of loyalty on the present occasion, I was by no means prepared for the outburst of enthusiasm which surrounds me on every side. Never, when king-worship was at its highest, did loyalty indulge itself in such extravagance. The whole city has been casting summersets for the last few days; in fact, it has been playing the part of a Tom Scott, resolutely walking upon its head, in defiance of the objurgations of all radical and anti-monarchical Quilps, and shaking its heels exultingly in the air.

"Fair laughed the morn, and soft the zephyrs blew," when I looked forth this morning about sunrise, from my bedroom window, which commands a sweeping view of the whole Firth of Forth, and the opposite coast of Fife. I am not going to inflict upon you a description of the landscape with which you are more familiar than myself. But you may imagine how gloriously it showed, under the cool deep blue of the morning sky. A few light clouds hovered upon the face of the heavens, just sufficient to enrich the beauty of the scene by catching the golden tints of the rising sun, while the shadows of the opposite coast, reflected in the unruffled mirror of the sea, lent a charm to the whole, more like "the consecration and the poet's dream," than the common "lights which are on sea and land." I don't wonder at the Scotch producing great landscape painters with such studies before them. Your friends, Horatio M'Culloch and D. O. Hill, have only to keep their eyes open, and transfer from nature the tints that give such intense reality to the pictures of the one, and such imaginative richness to those of the other.

Such a morning as this was all that could be wished for; and I doubt not that every Scotsman's heart beat with a stronger pulse, when he thought that his Queen was to behold his country for the first time under such an aspect. Their expectations were, however, doomed to be disappointed.

By the time I had done justice to our friend M——'s coffee, hot rolls, eggs, and kippered herring, and sallied forth, arrayed in what for me was a garb of uncommon gaiety, a blue coat and white indispensables, I found the whole streets in a stir,—and this though it was not then eight of the clock. From every avenue and entrance to the city thousands were pouring in to swell the tide that had for some time been setting towards the streets along which it had been announced that her Majesty was to approach. Glasgow threw in her myriads by the railway; and not a man, woman, or child within twenty miles round, that could find the means of getting into town, seemed to be absent. Almost every shop was shut—the voice of labour was mute, and nothing but the "clink of hammers knocking scaffolds up," indicated that for that day any man was earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. But if not by the sweat of their brow, there were many busy in making market of other articles of their personal property. Every soul who was possessed of the penny-wise spirit of his nation, and who also possessed a window, or other "coigne of vantage," which could by any contrivance be made to command a view of the streets along which her Majesty is to pass, has farmed it out at an enormous price. Four and five guineas for a window is a common charge; and I saw one advertised in Dundas Street for nine guineas! Scaffolds, many of them so fragile that no man in his sober senses would risk his neck upon them, have been erected along the whole line of the road from Granton to Holyrood; and for the seats, or, as they call them here, "stances," charges from three shillings to seven-and-sixpence are made—and, what is more, are readily given. No expense is spared by the people; but as a counterpoise to their extravagance, their civic rulers seem bent upon doing everything upon the cheap and nasty principle. They have put up a few posts of wood, painted of a dirty stone-colour, and which look very much like one of the sides of a village pound, with pseudo-gates of the same material, without hinges and without lock; and this they desire to delude the public and her Majesty into regarding as the city barrier,—a stretch of fancy which the most poetical of Town Councillors could in his honest heart hardly anticipate. Here the city keys are to be presented by the provost, a person, I am informed, of very diminutive stature, and, therefore, a platform of wood, slightly elevated, very much like the spring-board used at Astley's, for aiding the flying leaps of "the wonderful Acrobats," has been erected for his Lordship's convenience in presenting the keys to her Majesty as she passes. On the wing of the hingeless gate immediately in front of this platform, has been placed a knocker, which, in consistency with the extravagance of the whole affair, has been ingeniously constructed so as *not* to knock, and in the centre of this, wrought in metal, is the grinning visage of a satyr, who seems, by anticipation, to be enjoying the farce of the whole proceeding. And certainly, if the style of this extraordinary structure may be taken as in any way symbolical of the spirit of the men who planned it as the portal, though merely "for the nonce," of this city of

noble buildings, and of the manner in which they are likely to perform a now meaningless ceremonial, then will these Dogberrys of the Edinburgh Town Council most surely afford him sufficient cause for merriment.

It had been announced, on the indubitable authority of the newspapers, that a line of signals had been established from St. Abb's Head onwards, to announce her Majesty's approach; and that a gun was to be fired from the Castle two hours before her landing. None of these signals had been given—the thunders of the cannon still slept; but nevertheless, so eager were the multitude to secure a good sight of her Majesty, that every soul was in the streets by ten o'clock, and thousands had taken up their stations in the windows, scaffoldings, and balconies. The Calton Hill resembled a huge living ant-hill; and every species of telescope in town, from the genuine Dollond down to the vilest spy-glass ever vended by misbelieving Jew, was planted against the horizon to catch the first glimpse of the royal squadron. Hour after hour wore on, and still no speck on the horizon quickened the excitement of the spectators. The sun burnt with a fierceness which no extent of soda water could allay; and the dust converted the gaudiest of garments into a meek and sobered brown. Still not a voice murmured. There was not one in the crowd who would not gladly have waited from morn till dewy eve, so that he had then caught but a glimpse of the one great loadstar of attraction. Never in a lifetime can one hope to see such a sight again. It realized the picture in Shakspere's lines, which we used to recite with such uncommon emphasis and villanous discretion at Eton; and some future Marullus may say to the men of Modern Athens, as his prototype did to those of Rome, should they ever prove equally fickle, which Heaven forefend!—"Many a time and oft"—allow this for the poetical license—

> Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
> To towers and windows, yea to chimney tops,
> Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
> The live-long day with patient expectation,
> To see Victoria pass Edina's streets;
> And when you saw her chariot but appear—

I continue the quotation, having no doubt that to-morrow will prove this part of it to be equally appropriate—

> Have you not made an universal shout,
> That the Forth trembled underneath her banks,
> To hear the replication of your sounds,
> Made in her concave shores?

I walked down in the forenoon to Granton, which, I suppose you are aware, is about two miles from Prince's Street, through such a crowd as I never witnessed in my life. Temple Bar, when the tide of life is flowing there at its fullest, is nothing to it. Carriages of every description, from the nobleman's dashing London-built chariot and four, to the cab or minibus, as they call it here, built heaven only knows where, swarmed in every direction: but through all this weltering mass of human beings, the good humour and order that everywhere prevailed were most remarkable. There was no hustling, no incivility, no blackguardism; and persons of all classes mixed indiscriminately together without insult or annoyance.

The scene at Granton was truly magnificent. The noble estuary, gay with crowds of steamers and yachts, bedecked from stem to stern with flags—the magnificent coast beyond—the slopes crowded with a multitudinous sea of human beings, all arrayed in holiday attire, and among whom bright eyes and sunny cheeks, believe me, were not scarce, presented a spectacle which can never, I am sure, be forgotten by those who witnessed it. I was hailed from a carriage by your friends, the Gordons:—by the bye, Maria is a deucedly nice girl: has she any fortune?—and I lingered with them, flirting with the girls, and partaking the general idleness, for several hours, when the arrival of the Trident steamer, which had passed the squadron at Harwich, put an extinguisher upon the expectations of her Majesty's arrival to-day, by the intelligence, that it was impossible for the squadron to reach the Firth till late this evening at soonest. It was long before this intelligence was generally believed. Thousands who had come from a distance, and were to return home that night, still clung to the hope that the squadron might make its appearance; and on my way up to the town, I saw numbers seated patiently in the same places where they had planted themselves at early morning,—and very possibly they may be sitting there still, brooding, as Frere says, "over the addled eggs of expectation," and resolved that her Majesty shall not steal a march upon them, by landing and driving out to Dalkeith over night.

Ridiculous as this may appear at first sight, there is really some ground for it. From the first the whole arrangements at head quarters as to this royal visit have been bad. First, it was said to be her Majesty's intention not to come through Edinburgh at all, but to skulk off to Dalkeith Palace by a circuitous road. The Magistrates memorialized Sir James Graham, representing the anxiety of the whole population to greet her Majesty on this, her first visit, and praying him to communicate the projected line of proceedings to them, that they might have everything in readiness to give her Majesty a fitting reception. To this they receive no answer. The Duke of Buccleuch is applied to. He knows nothing but that her Majesty wishes to be as private as possible, and to drive up to town at a quick trot. Upon this the Royal Archers, who are to accompany her on foot, grow mutinous to a man; and the Celtic Society, who insist upon flourishing their bloodless claymores in defence of the royal person, clutch at their *skene dhus*, and murmur a multitude of confused sounds, which, I am told, are meant for Highland oaths. Sir James Forrest, and the whole *posse* of those who sit in Council with him, are in despair. All their beautiful programme for the reception was to go for nothing; and the scene of the barriers, the great light-comedy feature of the play, was to be cut out of it altogether. A deputation was appointed, and a contract made with the driver of a noddy—which you must know is a one-horse shay, far gone in a decline—

to carry the aforesaid deputation to Dalkeith to remonstrate with her Majesty's ministers: and I see the result of the conference in an announcement placarded on the walls in bills of the most minute and paper-sparing dimensions, "that the Lord Provost and Magistrates have received the gratifying assurance from her Majesty's Ministers, that her Majesty will be prepared to accede to the wishes of her loyal subjects, in regard to her progress through the city by the line already announced." "Due notice," add the city Archons, "will be given of her Majesty's arrival, and the probable time of her entrance into the city." We shall see how things go: but for my own part, as I see nothing like orderly preparation—no one person taking a lead—and, consequently, a miserable indecision and uncertainty in the whole arrangements, I should not be surprised if a screw turns out to be loose after all.

M—— returned to-day in a fever of excitement. He had been startled from the revisal of a *Condescendence* at early morning, by a trumpet call, sounded at his doorway by the trumpeter of the corps, to summon him to parade; and, reversing the axiom, *cedant arma togæ*, he abandoned his legal strategics for those of the tented field—caught up his bow and arrows, like another Robin Hood, and posted off for the Riding School, where his troop have been under marching orders all day long. I met him, on my return to town, strutting through George Street, in company with A——, another brother of the bar, disguised as a Celt; for what reason I cannot divine, being perfectly certain that A—— is not allied, even by cousinship fifty times removed, with any known sept of Highland caterans. We were joined at dinner by several of M——'s friends, all of whom are bitten with the prevailing mania; and I left a parcel of lawyers and W.S.'s in the dining-room, about an hour ago, talking of ravelins, embrasures, and counterscarps, as though they were as familiar with the outworks of a fortress as they are with the greasy precincts of a Lord Ordinary's bar.

Meanwhile the preparations for an illumination on Friday are proceeding with great vigour. Invention has been racked for devices; and V's and A's of gigantic proportions—a very *Gemini* of variegated lamps—are destined to illuminate the hemisphere of every crescent and street. The directors of the Royal Bank have very appropriately covered the face of their mansion with a transparency, wherein her Majesty is represented as standing upon a cloud of ingots, "turning up a *silver* lining to the night;" at which her royal consort, who is dimly seen in the background, is, Ixion-like, ineffectually grasping; while some half dozen of corpulent cherubs—angelic Daniel Lamberts—flutter around the picture, waving Titanic "Promise to Pays" in the face of a penniless public. Edinburgh is seen beneath the aërial group—a sarcastic hint that the wealth of "the gude town" is all *in nubibus*. Prince Alberts in kilts, and Victorias in tartan scarfs, like the hero and heroine of a Scottish melodrama at Bartlemy Fair, with brown patches of dirt for mountains, and blue ditto for skies, are the favourite devices. In short, all the usual manifestations of High Art, prevalent on similar occasions, are to be seen.

It is rumoured that there is to be no drawing-room. And why, think you? Some unfortunate urchin belonging to some nameless occupant of the royal halls has had measles, or fever, or gripes, or some other infantine complaint; and the Galens of the city declare, that they do not consider the palace free from infection. Mark you, this discovery is made *after* all the state apartments have been newly fitted up; so that the exquisite skill of "her Majesty's Superintendant of Works, Mr. Nixon," in the disposition of crimson drapery and gold leaf, which the penny-a-liners have chronicled so faithfully for the last ten days, goes for nothing. But, horror of horrors! What is to become of the aspirants to a kiss of the royal hand? Dismay sits gibbering in the *boudoir;* and Philipps talks darkly of prussic acid. But there is balm in Gilead. Dalkeith Palace hath ample halls, and *there* shall Majesty do honour to the beauty and the chivalry of Scotland. Thus whispers a voice of comfort; and again the *boudoir* smiles, and prussic acid is forgotten in —— Moet's champagne. One naturally inquires, what the deuce sickly brats have to do in the palace? And as the change of locality will touch the pockets of nine-tenths of the people going, I hope they will see to a reformation in the future tenancy of Holyrood. The hackney-coachmen, with great public spirit, had fixed three guineas as the minimum charge for a fare to Holyrood; nine will, on the same ratio, be the "prices current" for a fare to Dalkeith.

What the procession to-day was to have been, or what it is to be to-morrow, nobody seems to know. The High Constables are to muster, I believe.—The Incorporation of Tailors have marshalled under their convener—

"Their hearts are a thousand, their numbers are nine."

The Cordiners, or Knights of the Awl, have sworn to be faithful to the *last;* and the Gardeners have been weaving crowns of dahlias and sun-flowers for a week. Shrubberies have been plundered of their laurels; and it is whispered that sundry damsels of excelling beauty—the Eves of the Mid-Lothian Paradises—are to precede the royal chariot-wheels, scattering flowers. Leigh Hunt should be here to see. What is of most importance, however, viz., a provision for keeping the carriage-way clear from the pressure of the crowd, has not, to all appearance, been made. But of course, the Magistrates are too much taken up with themselves and their procession to think of this.

I have just returned from the Calton Hill, where I have been to see the bonfires blazing a welcome to her Majesty. Arthur's Seat sent forth a huge volcano of flame that lighted up the faces of the crowds upon the Calton Hill, and flung a radiance upon the distant battlements of the castle. Every peak and promontory along the shores of the Forth, and far inland as the eye could reach, had its crest of flame. I counted twenty of these twinkling points of fire. The effect was superb; and by way

of wind-up to this prosaic epistle, I feel strongly tempted to commit a bit of verse upon the occasion. As that rare Friar John of the Funnels in Rabelais saith—"The devil a bit do I know the way to go about it. However, the spirit of fustian possesses us all, I find. By St. John, I'll poetize, since everybody else does. But I pray, pardon me if I don't rhyme in crimson. 'Tis my first essay," since I bade adieu to the Muses, eight years agone, at the gateway of Lincoln's Inn. Here goes, then, for

THE GATHERING.

It was as bright a morn, as e'er brought in a glorious day,
And bright and many were the eyes, that hailed its earliest ray.
The flocks were left all shepherdless upon the lonely hill,
The plough within the furrow slept, and silent was the mill,
Among the yellow grain that day no reaper might be seen,
No maiden singing with her pail upon the gowan'd green;
For ere the lark had left her nest, full many a youth and maid,
And sire, whose heart beat youthfully beneath his belted plaid,
Had brushed the heavy dews away from mountain and from down,
For they by daybreak were to be within Dunedin's town.
And wherefore stirs Dunedin now through all her lofty streets,
And why these glances that proclaim how high each bosom beats?
See on her castle's battlements how yonder banner swells,
And hark, within her crested spires how gaily dance the bells!
Ay, proudly may yon banner swell, and bells may gaily dance,
And high may every bosom beat, and joy be in each glance,
And well may stirring crowds along her lofty streets be seen,
For in her ancient walls shall she to-day receive her Queen.
Then, clansmen, let your pibrochs swell! Ye cannoneers, prepare
Your thunders, to reverberate a welcome through the air!
Blow, trumpeters, a louder peal! and you, fair maidens, string
Fresh garlands of all brightest flowers to grace her welcoming!
The sun rose up into the sky—unclouded was his ray—
And town and tower and citadel beneath it smiling lay.
The Firth of Forth gave back its sheen from waves of sheeted glass,
A mirror of pellucid blue from Cramond to the Bass;
And gallant vessels numberless along its bosom glide,
With white sails glancing in the sun, and streamers floating wide,
And in them countless multitudes are borne, a noble train,
Gone forth to greet the Ocean Queen within her own domain.
Still echoing o'er the silent wave is heard the distant cheer,
Still on they glide, and, one by one, grow dim and disappear;
And still from tower and steep is bent full many a straining eye,
But still no sail looms up between the ocean and the sky:
And when the sun had dropt behind Ben Lomond's misty crest,
Unweariedly they gazed along the ocean's shadowy breast,
But still no sail might they descry—night's shadows thicker grew,
And hill, and bay, and purple wave were hidden from the view.
Yet spread the news from lip to lip—it flew from post to post,
The Royal Fleet is steering on by Scotland's iron coast!
A watcher on the heights had seen the sunshine's parting smile
Gleam on its canvass as it swept by Cuthbert's Holy Isle.
The joyful tidings reached Dunbar—to Berwick town they came,
And from its pyramidded hill arose the warning flame.
Anon a blaze from Arthur's Seat gleamed redly o'er the plain;
The couching Lion shook the fire in flashes from his mane;
The city at his feet with cheers received the signal fire,
And reddening in its light shone out dome, pinnacle, and spire;
The Pentlands with a triple blaze gave answer from afar,
And Tintock's distant peak was seen like a resplendent star.
From crag to crag along the coast the fiery heralds sped,
They fired Dunnottar as they passed, they flamed on Dunnet Head;
The warder lit his beacon blaze on Stirling's Castle wall,
And over tower and battlement loud pealed his bugle call;
The shepherd resting on the hill the ruddy signal knew,
That rose serenely through the night from rocky Ben Venue;
And on it sped, that fiery sign, from peak to mountain crest,
Till old Ben Nevis gleamed along the waters of the west.
In town, and holm, and hamlet was that sign with rapture seen,
And sire, and son, and maiden blessed their young and beauteous Queen,
And ever shades of lofty thought would deepen o'er their mirth,
As Scotland's prideful memories were told around the hearth.
To-morrow should her footsteps press Old Scotland's rugged strand,
To-morrow she should learn to love their own beloved land.
Then rose the song of ancient faith, of kingly grace and truth,
Of days when Holyrood was bright with beauty and with youth;
When, glancing on by tower and town, rode king and noble peer,
And royal mote through greenwood rung, a-chasing of the deer.
On sped the night with song and dance, and music's merry strain,
The fisher heard the sounds of mirth come stealing o'er the main,
And all night long the hum of life was heard from sea to sea.
Such night in Scotland ne'er hath been, nor e'er again shall be.

At least I suppose so. But if not, I wanted a rhyme to close my rhapsody, and this serves the turn to a nicety. So wishing her Majesty pleasant slumbers, under the cliffs of Inchkeith, where, doubtless, the royal squadron is by this time safely moored, I shall deposit myself forthwith in the arms of Morpheus. *Vale! sis memor mei!*

LETTER III.—THE ENTRY.

EDINBURGH, 1*st September*, 1842.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,—Yesterday Edinburgh was the most loyal of cities—to-day it is in a state of almost total disaffection. Manchester is dutiful in comparison, and Sheffield may be said to reverence authority in high places. Scotland's blood is on fire—her thistle bristles through all its points. The horizon looks louring and revolutionary, and "Pistol's cock is up, and flashing fire will follow,"—or rather it will not follow, for there are vehement threats of "No Illumination!" And now for the explanation of this most strange reverse.

As I told you, everything as to the time and manner of her Majesty's landing down to yesterday night was in the utmost uncertainty. The Provost and Sheriff—*par nobile fratrum*—had issued a bulletin, that due notice of the great event would be given to the citizens. They, good easy souls, lulled by the Syren song of these civic Circes, tumbled into bed to dream of to-morrow's pageant, and satisfied that, come when she might, the Queen could not steal a march upon the Arguses of the City Chambers. Put not your trust in Town-councils, however, will henceforth be the Edinburgh reading of the preacher's admonition. The Queen landed, passed through the city, and the Town Council were—at their breakfasts.

The morning broke heavily and with clouds. Rain had fallen over night, and the magistrates' road-way of pounded earth was converted into most glutinous mud—undeniable "glaur." Loyalty woke with a headache, after the revels of the previous night, as at seven o'clock two of the castle guns announced to the inhabitants that the royal flotilla was in motion in the Firth. This, the only signal that could be relied on—for, previous to the Provost and Sheriff's bulletin, it had been distinctly intimated that her Majesty would land two hours after the firing of these guns—set the more active in motion. Countless were the chins scarified by reckless razors—countless the throats scalded by rashly-swallowed tea. By eight o'clock the streets were thronged; and windows, story above story, held forth their eager thousands. Still no announcement from Provost or Sheriff came forth—not a Bailie revealed himself in the glory of ruffles and cocked-hat—the procession to the barriers was looked for in vain—and each man asked his neighbour, who was simply as wise as himself, what had become of the signal from Nelson's Monument? The crowd wandered confusedly to and fro, and the prevailing impression seemed to be, that her Majesty would breakfast at Mrs. Clark's, or the Granton Hôtel; give the Magistrates full leisure to enjoy their rolls and marmalade in peace; and come up to town about noon, in a state carriage, attired after the fashion of Chalon's well-known picture. About nine o'clock, a murmur ran through the crowd that her Majesty had landed, and was on her way to town. It could not be. It was not five minutes since the royal body-guard had passed—they could not be half-way to Granton—and the royal person could not possibly trust itself on Scottish ground, save under the protection of their bows and arrows. The Provost's carriage paraded its new hammercloth and liveries, and the brawny limbs of his Lordship's "flunkies," along admiring streets: but where was the Provost himself? Still no procession to the barriers—no elevation of the city keys—no signal from the Monument. The Queen could not be coming, and still the murmuring crowds moved to and fro. The balconies were nearly empty.

The royal body-guard had reached Howard Place on their way to Granton, when they were met by a troop of dragoons, in the centre of whom was an open carriage, with her Majesty and Prince Albert. On dashed the Toxophilites to claim their post of honour. Heedless of their claims, and doubtful of the intentions of such a strange-looking body, the dragoons received their charge manfully, and plume and quiver gave way before helmet and sabre. Many a gallant squire was rolled over in the mud; and by the time the royal body-guard were recognised by the officers of dragoons, and had their claims allowed, the corps was in utter confusion, and glad to follow the royal carriage as best they might. On it went at a quick trot. The barriers were reached. Where is now the Provost with city keys, and courtly speech?—and echo answered—In the Council Chamber! The gates would *not* close, and her Majesty would *not* wait. Forward went the royal barouche.

The glitter of the soldiers' helmets, as they stormed the barriers, proclaimed to the crowds that filled the windows of Pitt Street and Dundas Street, that the Queen was at hand. The cry spread through all the avenues of the city, and people flew from street to street, as from before a pursuing foe. Breathless with surprise, the multitudes saw the carriage pass. Those in the windows could not see her Majesty for very amazement, and those in the streets had enough to do to get out of the way of the crowd that swept onwards with the royal carriage. Still along the line there rose a deafening shout that pealed along from house to house, as the pink bonnet of her Majesty was recognised; and hats and handkerchiefs innumerable fluttered from every window. The streets were like a billowy sea. Confusion worse confounded prevailed on every side. Carriages drove furiously along by cross streets to overtake the cortège at some distant turning, pursued by multitudes on foot, running as if for life. The royal carriage moved onwards at a quick trot, and the body-guard, panting like driven deer, "toiled after it in vain." One by one, some archer, fatter than the rest, dropped off, and might be seen calling wildly for ginger-beer or lemonade in a neigh-

bouring *restaurateur's*. Everywhere the people were taken by surprise. The Celtic Society, who had mustered at the Royal Hôtel in Prince's Street, and were to have escorted the Royal train from the barriers, had barely time to rush out into the street, and with buttered roll in one hand, and claymore in the other, to salute it as it passed. Some were even unable to accomplish this, and one enthusiastic Celt was seen leaning over a bed-room window of the hôtel, with one-half of his chin covered with lather, and waving a razor with loud and exulting cheers.

The crowd that pressed onwards with the royal carriage had by this time become a mob, which it would have required a stronger force than the Royal Archers to keep at bay. I hear that they pressed so close upon the carriage, that they were even able to accost her Majesty. If so, I presume, she was regaled with such expressions of Scottish loyalty, as, "I hope yer majesty's nane the waur o' the fleg that chiel Oxford gae ye!" "Gin I had Maister Francis by the scruff o' the neck, my sang, if I wadna gar his haffets dirl!" "Ye'll hae been sick for a chance: them east winds maks an unco potch in the water." "An' hoo's the bits of bairns?" &c. &c. &c.; a species of conversation, that must have made her Majesty doubt, whether the Scotch populace did not speak some foreign language.

By the time her Majesty reached the Waterloo Bridge, the spectacle had assumed a very imposing aspect. The long line of Prince's Street was alive with gaily dressed figures. Immense crowds were clustered on the balconies in front of the Register Office and Theatre, while the Calton Hill, which closed the vista on the east, was covered with a motley throng. Cheers filled the air, and the booming of the Castle guns gave grandeur to the whole. At the entrance to the Waterloo Bridge, a festoon of flowers and shrubs, was suspended across the street, from the centre of which hung a huge crown of flowers, that seemed almost to touch the royal carriage as it passed. The effect of this really fine device was admirable—indeed it was the only device upon the occasion that showed any imagination. On went the train. The cheering reverberated along the Calton Hill, and the last of the troopers' sabres disappeared from my sight.

Meanwhile, dire dismay had spread through all the Chambers of the Town Council, where the civic dignitaries were waiting the signal to proceed to the barriers. Their speculations on the figure each was to make in the eyes of royalty upon the occasion were interrupted by a messenger "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste," dashing in among them with the tidings that the Queen was in Prince's Street.—Forth rushed the provost: bailie and councillor, chamberlain and clerk, kilted up their robes, sallied after him to the street, and jumped into the carriages, that were placidly waiting to convey them to the barriers. "A Forrest to the rescue!" was the cry, and away clattered the municipal chariots down High Street and Canongate, followed by the High Constables at the top of their speed. Such hurry-skurry the old gables of the Netherbow have not witnessed, since the days when the alarm of Prince Charles' Highlanders at the gates startled the shop-keepers of the Luckenbooths from their propriety. The Raid of Coltbridge was a trifle to it. Vengeance unutterable was denounced by every plethoric High Constable, as he gave up the ineffectual chase. Their Moderator waved his silver baton in desperate defiance. Peel, like the premier of King Darius, was to close his career in an aërial fandango, and Buccleuch, like Lord Soulis, to be boiled in lead; while Majesty herself——But if others forgot their respect, I sha'n't forget mine.

Sorely spent in wind, the rabble rout reached the Regent Terrace, in time to see the royal carriage sweep past; so unconscious was her Majesty of the presence of kindred greatness, that even the Provost received no beck of salutation; and discomfited, but not crest-fallen, the party returned to their hall of Council. Deep and angry was the consultation that ensued. The city stormed—barriers, reared at ruinous expense, despised—no procession—no dutiful surrender of keys—no speech—no glimpse of royal grace; Heavens and Earth, it was not to be endured! Scotland, in the person of her metropolis, has been insulted—explanations must be given, or——I have not heard what was the alternative.

Meantime the crowds are clamouring without. The Magistrates must themselves explain. Why came no signal from the Monument, no warning to go forth into the streets? Thousands from distant Greenock and the fragrant banks of the Molendinar Burn, have seen no vestige of the royal person. The incorporated trades,—Tailors, Cordiners and all,—have re-painted their banners, the Gardeners have devastated their flowerbeds—in vain. Everybody is disappointed, and somebody must be to blame. Some revile the Council, some execrate Peel and the Duke of Buccleuch, and not a few mutter against our gracious Lady herself. The contention waxes louder. The Council are not to blame, said one. Long ere dawn they despatched a messenger, one of their own bailies, to give signal of the royal approach. No signal came: the bailie has not since been seen, and the prevailing opinion is, that he must have been borne off by some sea nymph, to eat oysters and make love

> In the caves of Domdaniel,
> Under the roots of the sea.

Besides, was not her Majesty to do in all things according to the wishes of her faithful people? in other words, to wait till it pleased the Magistrates to receive her? Peel and Buccleuch, argued another, are not to blame. *Nihil noverunt in causa*—they promised nothing—could promise nothing. And the Queen was innocent, contended a third. She knew nothing of the crowds that panted to behold her—of the Town Council's procession—of the ceremony of the barriers,—*that* not having formed a topic of her constitutional studies under Lord Melbourne. She was heartily sick of the sea, and thought only of a good cup of tea and a steady couch at Dalkeith; and if the Magistrates were so unreasonable as to wish her to delay her progress, they ought, at least, to have made the request in

person. *Tot homines, tot sententiæ.* But all agreed, that somebody was to blame, and all grumbled exceedingly.

For my own part, I consider the blame to rest with the Magistrates, or those of their number who were deputed to make the arrangements. It was quite clear that the Queen, after a protracted voyage, would land as soon as she possibly could. Her early habits are well known. To have requested her to delay would have been discourteous; nor, so far as the people were concerned, was any delay necessary. Had her landing taken place at five, in place of nine, in the morning, they would have cheerfully turned out to give her greeting. All that they wanted was reasonable warning; and scarcely this; for, if the unfortunate announcement that such would be given had not been issued, no warning would have been required. They would all have been in their places long before her Majesty could have landed. And what shall be said of the demeanour of the Town Council towards the "Queen of England?" Had they possessed the impulses which are supposed to actuate educated men, they would have been the foremost to salute our gracious Lady when her foot touched Scottish ground, in place of loitering in their Council Chamber, thinking only of their own dignity. Who cared a fig for the mummery of their procession, and the effete symbol of surrendering the city keys, that seems to have gone between them and their wits? Edinburgh looked to her civic rulers to show the Queen the courtesies that a stranger shows to his guest, more especially when that guest is a female; and these should have been shown upon the pier at Granton. This done, they might then have played off the farce of the barriers if they liked. Had they acted in this spirit, there would have been no want of signals. The countless thousands that were burning to give their Queen a true Scottish welcome, and have now lost the opportunity of doing so, would then have been gratified in the indulgence of an amiable curiosity, and not a murmur of disappointment would have been heard. As it was, do not imagine that the reception given to her Majesty by the inhabitants was anything but magnificent. But how much more magnificent it might have been, had the arrangements of the public authorities been what they ought to have been! I confess I shared in the common disappointment. The entry was not what the entry of the first Queen of the world into one of the most picturesque of cities should have been—not what the people of Scotland wished it to be. It needed not the pomp and circumstance of processions and cavalcades to have made the spectacle one to fill the memory for a lifetime. The Queen herself, bearing with her that divinity which the least imaginative acknowledge, yet by the graces and virtues of the woman claiming a household interest in every heart, was all that the people cared to see. But she should have been seen advancing with the dignity and reverence due to a Queen, through long lines of uncovered thousands, not jostled, as she was, by a tumultuous mob. Herald and pursuivant in blazoned surcoat, paladin and peer with golden rigol and cloak of crimson, the fanfare of trumpets and "the measured tread of marching men,"—these are what should herald royalty entering triumphantly into a noble city. But what was the escort of to-day? A brace of supernumerary policemen in greasy fustian—not even members of the regular staff—led off the procession, followed by a rabble of dirty boys. A score of dragoons, with a panting handful of the Royal Archers, completed the cortège, and these were so hemmed in by a weltering mob of clamorous artisans, that a few red coats and glittering sabres was all that was visible to "any thick sight." Well may the cheek of every Scottish man burn with indignation at the thought of such a spectacle! And for this they have to thank the Edinburgh Town Council!

Great was the wrath which these mighty potentates, however, affected to feel. An insult had been done to them, forsooth; and away posted Sir James Forrest and some of his right-hand men to Dalkeith, to demand an explanation. By the time they arrived there, I presume their valour had oozed, like Bob Acres', out at the palms of their hands; and their demand for explanation, I hear, dwindled into an apology for their own supineness. By this time the Queen had been informed of the disappointment her sudden appearance had occasioned—indeed, the vacant benches of the balconies along the line of her approach must have satisfied her Majesty that something was wrong—and she graciously intimated that she would make a progress from Holyrood to the Castle, and thence through the city upon Saturday. Again smiles lit up the fine and benevolent countenance of the Lord Provost, the wrath of the Council was appeased, and the city has been restored to something like tranquillity. It will illuminate after all! But Saturday's progress will be nothing to what to-day's might have been. The one will be a formal procession to obliterate a disappointment—the sugared bun to a fractious child; —the other would have been the spontaneous burst of universal enthusiasm. So far as Edinburgh is concerned, the disappointment will be wiped away; but it will be carried back to the provinces by thousands. The city is still moody and out of humour; it is ashamed of itself, and does not see very clearly where to lay the blame. But its eyes will be opened by degrees. It will perceive the lamentable indecision and imbecility of its rulers, and repudiate their entire proceedings with disgust. Their arrangements throughout have been puerile and absurd. So admirable, for instance, was their selection of a signal master, that it is now understood, that the Bailie who had been despatched to Granton, to watch and intimate the approach of the Royal Yacht to his brethren, coolly saw her Majesty land; and, *after* she had driven off, got into a minibus and followed the royal party to town. I suppose he expected the Queen to summon him to her knee, like the little foot-page in the ballad, and, after knighting him on the spot, send him up to town with her compliments to the Bailies, "and would be glad to know when she might be permitted to approach!"

Friday, 2d September, 1842. People are begin-

ling to get into good humour again, and to laugh
t the ridiculous exhibition the Magistrates made
f themselves yesterday. The wags are at work,
nd Sir James Forrest and his coadjutors have be-
ome the burden of numerous ballads, "sung
hrough the streets to filthy tunes." A strong
ody of ruffians, with voices of thunder, bellow
heir praises through every street; and under my
indow, one of those fellows that infest the streets
n the garb of sailors, singing—

'Twas in-a the year-a of ninety-eight
We sailed from-a Portsmouth-a downs,

as been rasping out the following canticle for the
ast five minutes, to the delight of a group of maid-
ervants and grinning urchins—

Hey, Jamie Forrest, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your Bailies snorin' yet?
If ye are waukin' I would wit,
Ye'd hae a merry, merry, mornin'.

The frigate guns they loud did roar,
But louder did the Bailies snore,
An' thought it was an unco bore
To rise up in the mornin'.
Hey Jamie, &c.

And syne the castle thunder'd loud;
But kipper it is savoury food,
And that the Bailies understood,
Sae early in the mornin'.
Hey Jamie, &c.

The Queen she 's come to Granton Pier,—
Nae Provost and nae Bailie here:
They 're in their beds, I muckle fear,
Sae early in the mornin'.
Hey Jamie, &c.

The Queen she 's come to Brandon Street,
The Provost and the keys to meet;
And div ye think that she 's to wait
Your waukin' in the mornin'?
Hey Jamie, &c.

My Lord, my Lord, the Queen is here,!
—And vow! my Lord he lookit queer:
"And what sets her so soon asteer?
It 's barely nine in the mornin'!"
Hey Jamie, &c.

"Gae bring to me my robes o' state;
Come, Bailies, we will catch her yet:"
"Run, run, my Lord, ye are ower late,
She 's been through the town this mornin'!"
Hey Jamie, &c.

"Awa' to Dalkeith ye maun hie,
To mak your best apology:
The Queen she 'll say, O fie! O fie!
Ye 're lazy loons in the mornin'."
Hey Jamie, &c.

I have it on the best authority that these lines were sung to her Majesty at the Palace to-day, and hat she enjoyed them heartily. *She* can have no oubt about the stupidity of the Magistrates—and rill not impute their fault to her good citizens of auld Reekie! Adieu! I am going off to dine with he Gordons, and to accompany them through the own in the evening, to see the flare up of loyal andles—a display which *may* be very beautiful, ut *must* be very *wick*-ed. Under the shelter of his hideous pun I retreat. Thine ever.

LETTER IV.—THE ILLUMINATION—THE PROGRESS—THE RECEPTION.

EDINBURGH, *5th September*, 1842.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,—Though I have undertaken to give you a sketch of the doings here, expect not that I shall chronicle for you all the details. For these consult the newspapers. They will tell you the colour of the royal bonnet, the woof of the royal shawl. Not a smile upon the royal lips shall want its chronicler—not an exclamation of royal wonder pass without its record. Her Majesty on landing, it seems, silenced the remonstrances of her affectionate consort by stating, that she would go to Dalkeith in an open carriage, "unless it rained more." Marvellous fortitude! She actually smiled as she chatted with Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Buccleuch, on the deck of the Royal yacht. "What noble river is this?" she inquired of an attendant archer, as she passed the Water of Leith. "Which of the Scottish nobility inhabits this splendid mansion?" she again inquired, as she passed the Jail. "Has Edinburgh, then, no Lord Mayor, or Aldermen?" asked her Majesty, with affectionate solicitude, as she was about to bid good-morning to her body-guard. The Prince, again, as he ascended Arthur's Seat on Friday last, was heard to exclaim, with singular originality, "Gad, this tries a fellow's wind!" And he was actually detected this forenoon, by another vigilant penny-a-liner, in the startling act of pulling up his shirt collar. People are surprised that royalty should do anything like anybody else; and these valuable contributions to history are eagerly devoured.

Commend me to Edinburgh above all cities for an illumination! Everywhere else it is generally a very paltry affair. Half-a-dozen blazing muttons in a window are not the noblest sight imaginable; but let a street like Heriot Row, or the High Street, be lighted throughout in this way, and the effect is excellent. The declivity on which the town is built, and the fine areas formed by the gardens of the different streets and squares, afford those points of sight which other towns want; and I can assure you, the peering of these thousand twinkling eyes of fire, from out the dusky shadows of the vast pile of buildings that overhang the Prince's Street gardens, gives the imagination a fillip of uncommon strength. Looking on the town, with its spires standing out in the blaze of light against the clouded sky—its streets glimmering, tier upon tier, like huge carkanets of burnished gold upon the bosom of Night—I felt as if I saw before me an embodiment of some vision gathered from the Arabian Nights, of Bagdad—

In the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Although the night was wet and unpleasant, all the town was in the streets. The crowd was immense—the pressure in some places anything but comfortable—and as a Dandie-Dinmont looking-fellow, who was elbowing his way along, and crushing a rib at every step, exclaimed, "Lord! this is waur nor St. Boswell's fair yet!" Everybody, however, was in good humour. People

stared with pleasure at the everlasting lady with the tartan scarf, and squeamish-looking gentleman with the moustache; and devoutly received them as "lively effigies" of the Queen and Prince Albert, without comment upon the palpable squint of the one, or fearfully ill-built coat of the other.

Next morning, about ten o'clock, I found myself perched, like a crow, upon a gable end, in the High Street, with "an auld wife" closely clasped in my embrace. I see you marvel at my selection of a locality for my amours—but be not alarmed either for my virtue or my taste. "An auld wife," *Edinburgicè*, means only a peculiar species of chimney-pot, to which I had clambered, to obtain a view of her Majesty's progress up the High Street. Airy and cool as was my seat, I was by no means singular. Others as adventurous as myself were clustered over every house-top in the street. The steeple of the Tron Church, and the broad roof of St. Giles, had each its complement of spectators, and there was not a window within sight but was full. The dirty cap and whiskified visage of the Dianas of the close-heads no longer appeared over the tottering window-sills of their chamber windows: but in their stead were seen the lace-trimmed bonnet and blooming face of damsels of gentle blood. High up in attics, next the sky, were the best in the land, glad of any loophole from which a view could be obtained.

> The folks, I knew, were passing rich and fair:
> So wondered how the devil they got there.

The Magistrates had transplanted the far-famed barriers from Brandon Street, and thrown them across the High Street, about fifty yards below the City Chambers; resolved, at whatever sacrifice of common sense, to have their play played out. The provost's speech must be spoken, and the bailies must display their court suits; and for this the city must have its gate of defence in the very centre of the town, where, of all places in the world, it should least have been. It is really high time this ridiculous ceremonial were as utterly exploded as that branch of it, long since abolished, which consisted of presenting majesty with a "propine" of its own current coin, which majesty was mean enough to pocket without a blush. Nothing is so contemptible as a superannuated symbol.

Of course to me, to whom the Queen's pleasant countenance is wellnigh as familiar as the gate of Buckingham Palace, the sight of her to-day was a matter of considerable indifference. But I would not have lost the sight which presented itself as she advanced up the High Street for the heaviest fee that ever crossed Sir William Follett's palm. I know nothing to which it could be compared. Figure to yourself the immense piles of building on either side, towering six and eight stories high, picturesque at any time, and now covered to the roof with people—the fine old cathedral, with its eager crowds bending over buttress and spiracle, the streets thronged, the array of mounted cavalry, handkerchiefs and flags waving at every point, cheer succeeding cheer, and the roar of cannon from the castle in the background deepening but not drowning the huzzahs. Where in the world wide will such a scene be witnessed in our days? All that was picturesque to the eye, all that was most touching to the imagination, were there combined. "The Majesty of England!" The incarnation of that proud idea was swelling in every heart, and rung through these deafening cheers; and when the band struck up "God save the Queen," that noble air, which never fails to stir the heart like a trumpet, there was not one breast but echoed to the strain—one eye that was not dimmed by the depth of its emotion.

I was so much engrossed by the grandeur of the scene, that it was some time before I observed that the Queen had gone at least fifty yards *beyond* the barriers before she was stopped by the Lord Provost, who at length was safely delivered of his speech. The city keys were presented and returned in the usual form; and if her Majesty did not feel the hollowness and farce of the proceeding, breaking in as it did upon a spectacle of such magnificence, I shall be content to forego my hopes of a silk gown. This done, her Majesty proceeded to the Castle, and by the time I had effected a descent from my perch, and got down to our friend Tait's balcony, she was standing on the highest of the batteries, alongside of the famous Mons Meg, and receiving the cheers of the crowds in Prince's Street. The sky, which had hitherto been heavy and louring, now broke up for a little, and a gleam of sunshine irradiated the old battlements of Dunedin. A nobler view than that commanded by the spot where her Majesty stood it were difficult to conceive; and, with the added effect of the enthusiastic multitudes at her feet, who can doubt that our youthful queen received from it high and ennobling impulses fit for a queenly heart?

The progress from the Castle down Bank Street, the Mound, and along Prince's Street, was one continued triumph, with the usual ingredients of waving hats, handkerchiefs, and huzzahs. The provost, buried under a cocked hat, and his bailies covered with scarlet gowns and immortal ridicule, added dignity to the procession. The Archers—such of them as had not been irrecoverably broken in wind by the chase of Thursday—were in their places round the royal carriage; and things went as smoothly as could be expected, considering that, from the High Street onwards, no provision had been made for keeping the streets clear; a precaution which the confusion of Thursday would have forced upon any civic authorities but those of Edinburgh. After visiting Lord Roseberry at Dalmeny Park, the Queen returned to Dalkeith by way of Leith, in an open carriage, although it rained pretty stiffly most of the time. Everybody has seen her, and even irate Leith no longer sucks its thumb in moody wrath.

Peel, who rode in an open carriage behind that of her Majesty, was received with amazing cordiality. The cheers were numerous and hearty—and the ladies, bless their Conservative hearts! fluttered their handkerchiefs to the smiling Premier with true woman's fervour. By the bye, some of them seemed to have forgotten that a white handkerchief is hardly presentable on a second day. Here and there a hiss or two was audible. But, Conservative as I am, I was surprised at the cordial and

ıll but universal huzzahs. Of course, common ›oliteness, and the gratulations due to high and ıccessful intellect, prompted many a political ›pponent to doff his hat and join in the general alute. Peel received these tributes with a smiling *onhommie* that told well; and surrendered his ıands to the shake of numbers of the great unrashed with a disregard of dirt highly politic, but vhich, considering the national cutaneous irritabiity, must have required no common fortitude.

By the bye, the wild men of the Kirk, eager to eed fat their ancient grudge on Peel, have been ilipending him for what they please to call the 'insult" done to the Scotch people upon Thurslay. They may try to divert the obloquy rom their friend, Sir James Forrest, in this way; ut it will not do. Their abuse of Peel is just as reposterous as the howl they have set up, because he Queen preferred having the service of her own hurch performed to her yesterday at Dalkeith 'alace, to being made the common stare of every urious fool in their High Church. But the Kirk s in affliction, forsooth; and the light of the royal ountenance would be exceeding comfortable to it. *Iredat Judæus!* Such paragons of reverence for onstitutional law as Gordon, Cunningham, & Co., ıre most fitting suitors for the grace of her who is ts *principium et fons!* Away with such cant! What care they for Kings or Queens, so they might stablish their own spiritual despotism? Let them emember their weekly revilings of that church, ıccording to whose standards her daily worship is lirected. But were the conceited brawlers, who tyle themselves "The Kirk," dutiful as they are ebellious, catholic as they are bigoted, what are hey that they should dictate to her Majesty where nd how she should worship? Surely the Proestant Queen of England may exercise the freedom f choice which they claim for themselves. Of a erity, the arrogance of these privileged railers is nly paralleled by their want of breeding.

But while the "orthodox, orthodox, wha beeve in John Knox," have been raising the snivel nd whine in their own narrow circles, all the 'orld and his wife have been more pleasantly nd quite as profitably employed in studying ›ourtly genuflections, and crablike retreats from ıe sunshine of the royal glance. Instead of the rawing-room at Holyrood, her Majesty, in pity f the wasteful outlay upon lace and "Voizet's earl jewellery," in anticipation of that birthrangled gala, announced that a Reception, which a compound of drawing-room and levée, without the privileges, I believe, of either, would be ıld to-day at Dalkeith Palace. Again the scisırs flew through acres of satin; and milliners, antuamakers, plumassiers, and tailors, became the reatest creatures upon earth. Mrs. Drumtoustie, ıe provost's wife of Clartyhole, lay awake for ights thinking of the sensation the "buirdly" ırson of her lord in his court suit would make in ıe royal presence. "Save us!" she exclaimed, as was brought home to their lodgings fresh from eyer and Mortimer's; "Geordie, man, ye'll no ın yoursel' in a' that paraffle o' purple an' fine ıen. Satin! as I'm a sinfu' woman," she exclaimed, holding up the vest in consternation; "and sprigged wi' red and blue flowers frae collar to lappets, nae less, like auld Leddy Turntippet's stamadger, (*Anglicè* stomacher,) up bye at the Place. Lord! what's this? A three-neukit hat, and silver-hilted swurd! Set ye up! My certies, lad, it's weel ye're amang as big fules as yersel'; for gin the bairns and wives o' Clartyhole were to see you makin' a play-actor o' yersel' in siccan gear as that, ye wadna hear the end o't a' your born days!" But the worthy goodman heard her not; for he was speculating how he was to convey the digits of majesty to his lips on the fast approaching Monday. He had already worn out the knees of two pairs of breeches in practising a graceful drop upon his knee, besides unexpectedly embracing the floor more than once in consequence of his sword getting between his legs as he walked backwards to an imaginary door in an imaginary presence-chamber from the feet of an imaginary sovereign. But having heard, that to touch the royal fingers with the hand was against all rule, his agitation reached its climax; for how otherwise he was to get them brought into contact with his lips was a matter far beyond his comprehension. An important personage was now the man or woman who had previously gone through the ordeal of a presentation, and could expound its complex ritual to the uninitiated. In every drawing-room, rehearsals were going forward; and kneeling, and bowing, and kissing of visionary fingers has been the engrossing occupation of the "nobility and gentry" here for the last week.

M——, who, ever since Thursday, has been as sulky as a universal philanthropist—indignant, no doubt, though he won't say so, at the very nonchalant way in which the royal body-guard have been treated—departed this morning in somewhat better humour, to join that sombre body, to whom the illustrious privilege had been accorded of lining the staircase at Dalkeith Palace during the Reception. He has returned radiant with smiles. The scars of wounded pride have ceased to gall; for he and his friends have been permitted to officiate —as lackies of the outer chamber!

You should have seen the vehicles that whirled by hundreds to the gates of the palace to-day. Such a collection of broken-down locomotives never, I dare say, lumbered along a road. The cattle were of a piece with the carriages; and if, occasionally, they indulged in the faint reminiscence of a canter, the freak must have equally surprised their Jehus and themselves. Conceive the vehicular force that must have been necessary to convey fifteen hundred persons, all bending under a load of frippery and gold lace,—for such was the Armageddon that defiled through the drawing-room of Dalkeith Palace between two and five o'clock this afternoon,—and you may fancy the number of hen-roosts which must have been dislodged, before the requisite amount of leathern conveniences could be got together. Anything served. But the incongruity of waving plumes, and glittering epaulettes, behind the dirty glass of a dilapidated cab, was, as you may suppose, highly conducive to mirth, and a philosophical appreci-

ation of the splendour of court pageantry in general, and of a Scotch levée in particular.

Of course, where so many were presented, the company comprised some very equivocal elements,—persons, indeed, who, you would think, could hardly, in their wildest dreams, have aspired to such an honour. The ceremony was despatched with railroad rapidity—and not a few were surprised to find themselves out of the presence before they were conscious of having been in it. Our good friend Provost Drumtoustie was so lifted off his feet by the magnificence of all he saw, that he fairly grasped the royal hand in his iron fist, and planted upon its jewelled fingers a kiss that woke up two of the lords-in-waiting from a dream of a rise of salary; whereupon he was handed along from page to equerry, and from equerry to groom, with such celerity, that in somewhat less than no time he found himself projected into the lawn by

> the fury of a foot,
> Whose indignation commonly is stamped
> Upon the hinder quarters of a man.

The Queen was observed to smile—graciously, of course—whenever a member of the Edinburgh Town Council was announced; and so enraptured were some of them at the obvious delight with which she extended her hand to them, that serious fears were entertained for their intellects. "Weel, now, the likes o' yon! Her Majesty smiled as gracious an' pleasantlike, whan I stappit up, as if she had kent me for years and mair. She'll hae read, I'm thinkin', my speech on the Irrigation question,—or maybe seen the doonsettin' I gied Bark-at-a' about the Seat-rents?" said one. "Gae wa' man!" argued another; "it was easy seen she wanted to mak' up for the affront that was put upon us by Peel an' the Duke the ither day. It's my notion, ane o' thae flunkies will be round presently, to ask us to stap in by an' take a check o' wine an' cake wi' her Majesty, when the Reception 's over. She'll need it, puir thing, for yon's weary wark. Deed, I feel as if the wing o' a fowl wadna come amiss, after a' this bobbing and becking." I don't vouch for the *ipsissima verba*, mind; but the main features are correct; and, as the Italians say—*si non è vero, è ben trovato.*

But I must conclude—for I see that it is time to dress for the Assembly. It is expected to be very full, as hundreds are sure to come for the sake of showing off their own court suits, and criticising their neighbours'. There will be lots of "bonnie lassies" too—all cogent reasons for a young fellow repairing to

> The gay and festive scene,
> The halls, the halls of dazzling light.

But I have another reason more cogent still. I have promised to meet——I sha'n't say whom, there. If you don't hear from me, therefore, for a week, suppose that I have been sent for to expound *Fearn on Contingent Remainders* to her Majesty, or—that I have broken my leg in executing a Highland reel,—suppose—anything, in short, but that I have been flirting with an heiress. *Adieu.*

LETTER V.—THE HIGHLANDS.

EDINBURGH, 15th *September*, 1842.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,—My last left me on the point of starting for the Assembly Rooms, where I distinguished myself by dancing reels like Fox Maule, waltzes like D'Orsay, and quadrilles with the finish of Perrot. The room was crowded, the dresses brilliant, the women pretty, the champagne unexceptionable, the dancing spirited, and Maria gracious. What more could heart of man desire? We left the rooms at two, and by six o'clock I found myself trotting briskly towards Queensferry, on the high road to Perthshire. Think not I was on my way to Breadalbane Castle. No. The Marquis had unaccountably overlooked me in his invitations. Think not I had been put upon the staff of *The Times* to minute the small talk of the royal progress, as "our correspondent;" or that Lord Liverpool had commissioned me to time the royal luncheon at Dupplin, or to regulate the roast at Scone. On no such high vocation was it that I perilled my neck upon such spavined Rosinantes as the post-houses might afford. No! *The Thunderer* might have showered gold upon me, like Danae, and the Lord Chamberlain promised me the good things of Amphitryon, and yet I would not have gone one step towards the north. But Maria had whispered at the close of our last quadrille, that the family were to be off next day for their seat near Aberfeldy; and I suddenly discovered that I had some geological researches to complete in the neighbourhood of the family mansion, and might very possibly take an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance there. To this the lady seemed no ways averse; and, accordingly, as I have said, I found myself trotting along the great North Road on Tuesday last by six o'clock A.M.

In this way I preceded the royal train by some hours; so that, like the *Scotsman* newspaper's ingenious "own reporter,"—an Irishman, obviously,—"I could only gather her Majesty's *receptions* along the roads by the marks of *preparation* I observed in passing." Fear not, therefore, that I shall furnish you with a catalogue of all the triumphal arches of faded laurel and exanimate dahlias which spanned the entrance to every straggling village through which her Majesty passed. The papers will have informed you how middensteads were cleared away from the streets; how, from the wooden chimney of every thatched roof, a Paisley bandana fluttered in the breeze; how yeomen huzzaed, and cottars cheered, and farmers, on their yauds, pursued the royal pair, that they might afterwards tell their neighbours, over a bottle of tippeny in the change-house, that "They might crack about queens as they liked, but I rade clean beside her a' the time; and she's a real pleasant-lookin' creatur." The villages were just a repetition of what I have described in Edinburgh, *mutatis mutandis*. Instead of the cherubims of the hospitals chanting the royal anthem, as I believe they tried to do somewhere in the High Street during the progress to the Castle, the hamlet had its crowder perched upon a barrel or other eminence, and quickening the general enthusiasm with

"Welcome, royal Charlie!" or "Carle, now the King's come!" Other differences of the same kind might easily be multiplied; but in village as in metropolis, the same hearty loyalty was apparent.

Dunfermline—weaving, democratical, insurrectionary Dunfermline—made no assault upon the royal person, notwithstanding the forebodings of *The Globe*. Inverkeithing indeed has, I believe, shown symptoms of disaffection, in consequence of her Majesty's want of taste, not to say politeness, in driving at a brisk trot through her picturesque street. The town has but one. But except that some of the loudest of its politicians have indulged in "a swap of drink" extra, and been cuffed by their suffering wives therefor, I have not heard of any more serious consequences. I do not know whether this good burgh had any keys to present, or whether they have long since been melted down into silver chains for its civic rulers. If it had, it was really too bad in her Majesty not to take this opportunity of informing the municipal authorities that articles so utterly useless could not be in better keeping. Most gratifying, by the way, it is to find, that the municipal government is so beautifully faultless in all the counties her Majesty has visited. A rotten burgh, or an incapable council, must be a figment, a chimæra of the dark ages. From the provost of Edinburgh, who, in the matter of the barriers, acted in the spirit of Richard the Second's exclamation, when summoned to the deathbed of John of Gaunt,

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

to him of Linlithgow, who was swept away by an avalanche of his own burghers from his post at the gates, long before her Majesty reached them, they are, one and all, the most vigilant of warders, the most astute of councillors, the most loyal of subjects. Indeed their loyalty is perfect. Differ from each other as they may in all things else, on this they are all agreed; and "when these gentlemen do agree," as Puff says, "their unanimity is wonderful." Their addresses seem to have been all turned on the same loom. Only in one instance have I observed any deviation from the beaten track, and this was at Stirling, where, after firing off the usual declaration of "ancient burgh—devoted attachment—throne and government—long spared—loyal and happy people," and receiving the usual answer, the provost, like Richie Moniplies thrusting his "bit sifflication" into the royal hands along with his master's petition, informed her Majesty, that "it gave him great pleasure, that, as *provost of this town*, he had had the honour to receive her Majesty, under whose father he had the honour to serve for twenty years." Exquisite antithesis! The old subaltern, "as provost of his town, *has great pleasure in receiving*"—mark the phrase!—the Queen of England, who happens to be the daughter of his old officer. The Queen must have been sensibly touched by the compliment. One of those sharp-sighted dogs of the press, whom her Majesty kept constantly beside her, detected a tear in her eye. I should say, that a young female, well known by the endearing epithet of Betty Martin, was more likely to have been there.

I managed to reach Perth in time to see her Majesty's entry, and a very striking contrast it formed to the scene at Edinburgh, so far as the public arrangements went. Here, the keys were presented at a most elegant triumphal arch, that gave something like dignity to the ceremony; which suffered nothing, as you may suppose, from the elegant robes of the officials, and the good order in which the streets were kept by the public bodies. As for the rest, it was a repetition of the old story—huzzahs, hats, and handkerchiefs, till the royal pair reached Scone. The Queen was no doubt reminded by some judicious friend, that the last monarch who made a similar entrée to Perth was Charles the First; a circumstance which, taken in connexion with the incident of his reign recorded in the pithy distich—

Traitor Scot, traitor Scot,
Sold his king for a groat,

must have given a very pleasant turn to her Majesty's evening meditations. By the bye, that distich came with a peculiar grace from us English; for, if the Scots sold Charles, who beheaded him?

I can't say, that I am a devout admirer of the Gael. He is very well to read about in books, and makes no bad figure in Landseer's pictures. I can even admire him careering through the Reel of Hullachan, snapping his fingers, and hallooing like a Red Indian. But beyond this my respect for "ta Heeland shentlemans" does not go. I have divers excellent reasons for this. But Highland blood is hot, and your *skene dhu* is an awkward bloodletter. As for their single-hearted and devoted loyalty, that so much is talked about, I would take an even bet, that if it came to the pinch, your Lowland Radical would rally round the throne, and fight for it as stoutly as any Mac of them all. The Highlander follows his leader, as sheep do their bellweather. If their chief goes out for the King, they go out too; if he declares for the Pretender, the Pretender has their swords. A fico for such loyalty, say I.

But, be this as it may, bring some hundreds of them together, as Lord Glenlyon and the Marquis of Breadalbane have done, and set them marching with claymore, Lochaber axe, and pennon,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,

under the shadows of their heathy hills, and a picture is presented that is very agreeable to the eye, and may very reasonably inspire a sonnet, or, mayhap, a canto of octosyllabics. Both at Dunkeld and Taymouth, the appearance which they made was splendid; and, as a relic of the old feudal grandeur in days when the links of vassalage and clanship are fast untwining, the muster of so many fine-looking mountaineers around their chiefs, had a romantic interest which heightened even the effect of the noble scenery around. All this was in good taste and keeping. Not so the variegated lamps, and other littlenesses of Vauxhall, which were introduced along the lawns and under the oaks at Taymouth. Torches, as many as you please, with Highlanders for candelabras, and bonfires on every Ben a tar-barrel can be trundled up to; but illumination other than this amid such scenery is ridiculous.

An Athole hunting has been famous from the days of Pitscottie downwards. Scott, in a few of his magical touches, has described one in Waverley, *chap.* 24, where he cites a passage on the subject from Taylor the Water Poet, which shows how even a Thames boatman could be carried away by the excitement of the scene:—

Through heather, moss, 'mong frogs, and bogs, and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs, and thunder-battled hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and dogs,
Where two-hours' hunting fourscore fat deer kills.
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat;
The Highland games and minds are high and great.

A specimen of the thing, in a small way, was given on Thursday last, for the Prince's amusement. At nine o'clock he turned out with the Marquis, and some thirty or forty Highlanders, whose business it was to drive the deer and other game into a narrow circle for the Prince to blaze away at. The Prince having planted himself with the keepers on the summit of Tullohvule, the Highlanders commenced operations; and in due time the roe-deer came scampering past; with the Highlanders at their heels, scrambling through copse and over crag, clapping their hands, and making the woods ring with their loud halloos. I don't mean to disparage the Prince's sportsmanship; but there were two or three M.P.'s at Taymouth that day that would have done more execution than his Highness. Three roe-deer is no great triumph. A second circle was formed, and the Prince had better luck this time; so that, when he returned to the castle, sixteen roe-deer, and a score or two of hares and wild-fowl, had measured their length upon the heather. I confess, the sight of the Prince taking all the sport to himself was too King Jamie-like for my taste. Had he carried half-a-dozen of the sportsmen at the castle with him, and had each peppered away for his own hand, he would have found the sport far more to the purpose. Not that this sort of thing is true sportsman's work at the best. In the far glen, and with a herd of wild-deer, there would be something to try a man's mettle. But driving tame deer in a well-stocked preserve is to deer-stalking proper what decimating the Chinese is to fighting hand to hand with the Affghans; and this the Prince will find out when he comes to try it.

Whilst the Prince was astonishing the natives by his condescension in not shooting the Highlanders in place of the deer,* the Queen was studying dairy production through the medium of silver churns and china milk-pails. Of course, she must have imbibed, in this way, the most correct notions upon the manufacture of cheese and butter. Out upon such foppery! A story was current at Kenmore, however, that she went in upon the dairy-maid one day by herself, and the Celtic Phillis being asked to show something which was not in the way at the time, went for it, telling her Majesty to "ca' the kirn" till she came back, which her Majesty, say the gossips, did. The story is, I fear, too good to be true.

But I grow tired of these royal exhibitions. The dancing of delirious Highlanders upon platforms before the castle on Friday morning—the ball in the castle in the evening—the embarkation on Loch Tay next day—all were noble sights; but they were for the brush, not for the pen to paint. Besides, are not these, and much more that is glorious and grand, written in the books of the chronicles of *The Times?*

Refreshed in health and gladdened in heart did our gracious young sovereign appear as she stepped on board the Trident at Granton yesterday morning. She had gathered many fair and elevating thoughts among the varied scenes and glowing hearts of Scotland; and beyond all question, to use the noble language of Wordsworth,

When the stream,
That overflowed the soul, hath passed away,
A consciousness remains that it hath left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images, and precious thoughts,
That cannot die, and shall not be destroyed.

Her visit to Scotland has done much good. It has riveted and given vitality to its loyalty. The Queen is no longer merely the Queen—she is the wife, the mother, whom all have seen, whom all insensibly love. "A canty body"—"A bonny body, and sae bashfu', and humble like, too." These were phrases that often fell on my ear—homely, but sufficiently indicative of the hold her Majesty has upon many an honest heart. She has taught a lesson, too, to the ladies of the country, by the activity of her habits, and the simplicity of her manners, which will spread its influence, and be felt in every home.

But these things be for the philosophers and married men. I am neither, although things do look prosperous in a certain quarter. The Birks of Aberfeldy could prate of certain love-passages. But thou art of the profane. Barnwell and Cresswell are thy Dulcineas—Adolphus thy Lindamira. Therefore no more upon this sacred theme. Expect me in town on Monday week: till then adieu. Thine *de profundis.*

* "It is particularly worthy of remark, that the Prince, though affording proofs of the superiority of his capabilities as a sportsman, was uncommonly careful, and lost many a fine roe because he would not fire when he heard the voices and clapping of hands of the Highlandmen on their near approach, where he could not distinguish their exact position when crouched amongst the trees. The Highlanders were very shrewd; and though they did not appear to know what fear was, they observed this trait in his Royal Highness's character, and spoke in the most unmeasured terms of approbation of the amiable manners and demeanour of the Prince on this occasion."—*Times Correspondent, 13th September,* 1842.

THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS VISCOUNT KEPPEL.*

THIS work completes the Lives of the more eminent of British Naval Commanders; works of which the last twenty years have been fertile.

The memoirs of Admiral Keppel have a two-fold interest. He was, for a time, the most illustrious of England's naval commanders, and he was an enlightened and liberal statesman, quite as capable of directing the maritime interests of his country by his sound views in the cabinet as of fighting her battles at sea. Keppel was descended of an ancient and distinguished family of Guelderland. His grandfather, Arnold Joost van Keppel, Lord of Voorst, accompanied the Prince of Orange to England at the period of the Revolution; and, as Earl of Albemarle, is known as William the Third's favourite companion, and most confidential and trusted friend. He was the very reverse of what is usually imagined of a phlegmatic, unwieldy Dutchman, and in many points the antipodes of his royal master; and though a foreigner, at a time when the English were peculiarly jealous of the Dutch followers of their foreign sovereign, Albemarle became very popular, and a general favourite. His son, the second earl, and father of the Admiral, if a less able man, even exceeded him in every polite accomplishment and fascinating quality. He was a refined *dandy* of the old school, as dandyism was understood before the character had been debased and vulgarized. Of him Walpole sarcastically says—

"His figure was genteel, his manner noble and agreeable; the rest of his merit, for he had not even an estate, was the interest my Lady Albemarle had with the King, through Lady Yarmouth, and his son, Lord Bury, being the Duke's [William, the *great* Duke of Cumberland] chief favourite. He had all his life imitated the French manners, till he came to Paris, where he never conversed with a Frenchman, not from partiality to his own countrymen, for he conversed as little with them. If good breeding is not different from good sense, Lord Albemarle, who might have disputed even that maxim, at least knew how to distinguish it from good nature. He would bow to his postilion, while he was ruining his tailor."

Lord Chesterfield thus writes of the Earl to his son, Philip Stanhope, who was attached to Lord Albermarle's embassy:—"Between you and me, (for this must go no further,) what do you think made our friend Lord Albemarle colonel of a regiment of guards, governor of Virginia, groom of the stole, and ambassador to Paris—amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a-year? Was it his birth? No;—a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? No;—he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities, and application? You can answer these questions easily and as soon as I can make them. What was it then?—Many people wondered, but I do not. It was his air, his address, his manners, and his graces. He pleased, and by pleasing became a favourite; and by becoming a favourite, became all that he has been since. Show me any one instance where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high."

This popular nobleman died rather suddenly in Paris, where he was long an ambassador of parade. Admiral Keppel was his second son, and one of fifteen children. Keppel's mother was a daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. At the age of ten, Keppel entered the navy; and at fifteen, he was appointed to the *Centurion*, then commanded by Anson, whom he accompanied in his secret expedition against the Spanish settlements on the coast of South America, and in his famous voyage round the world. Keppel was thus bred in an excellent, but severe school. Among his early companions were the future Admirals, Saumarez, Parker, and Campbell, who all remained his steadfast friends throughout life. Anson, and Sir Charles Saunders, both afterwards, like himself, First Lords of the Admiralty, though of much longer standing in the service, were among his warmest friends and patrons; and the former, at an early period, is said to have foretold his future professional eminence.

The most minute narrative of Anson's memorable circumnavigation, which forms an era in British naval history, can never want interest with English readers. Keppel's kinsman and affectionate biographer has certainly not been able to impart much novelty to an affair so well known; yet a few facts and anecdotes have been gleaned from the young seaman's journal and from that of his friend Saumarez. At the storming of Payta, Mr. Keppel had a very narrow escape for his life, the peak of his jockey-cap having been carried off by a musket shot. A little prize-money was some solace. In the action with the Spanish galleon, *Neustra Senora de Cava Danga*, he acted as Anson's aid-de-camp, and behaved so gallantly, that the Commodore immediately gave him a lieutenant's commission, the vacancy being occasioned by the promotion of his friend Saumarez to the command of the captured galleon. He was, after his return to England, appointed to the *Dreadnought*, and made Commander and Post-Captain, probably fully as rapidly as if he had been the son of an obscure family, though not more rapidly than his merits deserved. When cruizing in the Channel, and while very successful in making prizes, he had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on the French coast, and was made prisoner. He was kindly treated, and soon permitted to return to England on his parole, and almost immediately appointed to a sixty-gun new ship. Anson, his friend and patron, and the godfather of the new ship, was now a rising man, and Keppel partook the gale of professional prosperity. It was only about this period—1747—that a uniform was first adopted in the navy, the officers and men till then dressing as they pleased. Instead of the "blue jacket," now so dear to English associations, the naval uniform was at first in some danger of being grey, faced with red. Shortly after Keppel's appointment to the *Anson*, peace was made by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and his ship was turned into a guard-ship; but loving active service, and longing for an opportunity to distinguish himself, by the kindness of Lord Anson he was appointed to his old *Centurion*, a "crack man-of-war," rendered famous by her previous voyage round the world. During the general European

* "The Life of Augustus Viscount Keppel, Admiral of the White," &c. &c. By the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth. With Portrait, &c. &c. Colburn.

war the Barbary pirates had been even more active than in later times, and were, moreover, the *allies* of christian England; but when the Algerine rovers violated the maxim of "honour among thieves," and captured and plundered an English packet-vessel on her voyage home from Lisbon, the government resolved upon an expedition to the Barbary coast; and Captain Keppel, then only in his twenty-fourth year, was appointed at once ambassador and commander of the squadron. One of his midshipmen on this expedition was Adam, afterwards Admiral Lord Duncan of Camperdown, between whom and the young Commodore there arose the warmest and most steadfast regard. Keppel took another shipmate at this time, destined to reach equal fame in his own walk. When the *Centurion* put into Plymouth for repairs, before sailing on the expedition, Keppel, at the seat of Lord Mount Edgecumbe, became acquainted with "Mr. Reynolds," afterwards the celebrated "Sir Joshua," with whom he was so much pleased that he offered him a passage in the *Centurion*. Reynolds' portrait of Keppel, painted on this voyage, and with which he took very great pains, is still reckoned one of his best productions. A good engraving from it forms the frontispiece to the Memoirs.

Reynolds accompanied the Commodore to Algiers, visiting by the way Lisbon, Cadiz, and several intermediate places, before going to Rome. Among those most deeply interested in the issue of Admiral Keppel's memorable trial (or persecution) many years after this, was Sir Joshua Reynolds, then grown into high celebrity in his profession.

Keppel conducted his negotiations with the Barbary States in a way that would have done credit to a sage, grey-headed diplomatist of three times his years, and brought the affair to a satisfactory and honourable settlement.

When the rupture with France of 1754 was impending, Keppel was appointed Commodore of a squadron to North America, where he was to act as the coadjutor of the unfortunate General Braddock. On the same day that he put to sea with his protegé Duncan, the unexpected death of his father occurred in Paris. Walpole details the following remarkable circumstance in connexion with the Earl's decease, in a letter to his friend, Sir Horace Mann—

I shall relate the following, only prefacing, that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor with the Duke, when the express of his father's death arrived; he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast.—'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am; but a little flustered with something I have heard.' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle. 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord, Madam,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William,' (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health.) 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!'—and immediately swooned.

Lord Bury succeeded to the peerage, and the absent Commodore was elected in his stead for the vacated borough of Chichester. After Braddock's disasters, Keppel, who had not been able to accomplish much in the campaign, returned to England, and war being now formally declared, he was appointed to the *Swiftsure* of seventy-four guns. In a subsequent cruise in the Torbay, off Cape Finisterre, he captured three merchant vessels and a French frigate, and came home in triumph with his prizes. At this time he was a member of the court-martial held on Admiral Byng. In that disgraceful and most unhappy affair he behaved in the manner which might have been anticipated from a man of high professional honour, and humane feelings. A long account is given of Byng's trial, which remains one of the foulest blots of the reign in which it took place.

Keppel was subsequently attached to the abortive expedition against Rochfort, commanded by Sir Edward Hawke, and General Conway; and afterwards he commanded a small squadron, appointed to cruise in the Bay of Biscay, where he made some captures. His next brilliant achievement was the capture of Goree by his squadron, and in which his own ship bore a conspicuous part. Duncan was wounded in that action. After Keppel's return to England at this time, one of those periodical panics of dread of a French invasion, to which John Bull seems liable, seized the country, and Keppel was employed in blockading the French ports, and shared in Hawke's action off Ushant. As an animated specimen of the Memoirs of a great naval chief, we would fain copy out this narrative of a sea engagement, but it is too long for our space.

This fight was a brilliant affair in its own day, and an important triumph for England. The mighty armament which had caused so much alarm was effectually disabled, if not annihilated, and that by the comparatively small force of eight ships. In this decisive victory Keppel reaped his full share of glory. Among the many illustrative anecdotes thrown into the notes, which the biographer has culled with care and judgment, and which add very much to the entertainment of the reader of the Memoirs, is a trait of Keppel's friend, Campbell, who had volunteered into the service when an apprentice on board a small Scottish coaster; gallantly volunteering to go in place of the mate, who, when seized by the press-gang, wept bitterly at being torn from his family. In the action off Ushant, Campbell was Hawke's flag-captain, and was sent home with the account of the victory. He reached London just as the mob were still burning his commander, Hawke, in effigy for the failure of the expedition to Rochfort; but promotions were already talked about as the reward of the brilliant victory; and Lord Anson, in carrying Campbell to the levee, told him the king would knight him.

"I ken nae use that it will be to me," was the reply. "But your lady might like it," said Anson. "Weel, then," rejoined Campbell, "his Majesty may knight her, if he pleases."

Keppel had gained the esteem of Mr Pitt, (the great Earl of Chatham,) who employed him in examining the defences of Belleisle, when an attack was first meditated upon that island. When

the siege was sometime afterwards undertaken, he was appointed Commodore of the squadron, and he gallantly supported the land force. Keppel's next important service was at the Havannah, an expedition marked alike by glory and disaster, in which national triumph was hardly repaid by the vast amount of individual suffering. The Earl of Albemarle, Keppel's brother, was Commander-in-chief of the land forces on the expedition. In the general promotion of flag-officers which followed this barren and dear-bought conquest, Keppel was made Admiral. He had previously captured part of a fleet of French merchantmen, which, with their convoy, were nearly all secured; and what was secured proved a valuable prize. He returned to England in time to see his sister, Lady Elizabeth, married to Francis marquis of Tavistock, the only son of the Duke of Bedford. The Marquis died in a few years afterwards, in consequence of a fall from his horse, universally lamented. Walpole gives a charming account of the wedding of this young pair, and the author of the Memoirs a pathetic relation of the early death of the widowed Marchioness, who did not long survive her husband. Thus the marriage is announced, and the death follows too soon :—

"To be sure you have heard the event of this last week? Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief, and, except a few jealous sultanas, and some sultanas *valides*, who had marketable daughters, everybody is pleased that the lot is fallen on Lady Elizabeth Keppel. The house of Bedford came to town last Friday. I supped with them that night at the Spanish ambassador's. Lady Elizabeth was not there, nor mentioned. On the contrary, by the Duchess's conversation, which turned on Lady Betty Montague, there were suspicions in her favour. The next morning Lady Elizabeth received a note from the Duchess of Marlborough, insisting on seeing her that evening. When she arrived at Marlborough House, she found nobody but the Duchess and Lord Tavistock. The Duchess cried, 'La! they have left the window open in the next room!' went to shut it, and shut the lovers in too, where they remained for three hours. The same night all the town was at the Duchess of Richmond's. Lady Albemarle was at a *tredille*; the Duke of Bedford came up to the table, and told her he must speak to her as soon as the pool was over. You may guess whether she knew a card more that she played. When she had finished, the Duke told her he should wait on her the next morning, to make the demand in form. She told it directly to me and my niece Waldegrave, who was in such transport for her friend, that she promised the Duke of Bedford to kiss him, and hurried home directly, to write to her sisters. The Duke asked no questions about fortune, but has since slipped a bit of paper into Lady Elizabeth's hand, telling her he hoped his son would live, but if he did not, there was something for her; it was a jointure of three thousand pounds a-year, and six hundred pounds pin money. She has behaved in the prettiest manner in the world, and would not appear at a vast assembly at Northumberland House, on Tuesday, nor at a great hay-making at Mrs. Pitt's, on Wednesday. Yesterday they all went to Woburn, and to-morrow the ceremony is to be performed."

After the death of her husband the Marchioness was attended to Lisbon, for the recovery of her health, by her brother, Admiral Keppel, and one of her sisters. The Admiral had just been returned for Windsor, which he represented in several parliaments. Thus writes Keppel's biographer,—

When we had last occasion to mention the name of this lady, it was in reference to her intended union with one of the most amiable and accomplished noblemen of his day. But a few years had passed away, and she was now a heart-broken widow, rapidly sinking into the grave from grief at her irreparable loss.

The accident which caused this bereavement occurred on the 22d of March, 1767. The full extent of the calamity which had befallen Lady Tavistock was considerately kept from her till further concealment was impossible. Throughout the anguish that followed this sudden wrench from happiness the most unclouded, she was sustained by nature, as though in pity for the posthumous infant to which she gave birth on the 20th of August. [This infant was the late Lord William Russell, who was murdered by his servant Courvoisier.] The settled melancholy of the widowed mother's heart appears, after the birth of the child, to have given way to keen sensibility and inconsolable sorrow. Change of air and scene was proposed, and Lisbon fixed upon as the spot most likely to restore the unhappy sufferer. The seeds, however, of an incurable disease were too deeply rooted for human skill or human means to eradicate. Her companions on the voyage to Lisbon were her sister and brother, Lady Caroline Adair and Admiral Keppel. The following affecting incident is said to have occurred previously to Lady Tavistock's departure from England :—"At a consultation of the faculty, held at Bedford House, in August, one of the physicians, whilst he felt her pulse, requested her to open her hand. Her reluctance induced him to use a degree of gentle violence, when he perceived that she had closed it to conceal a miniature of her late husband. 'Ah! Madam,' he exclaimed, 'all our prescriptions must be useless whilst you so fatally cherish the wasting sorrow that destroys you!' 'I have kept it,' she replied, 'either in my bosom or my hand, ever since my dear Lord's death; and thus I must, indeed, continue to retain it, until I drop off after him into the welcome grave.'"

The Marchioness died about a fortnight after landing at Lisbon, and in little more than a year after the decease of her husband, "the victim of exceeding love."

Admiral Keppel was a decided Whig in his politics, and from this and various other causes he fell into great disfavour at Court. One cause may have been, voting against the expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons, which was a sin, above all others, hard to be forgiven.

The Earl of Sandwich was now at the head of the Admiralty, and Keppel felt himself neglected, and ventured to make those remonstrances which, with ungenerous officials, oftener aggravate bad feelings than obtain justice. His decided and avowed disapprobation of the unnatural and unwise conflict with the American colonies, could not tend to recommend him at head-quarters. It was carried so far, that while numbers of officers, when war was apprehended, flocked to the Admiralty, offering their services, Keppel kept aloof, openly declaring, "that if the necessities of the times called for his services, and he knew that it was the king's desire, he was ready to do his duty, *but not in the line of America.*" No sooner had the revolt of the colonies assumed a definite character, than preparations of a warlike nature began to be made by France and Spain; and the formidable armaments mustering in the French ports, at length roused the English government from its lethargy. The First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Sandwich, sent his friend, Sir Hugh Palliser, with a message to Vice-Admiral Keppel, requesting, in the name of the king, to know whether, in case of a continental war, he would accept the command of the fleet.

Keppel was already well aware of the petty jealousy and animosity of which he was the object, and he prudently replied,—

That he was ready to attend and give his answer in person to his Majesty. He was accordingly admitted to a private audience, and, at the personal solicitation of the King, consented to assume the command of the Channel fleet. It was not, however, without some misgivings that he found himself about to trust his hard-earned fame to ministers whom he knew to be unfriendly towards him, and in whom he placed not the slightest confidence. These feelings were not confined to his own breast. His friend and cousin, the Duke of Richmond, seems to have had a presentiment of the treatment he was afterwards to receive.

In a letter from the Duke of Richmond to his cousin and friend, it is remarked—

I cannot wish you joy of having a fleet to command, prepared by the Earl of Sandwich, with new men and officers, unacquainted with each other, to risk your reputation and the fate of your country upon, against a French and Spanish fleet, who are, I fear, much better prepared. At the same time, I confess I do not see how you could refuse your service. Let me, however, advise you to insist upon your own terms. No one can be surprised that you should suspect a minister, whom you have constantly opposed, of not giving you all the help he might do to a friend, without suspecting him of treachery. If he has but a bad fleet to send out, 'tis doing Lord Sandwich no injustice to suppose he would be glad to put it under the command of a man whom he does not love, and yet whose name will justify the choice to the nation.

But Keppel's services were not for a considerable time called for. He felt the neglect, and in a letter to his friend and party-chief, Lord Rockingham, written from Bath, to which Keppel often resorted for the benefit of his health, he says, January, 1777,—

Most probably the K— will have no want of my services, and the seeming indifference of his M—— towards me, since the first moment of my having been given to understand I might be called upon, I think, makes it advisable for me to keep out of town, which may help to show my indifference towards them in return.

The Bishop of Exeter is at Windsor, and Sir Thomas Miller will be got to town by a note from any of our friends known to him, or a civil line from yourself.

If the Duke of Manchester should be in town you will, of course, see him. You know he is tolerably informed upon foreign matters. I wish he may not think that on those subjects you don't attend enough to his intelligence. I know you will excuse my taking the liberty to hint this.

Now for a word for your lieutenant; as to his being in the Victory, should I hoist my flag, I do assure you that your wishes would have the preference to every other person, and you should not have had the trouble of asking it; but I thought it, of all others, a situation very unfit for the young man, greatly too inactive; and in regard to advancement, not very promising. He cannot do better—he cannot do so well—as by depending upon Sir Hugh Palliser to put him forward. Perhaps he means him for one of his own officers. Should he be placed with me, Sir Hugh will have done with him; now, should Sir Hugh's interest fail, and ours get better, he will be sure of help in a proper way, which is having a double chance. As I have now engaged myself, I cannot take him; but if I could, I should recommend his not accepting my offer. Employment in an active ship is the most proper for him, on his first advancement to a commission. I flatter myself my reasons will convince his friends so as to give them content. I am sure your Lordship will not imagine I am making excuses that are not sincere, because to yourself beyond every other friend I always speak straightforward.—I am, my dear Lord, most faithfully, your sincere, humble servant,

A. KEPPEL.

Surely the matters on the American side of the water wear a black and dismal aspect. Loss of men, money, and credit, seem to be all that has hitherto been the fate of this once proud and flourishing nation;—but yet it does not seem felt by the generality of people. The country is infatuated.

The session of parliament opened with more than usual acrimony. Lord Chatham vehemently condemned the war, and mercilessly exposed the weakness of the Navy. On this sore point the Opposition put forth Admiral Keppel as their great battle-horse. He, it was averred, had no confidence in the existing naval force being found equal to the defence of the country. Immediate steps were taken to place the navy on a more effective footing; but the blind or obstinate pride of the government allowed Keppel, who was destined to the command (to which he had in every way the best claim,) to draw his own conclusions as to the probability of services being required, which they would fain have dispensed with had they dared. The government of the day possessed the happy art —not peculiar to it—of disgusting whoever was best qualified to serve the country. Keppel wrote to Lord Rockingham,—

I have been told that, although every hour may be, nay, is, productive of matter not to be neglected, that the different Ministers are separated at their different villas. The long recess of Parliament seems now productive of every evil, and is, in my poor opinion, a most impeachable matter.

With this letter went an able memorial on the state of the navy, and the dangers which threatened the commerce and colonies of the country from the attacks of France and Spain, and from the alliance which France had formed with the revolted colonies. In a few months afterwards, Keppel received his instructions and commission as commander-in-chief of the Channel Fleet; which he was disappointed to find in a very ineffective state. Only six ships were fit for service; seamen were scarce; and provisions and stores deficient. He found, in short, that he had been grossly deceived, or betrayed, by the Admiralty; and he submitted in silence to obloquy which ought to have been laid upon those who had placed him in this onerous situation. Under these circumstances the action off Brest was fought, and the result is matter of history. This engagement also involves the most memorable event of Keppel's life—his trial and triumphant acquittal. Not merely his numerous personal friends, but nearly the whole service, and the great majority of the nation, deeply sympathized with a brave and able man, whom it was attempted to victimize, from previous ill-will, and in order to conceal the incapacity and mal-administration of the Admiralty. The ostensible instrument in this persecution was Sir Hugh Palliser, who commanded a division of the Channel Fleet, and who failed to do his duty in the action; a charge which he endeavoured to throw off himself by retorting it upon Keppel; and which he brought forward in the newspapers, before any complaint

ad been made of his conduct—taking the first ord in the controversy. Sandwich was the friend f Palliser, and the personal and party enemy of dmiral Keppel ; and upon the vague and invidi- us charge of Palliser, a court-martial was ordered. s soon as this was known, Keppel's friends in the louse of Commons moved an address to the King) order a court-martial upon Palliser also. An nimated debate ensued, in which Keppel de- lared

His readiness to meet inquiry, and in conclusion said, Thank God I am not the accuser, but the accused. I as called out to serve my country at a very critical eriod ; I have performed my duty to the best of my bilities, and whatever the issue may be, I have one con- olation—that I have acted strictly to the best of my adgment. I shall decline saying a syllable to the ques- ion, and, as I cannot think of voting, shall quit the louse."

At each period of this speech he was greeted with the oudest applause, and retired amidst the cheers of the hole House, accompanied by a large body of the mem- ers.

Sir Joseph Mawbey thought the whole matter had he appearance of a preconcerted scheme to ruin the dmiral. He hoped and trusted that so black, malig- ant, and treacherous a step to strip one of the brightest aval characters this country could ever boast of, would neet with the honest indignation it merited, and finally ead to the detection of the authors of so infamous a project.

In the course of this debate, Burke emphatically asked, "Was this the return Admiral Keppel was to meet with, after forty years' painful and laborious service, and after being in ten capital engagements, or important conflicts, in every one of which he had, either as pos- sessed of the sole command or acting in a subordinate character, acquitted himself with the highest honour and reputation ? Was it an adequate return for a person of his rank and consequence, standing forth, as the favourite selected champion of his country, in the moment of dan- ger and difficulty ? He desired no return but that which he had already earned, and was sure of receiving with- out diminution—a return which it was not in the power of the Admiralty to bestow or withhold—an inward con- sciousness of having performed his duty."

With some little difficulty, Keppel's friends car- ried a bill for the court-martial being held on shore, instead of in the usual manner. This was one great point gained for justice. At the same time, twelve Admirals, at the head of whom was Hawke, sent an address to the King, complaining loudly of the conduct of the Admiralty in ordering this court-martial five months after the alleged offence had taken place, and upon the charge of a person in the position of Palliser. The address received a cold and barely civil answer from the King, and the trial proceeded. The state of the public mind may be gathered from Walpole's correspondence, who, in alluding to the impending trial, says of Keppel's mother,—

"Poor Lady Albemarle is indeed very miserable, and full of apprehensions, though the incredible zeal of the navy for Admiral Keppel crowns him with glory; and the indignation of mankind, and the execration of Sir Hugh, add to the triumph. Indeed, I still think Lady A.'s fears may be well founded : some slur may be *pro- cured* on her son ; and his own bad nerves and worse constitution may not be able to stand agitation and sus- pense."

The public zeal, and indignation too, exceeded any- thing that could have been anticipated. The court- martial was held at Portsmouth, and thither flocked Keppel's friends and political allies of all degrees. Among this phalanx were the royal Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester ; the Dukes of Bolton, Richmond, and Portland, with other leading Whig noblemen ; and what was more im- portant, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, with a great many naval officers. The counsel were Erskine, Lee, and Dunning. The memoir gives an elabo- rate and minute account of the trial, which lasted for many days. Much transpired, in its progress, honourable to the integrity and honourable feelings of the professional witnesses, who must have been aware that to do justice to the accused was not at this time the path to promotion. In his able speech in his own defence, Keppel probably had good help. His acquittal was confidently foretold before the verdict was given in.

Gibbon, the historian, at that time a Lord of Trade in expectancy, writes to Mr. Holroyd, on the 6th of Feb- ruary, five days before the sentence was declared :— "Portsmouth is no longer an object of speculation. The whole stream of all men and all parties runs one way. Sir Hugh is disgraced, ruined, &c., &c., and as an old wound has broken out again, they say he must have his leg cut off as soon as he has time. In a night or two we shall be in a blaze of illumination, from the zeal of naval heroes, land patriots, and tallow-chandlers : the last are not the least sincere."

When the verdict was pronounced, acclamations of joy burst forth in repeated peals "from the Duke of Cumberland to the meanest mechanic." The following touching anecdote is related—

Among the general acclamations of joy on the Admiral's acquittal, an instance is recorded of a poor negro who had been liberated from slavery on the reduction of Goree, and had followed Keppel to England. In order to obtain a view of his deliverer, he placed himself at a window, close to which the procession had to pass. No sooner did he see Keppel, than he burst forth into the most extravagant rapture, exclaiming "Gor A'mighty knows my heart,—I do love a dear Admiral ! God bless the Admiral !" These expressions, simple and artless as they were, attracted the attention, says the narrator, "of the whole procession, and coming from one so disin- terested were the greatest eulogy virtue could receive."

The public rejoicings spread from Portsmouth to London, where the mob testified their delight and exultation, by gutting a few of the houses of "little Keppel's" supposed enemies ; and break- ing a great many windows, when the people of the house did not illuminate, or did not illuminate so often as was required. It was said at the time that many of the mob on this occasion were not of the lower class ; and one lady affirmed that she saw Mr. Pitt break her windows. The Duke of Ancaster was caught among the rioters, and other noble persons long afterwards boasted of the share which they had in the assault on the Admiralty. The theatres made their own use of the prevailing feeling, and the public-houses assumed "Admiral Keppel" for their figure-head. There were Keppel buttons, and Keppel cockades for the men ; and Keppel caps for the ladies. The bells rung, and the ships fired ; and the House of Lords and that of Commons, with the city of London, and many other towns, voted addresses of congratulation. More marvellous still, the Admiral's counsel, Dunning, returned the hand- some fee enclosed to him, (two bills for £500 each,)

and another professional gentleman, Mr. Lee, would accept of nothing save a portrait of the Admiral, to preserve as a relic or heir-loom in his family. Erskine did accept his £1000, but he was poor at this time, and he wrote a most grateful and affectionate letter to his client, and was ever afterwards his friend, his retained advocate, and warm panegyrist. At the next general election Keppel lost his seat for Windsor: the court notoriously interfering to defeat him, and to add to his triumph; for, no sooner was the result known, than the freeholders of Surrey invited him to stand; and though "government," he says, "moved heaven and earth," he carried his election over their candidate, Mr. Onslow. Keppel wrote to Lord Rockingham upon this occasion—

"The Surrey voters that came from Windsor, and about that place, returned with the utmost speed to announce my victory to the inhabitants of Windsor. The cannon were soon firing, and the bells ringing: and almost every house was lighted. I have been told that his Majesty had said, 'It would possibly be a busy night,' and had recommended a sergeant, and twelve privates, with loaded arms, to patrole the streets. There was, however, no riot; decency with quiet joy prevailed. The noise of the cannon disturbed the Queen, which, as soon as known, the well-bred citizens of Windsor, caused that part, which was among other marks of joy, to cease. The following day, the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick took the most undisguised pains to express to every friend of mine their extreme satisfaction upon my success, and to one friend—I believe more than one—they said, 'we have had a most complete victory.'"

In an eloquent letter of congratulation from Burke it is said—

"The people of England have risen in my estimation. It is a great event for *them;* because it is a substantial encouragement to all those who in future shall, like you, serve them with ability, courage, and honour, without regard to cabal and the little politics of a Court."

Keppel had long been identified with the Whig party, both by his opinions and the personal dislike of the King; and when, on the resignation of Lord North in 1782, the Rockingham Administration was formed, he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and was immediately afterwards created a Viscount, and promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral of the White. Rodney's splendid victory over Count de Grasse shortly afterwards lent lustre to the naval department of the new government.

After the death of Rockingham had broken up the Administration, Keppel continued in office, and also his friend the Duke of Richmond, though all of the party besides resigned. Keppel appears to have had good political reasons for his adhesion, and the party must have been of the same opinion; for on the formation of the short-lived coalition ministry in 1783, he again returned to the Admiralty. Of the coalition Administration it has been said by Moore in his Life of Sheridan, "that its death was worthy of its birth." It fell through its inherent weakness, and the contempt universally felt for the motives on which it was formed; though the actual or apparent stumbling-block was Fox's India Bill. It is here stated that,

By an extraordinary interference of the Sovereign, who said that he should consider any man his enemy who voted for the bill, it was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of nineteen.

The same night, Keppel had an audience of the King. He had previously appointed Mr. Adair to sup with him at ten o'clock. It was past twelve before Keppel returned home. "Why, Admiral," said Adair, "where have you been? Here have I been waiting for my supper these two hours." Keppel replied—"I have been with the King; I thought I should never have got away. His Majesty has been most kind to me; he inquired about our prospects and plans, and treated me with so much openness and honesty, that I entered fully into the state of affairs, with which he seemed highly pleased." "And you believe him?" drily asked Mr. Adair. Keppel felt hurt at the doubt. Adair contented himself with saying—"Well, we shall see." Before they parted, a note arrived from Lord Temple, to inform Lord Keppel that his Majesty had no further occasion for his services. This was one "of those apparent marks of kindness which the King knew so well how to practise."

This is no bad specimen of the art called Kingcraft, in which George the Third was a tolerable "proficient." Keppel was succeeded at the Admiralty by his friend and companion in arms, Lord Howe; and he never afterwards mingled in public life. Severe hardships in his early service, and at different periods of an active professional life of forty years, had undermined his health, which for many years had been precarious. He was advised to spend the winter of 1785 at Naples, but returned in the following spring to his seat in Suffolk, where he died in the autumn, in the sixty-third year of his age. The annals of the British Navy have since been enriched with illustrious names, and surpassing achievements; but Keppel also was a great sea captain, and well merits to be kept in honourable remembrance, among the long list of England's Naval Heroes. In summing up the work the biographer thus notices his illustrious kinsman—

The epithet "little," fondly given by the sailors to Keppel, denotes him to have been low of stature. In his early manhood, a blow received from the butt-end of a pistol, in a scuffle with foot-pads, fractured the bridge of his nose. His face, by this accident, was seriously and permanently disfigured; yet the fascination of his smile, and the lively and benevolent expression of his eyes, redeemed the countenance from extreme plainness. The "hereditary charm" of his demeanour has been mentioned already. It combined a professional honesty and frankness with the ease and simplicity of address which, if not altogether acquired, are certainly confirmed and perfected by intercourse with the best society. . . . The political opinions of Keppel were inherited from ancestors, who for centuries had been citizens of a free state, and whose descendants shared in our own revolution of 1688. Reason and experience confirmed these sentiments in him; and he was, throughout his life, the steady and fearless supporter of civil and religious freedom, even when an opposite course, or neutrality alone, would have smoothed and accelerated his professional advancement. His darling object was, active employment; yet, when required to serve against his unrepresented brethren on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, Keppel courted neglect and misrepresentation rather than lend his services to a cause which his feelings and his principles equally disapproved.

This is high praise, for it rests upon the solid rock of principle. Keppel has been immortalized by the pen of Burke, who, upon accidentally seeing the portrait of the Admiral painted by Reynolds, took occasion in his celebrated letter to Francis duke of Bedford, the nephew of the Admiral, to make this eloquent panegyric—

"It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we

lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation.

"I ever looked on Lord Keppel as one of the greatest and best men of his age, and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat. It was after his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory; what part my son in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connexions; with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake! I believe he felt just as I should have felt such friendship, on such an occasion. I partook, indeed, of this honour, with several of the first, and best, and ablest in the kingdom; but I was behindhand with none of them, and I am sure that if, to the eternal disgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honour and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I should have attended him to the quarter-deck with no less good-will and more pride, though with far other feelings, than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the justice that was done to his virtue."

Though the examination which the Rev. Mr. Keppel has made, of the many valuable collections of private papers to which he had access, has elicited less connected with his subject and the times of Keppel than might have been expected, his work forms a worthy testimony to the character of a distinguished Naval Commander, and also an important addition to British Naval Biography.

FASHIONABLE SENATORS.

During the unreformed Millennium of borough-mongering, the Most High Court of Parliament was constantly reviled by the press as a mart of corruption and jobbery; wherein seats were bought and votes offered to sale, till the House of Commons became a by-word of disgrace with all other Houses. The briberies of borough Election have of late been too extensively brought to light to need further exposition.—But there are minor abuses, the results of such elections, to which the laws of the land can yield no redress, and which have all the stronger claim to exposure.

Though the time may be at an end when "the most sweet voices" of aspiring Senators were purchaseable by the perquisites of office, a coronet or a riband,—though the practical portion of the House may be reënforced by the acquisition of active men of business, who, but for the Reform Bill, had never found themselves classed among the representatives of the people, there still exists a glittering fry, a species of senatocracy,—the minnows over which these Tritons rise superior,—boy-members placed in parliament by their noble relatives, as a sort of preparatory school to the Eton of the Upper House;—or honourable younger brothers, and lads of fortune, who aspire to a consistency and position in society, through the medium of parliamentary distinction. These, the awkward squad, or chorus of the House, form a serious drawback on the march and respectability of public business. Restless, impatient, their idle vacuity of mind forestalls, by a murmur or a titter, the working out of arguments, whenever they do not retreat to the gallery from the graver progress of debate to doze away the digestion of their dinner, or wander to and fro in the lobbies in fidgety anticipation of the division. They are not only the worst speakers, but the worst listeners in the world;—disrespectful, through the superficiality of their perceptions, and curious only concerning the irregularities and incidental interruptions of a debate. For *them* the "Order, order!" of the Speaker has more interest than the expositions of Peel or Gladstone, the wit of Charles Buller, or the eloquence of Macaulay.

For what purpose, it may be inquired, do such flutterers force their way into parliament, to the exclusion of good men and true? Verily, all these boy-members are altogether vanity!—Parliament is the pea-stick to which their trailing insignificance must be tied to upraise it from the ground! As members of parliament, they expect to be admitted into White's or Brookes', otherwise sealed against their approach. As members of parliament, they are honoured by invitations to fashionable dinner-parties, to which their beardless inanity might not otherwise pretend. It is true, on the other hand, that they renounce the opera on Tuesday nights, besides many of the best balls of the season; and even Almacks, in the event of an adjourned debate. Still, they gain in consequence more than they abjure in pastime. Compressed in the throng of abler men, they mechanically acquire the jargon of parliamentary intelligence, and amass a host of anecdotes that would never otherwise reach their ears. Witless echoes of wit,—uninstructed retailers of able argument,—as members of the Senatocracy, they are compelled to attend public meetings, to form a portion of literary or scientific institutions, to affect discretion in their follies, and decency in their weaknesses. The magic letters M.P., in short,

> "Give to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name!"

Far more deleterious to the progress of public business do they become, when afflicted with the ambition of distinguishing themselves by more than crossing the threshold of the Lower House. If smitten with a taste for speaking, they become an incumbrance indeed! Witness their puny, yet laboured harangues; as a peg for the suspension of which, they are forced to get up stalking-horse motions,—(even as a certain four-and-twenty-pounder Review appended its able essay on the Anglo-Saxons to a new edition of Hume's History of England;) whereas, but for the facilities afforded by senatorial privilege to monster their nothings to empty benches and the reporters' gallery, these convulsions of teething statesmen would exhibit themselves in the form of "Occasional Poems," or pap-boat pamphlets, printed

at their own expense on hot-pressed paper, and duly presented to their circle of private friends and literary puffers, "from the author;"—an innocent effusion of vanity innoxious to any mortal living, and a happy safety-valve to the high-pressure boilers of vanity. If, as is generally admitted to be the case, the conscript fathers of the senate direct *their* eloquence to the enlightenment of the country, rather than of each other, standing in their place in parliament,—as a signal-master beside the telegraph which is to convey tidings of the fate of nations to some distant port,—and, by means of the publicity of the press, convincing England and its colonies, that if from four you take three, there remains two; or that the income tax of to-day will net the same returns as the income tax levied upon a reduced currency forty years ago, the polite prattlers of the senatocracy direct their flimsy exposition of—

What oft was thought but ne'er so ill express'd,

exclusively to the exclusives;—*i. e.* the fashionable coteries, whose petty praise is petty fame.

All this might be passed over as unimportant, or perhaps regarded as an improvement on the minor ambitions of barouche-driving or steeple-chasing, did it not involve the destinies of millions,—and influence the happiness here, and perhaps hereafter, of mankind. For though it be more than probable that the representatives of those boroughs for which the parties to whom we allude obtain their seats, be they whom they might, would vote precisely according to the same political bias, it does not follow that because exercising no direct influence in divisions, their presence in parliament exercises none upon the tone and order of debate. No one ever yet attended a public auction of valuable property, without experiencing involuntary regret and compunction at the reckless disregard evinced at the dispersion, waste, and spoliation produced by the indifference of the bidders, and the carelessness of the auctioneer; nor can those who view for the first time the slipshod tone of discussion induced by the impatience of the young members, doubt for a moment that important interests may be sacrificed to the irritability or listlessness of the species. To their absence from the Upper House, where the young and fashionable rarely find themselves on duty, may be attributed, quite as much as to the distinct nature of the functions of the House of Peers, the different order of debating.—The manner of transacting business in the committees of the Upper House, more especially, is mainly attributable to the desire of rational expedition produced by the less petulant nature of their composition. Let it not be supposed that we are ignorant of the existence of many valuable members in the large class we have presumed to arraign, and whom it would be invidious to specify. But we must still persist in separating from the august wisdom of parliament, the representatives of a place, which sends more members thither than the city of London, viz. the LIMBO OF VANITY.

SPORTS OF THE SAINTS.

THE Reverend Ichabod Beresford,
A strenuous fowler before the Lord,
Left, at break of day, his Rectory-house,
To beat, o'er moor and mountain, for grouse.
But as he went forth on that pleasant mission,
A Methodist preacher of low condition,
Presumed to take him roundly to task
About his gun and his powder-flask;—
Inquiring, in an ironical tone,
Which of the twelve Apostles were known
A-brushing the early dews away
After such feathered game to stray,
Instead of reserving their charge, to level
At that old roaring lion, the devil.
"I own," said the Reverend Ichabod,
"What you say is true, though by no means odd;
For the reverend gentlemen you mention
Flourish'd—poor souls—before the invention
Of high-glazed powder and patent caps,
Which may account for the thing, perhaps.
But though you and I have never heard
Of any Apostle winging his bird,
You cannot deny, my stiff precisian,
The good old saints were much giv'n to fishing:
And I'll bet you a sporting rump and dozen,
That St. Peter himself, or St. Peter's cousin,
Were he now on earth, beyond any doubt,
Would throw a fly, now and then, at a trout;
Or this breezy morning, for all your gammon,
Would be angling, perhaps, in the Boyne—for salmon!"

IZAAK.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER HAVING DRAWN A PORTRAIT OF CALLIOPE, THE CHIEF OF THE NINE MUSES.

The winged muse, like fabled Fawn,
When young and strong in classic shades,
Would wake before the dewy dawn,
To gambol with the mountain maids.

And oft my thoughts have tried in vain
To paint with equal grace and truth
Some faint resemblance of her then,
When in the spring-time of her youth.

But what my mind could ill portray,
Christina's pencil soon supplies;
And blooming, as at dawn of day,
The minstrel maid salutes my eyes.

Whilst every charm to Beauty known,
Where Beauty bright may still be seen,
Her fairy hand has sweetly thrown
Around the young celestial queen.

A brow of pearl, 'mid auburn hair,
Which, curling, hangs in locks so fine;
And rosy lips, and cheeks as fair,
And eyes that beam with love divine.

O surely sweet Christina knew,
That when she sketch'd this winning elf,
She all the while but only drew
A picture of her pretty self.

REPORT ON THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

It would not be easy to overrate the importance f this Report; nor would it be possible to wade hrough its painful and often revolting details, unless one were sustained by the fervent hope that reat good must issue, and that speedily, from the xtensive, laborious, and well-conducted inquiry of vhich it gives a luminous view. The Report is lrawn up by Mr. Chadwick, the secretary to the Board of Poor-law Commissioners, which body had een directed by the late Government to make the ecessary inquiries, and transmit the results to the Home Secretary. The task was not accomplished ntil very lately, and after Sir James Graham had aken the place of Lord John Russell. But this hange makes no difference whatever in the nature of the information collected; nor will it, we should hope, in the measures that ought to be based upon that information, and the many useful suggestions by which it is accompanied. The more important and comprehensive of these suggestions are made by Mr. Chadwick himself; and as the Tory Government enjoys greater facilities for carrying useful measures than its predecessor, we are willing to believe that, in this case, earnest inclination will not be wanting; since the improvement of the condition of the "dangerous classes," while it takes nothing out of the pockets of those whom the Government exists to gratify, must greatly add to their security. Though the people may continue to be mulcted as severely as ever in their bread, there will probably be no objection to their obtaining better water in more copious measure, and better ventilation, unless indeed that may interfere with the window tax.

This General Report is an analysis of the numerous local reports that have been transmitted to the Poor-law Commissioners from many different quarters: from the Assistant Commissioners; the Boards of Guardians in the several Unions of England and Wales; from well-qualified medical practitioners in many towns; and from engineers, architects, clergymen, and other intelligent persons, who have paid particular attention to the condition of the working classes generally, and especially to that of the miserable poor. Several of the local reports, now collected into a volume, we have already seen in a detached form, and have formerly noticed. But Mr. Chadwick does not confine himself to them. He has gone to other countries, and has brought forward, from many sources, whatever may best illustrate his facts or enforce his arguments. Altogether, there was never, perhaps, a more minute and ample body of testimony collected on any similar subject. If painful, and, at first sight, almost appalling, the view which the Report exhibits of the moral and physical condition of the great body of the labouring population (rural as well as urban) is unhappily not more new to those conversant with the condition of the poor than it is lamentable. Whatever may be the cause, or combination of causes—and we do not mean at present to investigate them—there is no question that the condition of the great body of the labouring class has deteriorated within the last thirty years, and that in every point embraced in this Report, whether in their dwellings, their food, their habits, or their health. The ostensible object is *sanitary*, the physical condition of the poor, and the rate of mortality; comprehending every point of an inquiry of which the grand object ought, in the first place, to be removal of the *physical* barriers to improvement; for, as is here justly said, without these preparatory measures, "moral agencies have but a remote chance of success." It is stated, and in short proved, that the scavenger, the drainer, the mason, the carpenter, the plumber, &c., must precede the schoolmaster; and thus render the surgeon almost a supernumerary among a well-conditioned population.

Of the many painful facts that meet us in this Report, none are perhaps so revolting as the accounts of the brutalized feelings and manners of a portion of the working people, and, we would fain hope, an inconsiderable portion; though it is horrible to conceive that wretches so degraded as some of the colliers and others are represented should be found existing in a civilized country. Savage life has nothing to match in atrocity some of the traits given of the domestic manners of individuals among the Scotch colliers; nor of filth and degradation, equal to that of the denizens of the worst places of London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and other large and flourishing towns and "centres of civilisation." From the Report of Dr. Scott Alison, upon the sanitary condition and general economy of the colliery districts of Haddingtonshire, and particularly of the village of Tranent, we learn that the average earnings of a collier's family is from 30s. to 40s. a-week; which they waste, while living in a state of filth, misery, and low, brutal debauchery that savage life could not parallel. Fever is never a year without paying these people, and others of like habits, a visit; nor, from the prevailing filth and wretched dwellings, is this surprising. Few places suffered so much from cholera as Tranent. The village is dirty and ill-drained, with dunghills cherished before every door, emitting the most pestilent effluvia. But this is not peculiar to Tranent, nor to the colliers. A medical man, the Provost of Inverness, thus characteristically writes of his constituents. "Inverness is a *nice* town, situated in a most beautiful country, and with every facility for cleanliness and comfort. The people are, generally speaking, a *nice* people; but their sufferance of nastiness is past endurance.

* I. Report to her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor-law Commissioners, on an Inquiry into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain. One volume 8vo. Pp. 457.

II. Local Reports on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Scotland, &c. &c. 8vo. Pp. 335.

Contagious fever is seldom ever absent." "The *midden* [*Anglicè*, dunghill] is the chief object of the humble; and though enough of water, for purposes of cleanliness, may be had with very little trouble, still their ablutions are seldom. *Muck*, indoors and out of doors, must be their portion. When cholera prevailed in Inverness, it was more fatal than in almost any other town of its population in Britain."

Particular districts of London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bath, and many other large towns, are in even a worse condition of filth than either Tranent or Inverness. The exceptions to the rule are few and far between; the cases occur everywhere, and under every variety of circumstance. The Report of Mr. Howell, (one of the Council of the Society of Civil Engineers,) of the state of his own parish in London, and that of Dr. Neill Arnott, on the closes, wynds, and back streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, we could not, without exciting needless disgust, transfer to our pages; a circumstance which makes it but the more imperative that the whole truth should be known to those who are to administer the remedy. We may, however, venture upon the conclusion:

"The interiors of these houses corresponded with their exteriors. We saw half-dressed wretches crowding together to be warm; and in one bed, though in the middle of the day, several women were imprisoned under a blanket, because as many others, who had on their backs all the articles of dress belonging to the party, were then out of doors in the streets. The picture is so shocking that, without ocular proof, one would be disposed to doubt the possibility of the facts; and yet there is, perhaps, no old town in Europe that does not furnish parallel examples. London, before the great fire of 1666, had few drains, and had many such scenes; and the consequence was a pestilence occurring at intervals of about twelve years, each destroying, at an average, about a fourth of the inhabitants."

Glasgow is fearfully preëminent in whatever marks a neglected and degraded population.

Bad drainage and defective sewerage, and want of effectual cleansing for the streets, but especially the lanes, courts, and alleys, are common to both kingdoms, and pervade every district. From these causes alone, many towns and villages, otherwise healthfully situated, are never free from contagious fever, small-pox, &c. As an example, Windsor is found in this condition in the immediate vicinity of the palace.

Nothing in this body of evidence is more completely made out than that bad drainage and bad ventilation, even without overcrowding, is a strong and permanently exciting cause of fever. Greenock is most favourably situated for health, and is well supplied with water; but, by the Report of Dr. Laurie, from bad drainage, want of means of cleansing the streets, and the accumulation of dunghills in the courts and lanes, contagious fever is never long out of the town. As respects salubrity of natural situation existing along with filth and contagious disease, Greenock finds counterparts in Edinburgh, Inverness, and hundreds of other places in England as well as Scotland. "The cottage homes of England!" stand beautiful in poetry, with their whitewashed walls, and porches wreathed with vines and roses; but let us, with the doctor, look within:

"The cottages are in general built more with a view to the per centage of the landlord than to the accommodation of the poor. The joiner's work is ill performed; admitting by the doors, windows, and even floors, air in abundance, which, however, in many cases, is not disadvantageous to the inmates. The houses generally consist of three apartments, viz. the day-room, into which the street-door opens, and two bed-rooms, one above the other. There is likewise beneath the day-room a cellar, let off either by the landlord or tenant of the house, to a more improvident class of labourers; which cellar, in almost all cases, is small and damp, and often crowded with inhabitants to excess. These cellars are, in my opinion, the source of many diseases, particularly catarrh, rheumatic affections, and tedious cases of typhus mitior, which, owing to the overcrowded state of the apartment, occasionally pass into typhus gravior. I need scarcely add that the furniture and bedding are in keeping with the miserable inmates. The rooms above the day-room are often let separately by the tenant to lodgers, varying in number from one or two, to six or eight individuals in each; their slovenly habits, indolence, and consequent accumulation of filth, go far to promote the prevalence of contagious and infectious diseases.

"The houses already alluded to front the street; but there are houses in back courts still more unfavourably placed, which also have their cellars, and their tenants of a description worse, if possible. There is commonly only one receptacle for refuse in a court of eight, ten, or twelve densely-crowded houses. In the year 1836-7, I attended a family of thirteen, twelve of whom had typhus fever, without a bed, in the *cellar*, without straw or timber shavings—frequent substitutes. They lay on the floor, and so crowded, that I could scarcely pass between them. In another house I attended fourteen patients; there were only two beds in the house. All the patients, as lodgers, lay on the boards, and, during their illness, never had their clothes off. I met with many cases in similar conditions, yet amidst the greatest destitution and want of domestic comfort, I have never heard, during the course of twelve years' practice, a complaint of inconvenient accommodation."

But these are town residences—those of that great and wealthy emporium of commerce, Liverpool; let us turn to the rural cottages of England, the dwellings, not of colliers and miners, but of husbandmen—the happy peasantry.

Dr. Gilly of Norham, in a little tract to which we alluded with approbation when it appeared, thus describes the dwellings of his humble neighbours and parishioners, for whom he pleads with their masters and the landed gentry, whose estates the wretched hovels of the peasantry utterly disgrace.

"The chimneys have lost half their original height, and lean on the roof with fearful gravitation. The rafters are evidently rotten and displaced; and the thatch, yawning to admit the wind and wet in some parts, and in all parts utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looks more like the top of a dunghill than of a cottage.

"Such is the exterior; and when the hind comes to take possession, he finds it no better than a shed. The wet, if it happens to rain, is making a puddle on the earth floor. (This earth floor, by the bye, is one of the causes to which Erasmus ascribed the frequent recurrence of epidemic sickness among the cotters of England more than 300 years ago. It is not only cold and wet, but contains the aggregate filth of years, from the time of its first being used. The refuse and dropping of meals, decayed animal and vegetable matter of all kinds, which has been cast upon it from the mouth and stomach, there all mix together and exude from it.) Window-frame there is none. There is neither oven, nor copper, nor grate, nor shelf, nor fixture of any kind; all these things he has to bring with him, besides his ordinary articles of furniture. Imagine the trouble, the inconvenience, and the expense which the poor fellow and his wife have to encounter before they can put this shell of a hut into

ything like a habitable form. This year I saw a nily of eight—husband, wife, two sons, and four ughters—who were in utter discomfort, and in de- air of putting themselves in a decent condition, three four weeks after they had come into one of these vels. In vain did they try to stop up the crannies, d to fill up the holes in the floor, and to arrange their niture in tolerably decent order, and to keep out the ather. Alas! what will they not suffer in the winter! ere will be no fireside enjoyment for them. They may ddle together for warmth, and heap coals on the fire; t they will have chilly beds and a damp hearth-stone; d the cold wind will sweep through the roof, and win- w, and crazy door-place, in spite of all their endeavours exclude it.

"The general character of the best of the old-fashioned nd's cottages in this neighbourhood is bad at the best. ey have to bring everything with them—partitions, ndow-frames, fixtures of all kinds, grates, and a sub- itute for ceiling; for they are, as I have already called em, mere sheds. They have no byre for their cows, r styes for their pigs, no pumps or wells, nothing to omote cleanliness or comfort. The average size of ese sheds is about 24 by 16. They are dark and un- holesome. The windows do not open; and many of em are not larger than 20 inches by 16; and into this ace are crowded 8, 10, or even 12 persons.

Upon a former occasion, in an article * on the oor-laws of Scotland, the wretched abodes of the easantry in the finest and most highly improved gricultural districts of Scotland, were pretty fully escribed; but Mr. Wilson, surgeon of Lochmaben, nables us to add a new group to the picture.

"In Lochmaben, they are surrounded by low meadow nds subject to frequent inundations, marshes and lakes, rith dunghills and pools of dirty water, in which vege- able substances are soaked for the purpose of making anure on all sides of the dwellings. These houses, imilar to the dwellings of the generality of the labour- ng classes, consist of a building 30 feet in length by 16 et in breadth within the walls; the floor is formed of lay; ceiling, if any, generally formed by spars of wood aid close together, and covered with dry turf; one front oor and two front windows. This building is usually ccupied by two families, entering by the same door; he partitions are formed by the back of the beds, which rill be best understood by describing them as wooden oxes open on one side; the windows rarely are made to pen, so that they are ventilated by the door; but having ttle fuel, the door must be kept shut to maintain armth, and the chimneys being badly constructed, the welling is often full of smoke. Potatoes are often kept nder the beds. There are no proper receptacles for lth attached to the houses."

As a specimen of the English cottages, we take he following from the fine county of Dorset, and a eighbourhood in which typhus and synochus nevitably abound.

Most of the cases of synochus occurred under circum- tances favourable to its production; most of the cot- ages being of the worst description, some mere mud ovels, and situated in low and damp places, with cess- ools or accumulations of filth close to the doors. The *mud floors* of many are much below the level of the oad, and in wet seasons are little better than so much lay. The following shocking case occurred in my ractice:—In a family, consisting of six persons, two id fever; the mud floor of their cottage was at least ne foot below the lane; it consisted of *one* small room ally, in the centre of which stood a foot-ladder reaching the edge of a platform which extended over nearly he-half of the room, and upon which were placed two eds, with space between them for one person only to tand, whilst the outside of each touched the thatch. The head of one of these beds stood within six inches of the edge of the platform, and in this bed one of my unfortunate patients, a boy about eleven years old, was sleeping with his mother, and in a fit of delirium jumped over the head of his bed and fell to the ground below, a height of about seven feet. The injury to the head and spine was so serious that he lived a few hours only after the accident. In a cottage fit for the residence of a human being this could not have occurred. In many of the cottages, also, where synochus prevailed, the beds stood on the ground-floor, which was damp three parts of the year; scarcely one had a fire-place in the bed-room, and one had a single small pane of glass stuck in the mud wall as its only window, with a large heap of wet and dirty potatoes in one corner. Persons living in such cottages are generally very poor, very dirty, and usually in rags, living almost wholly on bread and potatoes, scarcely ever tasting animal food, and consequently highly susceptible of disease, and very unable to contend with it. I am quite sure if such persons were placed in good, comfortable, clean cottages, the improvement in themselves and children would soon be visible, and the exceptions would only be found in a few of the poorest and most wretched, who, perhaps, had been born in a mud hovel, and had lived in one the first 30 years of their lives.

Mr. John Fox, the medical officer who makes this report, concludes thus—

"I think there cannot be a doubt, if the whole of the wretched hovels were converted into good cottages, with a strict attention to warmth, ventilation, and drainage, and a receptacle for filth of every kind placed at a proper distance, it would not only improve the health of the poor by removing a most prolific source of disease, and thereby most sensibly diminish the rates; but I am convinced it would also tend most materially to raise the moral character of the poor man, and render him less susceptible to the allurements of the idle and wicked."

The Reports of nearly all the medical officers belonging to the Unions concur in stating that the ordinary dwellings of the poor are as fatal to health as to the formation and maintenance of good habits. The rents of these places, and of old and dilapidated houses divided into numerous dwellings, each overcrowded, is, at the same time, in general excessively high, though they may not always be very regularly paid. In Greenock, "lands" of houses, of several stories in height, are divided into flats, and let out to the poor in one or two rooms. According to Dr. Laurie—

The rent of these rooms varies from £2, 10s. to £7; the average size of each room, I should think, would be from eight to nine feet square, and about the same measure in height. The demand for this class of houses is very great, which induces the landlords to take such high rents.

I have a district, as a deacon, in one of the parishes, and the hovels (one cannot call them houses) inhabited by some of the paupers in this district, are such abodes of wretchedness that few could imagine that such places were to be found in a Christian community.

There is one poor man who was under my care in the hospital with asthma for six months, he was dismissed as incurable, and is now living with his wife and seven children in a dark room on the ground-floor, more fit for a coal-cellar than a human being: it is lighted by a fixed window, about two feet square; the breadth of the room is only four feet, and the length eight. There is only one bed for the whole family, and yet the rent of this hole is £5.

Still these houses are in such request, that at last term one of the paupers living in a similar place was out-bid as to the rent by another person. He could get no other house, and for a week he slept with his wife and three children in his pig-stye: he had ultimately to seek a house in a neighbouring village.

* *Tait's Magazine* for November and December 1840.

The rents of hovels in England are often equally enormous.

In one *cul-de-sac*, in the town of Leeds, there are 34 houses; and in ordinary times, there dwell in these houses 340 persons, or ten to every house; but as these houses are many of them receiving-houses for itinerant labourers, during the periods of hay-time and harvest, and the fairs, at least twice that number are then here congregated. The name of this place is the Boot and Shoe-yard, in Kirkgate, a location from whence the Commissioners removed, in the days of the cholera, 75 cart-loads of manure, which had been untouched for years, and where there now exists a surface of human excrement of very considerable extent, to which these impure and unventilated dwellings are additionally exposed. This property is said to pay the best annual interest of any cottage property in the borough.

Of certain wretched tenements, in every respect wretched, in the metropolitan Union of Whitechapel, Mr. John Liddle, after he had described the deplorable condition of the inmates, was asked—

"How do they get such water as they use?—They get it for the most part from a plug in the courts. I cannot say whether it is the actual scarcity of water, or their reluctance to fetch it, but the effect is a scarcity of water. When I have occasion to visit their rooms, I find they have only a very scanty supply of water in their tubs. When they are washing, the smell of the dirt mixed with the soap is the most offensive of all the smells I have to encounter. They merely pass dirty linen through very dirty water. The smell of the linen itself, when so washed, is very offensive, and must have an injurious effect on the health of the occupants. The filth of their dwellings is excessive, so is their personal filth. When they attend my surgery, I am always obliged to have the door open. When I am coming down stairs from the parlour, I know at the distance of a flight of stairs whether there are any poor patients in the surgery. Any one who attends on the relief days of the out-door relief may satisfy himself as to the personal condition of these parties.

"Are the courts in which the labouring classes reside, in your district, paved or cleansed?—They are not flagged, they have a sort of pebbles; they are always wet and dirty. The people, having no convenience in their houses for getting rid of waste water, throw it down at the doors. If I cast my eye over the whole district at this moment, I do not think that one house for the working classes will be found, in which there is such a thing as a sink for getting rid of the water.

"What are the rents paid for these descriptions of tenements?—I am informed, very high rents. I am informed that this description of property pays a better per centage than any other description of property.—My impression is, that it pays as much as 20 per cent. in many instances."

This evidence exhibits the common condition of large masses of habitations, even in the metropolis, where there are so many competing companies.

In connexion with this we must not forget to notice that, in one case, (in the Stockport Local Act,) power is given to the commissioners of the town to *compel* the owners of cottages, let to the poor, to provide a good supply of water to their tenants. And this is so far good, where more cannot be obtained; and where not only an abundant supply of water, but proper machinery for ventilation, and means of directly carrying off all impurities by water-closets in connexion with the street drains, are not adopted. We shall afterwards see with what manifest advantage, even in an economical point of view, the thorough and perfect improvement of the poorest of the poor, in these respects, would be attended. A deficient supply of water in the dwellings of the poor, even where water is plentiful around them, often aggravates their other miseries. In many places all classes of people suffer, either from the deficient supply, or the bad quality of water, or from both conjoined. On this head Mr. J. H. Burton, Advocate, of Edinburgh, who was employed by the Board to report upon the state of the laws of Scotland regarding the public health, the abatement of nuisances, and so forth, makes the following important statement:—

"I have reason to believe that in many parts of Scotland the want of a good supply of water is one of the most material impediments to the furtherance of cleanly habits among the working people. Besides the immediate evils of a narrow supply, much time is wasted, and many bad habits are acquired by those who have to wait their turn at the wells in a time of drought. Dundee, Stirling, Dunfermline, Lanark, and Arbroath, are all, I believe, imperfectly supplied. The community of Dundee have spent about £30,000 in a contest between the supporters of two contending water-bills; and I understand that an Act, which was passed about three years ago, has been found incapable of being put in operation."

It is clear, that while water has to be waited for, or carried from even a short distance, it will never be sought after by the labouring poor, in anything like the measure necessary to cleanliness.

The *Rev. Whitewell Elwin*, the chaplain of the Bath Union, gives the following illustration of the habits of many of the working population even in that city, which is well supplied with water:—

"A man had to fetch water from one of the public pumps in Bath, the distance from his house being about a quarter of a mile,—'It is as valuable,' he said, 'as strong beer. We can't use it for cooking, or anything of that sort, but only for drinking and tea.' 'Then where do you get water for cooking and washing?'—'Why, from the river. But it is muddy, and often stinks bad, because all the filth is carried there.' 'Do you then prefer to cook your victuals in water which is muddy and stinks, to walking a quarter of a mile to fetch it from the pump?'—'We can't help ourselves, you know. We could not go all that way for it.' There are many gentlemen's houses in the same district in which the water is not fit for cooking; and I know that much privation and inconvenience is undergone to avoid the expense of water-carriage. I have often wondered to see the shifts which have been endured, rather than be at the cost of an extra pail of water, of which the price was three halfpence. With the poor, far less obstacles are an absolute barrier, because no privation is felt by them so little as that of cleanliness. The propensity to dirt is so strong, the steps so few and easy, that nothing but the utmost facilities for water can act as a counterpoise; and such is the love of uncleanliness, when once contracted, that no habit, not even drunkenness, is so difficult to eradicate."

In most towns, and certainly in the larger manufacturing towns, those members of a family who are of strength to fetch water are usually of strength to be employed in profitable industry, and the mere value of their time expended in the labour of fetching water, is almost always much higher than the cost of regular supplies of water even at the charge made by the water companies. In Glasgow, the charge for supplying a labourer's tenement is 5s. per annum; in Manchester 6s. In London the usual charge is 10s. for a tenement containing two families, for which sum two tons and a half of water per week may be obtained if needed. For 1s. per annum, then, as a water-rate (on which from 10 to 20 per cent. is paid to the owner for collection,) each labourer's family may be supplied in the metropolis with one ton and a quarter of water weekly, if they find it necessary to use so much. The ton is 216 gallons, equal to 108 pails full, at two gallons the pail. Thus, for less than one penny farthing, 135 pails full of water are taken into the house without the labour of fetching, without

spilling or disturbance, and placed in constant readiness for use. Under any circumstances, if the labourer or his wife or child would otherwise be employed, even in the lowest-paid labour, or in knitting stockings, the cost of fetching water by hand is extravagantly high as compared with the highest cost of water lifted by steam and conducted through iron pipes at a large expenditure of capital (the lowest in London is about £200,000) and by an expensive management. In illustration of the difference in economy of the two modes of conveyance, I may mention that the usual cost of filtered water carried into the houses at Paris by the water-carriers, is two sous the pailful, being at the rate of 9s. per ton; whilst the highest charge of any of the companies in London for sending the same quantity of water to any place within the range of their pipes, and delivering it at an average level of 100 feet, at the highest charge, is 6d. per ton.

At the highest of the water companies' charges it would be good economy for the health of the labourer's family to pay for water being laid on in the house, to reduce the expense of medicines and loss of work in the family, as indicated by any of the tables of sickness. The cost of laying on the water in a labourer's tenement, and providing a butt or receptacle to hold it, may be stated to be on an average 40s., which will last twenty years.

The experience of the water companies tends to show that the distribution of water directly into the houses where it is wanted, would be good economy of the water. When the supply of water into the houses is stopped by frost, and cocks are, on that occasion, opened in the streets, the supply of water required is one-third greater than usual; as great, indeed, as it is in the heat of summer, when there is a large additional consumption for watering gardens and roads. I would here suggest that it is essential that the water should be charged on the owners of all the smaller weekly tenements; because, where the owner finds it necessary to collect the rent weekly, the smaller collection of rates for longer periods would often be impracticable, and the expense of the collection alone of such small rates weekly (1½d. per week) would be more than the amount collected.

These are but a part of Mr. Chadwick's valuable suggestions for obtaining a cheap, easy, and copious supply of this first necessary of life, and strengthener of so many good domestic habits. It will be difficult to convince us that a full supply of water laid on in every town-dwelling, efficient draining and sewerage, and some approximation to the proper ventilation of dwellings and workshops, are not among the most attainable of the many good objects to which this Report points. Even these were, of themselves, no mean gain to the cause of social and domestic amelioration. On the subject of cheaply and systematically removing the refuse of towns, we find, among others, the following important suggestions. Mr. Chadwick had previously described the wholesale nuisance near Edinburgh, known as the *Foul Burn*, which, in conveying the contents of many of the drains, sinks, privies, and open gutters of the Old Town to the sea, is made to irrigate a considerable extent of flat land, which, from being formerly comparatively a waste, now produces four or five successive crops of grass a-year. Some of the richest of these meadows let, in 1835, at £38 an acre; and in 1826, a season of scarce forage, at £57 an acre. Ten acres which formerly brought £60 in whole, are now let at £15 and £20 the acre. Such is the value of city refuse, applied to the irrigation of meadows, by very imperfect means; for, from the report of chemists, it would appear that the same processes which prove highly offensive, and probably deleterious to health in the neighbourhood of those meadows, very considerably deteriorate the quality of the manure. The great importance of the subject, and the certainty that this Magazine will fall into the hands of many intelligent persons, who may not have the advantage of perusing the original Report, induces us to take up the subject at greater length than we had contemplated, and also to notice the arrangements suggested for the protection of the public health, so far as the removal of the offal and litter of towns can effect this great purpose.

After citing, from various Local Reports, many instances of the ignorance and carelessness under which the general health and comfort of the inhabitants of towns suffer from the accumulation of dunghills in the midst of them, Mr. Chadwick proceeds—

> The comparatively recent mode of cleansing adopted in the wealthy and newly-built districts by the use of water-closets, and the discharge of all refuse at once from the house through the drain into the sewers, saves the delay and the previous accumulation, and it also saves the expense of the old means of removal. It is most applicable to the poorer districts, because really the most economical, when they are properly sewered and supplied with water. The cost of cheap and appropriate apparatus, and of water for cleansing, it will be proved, is a reduction of the mere cost of cleansing in the old method, independently of the cost incurred by the decay of woodwork and deterioration of the tenement which commonly takes place on premises in the condition of those described by Mr. Howell. The chief objection to the extension of this system is the pollution of the water of the river into which the sewers are discharged. Admitting the expediency of avoiding the pollution, it is nevertheless proved to be an evil of almost inappreciable magnitude in comparison with the ill health occasioned by the constant retention of several hundred thousand accumulations of pollution in the most densely-peopled districts.
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> There is much evidence, however, to prove that it is possible to remove the refuse in such a mode as to avoid the pollution of the river, and at the same time avoid the culpable waste of the most important manure.
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> A practical example of the money value which lies in the refuse of a town, when removed in the cheapest manner, and applied in the form best adapted to production, viz., by a system of cleansing by water, is afforded in connexion with the city of Edinburgh. In the course of the sanitary inquiry in that city the particular attention of Dr. Arnott and myself was directed to the effects of some offensive irrigation of the land which had taken place in the immediate vicinity of that city.
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> The practice is strongly objected to by the inhabitants as an offensive and injurious nuisance. To Dr. Arnott, who surveyed the district, the process appeared to be, like most offensive processes, unfitted for the vicinity of a town. The miasma from the preparation of the large accumulations of manure in open receptacles near places of public resort or crowded habitations would probably affect the public health injuriously to a greater or less degree. In particular states of the weather it could scarcely fail to engender disease. In the decomposition of substances for manure, deleterious gases will be evolved, which in particular states of the atmosphere will act with powerful effects on animal life within their reach. But it is at the same time stated, the process of applying manure by irrigation, that is, separated and

This has been briefly noticed above; and we proceed to the *remedy*,—to the vast improvements which are suggested, economical as well as sanitary; though this is the same thing, as whatever is sanitary must ultimately be found economical.

diluted with water, is considered to be productive of less deleterious gas, of less injurious effects, than by spreading it over fields in a solid form, and allowing it to remain until it is decomposed and separated by the atmosphere and conveyed into the soil by rain. Liebig, the greatest living authority on agricultural chemistry, states that night-soil loses in drying half its valuable products, that is, half its "nitrogen," for the "ammonia" escapes into the atmosphere. By irrigation, by the diffusion and conveyance of the manure to the plant in the medium of water, the escape of the valuable substance as a noxious and injurious gas is diminished. Whatever extent of loss there is from manures by decomposition when placed on the land in a solid form, and when exposed to the action of the atmosphere, it is stated that there is proportionate gain by holding the material in suspension in water. The simple offensiveness, it may be assumed, is a sufficient ground of exclusion of any process from amidst the habitations of a town population. But at a reasonable distance the use of dung or any other manure would not be forbidden; and the process which is the least injurious, the irrigative, is entitled therefore to a preference. Effective drainage must make way for the conveyance of diluted manures, and consequently for effective irrigation. . . . . .

The public refuse of cities by the usual course of legislation in local Acts, and by custom, and on all principles which govern the application of the proceeds of such produce, belongs to the public; and it may be submitted that, whatever may be the decision in the case of Edinburgh, means should be taken to prevent for the future the acquisition of new rights at the expense of the health and of the conveniences of such large classes of the population. And it may here be observed that it will probably be found, under the circumstances of the increasing population of the towns, and the increasing necessity of keeping open spaces within and around the towns, and of exercising a general control for the beneficial arrangement of new buildings for the public health and convenience, and of securing convenient public walks and places of temperate and healthful recreation for the population—that it is most desirable for all these objects that means should be taken to redeem to the crown the fee, or otherwise obtain as early as practicable, and on the terms of proper compensation, lands within and in the immediate vicinity of towns for public use.

If then, in Edinburgh, the contents of the cesspools were carried by adequate supplies of water in drains from the houses into covered sewers, and thence in covered instead of open sewers to the lands at proper distances where it might be distributed as manure by irrigation, it would be a mode of irrigation considered by Mr. Smith of Deanston, and other authorities on drainage and irrigation, whom I consulted, the best that is now apparently practicable, *i. e.* the best means for removing quickly, and constantly, and the least injuriously, the matters which can only remain for removal by any other process at the expense of the public health; they concur in opinion that it would also be the most productive mode of distributing the manure.

On the scale of the value set upon that portion of the refuse of Edinburgh that has been appropriated for irrigation by the occupiers of the land in the vicinity of the city, the value of the whole of the soil of the city (not one-third of which finds its way into the irrigated meadows,) if it were made completely available by an appropriate system of town drainage, would be double or treble the amount, producing an income of £15,000 to £20,000 per annum for public purposes. On the same scale of value it would appear that, in the metropolis, refuse to the value of nearly double what is now paid for the water of the metropolis is thrown away, partly from the districts which are sewered into the Thames, and partly from the poor districts which are unsewered, where it accumulates and remains a nuisance until it is removed at a great expense. It is allowed by Captain Vetch, an experienced engineer, and by other authorities, to be the most eligible plan in respect to economy as well as efficiency, wherever the levels were not convenient, or it were desirable to send the refuse over heights for distribution, that the contents of the sewers should be lifted by steam power, as water is lifted in the drainage of the fens, and that it might be sent for distribution, wherever it is required for use, in iron pipes, in the same mode as that in which water is conveyed into towns by the water companies. The estimated expense of this mode of cleansing and removal is about the same as the conveyance of water into towns, *i. e.* not a tithe of the expense of cartage, as will subsequently be shown.

The comparative economy of conveyance of fluid in pipes has been but little observed, and has only recently perhaps been applied for the purpose of cleansing. The following is an instance of the application of the principle.

The instance we cannot give. It is enough that the experiment was made in London on a large scale; and that it proves the case. We proceed to the results, by which it is seen that refuse, after being conveyed, in a fluid state, for twelve or fourteen miles into the country, through pipes, may still be sold with a profit, thus establishing that,

By the application of capital and machinery, the cost of conveyance of substances in suspension in a fluid, even at the water companies' prices, may be rendered thirty and even more than forty times as cheap as collection by hand-labour and removal by cartage. In the metropolis, where the persons who water the roads may obtain water gratuitously from pumps, the water supplied by stand-pipes by some of the water companies at £1 per 100 tons, is found to be twice as cheap as the mere labour of pumping the water into the cart. By proper hydraulic arrangements heavy solid substances may be swept away through the iron pipes.

Those means which science gives of cheapening the cost of the conveyance of refuse from houses, will be available also in extending and completing the cleansing of the towns, of removing the filth which oppresses the poorer districts, and rendering the whole of it available, in the best form, for future use as manure.

The expense of cleansing the streets of the *township* of Manchester is £5000 per annum. For this sum the first class of streets, namely, the most opulent and the large thoroughfares, are cleansed once a-week, the second class once a-fortnight, and the third class once a-month. But this provision leaves untouched, or leaves in the condition described in Dr. Baron Howard's report, the courts, alleys, and places where the poorer classes live, and where the cleansing should be daily. There are abundance of recommendations to the effect, "Let it be ordered that the streets be properly cleansed;" but in this instance the cost of cleansing the whole of what is properly the same town, Salford, and the out townships, would be £8000 or £10,000 per annum; and such a recommendation, under the existing modes of management, is equivalent to saying, let £20,000 or £30,000 of additional rates be expended, and 40,000 or 60,000 additional loads of refuse be removed. In other large towns, the service and the expense is on a similar scale. At the rate of expense of one large parish, the present coast of cleansing in the metropolis may be estimated at about £40,000 per annum. This expense, however, is generally repaid by the sale of the coal-ashes, which are used in the manufacture of bricks.

Though the refuse of the poorer districts is often taken and sold, the immediate objection to the extension of the services of the scavenger to them is the increase of the immediate expense, which it is practically necessary to consider in detail, although if there were no compensation by the sale of any coal-ashes or house refuse, and if the occupants were required to pay for the cleansing at the rate of one of the opulent parishes in the metropolis, that is at the rate of 4s. per house per annum, which would be less than a penny per tenement for the weekly street-cleansing; or in the poorer districts, where there are mostly two families to a tenement, a charge of less than one halfpenny per week for cleansing, would be found to be good economy, as one means of diminishing the existing heavy charge of sickness, not to speak of the wear and tear of clothes.

Two-thirds of the usual expense of street cleansing is the expense of cartage, which, with the proper adaptation of the sewers, is wholly unnecessary. The exclusive use of hand-labour in street-sweeping is pronounced by competent judges to be a mere barbarism, and several machines have been invented which demonstrate that by mechanical power, moved by horses, the cleansing may be effected in a far shorter time. Some of these scrape the mud in ridges to the sides, where it remains until it can be lifted and carted away. But this is objected to as inconvenient by the shopkeepers; and the scavengers object that it is no convenience to them, inasmuch as raking it in heaps prevents the evaporation of the liquid, and increases the cartage; and, moreover, that the process of sweeping by hand is as quick as the carts can return for its removal. A machine has been used at Manchester which rapidly and cleanly sweeps the level surfaces of the streets into a cart; but there is still the encumbrance of the labour and cost and delay of carting the refuse to a place of deposit, which may be several miles distant, and returning to reload. The value of a process of street-cleansing is proportioned to the rapidity with which it is performed; but at present it is usually delayed until the sun or the air has done a large portion of the work by the evaporation of the moisture, commonly, however, to the deterioration of the air of the town and the health, and also to the deterioration of the value of the refuse.

On examining these obstructions to the cleanliness and salubrity of our towns, it became apparent that the expensive and slow process of the removal of the surface refuse of the streets by cartage might be dispensed with, and the whole at once carried away by the mode which is proved, in the case of the refuse of houses, to be the most rapid, cheap, and convenient, namely, by sweeping it at once into the sewers, and discharging it by water.

The subject is farther discussed; and the evidence of Mr. Roe, a Civil Engineer, who has been lately appointed to superintend the sewers of a considerable district in London, is given in support of the view taken. It appears that the most expensive, and what are considered the best sewers, have hitherto been constructed with flat bottoms. Mr. Roe has adopted a cheaper, simpler method, which is a very obvious improvement on this plan. He states,

That as compared with sewers or drains with bottoms of a semicircular form, those with flat bottoms invariably occasion a larger amount of deposit; and with the same flow of water, the difference of construction occasions a difference of more than one-half in the deposit which is left. By the common and most expensive form, the drains are apt to be choked up with noxious accumulations; by being built with flat sides, (instead of with curved sides, which give the strength of an arch) they are apt in clayey and slippery ground to be forced in. The expense of the improved form is nearly one-fourth less than those in general use.

In Mr. Roe's district the Commissioners have now adopted "a series of levels, suited from the lowest outlets to the surrounding districts." To prevent the very common occurrence of the sewers being choked by the accumulation of refuse, he states—

I suggested a plan of flushing the sewers, and of carrying off all the refuse by water. This plan has been adopted, and it is now in operation. The breaking up of the streets is avoided by the formation of side entrances; cast-iron flushing gates are fixed in the sewers; the ordinary flow of water in the sewers accumulates at these gates; the gates are opened, and the force of the water is sufficient to sweep off the deposit; and the system may be further extended.

What is the comparative difference in the expense of construction?—The cost of side-entrances and flood-gates, as compared with the cost of man-holes, is from 6d. to 1s. less per foot lineal of the length of new sewers.

What other expense is attendant on this improved practice?—The main expense is the attendance of a man to shut and open the flood-gates.

The structural expense being lower, is the ultimate expense of cleansing lower also?—Yes; the expense of cleansing the sewers is about fifty per cent. less than the prevalent mode. Our expense of cleansing the sewers was about £1200 per annum; we save £600 of that, and expect to save more; but to this must be added the saving to the public of the cleansing of the private drains, formerly choked by the accumulations in the sewers. This saving, on a moderate calculation, is found to be upwards of £300 per annum. There is also the diminution of the escapes of gas from the old and continued accumulations.

During what intervals are deposits allowed to remain on the old mode?—The average is in one set of sewers about five years, and in another about ten years.

During which time the public are subjected to all the escapes of gas from the decomposing accumulation?—Exactly so. It could not, however, go on so long but for heavy falls of rain or snow, which occasion partial clearances.

What is the effect of these accumulations upon the private drainage?—That the drains to the private houses are stopped: the first intimation of the foul state of the main sewer arises from complaints of individuals whose drains are affected; the accumulations in the private drains also occasion an expense to the individuals and much annoyance. By flushing the sewers this expense might be, and in Holborn and Finsbury division it is, avoided.

Are there any other defects you have, as an engineer, noticed in the prevalent mode of constructing the sewers?—Yes; the prevalent practice is to join sewers at angles, frequently at right angles; this occasions eddies and deposits of sediment that would otherwise pass off with the water; it injures the capacity of the main sewers by obstructing the current of water along them.

We leave the remedy for this defect to those who wish to investigate the subject fully.

In the evidence of Mr. Oldfield, an experienced builder in the wealthy districts of the metropolis, will be found exemplifications of the mischiefs resulting from the defective modes of opening sub-drains or communications, even from houses of the first class, into the main drains. The state of sewerage and drainage in the larger towns, as described in the medical reports, in its effects of frequent disease and death,—is much worse in the provincial towns. But every step in improvement is an advance in reduction of existing burdens; drainage, *per se*, will be found to be a reduction of an existing charge for the expenses of sickness and mortality; *scienee*, applied to the improvement of drainage, not only gives it efficiency, but reduces greatly the expense.

One important consideration in all these plans of improvement is, gradually lessening, until they are wholly cut down, the number of individuals in every town who are at present, by the wants of society, doomed to degrading, if not absolutely brutalizing occupations. What a step were gained for the city of Paris, morally as well as physically, could it dispense with its water-carriers and chiffonniers! Fervently must every reflecting man join in the hope thus expressed in the Report:

It is to be hoped, however, that the legislature will give the powers and direct the means requisite in this country, to furnish to every city in Europe a practical demonstration, that by the art of the engineer, the obstacle to improvement formed by the great expense and annoyance of removing the refuse of houses and streets may be rendered inconsiderable. In Paris the interests of turbulent bodies of men, the water-carriers, and another class of men called the chiffonniers, who live by raking for what they can find amongst the refuse cast into the streets, are opposed to any change which will reduce the charge of imperfect cleansing, and the disease promoted by filth. The general practice in that

metropolis is, to cast all the rubbish of the house into the street on the overnight, or before seven o'clock in the morning, when men attend with carts to sweep it up and remove it. In the night-time, however, the chiffonnier comes with a lantern and rakes amongst the refuse, and picks from it bones, rags, or whatever may have been thrown away by accident, or the carelessness of the servants. The offensive filth of their persons and their occupation, make them outcasts from other classes of workmen; they sleep amidst their collections of refuse, and they are idle during the day. They are, like all men who live under such circumstances, prone to indulgence in ardent spirits; being degraded and savage, they are ready to throw away their wretched lives on every occasion. There are nearly 2000 of the chiffonniers alone in Paris; and they and the water-carriers were conspicuous actors in the revolution of 1830. During the administration of Casimir Perrier the householders had complained of the inconvenient mode of cleansing the streets by large heavy carts drawn by three horses, which, during their slow progress throughout the day, obstruct the public thoroughfares, and occasion great inconveniences, especially in the narrow streets.

In the beginning of the year 1834, when the cholera broke out, the attention of the authorities was directed to sanitary measures, and the municipality decided that the cleansing of the streets should be done by contract, by a quick relay of carts of a smaller and more convenient shape, drawn by single horses; and in order to diminish the inconvenience of the presence of these improved vehicles, the contractor was allowed to collect one load for each of his carts on the over-night, which would have led to a practice similar to that of London, where the dust-carts take the refuse direct from the house without any deposit in the streets. But in this arrangement an important interest had been overlooked: the chiffonniers, who were said to have been aided and directed by the owners and men belonging to the superseded vehicles, rose in revolt, attacked and drove away the conducters, broke to pieces the new carts, threw the fragments into the river, or made bonfires with them. Unfortunately at that time the cholera had broken out at Paris. The mobs of chiffonniers which collected on the following day were swollen by other crowds of ignorant, terrified, and savage people, who were persuaded that the deaths from the strange plague were occasioned by poison. "My agents," says the then préfet of police, in an account of this revolt, "could not be at all points at once, to oppose the fury of these crowds of men with naked arms and haggard figures, and sinister looks, who are never seen in ordinary times, and who seemed on this day to have arisen out of the earth. Wishing to judge myself, of the foundation for the alarming reports that were brought to me, I went out alone and on foot. I had great difficulty in getting through these dense masses, scarcely covered with filthy rags; no description could convey their hideous aspect, or the sensation of terror which their hoarse and ferocious cries created. Although I am not easily moved, I at one time feared for the safety of Paris—of honest people and their property." In fact, the riot was one of the most dangerous that had been witnessed in that city, and it was not suppressed without great exertions and some loss of life. The anxieties which it occasioned to the minister, Casimir Perrier, and his disgust at the political use made of it, were considered to have contributed to his death. He was himself attacked with the cholera, and died a few days after. Shortly before his death, when expressing his disgust, he said to the préfet, "My friend, we are harnessed to a vile carriage." "Truly so," replied the préfet, "and the ways are dreadfully dirty." The material ways of the city continued as they were: the préfet seeing that the introduction of the new carts became "a motive to discontent and collision," took upon himself to set aside the contract with the contractor, who, he states, received no other compensation for his losses than a permission which he could not use, to collect the refuse during the day; and the chiffonniers continue to the present time in the exercise of their wretched vocation at the expense of the public health and cleanliness.

This curious statement is not without instruction. Though this Pariah class is not so numerous in the British towns as in France, they are but too frequent. Mr. Chadwick took pains to ascertain their numbers in London, through the Commissioners of Police.

From returns which they obtained from their superintendents, it appears, that of the class of bone-pickers, mud-rakers, people living on the produce of dung-heaps in mews, courts, yards, and bye-lanes insufficiently cleansed, 598 are known to the police. From an observation of the proportion of filthy children and adults who appear amidst refuse whenever there are new buildings and an unusual quantity of rubbish, and from other circumstances, I believe that, were the refuse of houses daily cast into the streets in London in the same manner as at Paris, London would soon have as large and as dangerous a population of the chiffonnier class. I am informed by Sir Charles Shaw, the chief commissioner of police at Manchester, that there are 302 of them known within the police jurisdiction of that town also. He complains that they have heretofore been licensed in their occupation; that the children are pilferers, and occupy the attention of the police, and furnish a large quota to the stock of juvenile delinquents and the population of the prisons. I am informed that in Bath there are about 100 of them known; and in other towns and places I have little doubt that they would be found in like proportions, which approach the proportions of the stated numbers of chiffonniers to the population of Paris. These degraded creatures are also found amongst the inmates of the workhouses, and the close identity of their habits with those of the chiffonniers of Paris afford a striking proof of the similarity of the population produced by similarity of circumstances. They are thus described to me by an eye-witness.

The description is too loathsome to be copied out here, though very necessary to be known.

The domestic habits of the different classes of artisans, especially as these are affected by their dwellings and other surrounding unfavourable influences and circumstances, independently of their employments and wages, form an interesting feature of the Report. It may be fairly assumed, that the rate of wages is not always, as might be expected, the decisive element of their condition, or the criterion by which it is to be judged. The wages of the colliers are comparatively good; yet in many localities their moral condition seems very low indeed; and it is not amended by their filthy, ill-ventilated cottages. The contrast between the colliers and the agricultural labourers of East Lothian is remarkable: the former wallowing in filth and rioting in intemperance; the latter enjoying cleanliness and domestic comfort so far as their poor habitations and small wages will permit. Domestic mismanagement appears one frequent cause of disease. Of this many proofs are exhibited in the Report. Dr. Baker of Derby states—

"There is also another cause of sickness to be found in their houses, and which, like the former, i. e., the external circumstances, is in constant operation: I mean the want of domestic comforts, a want which the wages they earn would, in many instances, enable them to remove if their means were not, as too often happens, expended viciously or improvidently. It is with regret that I speak unfavourably of the poor, whilst my whole aim, in this communication, has been to awaken a sympathy towards those sufferings of which I have been so often a witness. But several years' experience of the habits of the poor, derived from my situation as an hospital physician, and backed by the additional evidence I have obtained by acting for three years as a guardian of the poor in this large town, has, I am sorry

to say, served but to confirm me in the opinion I have just now expressed; and in support of which I shall instance the family of the Slaters mentioned at No. 12, in Short Street.

"The earnings of four members of this family were as follows:—

	s.	d.	
The father	14	0	per week, at gardening, &c.
The eldest son, aged 20	12	0	,, at a brewery.
Daughter . { Twins, }	6	0	,, at a factory.
Son . . . { aged 18 }	9	0	,, at the same factory.
	£2	1	0 per week.

"The mother of this family, it appears, is left disengaged from all but her household duties and the care of the younger children; the house, nevertheless, is nearly destitute of furniture, and presents a picture of disorder and want. On the other hand, at No. 15, (Briggs,) although the husband has for some years past been a weak and ailing man, the family is well ordered and cleanly; and to this fact I mainly attribute the milder and modified form of fever which affected the children."

On the same subject the physicians of Birmingham report—

"In the expenditure of their weekly earnings, improvidence and thoughtless extravagance prevail to a lamentable degree. The observations upon which this opinion is formed are made upon the habits of the people themselves, confirmed by extensive and recent inquiries among the shopkeepers with whom they deal. Tea, coffee, sugar, butter, cheese, bacon, (of which a great deal is consumed in this town,) and other articles, the working people purchase in small quantities from the hucksters, who charge an enormous profit upon them, being, as they state, compelled to do so to cover the losses which they frequently sustain by bad debts. Huckster dealing is a most extravagant mode of dealing. There were in this town, in 1834, 717 of these shops; and the number has greatly increased since that time. Meat is purchased in the same improvident manner. The working men generally contrive to have a good joint of meat upon the Sunday; the dinner on the other days of the week is made from steaks or chops, which is the most extravagant mode either of purchasing or cooking meat.

"The improvidence of this class of persons arises in many instances from the indulgence of vicious propensities. Drunkenness, with all its attendant miseries, prevails to a great extent; though it is by no means to be regarded as a characteristic feature of the mechanic of this town in particular. It most generally prevails among that class of workmen who obtain the highest wages, but who are often found in the most deplorable and abject condition.

A contrast in the economy of 20 families is drawn up by Mr. Mott; but many more details would be requisite to make it of general utility. The medical officers of the Unions, and medical practitioners in general, must, however, be intimately acquainted with the improvident habits of the working classes.

Unless it were, as we are glad to find, broadly asserted, that it is in the power of all great masters to improve the condition of their work-people, we should conceive it of little use to cite the following illustrations—

Mr. Harrison, the medical officer of the Preston Union, observes that—

"I have known many families whose income has exceeded £100 a-year, who in times of sickness have been in great distress, and even some who have been obliged to have recourse to the parish for assistance. And I am acquainted with several families now of the best paid class of work-people, whose total weekly earnings will average £2, and in some cases £3 a-week, who, should sickness overtake the head of the family, and some of the principal workers among the children, would be thrown upon the parish. I have been convinced from extensive observation, that the masters of these people have it in their power to improve the condition and happiness of their work-people beyond what can be effected by any other agency."

These descriptions are not confined to the English towns: Mr. Jupp and others cite instances from the rural districts. They are similarly prevalent in Scotland. As an example I would refer to the description given by Dr. Scott Alison, of the condition of the highly-paid collier population of Tranent. Take another instance of the condition of the same class, the colliers at Ayr, given by *Dr. Sym*, in his report on the sanitary condition of the population of that town:—

"Although the colliers have large wages, they are, from their want of economy and their dissolute habits, uniformly in poverty; and their families, though well fed, are miserably clothed, ill lodged, uneducated, and less industrious than the families of the weavers; the females of which work with great constancy at handsewing. The modes of living of these two classes are very different. The weaver is not intemperate, because he cannot afford to purchase ardent spirits, and the nature of his employment prevents him from having those hours of idleness during the day which the collier is so apt to consume in dissipation. He lives on very innutritious food, seldom eats butchers' meat; and the most indigent, who are generally Irishmen, subsist chiefly on potatoes. The collier, on the other hand, indulges to excess in ardent spirits, and both he and his family partake of animal food every day. In short, the colliers live better than any of the other labouring classes in Ayr."

Dr. Scott Alison, speaking of the colliers of Tranent, states that they obtain very high wages. "A man, his wife, and perhaps two children may earn perhaps 40s. a-week, if industriously employed during that time." On the subject of appearances of destitution, on which medical men sometimes report, he observes—

"I have had occasion to know that medical men, judging from internal appearances of the dwellings of the labouring classes, are liable to be led into erroneous inferences as to the extent of destitution. The appearance of the place or of the person is no test of the want of means or of the highness or lowness of wages. Filth is more frequently evidence of depravity than of destitution; indeed, in places where the wages or means are really scanty, there is very frequently considerable cleanliness. If a stranger went into the house of a collier, he might exclaim, 'What extreme wretchedness and destitution!' when, in fact, on the Saturday they had received 30s., which before the Tuesday had all been squandered. I think medical men, who are not intimately acquainted with the character of people, are often drawn into mistakes."

Dr. Scott Alison farther contrasts the cleanly condition of the hinds with the filth of the colliers.

The like contrast, derived from an intimate knowledge of the population of another class, is presented in the following portions of a report from *Mr. Wood* of Dundee:—

"There are many families among the working classes who are in the receipt of from 15s. to 22s. per week, who are insufficiently clothed, and irregularly and poorly fed, and whose houses as well as their persons appear filthy, disorderly, and uncomfortable. There are other families among them, containing the same number of persons, whose incomes average from 10s. to 14s. a-week, who are neatly, cleanly, and sufficiently clothed, regularly and suitably fed, and whose houses appear orderly and comfortable. The former class care little for the physical comfort, and far less for the intellectual, moral, and religious education of their children; in many cases, indeed, they neglect the education of their offspring when it is offered to them gratuitously, and in place of sending them to school, where they might be fitted for the duties and disappointments of life, they send them at a very early age to some employment, where they will earn the poor pittance of 1s. 6d. to 3s. a-week. The latter class, on the contrary, are most anxious to give their children a good education: they study to obtain it for them by every means in their power, and they pay for it most cheerfully. The former class again grasp at every benefit which the charitable institutions of the place have provided for the poor. When, for example, medical

attendance is given them gratuitously, they not unfrequently despise and refuse it, unless medicines are given them gratuitously also. Whereas the latter description of families are not only ready and willing to pay for medicines when prescribed to them, but they generally manifest much gratitude, and very often present their medical attendant with a small fee.

"Now it is among the former class of families where generally there appears to me to be a deficiency of wholesome food and of warm clothing; where contagious, febrile diseases are most commonly found; and from whence they are most extensively propagated. Fever is no doubt found among the latter, more frugal, and therefore better-conditioned families; but seldom of that malignant, contagious character which it invariably assumes among the other class of families. Here, then, we have on the one hand, filth, destitution, and disease, associated with good wages; and on the other, cleanliness, comfort, and comparative good health, in connexion with wages which are much lower. The difference in the amount of their incomes does not account for the difference in the amount of comfort which is found existing among the working classes."

The argument for a low rate of wages, drawn or insinuated from these facts, we conceive quite fallacious. Wages can never be too high, if properly managed.

There is no section of the Report that merits deeper study than that headed *Effects of Noxious Physical Agencies on the Moral habits of the Population.* The illustrations, and direct proofs, are numerous, and are collected from many different quarters and classes of witnesses. All are painful: many are frightful. Mr. Chadwick thus ably sums up this section.

It would require much time and various opportunities of observation to attempt to make an exact analysis of the combined causes, and an estimate of the effect of each separate cause which operate to produce the masses of moral and physical wretchedness met with in the investigation of the condition of the lowest population. But it became evident, in the progress of the inquiry, that several separate circumstances had each its separate moral as well as physical influence. Thus, tenements of inferior construction had manifestly an injurious operation on the moral as well as on the sanitary condition, independently of any overcrowding. For example, it appears to be matter of common observation, in the instance of migrant families of work-people who are obliged to occupy inferior tenements, that their habits soon become "of a piece" with the dwelling. A gentleman who has observed closely the condition of the work-people in the south of Cheshire and the north of Lancashire, men of similar race and education, working at the same description of work, namely, as cotton-spinners, mill hands, and earning nearly the same amount of wages, states that the workmen of the north of Lancashire are obviously inferior to those in the south of Cheshire, in health and habits of personal cleanliness and general condition. The difference is traced mainly to the circumstance, that the labourers in the north of Lancashire inhabit stone houses of a description that absorb moisture, the dampness of which affects the health, and causes personal uncleanliness, induced by the difficulty of keeping a clean house. The operation of the same deteriorating influences were also observable in Scotland; and it may be illustrated by several instances which I have met with in the course of my own personal inquiries.

One of the circumstances most favourable to the improvement of the condition of an artisan or an agricultural labourer, is his obtaining as a wife a female who has had a good industrial training in the well-regulated household of persons of a higher condition. The following instance of the effect of the dwelling itself on the condition of a female servant when married, was brought to my notice by a member of the family in which they had been brought up. One was of a young woman who had been taught the habits of neatness, order, and cleanliness most thoroughly as regards household work.

"Her attention to personal neatness," says a lady who is my informant, "was very great; her face seemed always as if it were just washed; and with her bright hair neatly combed underneath her snow-white cap, a smooth white apron, and her gown and handkerchief carefully put on, she used to look very comely. After a year or two, she married the serving man, who, as he was retained in his situation, was obliged to take a house as near his place as possible. The cottages in the neighbourhood were of the most wretched kind, mere hovels built of rough stones and covered with ragged thatch. There were few even of these; so there was no choice, and they were obliged to be content with the first that was vacant, which was in the most retired situation. After they had been married about two years, I happened to be walking past one of these miserable cottages, and as the door was open, I had the curiosity to enter. I found it was the home of the servant I have been describing. But what a change had come over her! Her face was dirty, and her tangled hair hung over her eyes. Her cap, though of good materials, was ill-washed and slovenly put on. Her whole dress, though apparently good and serviceable, was very untidy, and looked dirty and slatternly; everything indeed about her seemed wretched and neglected, (except her little child,) and she appeared very discontented. She seemed aware of the change there must be in her appearance since I had last seen her, for she immediately began to complain of her house. The wet came in at the door of the *only room*; and when it rained, through every part of the roof also, except just over the hearth-stone; large drops fell upon her as she lay in bed, or as she was working at the window: in short, she had found it impossible to keep things in order, so had gradually ceased to make any exertions. Her condition had been borne down by the condition of the house. Then her husband was dissatisfied with his home and with her; his visits became less frequent; and if he had been a day labourer, and there had been a beer-shop or a public-house, the preference of that to his home would have been inevitable, and in the one instance would have presented an example of a multitude of cases.

"She was afterwards, however, removed to a new cottage, which was water-tight, and had some conveniences, and was built close to the road, which her former mistress and all her friends must constantly pass along. She soon resumed, in a great degree, her former good habits, but still there was a little of the *dawdle* left about her; the remains of the dispiritedness caused by her former very unfavourable circumstances."

I visited some other dwellings not far from the one above described, and met with another instance of a female who had been brought up as a servant in a well-ordered house, and who, for her station, had received a very excellent religious and moral education. Before her marriage she had been distinguished by the refinement with which she sung national airs, and for her knowledge of the Bible and of the doctrines of her church. Her personal condition had become of "a piece" with the wretched stone undrained hovel, with a pigstye before it, to which she had been taken. We found her with rings of dirt about her neck, and turning over with dirty hands Brown's Dictionary, to see whether the newly-elected minister was "sound" in his doctrine. In this case no moral lapse was apparent, but the children were apparently brought up under great disadvantages.

Some inquiries from *Mr. Liddle*, the medical officer of the Whitechapel Union, as to the condition of the work-people he visited in such places as he has described, brought to notice another indirect effect of the external as well as the internal condition of the dwelling on their domestic economy and general condition.

It appeared that the persons whom he visited for the purpose of administering medical relief, were men earning, when in work, from 16s. to 20s. per week, the usual earning proportionably. Yet whenever they were subjected to the frequent attacks of sickness which prevailed

mongst them, they were in the most wretched destitution: the house was bare of everything; they had no rovisions and no credit; and their need for relief was ost imminent. In answer to the inquiry how this was be accounted for, inasmuch as with agricultural laourers, who earned little more than half that sum, and aid nearly as much for their food, in visiting their ttages with their ministers, I had commonly observed me store of provisions; Mr. Liddle stated, that in such laces as those in his district, in such atmospheres, a ore of provisions would not keep: everything decayed pidly, and the work-people consequently lived "from and to mouth." On inquiring as to this fact from a spectable butcher, accustomed to sell meat to persons ving in such situations, he stated that—

"Meat sold on Saturday night, in hot weather, to poor ople, who have only one close room, in which they ep, and live, and cook, will certainly turn before the nday morning; when, if it were kept in the butcher's op, or in a well-ventilated place, it would be in as od a condition on the Monday morning. There is a reat deal of loss of meat in consequence of the want of ntilation and bad condition of the dwellings of the orer classes. The butter kept in such places sooner comes rancid, and the bread dry and disagreeable."

Here, then, we have from the one agent, a close and olluted atmosphere, two different sets of effects; the ne set here noticed engendering improvidence, expense, nd waste,—the other, the depressing effects of external nd internal miasma on the nervous system, tending to ieite to the habitual use of ardent spirits; both tending precipitate this population into disease and misery.

The familiarity with the sickness and death constantr present in the crowded and unwholsome districts, apears to react as another concurrent cause in aggravaon of the wretchedness and vice in which they are lunged. Seeing the apparent uncertainty of the morow, the inhabitants really take no heed of it, and abanon themselves with the recklessness and avidity of ommon soldiers in a war to whatever gross enjoyment omes within their reach. All the districts I visited, here the rate of sickness and mortality was high, preented, as might be expected, a proportionate amount of evere cases of destitute orphanage and widowhood; and he same places were marked by excessive recklessness f the labouring population. In Dumfries, for example, is estimated that the cholera swept away one-eleventh art of the population. Until recently, the town had not ecovered the severe effects of the visitation, and the conition of the orphans was most deplorable. Amongst oung artisans who were earning from 16s. to 18s. a-week, was informed that there were very few who made any eserves against the casualties of sickness. I was led to sk the provost what number of bakers' shops there ere? "Twelve," was his answer. And what number f whisky-shops may the town possess? "Seventyine" was the reply. If we might rely on the inquiries ade of working-men when Dr. Arnott and I went hrough the wynds of Edinburgh, their consumption of pirits bore almost the like proportion to the consumion of wholesome food. We observed to Captain Stuart, he superintendent of the police at Edinburgh, in our nspection of the wynds, that life appeared to be of little alue, and was likely to be held cheap in such spots. He stated, in answer, that a short time ago a man had een executed for the murder of his wife in a fit of assion in the very room we had accidentally entered, nd where we were led to make the observation. At a hort distance from that spot, and amidst others of this lass of habitation, were those which had been the cenes of the murders by Burke and Hare. Yet amidst hese were the residences of working-men engaged in egular industry. The indiscriminate mixture of workeople and their children in the immediate vicinity, and ften in the same rooms with persons whose character vas denoted by the question and answer more than once xchanged, "When were you last washed?" "When was last in prison," was only one mark of the entire legradation to which they had been brought. The working classes living in these districts were equally marked by the abandonment of every civil or social regulation. Asking some children in one of the rooms of the wynds in which they swarmed in Glasgow what were their names, they hesitated to answer; when one of the inmates said, they called them ———, mentioning some nicknames. "The fact is," observed Captain Miller, the superintendent of the police, "they really have no names. Within this range of buildings I have no doubt I should be able to find a *thousand* children who have no names whatever, or only nicknames, like dogs." There were found amidst the occupants, labourers earning wages undoubtedly sufficient to have paid for comfortable tenements; men and women who were intelligent, and, so far as could be ascertained, had received the ordinary education which should have given better tastes, and led to better habits. My own observations have been confirmed by the statement of Mr. Sheriff Alison, of Glasgow, that in the great manufacturing towns of Scotland, "in the contest with whisky, in their crowded population, education has been entirely overthrown."

It is to be regretted that the coincidence of pestilence and moral disorder is not confined to one part of the island, nor to any one race of the population. The overcrowding and the removal of what may be termed the architectural barriers or protections of decency and propriety, and the causes of physical deterioration, in connexion with the moral deterioration, are also fearfully manifest in the districts in England, which, at the time to which the evidence refers, were in a state of prosperity.

The *Noxious Agencies* are farther illustrated by the happy contrast presented by the working-people who occupy better dwellings in better-cleansed neighbourhoods. A gentleman who has had considerable experience in managing large numbers of the manufacturing population, told Mr. Chadwick that in every case of personal and moral improvement the first successful step was removing the parties from the ill-conditioned neighbourhood in which they had been brought up; and when a young workman married, interfering to provide him a better residence apart from his fellows, in order to prevent the condition of his wife from being brought down to the common level, and the marriage from becoming a source of wretchedness.

That something more than casual charity, however liberal, is required to improve the condition of the degraded part of the population required no proof; but the mischievous consequences of indiscriminate voluntary benevolence, may still demand illustration. On this head Mr. Chadwick states—

Benevolent persons, viewing the bare aspect of some of the most afflicted neighbourhoods, have raised subscriptions for the purchase of furniture, bedding, and blankets, for the relief of the inmates; but by this pecuniary aid they have only added fuel to the flame: that is, they have enabled the inmates to purchase more ardent spirits. The force of the habit, which is aggravated by misdirected charity, is indicated in the following instances, of which one was mentioned to me by the *Rev. Whitwell Elwin*:—

"I was lately informed, by a master tailor of Bath, that one of his men, who had earned £3 a-week at piecework for years, had never, within his knowledge, possessed table, chairs, or bedding. I found the statement, on examination, to be strictly true. Some straw on which he slept, a square block of wood, a low three-legged stool, and an old tea-caddy, are the complete inventory of the articles of a room, the occupier of which, with only himself and his wife to maintain, was wealthier than many in the station of gentlemen. He had frequently excited lively compassion in benevolent individuals, who, supposing that he was struggling for very existence, furnished him with a variety of household goods, which were regularly pawned before a week was

out, and afforded to the superficial observer fresh evidence of the extremity of his distress. The cause of all this is quickly told: the wife was to be seen going to and fro several times a-day with a cream-jug of gin, and to gratify this appetite, they had voluntarily reduced themselves to the condition of savages. I could add numerous instances of a similar kind. Indeed, were a stranger to go through the town, and judge only from the appearance of things, I am convinced that he would select his examples of greatest privation not from the really poor, but from men who were in the receipt of more than 30s. a-week. Charity, which when prompted by pure motives, always blesses him that gives, does not always bless him that takes. I am afraid that the indiscriminate adoption of dirt and rags as a test of poverty, especially in a town like Bath, where private charity prevails on an extensive scale, operates as a premium upon ill habits, and as a discouragement to cleanliness, and leads many to affect a vice which was not habitual to them. . . . In the course of an examination which I took, under the Poor Law Commission of Inquiry, from the late *Mr. Walker*, the stipendiary magistrate of the Thames Police Office, he observed, in respect to cases of apparent destitution :—

"Casualties occurring among the indigent or profligate are at all times liable to be represented as cases resulting from the neglect of the proper authorities. Some time ago in going round the parish of Whitechapel with the church-wardens, during service-time, we entered an old building in Rosemary Lane, for which there was then no owner. The stairs were so dark and ruinous that though it was mid-day we were obliged to have a candle, to enable us to go up to them: the first floor was the receptacle of every description of filth. We entered one room, in which we found two half-naked dirty children; their mother lay in one corner on some dirty straw, covered only with a sack. There was no furniture nor other articles in the place, except a fagot of wood and a few broken plates, a basket of skate, and some sprats strewed on the floor. This woman was a fish-hawker, a business by which, in all probability, she gained enough to have made her extremely comfortable, but she preferred an alternation of great privation and profligate enjoyment. Had she accidentally died in this state, here would have been a scene of misery, and a case of excitement for the philanthropists! In our district there are other premises under similar circumstances, all of which are tenanted by persons of the very lowest grade; and it is surprising, considering the state in which they live, that unaccountable deaths, having the semblance of starvation, do not take place amongst them. From what I have observed of these places, I am fully convinced, that if shambles were built on any spot, and all who choose were allowed to occupy them, they would soon be occupied by a race lower than any yet known. I have often said that if empty casks were placed along the streets of Whitechapel, in a few days each of them would have a tenant, and these tenants would keep up their kind, and prey upon the rest of the community. I am sure that if such facilities were offered, there is no conceivable degradation to which portions of the species might not be reduced. Allow these tub-men no education, and you would have so many savages living in the midst of civilisation. Wherever there are empty houses which are not secured, they are soon tenanted by wretched objects; and these tenants continue so long as there is a harbour for them. Parish officers and others come to me to aid them in clearing such places. I tell the police and the parish that there is no use in their watching these places: that they must board them up if they would get rid of the occupants. If they will give the accommodation they will get the occupants. If you will have marshes and stagnant waters, you will there have suitable animals; and the only way of getting rid of them is by draining the marshes."

The *Rev. Whitwell Elwin* observes upon this subject that

"All who know the lower classes will testify that the last want felt by the dirty is cleanliness, that their last expenditure is on the comforts of their home. Two winters ago, I found a painter whose bed was without blankets, whose room was without furniture, who was destitute even of the ordinary utensils of civilized life, whose floor was covered with worse filth than that of the streets: I found this man at dinner with a roast loin of pork stuffed with onions, a Yorkshire pudding, a large jug of ale, cheese, and a salad. I will undertake to say, that half the gentlemen in Bath did not sit down on that Sunday to so good a dinner."

These may seem harsh statements; but the true question is, Are they correct? The grand panacea for all these ills is imagined to be *Education*. "Educate the people"—"Give them education;" is the prevailing cry, in which we heartily join; yet what kind of education—what system of teaching reading, writing, accounts, and catechisms, is to counteract the foul influences and agencies described in this report? The removal of the physical barriers to improvement must be the first step, if any efficient or permanent amelioration of the condition of the inferior population, and even of the higher order of work-people, is seriously contemplated.

It is usual to impute the extreme degradation in which a part of the population is found in the large manufacturing towns to the example and the influx of the Irish. But whatever remote effect this may have had in reducing the wages of labour, and breaking down good habits, the Scotch and English of the most debased class are actually found in a worse condition than the lowest of the Irish. There is an excuse or palliation for them, offered by Mr. Chadwick, who, to a considerable extent, imputes the use of ardent spirits, and the prostration of the education and moral habits for which the Scotch labourers were formerly distinguished, "to the surrounding physical circumstances, including bad ventilation." The Irish are treated with justice in the Report. Dr. Cowan of Glasgow stated, "that from ample opportunities of observation, they appeared to him to exhibit much less of squalid misery, and addiction to the use of ardent spirits, than the Scotch of the same grade;" and instances were cited to the gentlemen conducting the inquiry, where the Irish were preferred for manufacturing employment "on account of their superior steadiness and docility." In the great flax factories, the Irish were also obtaining a preference "on account of their regular habits."

Attention is drawn, in some of the local reports, to the dangerous and inflammatory state of mind in which the degraded part of the population in the colliery and mining districts are found, which has received a certain degree of confirmation from the late outrages. These ignorant and ferocious men call themselves *Chartists*, and seem to regard the Charter as a right to make vengeful reprisals on their masters, and all who possess property, or, in short, to plunder. Fortunately this, as it is the most stupid portion of the working population, is also but an inconsiderable fraction of it.

We have but entered upon this most important volume, and shall deem it a duty to return to it again and again. The strong case which it makes out must carry conviction to thousands. And it contemplates nothing visionary, nothing impracticable, or which the most bigoted political partisans need differ about.

LINE BERGMANN'S LOVERS.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF A BELIEVER IN DREAMS.

——An event which occurred this Spring (1832) in the family history of my stout friend Bergmann, may be worth relating. I had fallen in love with his little daughter Caroline during my former visit, when she was a child of ten years old, and remembered this when I returned to Munich, and found her a lovely girl of eighteen, surrounded by admirers. Amongst these, it seemed strange to encounter several youths belonging to the university; and what amused me most, was to see that Bergmann, himself as innocent of letters as Mons. Jourdain, seemed to favour them more than any others. Some persons, indeed, are disposed to over-value those gifts of which they are destitute: but I suspect that the true reason here, was the natural affinity which appears to subsist between the Bavarian scholar and Bavarian beer, the production of which had been the business and glory of Bergmann's life.

In most university towns the student seldom finds access to the families of the towns-people, but affects to belong to a separate order, and denounces all citizens under the hostile name of Philistines. Every Bursch, of course, has a mistress, as well as a pipe and a schläger; but she is either some maiden far away at home, or the Röschen of humbler class in the city where he studies; a chance acquaintance, exacting none of the restraints of formal society, nor requiring that his arbitrary galligaskins and horrid locks shall yield to the costume of balls and "*singing-teas.*" The most heroic of the class would think it an indignity to be accused of a hankering after Philistine maidens; and as every one under the years of discretion is a hero, or would be thought one, it follows that this kind of devotion is not much encouraged by the *esprit de corps* of the universities. The German student is not often rich, and, in general, his settlement in life has to be sought after the close of his academic career: at this season he is rarely able to woo in earnest, and it is therefore well that he does not commonly think of it. The burghers, on their parts, do not much invite the attentions of the students; especially those who are blessed with young wives, or pretty daughters: and the fair creatures themselves have too just a sense of their own value to be content without observances, which the Bursch will rarely submit to pay; and have a feminine preference for decorum and clean linen. Nevertheless, the *cordon sanitaire* which is drawn around these pretty creatures in university towns, is chiefly maintained by the vigilance of fathers and spouses, and by the rugged independence of student life.

This had been my experience of such cities as Tübingen, Halle, and Giessen; and it therefore surprised me to find so many as three students in Bergmann's house; forgetting, that in Munich the circumstances are totally different. The college here is of late origin, having been transplanted from Landshut some six years only before I returned; and there are no traditional feelings to insulate the students as a class, nor any means for their assumption of much singularity or independence. They are lost in a gay capital, kept in very strict order, and are thankful for any notice from the wealthy burghers, especially when they are the owners of such roses as adorned the dwelling of my friend Bergmann in the Eiermarkt. Munich has now become the centre of modern German art, but had much longer been celebrated for the strength of its beer, and the prettiness of its young women. Herr Bergmann was the court brewer; and his only daughter, Caroline, the very crown and abstract of Munich beauty: unfortunately for her admirers, the saucy creature knew it but too well.

She was spoiled on all hands. Her mother was long since dead, and the charge of Bergmann's house had fallen upon an unmarried sister, older than himself,—the only aged spinster I ever knew without a particle of jealousy or prudishness,—a portly short-sighted jovial old creature, doatingly fond of her niece. Nature had made Caroline gay and capricious; and it may be imagined how this disposition flourished in a beauty and a pet, caressed by her father and Tante Ursel all day long; with a looking-glass, and twenty lovers to remind her that she had the brightest eyes, the finest neck, and the richest velvet lips of any maid in Munich. Yet under all her wilful ways, which were various, there lay unspoiled the sweet hearty nature which is an especial birthright of the good Bavarians. With me she could be reasonable and charming enough, and bestowed the most of her little defects upon her lovers, with whom she was volatile and saucy beyond measure;—not from malice, but in the abundance of youth and animal spirits, and that frolic enjoyment of life which makes filly foals skittish, and young kittens so amusingly mischievous.

Like all great brewers of whom history takes notice, from Odin and Cadwallader, down to Thrale and Sir Felix Booth, Papa Bergmann was prone to hospitality: and it was not difficult for the bachelors who admired his daughter at a distance, to gain admission to his table. The number of Caroline's adorers was thus kept on a most respectable footing; for although her old lovers were soon taught to despair, and laughed out of the field, there was a perpetual succession of new ones to supply their places. Such was her establishment of beaux who frequented the house by invitation, or sighed for the honour of her hand at the city assembly balls. But in addition to this wavering nimbus of admiration, I found her attended more closely by three satellites, who circulated in Bergmann's house on less ceremonious terms. These were the students above-mentioned, whose proceedings I soon began to watch with some curiosity and amusement; for each of the

three evidently was, or believed himself to be, at times the object of Line's capricious preferences; and she seemed to find it excellent sport to play with them in her idle moments, as a cat will with a mouse; but she had the gift of keeping all three in torment at the same time.

Two of them had been recommended to her father as sons of honoured customers at a distance, who dealt with Bergmann for beer. Dummhart was from Bremen; a broad-faced, assiduous, bony person, with a burr in his throat like the drone of a bagpipe, and a pair of awkward red hands; *an reste*, a vociferous, good-humoured fellow, on excellent terms with himself, and prone to believe that he was admired by the gentler sex. The other, Schindesel, from Berlin, was rather sallow and priggish, with a nose of unusual length and small elevation, ending in a pert-looking knob; he spoke with his teeth closed, was curious in his dress, and condescending, as one that came from a capital of vast pretensions. He was older than Dummhart, and studied medicine and the natural sciences; concerning which he was apt to be tedious, in the hope of making Line into a natural philosopher—Heaven save the mark! How the third, Von Callenberg, had fallen into the circle, I never learned. His family dwelt in a crazy old castle in Rhenish Bavaria, and claimed kindred with those hot-blooded Guelfs who were a terror to the Marchers in the fifteenth century. In their position it is not likely that any beer-transactions could have taken place with the good Bergmann; and the acquaintance was probably brought to pass by some third party. You could not see him in the Bergmann group without feeling that he was an alien there. At the time when my observations commenced, he was excessively slender and boyish-looking: and it was only in speaking that his features showed any of the fire and character that announce manhood. By his figure, and the smoothness of his cheek, any one would have supposed him two years younger than his real age; his manners, too, had all the petulance of boyhood, although more civilized than those of the other two. In dancing and other exercises he greatly excelled—was said to be clever; but, in his way, was quite as volatile as Line. He professed to study Roman law; but in reality did little but ride and ramble about; devising all manner of strange pranks—besides whispering cantos of fanciful nonsense into Caroline's pretty ears. Between the two there was a perpetual warfare; but I thought there was more earnest on Callenberg's side than on hers. He seemed hardly man enough for a girl's first fancy; and, altogether, his chance might be considered a bad one.

Meeting frequently at Bergmann's house, the three students rather fell into the habit of associating at other times, than became intimates from choice. In mature age a man may be known by his companions; but it is not so with the chance connexions of youth. Here, for instance, there was hardly a single point of resemblance between the companions, except that each belonged to the college, and admired my friend Caroline. In the latter circumstance, indeed, there was no great promise of their union enduring long; but no rivalship openly disturbed it while each, in turn, received his share of smiles and slights, and, on the whole, had neither any cause for triumph, nor the least occasion for jealousy. In this pacific state the intercourse went on for a while; but every day made the impression of Line's beauty, and the captivation of her charming caprices, more serious; and as the admirers rapidly rose into lovers, they began to feel all the anxieties and suspicions which belong to Passion, and occupied themselves as much with watching each other as with paying court to her. They still met, and walked together as usual, but more from habit than anything else; and in Caroline's presence their concealed jealousy broke out in little fretful remarks, and attempts to mortify and confuse, which afforded her infinite sport, and were not allowed to languish for want of occasion.

If Aunt Ursel could have seen all that passed, (and, from her dim sight and drowsiness, the most of it escaped her,) she would never have thought of interrupting it, so long as her favourite seemed to find it amusing. She assented to every plan—approved of every admirer—and sate smiling and looking on, muttering to herself, now and then, in her broad Münich dialect, "Wait a little, said the snow:" "young blood runs fast—young blood is tamed at last,"—and other sentences of the kind; of which the meaning was not very apparent to any one but herself. The portly brewer thought it quite becoming that his daughter should be much sought after, as his ale had always been: his notions had been acquired in that good old time when the love-making of young people in the burgher class of Germany, was thought as natural and innocent as dressing or eating their dinners; and not, as with us, a thing to be shunned as an immodesty and a crime. He saw no wrong whatever in the homage paid to his darling's beauty, of which he was himself so proud; had no idea that it was possible for her to do anything at which he should be angry or grieved; and supposed, that after she had coquetted and played at hide-and-seek with her lovers until she was tired, the comedy would end in due time with a marriage; to which he had no objection in life, provided she was not taken away from him. As for the three students, they seemed to be *ordentlichen Jungens;* and any one of them that pleased Line would be sure to please him. As for riches, he had, like the old man in the comedy, "ten thousand pounds to bury him, and could afford to have his humour." A more complacent papa certainly never encouraged the wilfulness of a capricious beauty.

Bergmann was quite able to feel, too, that these admirers of his daughter were superior in education and society to those of his own class whom he met elsewhere. The presence of Caroline, of course, made each ambitious of appearing to the utmost advantage; and it was a great addition to his evening's entertainments to partake of her audiences, (which, on some excuse or another, took place every second or third day,) and sit by, discussing frequent pipes of *knaster*, while three lively and well-educated young fellows were vying who

ıould best amuse his fair daughter; she, by her ›irit and vivacity, maintaining the supremacy ver them all; and Aunt Ursel, so long as she was wake, breaking in at intervals with a kind of horus to the extempore drama. He declared that, ıking into account the use of his own grandfather-hair, and other house comforts, it was better than n evening at the Iserthor theatre; and that Cal-nberg, especially, made him laugh as often as taberl. I really used to think that Bergmann ıjoyed the whole even more than the other several ıembers of the company, who were too intent on ıeir individual parts, and rather eager than leased. But this very excitement is, in itself, to ıe young, a priceless charm, far exceeding the leasures of soberer people.

The ease and gaiety of these meetings, however, egan to fall off sadly, when the students, as I ave already hinted, came to feel the approaches f Passion. The frank cheerfulness which had xisted amongst them gave place to suspicion; ney rarely addressed each other in Line's pre-nce; and innuendoes and sarcastic hints dis-arbed the mirth of the company. Then he who hought another more favoured on one occasion, ppeared moody and silent the evening after; his again was to be punished by some mark of ine's displeasure, or removed by a sign of grace, hich was a torment to the others. All, indeed, as very much subdued; for Line allowed of no ebellion, and kept her subjects in admirable order; ut still the charm was broken:—the careless ierriment of a few months back had disappeared or ever; and Bergmann, forgetting that all were ot, like himself, placid spectators, was annoyed y the change, without at first clearly understand-ng its natural cause. In proportion as it became ess amusing, did he look with less indulgence on he wooing, and gradually wakened to a percep-ion that it could not peaceably continue on its resent footing. Moreover, Line was growing uite a woman, and had as yet shown no inten-ion whatever of making up her mind, although er beauty, and gay spirits, and her many admirers oo, had been the talk of the neighbours for more han a twelvemonth. These considerations at ast induced Papa Bergmann to think it time that is daughter should look more seriously at the uestion; and that some understanding should re-ulate the visits of the amorous students, who now, n one pretext or another, found their way round he corner of the Weingasse nearly every evening. Ie fancied that she was perhaps only wanting some oberer counsel to aid her in choosing a lover; and ost no time in offering his own, with suitable ad-ice on the propriety of her being now betrothed o some one. But Line seemed utterly amazed at he proposal; first laughed, and then pouted,—vondering that Papa could think it possible that he could give her heart to any man; and express-ng the uttermost scorn of her admirers, all and undry. The students, she supposed, had been 'apa's guests, and were of no interest in her eyes, xcept as they occasionally served to amuse him; ut for this, she averred, their absence would be n exceeding relief to her. A reply so unexpected was too much for even Bergmann's indulgence; and he declared, with some heat, that the young fellows had all been courting her with the utmost violence for months, as she well knew; and that, unless she could now make a choice amongst them, it would be his duty to restrict their visits for the future. Line only answered that she begged Papa would do so; but her heightened colour, and the quick motion of her breast, as it bent over her work, showed how much she had been disturbed by the hasty proposal. The old gentleman, who was not exactly the person to succeed in confessing a coy, wilful damsel, retired, no little puzzled; and after long rumination over a pipe and some measures of extraordinary *doppel bier*, decided that, whether her reluctance was real or affected, it would be expedient to put his threat into execution.

While this catastrophe, as I may say, was *brewing*, the lovers were each indulging in dreams of future success. Dummhart, because she laughed at him the oftenest, and he had heard that this was a good sign; besides which, he secretly believed himself a lady-killer. Schindesel relied on his intellectual gifts; and Callenberg thought he should succeed, because he could not bear the idea of losing her: so prone we are to hope the most when the only ground for hope is the fear of its disappointment! The effect of the feeling in each was no bad indication of the several characters of the rivals. Neither Dummhart nor his Berlin friend was passionate enough to affect entire constancy, but both gladly received any comfort that circumstances and easier beauties might cast in their way. Schindesel, indeed, had all along been quietly spinning a kind of Platonic fringe to the tissue of his main love, with Sophie Behr, the daughter of Caroline's old music master, and as it happened, (although Schindesel knew nothing of this,) her closest female friend. The best intimacy between girls does not exclude such accidents: and so the wooer in the morning poured into Sophie's sympathizing ears the sighs which he had vainly breathed to Line the evening before; which sighs Sophie discreetly kept to herself. But Callenberg, who had eyes like a wild-cat, was also a pupil of old Behr's, and on friendly terms with his daughter, and soon detected this divided homage; which Schindesel regarded as a master-piece of amorous diplomacy, without caring how it might affect the happiness of poor Sophie, who seemed really to like him. As for Callenberg, he cared for no other woman but Line, or thought no one else worth the trouble of wooing:—indeed, it did not quite appear, whether it was not the pleasure of laughing, and teasing, and vying with her in strange fancies, that kept him even at her feet, more than any tenderer feeling. He made few professions of homage, and seldom refrained from qualifying his compliments with a jest or a little spice of satire: and so was constantly in disgrace, and often remained unforgiven for days together.

But all were unprepared for the determination which Bergmann now made known; and their confidence dwindled extremely, when it appeared that Line's dispositions towards them were to be

subjected to an immediate trial: and that if not absolutely banished from the house, they were forbidden to enter it uninvited, unless she could be won to give one of them the title of a permitted suitor. One after the other, they begged for a hearing, in order to present the important petition; but she would receive nothing in private, and only consented to grant a general farewell audience in aunt Ursel's presence. Of course it was impossible to be particularly moving under such disadvantages; and any courage that might have survived them would have given way before the smiling and saucy composure with which Line received her lovers. There was nothing, except, perhaps, a little higher colour on her cheek, from which one might have guessed that there was anything unusual in the interview;—and she gave the rueful petitioners no assistance whatever in opening the conference they had sought for. Dummhart, who had prepared himself for something tender, and Schindesel, who expected an occasion of relieving her maidenly embarrassment, were utterly confused, and could offer nothing better than common regrets and common adieus. Callenberg alone had looked for a sorry reception, and therefore was not wholly abashed by it.

He stood playing with Line's canary, until the rest had done their doleful parts; and then, sedately approaching her, took her hand, saying, with the utmost simplicity,—

"May not *I* come again?"

The unexpected manner of this question took her quite off her guard, and she could not help laughing heartily.

"Fie!" she said,—"you?—the idlest of all? Papa is quite concerned at your levity, as he tells me!"

"I was light-hearted till I knew you, Lady Caroline! but it is not fair to banish me for that: and you have the power of making all that leave your presence heavy enough!"

Here the other two sent up lamentable sighs by way of chorus.

"Really," Caroline replied, with an air of extreme innocence, "I am sorry that you are going; but Papa must know why: and I have no right to interfere with his guests—"

"I only ask leave to be yours!" said Callenberg, interrupting her.

"O! not for the world!" was the answer, with the prettiest air of scorn possible. "What an audacious proposal!—it is time indeed to send you away! Receive visiters whom Papa discards! Come—you wish to bid me good bye?"

"I do not, and will not," said Callenberg; "because I hope to see you again, after all."

"It is a bold hope, unless you are recalled with Papa's leave—and mine."

"Is that a defiance or a promise that sounds so unkindly?"

"Neither, or both!" Line replied hastily.

"Then I will take both," said Callenberg—"and try them too, whether you will or not!"

"At your peril—if ever I speak to you again—"

"Nay, my sweet enemy," interrupted Callenberg, "no rash words! I shall remember what you have said;—do not say what you might really wish forgotten—God bless you!"

So saying, he kissed her hand, and left the room, after shaking that of aunt Ursel, who had sate by in great restlessness while this scene was acting. The old lady kissed him heartily on both cheeks, and was about to have made some expostulation, but a glance from Caroline checked her. The other students followed Callenberg in silence, looking wofully crestfallen. He paused on the threshold for a last glance at Line; but she had turned her head, and covered her eyes with one hand—the hand he had kissed! And so the unsuccessful suitors took their departure. As Caroline entered her chamber that night, she said to herself, "I wonder if he will try?—it was very presuming in him to say so; and that he will find! But," she added, with something like a sigh, "he is so volatile:—in a week he will have forgotten all about it! How very dull it was this evening!"

On the next day the students met, as usual, in the *Schulgasse*, and in spite of their tacit agreement, could not help breaking out on the forbidden subject.

"We are all equal, at least," said Schindesel; "the girl is too haughty to confess a liking for any one: she will never sigh for love—she may for jealousy."

"Nonsense!" Dummhart cried; "she is only a little coy thing, and wants to try her suitors' constancy. I am content that she does." (Here he smiled with a self-satisfied air.) "But what says Callenberg after his open rejection?"

"Why," he replied, "I shall not hang my head and stammer, as you two did, when you should have spoken, if ever:—were I a lover, I would think of this, and boast less, Dummhart,—and scold less, Schindesel."

The latter bit his lip, but Dummhart answered quite unabashed.

"You are a novice in love, and little know how the emotion which she causes affects a maiden's heart!"

"Maids are very like butterflies, I think, friend Dummhart; they are not to be caught by puffing; and no one can tell why they alight, or where!"

"Speak for yourself," said the Bremen student; "I am a moss-covered head,* and know something of women. There was never a thing in petticoats (may fashion make them shorter!) that could deceive me. *Vixi puellis idoneus, et militavi non sine gloriâ.*"

"You boast too much for a hero," said the other, "and would tempt any girl that knew it to put you to the proof. But I will not betray you."

"It would be just like one of your page tricks" —observed Schindesel.

"Let him run on," cried Dummhart, "he will not have the opportunity. Girls, especially, love robust manhood—and have a liking for moustaches—"

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* *Vermoostes Haupt.* A student's slang term for one of a certain standing in the university.

"Even" interrupted Schindesel "when they are fox-red," (which was Dummhart's colour.) "But no conjuror could tell what Line Bergmann likes: she worships nothing but her own fancies."

"Well may she," said Callenberg; "they must be both bright and sweet;—you, my learned friends, being neither!"—and, without waiting for a reply, he turned into the cross street leading to his lodging.

"She might find worse," said Schindesel contemplatively, as he passed a shop, and surveyed himself in the mirror; but Dummhart was absorbed in the same pleasing study, and made no answer. From the time of this interview the students seldomer met, and a very few weeks dissolved the intimacy which had been made and kept up at Bergmann's.

In order to throw some light on the preceding conversation, it is proper to mention, that at the time, Dummhart and Schindesel had each been indebted to the compassion of aunt Ursel for a later private interview with Caroline. The good old lady thought they had been hardly treated, and helped to throw them successively in her way, on the same evening after they had been publicly dismissed. It may be supposed that they were more eloquent when *tête-à-tête*, than in the presence of other hearers: at all events they so far prevailed as to extort from Line a modification of her sentence; or rather what each regarded as a conclusive evidence of her favour.

Dummhart was allowed to proceed every Thursday to the third tree in the English garden; where, on condition of his faithfully remaining there until two hours after sunset, he might indulge a hope of seeing Line, nay, of speaking to her for some ten minutes, as she passed by with her maid, on the first moonlight evening which Papa should pass at the *Frohsinn* alone. Unluckily it was March,—the nights in the valley of the Iser at this season are dismally raw and rainy,—and Dummhart stood under the drip of the third tree for two mortal hours, on three Thursdays *running*, without a glimpse of moonlight, or, of course, of Line. He began to consult the almanack, and thought his task harder than he had supposed it could be; wondering why the Spring and his mistress were both so long in coming. Schindesel piqued himself on his style; and lived in the hope of a letter from Caroline—to which, of course, he would reply in a killing manner. And equally mindful of his scientific tastes, and of her maiden fears, she had promised to write with an infallible sympathetic ink of which he had formerly shown her the properties, and of which he alone, besides, possessed the secret. Daily did he visit the Post-office to ask for a letter with the feigned address agreed upon: at last he was delighted by the sight of an enclosure—evidently a double sheet. But some failure must have occurred in the composition of the ink—the acids he applied, and the heat in which he toasted the sheets for hours, were alike useless; the pages remained as white as at first! most tantalizing mischance, to hold so much enchantment in the hand and be unable to taste it! the worse, because in this first letter was to be given a direction for the way of sending a reply, which it was strictly forbidden to address to Bergmann's house, for fear of discovery! Again he reviewed the composition of the ink—pored over Schmidt *De praxi*, and Kohl's *Cryptographia*—but nothing he could do or learn would coax a single letter into sight. He was almost in despair—but again beset the Post-office; and, almost beyond his hopes, after a fortnight's persecution, again was blessed with a similar letter—and, alas! again tried his chemical arts on its concealed lines in vain!—The truth was, that the mischievous beauty was making excellent sport of both her admirers. And not of Callenberg too? Alas! he had not given her the least opportunity, or aunt Ursel the smallest trouble: but had reconciled himself to the banishment without farther appeal; and was said to be living as joyfully as usual, and did not even throw himself in the way of meeting Bergmann's fair daughter, at church or in market; nor was ever seen to pass round that corner of the Weingasse, commanded by the window at which Line was wont, as he well knew, to sit. Of this she could be in no doubt; because, as it happened, she had of late taken particular notice of that corner—merely from curiosity. She made the observation more than once to aunt Ursel; and seemed little pleased, I thought, that the good lady only shrugged her broad shoulders and made a rueful grimace whenever the subject was approached.

I was frequently at the house at this time, and could not but see that a blank had been made in it which all felt. Bergmann was disappointed at the effects of his interference, and missed the entertainment which he had learned to enjoy; but did not like to take back his word. Aunt Ursel openly lamented her niece's stiff-neckedness; wondering that she could not find enough to satisfy any reasonable damsel in some one of the "golden youths" whom she had sent empty away. And Line, too, although as lively as ever, found the want of some one who cared more for her airy caprices than either Papa or a sober married man like myself. She never confessed this; but it was betrayed by fits of silence, and little starts when a ring came to the door, and now and then something very like a sigh; all recent, and to me intelligible symptoms,—which grew more decided as the kindly Spring came onwards with its mysterious influences. As the weather grew warm, the evenings which used to be spent in the little home circle, were oftener passed, according to the custom of the Munich citizens, in some of the many places of open-air entertainment, with which the capital abounds. Here the two academic swains, Schindesel and Dummhart, hovered around Bergmann's little party, glad to receive a nod from Caroline as she passed on, without venturing to stop or speak to her, which had been prohibited until further orders. But Callenberg never was apparent; and it was impossible not to contrast his indifference with the assiduous patience of the two others. Yet, in reality, both at this moment were beginning to tire of feeding on Line's unfulfilled promises, and to think that all her beauty was little enough to justify such inveterate cruelty and caprice as it pleased her to exhibit.

I accompained Bergmann's family trio, one fine evening in May, to the Englischer Garten, which was now the chief resort of pleasure-seekers, and full of gaily-dressed people. As we paraded along the avenues, Line requested me to look for her friend Sophie Behr, who had promised to join the party with a cousin from Brunswick, newly-arrived, whom all were exceedingly curious to see, after the picture that Sophie had drawn of her talents and eccentric ways. Nothing, however, could be seen of the pair; my companion, who did not like to be disappointed, grew rather pettish; and on some slight pretext or other, (I believe she said I was growing prosy,) left me to the uninspiring society of Papa, and nestled under aunt Ursel's wing. In this order the party was settled in a kind of bosquet or arbour, commanding all that passed in the grand allée, but a little retired from it; the ladies modestly concealed in the leafy recess, and Bergmann and myself forming an advanced guard, before a table at which he smoked and I drank coffee—as the "knitters in *the shade*" declined my company. None of the many passers by who greeted Bergmann, and peered with longing eyes into the arbour, had any invitation to stay; and as the sun set amidst a warm twilight, and none of the party seemed inclined to talk, a kind of pleasant drowsiness, aided by the fumes of Bergmann's pipe and the hum of the passers-by, stole over all; and aunt Ursel indeed was fairly asleep, when the calm was broken by a hearty exclamation in front, in the broadest patois of the Streicher gasse.

"*Ach der Herr Bierbrauer!* there you are, God be praised! and we were seeking you amongst the paraders—there is Jungfer Linchen, too?" It was old Jette, father Behr's *factotum*, who held by the hand a smart young lady:—and proceeded to explain that Sophie had been kept at home by her father, who was ill; but that her cousin was loath to lose the pleasure which had been promised her, as she was to leave on the morrow, and had accordingly come under the guidance of the old body, with a line from Sophie to serve as an introduction. Having delivered this, she merely added: "And here is the Fräulein, who can say all the rest,"—and trotted off, as if she had business to perform elsewhere. Before Line could hasten to welcome the new acquaintance, who was embarrassed at being left so abruptly amongst strangers, Bergmann had laid down his pipe; seized upon her in his rude, hearty fashion, first by the hand, and then by the chin, and looking kindly in her face, exclaimed: *Ey was! ein festes, stattliches mädel!*" (she was indeed tall and good-looking,) and greeted her with a very emphatic kiss. She received it patiently, but with a kind of fretful grimace that I have often seen on pretty German lips, when kissed by *old* men. Let me here take occasion to remark, that amongst all classes (and even between males!) the practice of kissing prevails in Germany to an extent of which we have no idea here. Not only is the salute a common form of greeting, but it is much used, especially between girls, at pauses in conversation, and on very slight provocations, especially if men are looking on. Nor are the maidens quite so chary of their lips, to our sex, as those would like, who regard this sweet caress as the choicest token of a woman's fondness. However the wanderer may rejoice in such delicacies, I cannot say that I like to see a girl's lips made too cheap; and for this reason always in secret applauded my friend Line's coyness on this head. She would never suffer any man to kiss her; but used to say when teased about it, that whoever touched her lips with her will, took her heart upon them: and it pleased me to see at a Christmas game, when all the girls around were paying forfeits, with what a saucy dexterity she put up her hand when her turn came, and would not be persuaded to pay in any other fashion. It may have been merely one of her caprices; but if so, it was a very tempting one, and excusable for the sake of the pleasant ideas which it suggested: as I trust the present digression may be.

Line greeted the Fräulein more gently, and invited her to a seat at her side in the recess, where she soon lost her momentary confusion. I could not but overhear most of the discourse, as Bergmann had relapsed into silence. After a few commonplaces had been exchanged, more interesting topics were introduced, which the Fräulein attacked with such alternate spirit and wilfulness, that Caroline, accustomed to no caprices but her own, did not exactly know whether to be amused or affronted, but ended, by laughing heartily, in spite of herself. This seemed to have been the effect intended, for the Fräulein's vivacity increased. She jested, and asked the most pointed questions, with a simplicity only equalled by the frankness of her own confessions. There was no resisting a confidence so naïve and unbounded; and Careline, without well knowing why, found herself talking to her new acquaintance as if they had been intimate for years. From things the discourse soon turned to persons; and she had to describe every passer by whom she knew.

"And who are those objects," said the Fräulein,—it was Dummhart and Schindesel, who had lately come up separately, and, seeing Bergmann, bowed to the darkness, where Line sate unseen,—"occupying their solitary chairs, like dancing dogs who have been ordered to squat on their tails for practice till the master comes?—Ah! now I see," she ran on; "they are lovers of yours, for each has bowed a second time in this direction, and possesses a white handkerchief; the last an infallible sign of extremity in a student!"

"They are silly creatures," lisped Line; "but that is no fault of mine."

"They say we *are* liable for half the follies they commit," replied the young lady: "at least Sophie told me so this morning in a lecture on the extravagancies of her friend, young Callenberg, who, I believe, admires me. Did you ever see him?"

The reply to this question was not a prompt one; and I could hear Line start at the last words—a little start; but it did not escape me, for her pelisse rustled audibly.

"I may—one sees so many—perhaps—"

"*Perhaps!*" cried the Fräulein. "What a

roaster the man must be! He told me that he had ong known you; and once read me a catalogue of your charms and virtues, which he said ıe had worshipped, but that you turned him out ›f the temple one cold morning lately."

"He is very impertinent to name me at all," Line remarked pettishly.—The young lady, thought I, ıas struck a note at random, which promises to resolve the new-made harmony into a discord. But she answered unsuspectingly.

"Nay, *meine Beste*, you ought to forgive him, if I could, for praising you when he might have been flattering me."

"I would gladly make you a present of such praises, if you will accept them," Line retorted. "I can guess what they were—"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Not for the world—unless they were very absurd: I dare say they were."

"They were not unmixed, at least," replied the Fräulein: "he said you had too much beauty for a saint, and too much grace for a sinner; that more charming you could not be, but would be happier if you were poorer."

"That is paltry," interrupted the party described.

"Nay, he did not mean in florins—but in wit, and life, and spirits; which, he said, lead you in chase of butterflies when you have diamonds at home, which make you the richest heiress in Munchen; but you do not know it."

"What contradictory nonsense!" cried Line. "I have no diamonds, either figuratively or in reality."

"He said you had; and a pearl, too! a heart-shaped one, but had thrown it away. And I suppose, from what I hear, it will be bestowed as *sponsa Christi*. Where do you mean to take the veil? The Lieb-frauen kloster has the best choir: let me recommend that."

"I take the veil!" exclaimed Line, with an accent of horror.

"Why, I thought the banishing of all your lovers a first-step to the convent: you are too young and pretty to be tolerated as a lay nun."

"It does not follow," said Line, with a toss of her head, "that I should turn nun because I despise some men who have neither sincerity nor constancy."

"Be just, I pray, if you mean poor Callenberg;" the Fräulein answered. "You have broken the boy's heart; and what wonder if he comes crying to me, who have known him since childhood, to see if he can get it mended? Would that I knew how!"

"O, I have no doubt of your knowledge or of your success," said Line, with some asperity.

"Do not mistake me—I have no love to spare for him; all I have has long been another's." This was said with a tone of feeling and seriousness that made Line involuntarily seize the Fräulein's hand, and press it softly. She continued: "But one feels for an old acquaintance—a well-meaning youth, too—although unfortunate in his manners, I allow."

"Do you think so?" said Line; "we always thought him gentler than his companions."

"Perhaps, but not to me: and then I like a livelier nature."

"Nay, do him justice, he was gay enough—though he was rather fond of making others laugh than of stupidly laughing at trifles, like the rest."

"Well," said the Fräulein—"I have seen him under a cloud—no trace of gaiety now, I promise you,—and he is looking uglier than ever."

"Ugly he never was!" Line replied, tartly; "if anything, he was too pretty for a man." The Fräulein laughed.—"Oh! now I see your treachery!"

"Forgive it! come, there is no denying it," said the Fräulein, taking both hands in her own—"I see—I see."

——Whether Line felt ashamed of the temper she had shown, or of the pretended discovery, or was softened by some hidden emotion, I cannot say—but she replied, "Hush! be still!"—and throwing her arms round the Fräulein's neck, closed her mouth with a kiss, the sound of which made my old lips water. Methought, what an eloquent and touching close to the sentence!

The Fräulein remained for some time silent, returning Line's embrace.

"Listen," she said at last. "I have been traducing your lover, for your sake—to say nothing of my own vanity. If I had said at first that he never told me a thought that was not yours, I might not have been able to tell him how wilful you have really been—"

"Tell him!" cried Line, "what would you tell him?—not for your life!"

"And will you be so perverse as to forbid me even hinting to Sophie, that you will not shut the door in his face if he pitifully besieges it?"

"You do not know all—papa will only allow it if—and I do not think he cares, indeed—"

"O! I think you are wrong there," interrupted the Fräulein.

"What!" Line exclaimed, "after threatening he *would* see and speak to me, whether I would or no: that was before Innocent's Day—and he has never even come near me since! Had he cared, he would have tried to fulfil his threat," she added plaintively.

"He told me he had; and meant to claim some pledge of yours in return: but I will not tease you any more on the subject."

"Stay a moment," cried Line, eagerly: "he has been jesting! What! did he say he had *spoken* to me? It may have been in his sleep!"

"No indeed—and I could tell you where."

"Where?—pray tell me!"

"Come nearer," said the Fräulein, "and I will whisper it, for I suspect that tiresome Englishman is listening,"—which, to say the truth, he was, with great amusement; while Bergmann and the good Ursel were comfortably snoring.

Line bent nearer to the Fräulein's lips; which were first most tenderly pressed to her cheek, and then said something in her ear, that made my pretty friend start to her feet with a cry, as if a bee had stung it.

"For God's sake," said the Fräulein, in a strange tone of the most eager entreaty; "do not discover it, and ruin me!" and for a moment, holding Line's hands in one of hers, she laid the other on her lips.

The agitation of both was extraordinary; and I expected some notable disclosure, in reply to the puzzled inquiries of aunt Ursel and Bergmann, who had been wakened by the exclamation. But Line commanded herself and replied evasively,—a bat had suddenly flown past her; and she begged, as it was so late, that they might go home. All were ready for this, as the garden was nearly forsaken, the two lovers only keeping their cheerless posts, for the sake of bowing again as Line passed. She had begged Papa to take charge of the Fräulein, who passed on demurely with eyes cast down, in silence, while he gallantly strode in advance; and she herself clung to aunt Ursel's arm, refusing my attendance, which was bestowed on the skirts of the old Lady.

At the corner, as you cross the avenue leading to the Rumford monument, Bergmann, who walked rather unsteadily in the shade of the trees, trode down a drooping branch, which caught the Fräulein's dress, and, springing back to its position as they passed on, not only tore, but raised the drapery of the young lady considerably higher than the knee; and, as she walked in the moonlight, discovered to my utter amazement and amusement the foundation of an indisputable pair of black satin breeches—such as men wore at that time in gala costume! The couple in front moved on unconscious of the disclosure; and while I was ruminating upon it, and drawing sundry conclusions in my own mind, a suppressed tittering from the other side of aunt Ursel proved that I had not been the only discoverer: and in a few moments Line was seized with a fit of laughter so overpowering, that aunt Ursel stood still, thinking it an hysteric seizure, which, in part, perhaps, it was; for which reason I deemed it best to say nothing at the time. After a hearty fit, she regained tolerable composure, and kept it with some effort when they arrived at Sophie's door, and the Fräulein took leave of her, rather distantly, after receiving a second kiss from Papa Bergmann; at which Line held down her head, and pressed her handkerchief to her mouth.

The sequel I learned in a few days from Bergmann; but after what I had overheard in the arbour, I needed no one to tell me that the wearer of the breeches was a male, and that Callenberg was the person. So well, however, had he been dressed by Sophie's care, and so dexterously was his falsetto managed, that but for the accident with the beech-branch, I should never have suspected the cheat. And how did Line bear it?—At first angrily enough; but something pleased her at the same time in an enterprise which proved that she was not forgotten. Then it was so bold and unexpected, and had so completely deceived her! At this recollection, she smiled and frowned alternately; and then her cheeks grew burning red, and a strange emotion overcame her as she thought how they sate with arms interlaced in the arbour, and how she herself had kissed him! And how could she refuse to speak to him again, after the discovery that he had made of her thoughts, and the successful achievement of his promise? More than all this,—a little still voice, that had begun to make itself heard during his absence, pleaded on his behalf. But maiden pride is a wilful thing; and it first avenged itself on the accomplice, Sophie, who came next morning to bespeak a hearing for Callenberg *in propriâ personâ*.

"I protest," said Sophie, after waiting till the first heat of reproaches had subsided, "that I believe he would have killed me if I had refused him;—and what harm is done after all? You silly girl, if you will not know your own heart, you ought to thank any one for making it speak against your will."

"He shall gain nothing by it," Line cried; "I would rather acknowledge a regard which is accompanied with respect—like Dummhart's."

"You have at least one point in common," said Sophie, laughing: "the worthy bachelor took Callenberg for a woman—and followed you homewards—and has written the tenderest note! After you had gone, the Fräulein would needs take a run in the moonlight, and fell in with the poor goose, who was inveigled into a flirtation, and believes it is a maid fresh from Ratisbon. Here is the billet doux—imploring a second interview."

Line read, and bit her pretty lip, but could not help laughing. "I would give something," she said, "to witness the courtship. Well! I am free from *his* wearisomeness after this: his friend Schindesel——"

"*My* friend, dearest Line, if you please," simpered Sophie: "regard him in that capacity with more favour, than when he was one of your despised admirers."

"What do you mean?" cried Line, amazed to find a second card unexpectedly withdrawn.

"He had long trusted me with his anxieties; at first I listened on your account only:—and then—you know how you have played with his feelings—last night, I can assure you that his declaration quite surprised *me!*"

"It is very well," said Line, reddening; but feeling at the moment as if she would not be sorry to have a lover of her own, amidst all this defection.

At this moment the door opened, and aunt Ursel, peeping in, with a guilty face, and seeing that Bergmann was not there, gave entrance to Callenberg, saying, "Go, master Penitence, and make your peace, if you can." Sophie laughed, and ran out of the room, bolting the door behind her.

What passed in the *tête-à-tête* thus forced on poor Caroline, I cannot say: but it was a good hour before she knocked to be let out; and from the redness of her lips, it appeared that something had passed over them warmer than mere words. At all events, Callenberg had made his peace, so far as to be enabled to inform Papa Bergmann that the ban which exiled him from the house was broken. The old fellow, I believe, was as glad as any of the party, and looked forward to a merry household once more: and aunt Ursel nodded, and chuckled, and said that Line's time was come at last; whereat the young lady blushed and pouted, and said, "Have done!"

I found them all in radiant spirits, devising a meeting to be held between the false Fräulein and Dummhart, for the benefit of the family party. Line was the only one who made any objection:

ut she was overruled by the boisterous glee of ier father, who entered into the jest as keenly as f he had been himself a madcap of a student. He ad not quite digested the kisses which he had een seduced into giving on false pretences, and vidently rejoiced in the idea of turning the laugh pon some one else.

The trap was instantly set. Schindesel adroitly cquainted Dummhart with the residence of the air one at Behr's. Notes were sent and answered, nd the lover was permitted to call—being a tranger to Sophie—one evening when she should e from home. At the appointed time, radiant rith self-love and *huile de millefleurs*, Dummhart ppeared in the most shining varieties of his Bremen wardrobe. The room in which the räulein received him was not lighted, although was already twilight; and she looked most educing in a flowing muslin, and abundant ringets, which that morning had been the pride of Kräuse the fashionable barber's window. There as a door leading to an inner room, where, las! for the unfortunate student, the whole Bergmann party, with Sophie, and her father, were ssembled; and as it was only of glass, they heard very word that passed on the other side.

Callenberg had a beautiful falsetto, a gift not uncommon in deep voices, and imitated the female tones dmirably. Dummhart was delighted, but not urprised, at the rapid progress which his eloquence vidently made in the Fräulein's regard; and rom generals descended to particulars—the theme, f course, being love. The dialogue became animated and amusing; but Callenberg could not refrain from caricaturing the sensibility which he had o affect, so that an ordinary man would have suspected some mischief. Not so Dummhart; he ascribed it all to his own seductions, and was in raptures.

"*Ach! bestes Fräulein!*" he sighed, "to hear me's inmost thoughts reëchoed for the first time y a beautiful soul!"

"Sympathy! alas!" said the Fräulein; "it is fearful tie, unless intertwined with others!"

"What others can deserve to be so mingled?"

"Equal wishes—equal love—equal truth!" vas the languishing reply.

"Wishes!—love!—oh! that I might pour out mine at your feet!" sighed Dummhart, kissing the lady's glove: "and for truth, for constancy—"

"We all can bear witness," said Line, opening the glass-door, followed by the whole assemblage, bearing lights. Poor Dummhart, petrified by the surprise, and bewildered by the sudden glare, grew purple in the face; and still holding fast by Callenberg's hand, remained on his knees, gasping with open mouth, and staring at the intruders. After this rueful survey had lasted for half a minute at least, he turned to the disguised lady, with an expression so perturbed and sheepish, that Callenberg could no longer contain his mirth, but laughed loudly in his natural voice. At this portentous sound, Dummhart sprang up as if shot; while Schindesel, with one hand tearing off the false locks, and with the other opening the muslin robe, discovered to his rage and horror the features and dress of Callenberg. He uttered a deep "*Potztausend! der Spitzbub!*" and dropped into a chair.

"Come!" said Callenberg, "you are fairly caught; remember how you boasted of your skill in discoveries of this kind—and how you insisted on following me down the Winter-strasse. You said no woman could deceive you."

"Nay," said Line, interposing, "nor was there any woman here."

"Ah!" Dummhart replied, looking very red, "but there was at the tree in the Englischer Garten."

Line laughed, and answered—"Surely; but I never pretended to like you—"

"But I thought"—urged Dummhart—

"That I was feigning, and that this was a girl; whereas, this is a man, and I spoke the truth," said Line; and Callenberg, taking her hand, cried, "Come! you have companions; for I have deceived more than one in this dress."

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" shouted Bergmann; "and now let us pass into the other room, where all is ready for Line's betrothing."

V.

THE POET'S INSPIRATION.

Oh, thou! unequall'd on the lyre,
For love's lament or passion's fire;
Who stood in independence strong,
And struck the harp of lyric song,
When black misfortune's growing storm
Hung howling night around thy form,—
Why is heaven's desolating fire
The chiefest engine to inspire?

And thou, too, daring in thy youth
To wrench the dragon's venom'd tooth;
Alone, in yet accomplish'd time,
For vivid wit, intense sublime,
And burning beauty,—did not grief
Descend on thee, a noted chief,
And wrap thee in a burning curse,
And fuse thy fancies into verse?

Oh! who art thou that mak'st lament?
The strong bow is not idly bent!
The stricken eagle mad will soar
A height he never touch'd before!—
And thinkest thou the poet's art
Can speak the passions of his heart,
With half their vehemence and spell,
Ere grief has raked its deepest cell?

Let love—such love as poets feel!—
Into his heart insidious steal!
Then blight the flower, and bid him rend
Those roots that with his being blend;
And if there lurk poetic worth,
That harrowing pang will tear it forth,
And make intensest agony
His passport to eternity!

M. L.

PERCIVAL KEENE.*

Percival *Keen*-e is the antipodes of Peter *Simple;* and this conveys a great deal. Both are sea-boys, both tell their own stories, both run through an extraordinary course of vicissitude and adventure, and find nearly the same good fortune at last; but here the resemblance closes. Peter the beloved is the most open-hearted, unsuspecting and generous of fictitious heroes; *Perceive-all Keen*—a shrewd, knowing, getting-on fellow, with the most selfish disregard for everything below the sun, save his own interests and advancement.

Captain Marryat could not for a wager, or the greater temptation of a good round sum of copy-money, compose a dull story. Percival Keene, therefore, as a composition, if not his best, is among his best Tales. Besides several capital sea characters, (and land or *world* ones too,) it contains sea-fights, and wild and stirring adventures by flood and field, that are more powerful, in the tragic and horrible, than any of their author's previous sketches in the same characteristic style. And yet the book carries a deadly blight in its bosom. It must amuse,—part of it may even interest; but as a whole it ought not to please, and it will not. Human nature is too good, too generous a thing, at least in its pleasures, to relish a cold-blooded calculating hero, with whatever degree of intellectual ability, good-humour, and personal courage he may be endowed; or to sympathize with one so utterly and intensely selfish, that, from boyhood to manhood, from the time that we meet with him, a malicious imp in petticoats, until we part with him at the wonted goal—the hymeneal altar—is seen under the influence of but one passion, and that the paltry and ignoble ambition of being acknowledged as the illegitimate son of a cold-hearted seducer, who is—a man of family. Such a character is not only unsuitable for the fictionist's purpose, but false to nature; unless the base-born subject be originally a very bad subject indeed.

We must, however, accept of Percival Keene as a picture of life; a quiet, if unintentional satire on the "pleasant vices" of the world's high places, and the justice which its high-born sons dispense to its humble daughters.

The story opens at the mansion of a very wealthy and noble spinster in Hampshire, a Lady of the Manor, who entertains, in the ambiguous capacity of half-companion, half-menial, a young, thoughtless, and very pretty girl, fully conscious of her own charms, and excessively fond of admiration, who is the orphan daughter of the lady's late steward. Arabella Mason, from her attractions and position, was as much the natural prey, the object of *les droits de Seigneur*, to her lady's nephew, the Honourable Captain Delmar of his Majesty's Navy, as were the foxes and partridges which he came to Madeline Hall to hunt and shoot, while his ship cruised in the Channel. We can almost forgive the cardinal defect of the book for the sake of such hits as the following:—

The Honourable Captain Delmar, at the time I am speaking of, commanded a frigate employed upon what was designated channel service, which in those days implied that the captain held a seat in the House of Commons, and that he voted with the ministry; and further, that his vote might, when required, be forthcoming, the frigate was never sea-going, except during the recess. It must be admitted that H.M. ship Paragon did occasionally get under weigh, and remained cruising in sight of land for two or three days, until the steward reported that the milk provided for the captain's table was turning sour; upon which important information the helm was immediately put up, and the frigate, in a case of such extreme distress, would drop her anchor at the nearest port under her lee. Now, as the Paragon was constantly at Spithead, Captain Delmar was very attentive in visiting his aunt, who lived at Madeline Hall; ill-natured people asserted, because she had so fine an estate in her own gift. Certain it is, that he would remain there for weeks, which gave great satisfaction to the old lady, who liked her nephew, liked attention, and was even so peculiar as to like sailors. But it must be observed that there was another person at the mansion who also liked the captain, liked attention, and liked sailors; this was Miss Arabella Mason, the eldest daughter of the steward of the old Lord de Versely, brother to the Honourable Miss Delmar, and much respected by his lordship for his fidelity, and his knowledge of business in the transaction of which he fell, for he was felling trees, and a tree fell upon him.

By and by, Miss Arabella and the Captain were frequently seen together in the evergreen walk; and this continued, and scandal increased, until it chanced that Miss Bella was very often found in tears; on which the old butler and housekeeper shook their heads like responsive mandarins, and everybody guessed what was going forward save the noble spinster herself. She was inexpressibly shocked when Arabella, as the wife of Benjamin Keene, Captain Delmar's marine valet, having first demeaned herself by marrying a private, still farther disgraced herself and affronted her lady, by producing a son three months after the ceremony. Ben was equally surprised; but he was a quiet, tractable fellow, who did not care to quarrel with his bread and butter; and his honourable master talked the indignant spinster over, and smoothed matters. He acknowledged, it was true—

That Bella Mason might have done better; but she was his aunt's servant, and Keene was his valet, so that the disparity was not so very great. He then intimated that he had long perceived the growing attachment; talked of the danger of young people being left so much together; hinted about opportunity, and descanted upon morals and propriety. The Honourable Miss Delmar was softened down by the dexterous reasoning of her nephew; she was delighted to find so much virtue extant in a sailor; and, after an hour's conversation, the married couple were sent for, graciously pardoned, and Mrs. Keene, after receiving a very tedious lecture, received a very handsome present.

The virtuous captain was equally successful in pacifying his relative when the infant was born, while its presumed father (who had departed on a cruise immediately after his marriage) was still absent.

"Come, my dear aunt, allow me to plead for them;

* By Captain Marryat. 3 vols. Colburn.

although I am very much distressed that such an event should take place in your house. I think," added he, after a pause, "I shall give Mr. Keene seven dozen at the gangway, for his presumption, as soon as I return on board."

"That won't mend the matter, nephew," replied Miss Delmar. "I'll turn her out of the house as soon as she can be moved."

"And I'll flog him as soon as I get him on board," rejoined the captain. "I will not have your feelings shocked, and your mind harassed in this way, by any impropriety on the part of my followers—most infamous—shameful—abominable—unpardonable," interjected the captain, walking the quarter-deck up and down the room.

Ben was soothed, and Bella was forgiven; Miss Delmar, and her honourable nephew, stood sponsors for the premature young marine; a bantering groom was thrashed by the husband; and the young couple retired to Chatham, where Ben lived in barracks, and his wife was enabled to open a cigar shop and circulating library with the captain's handsome marriage-presents. If she had made one false and irretrievable step, her after conduct displayed great strength of character. She was reserved, prudent, and respectable. Mrs. Keene was the natural superior of the man who had degraded himself by marrying her; and she kept her natural place; the nominal husband being the mere appendage of the woman who had consented to bear his name only to conceal her own disgrace. The whole connexion points a highly useful moral; and that *Percival*, who tells his own tale, should be able to appreciate the character of his mother, and yet feel so coldly for her injuries and the injustice done her by the parent whose favour and countenance it became the great object of his life to obtain, is, in romance, not a little inconsistent.

She had been compelled to marry a man whom she despised, and to whom she felt herself superior in every respect; she had done so to save her reputation. That she had been in error is true, but situation and opportunity had conspired against her; and when she found out the pride and selfishness of the man to whom she was devoted, and for whom she had sacrificed so much; when her ears were wounded by proposals from his lips that she should take such a step to avoid the scandal arising from their intimacy; when at the moment that he made such a proposition, and the veil fell down and revealed the heart of man in its selfishness, it is not to be wondered, that, with bitter tears, arising from wounded love, anger, and despair at her hopeless position, she consented. After having lost all she valued, what did she care for the future? It was but one sacrifice more to make, one more proof of her devotion and obedience. But there are few women who, like my mother, would have recovered her position to the extent that she did. Had she not shown such determination; had she consented to have accompanied her husband to the barracks, and have mixed up with the other wives of the men, she would have gradually sunk down to their level: to this she could not consent. Having once freed herself from her thraldom, he immediately sunk down to his level, as she rose up to a position in which, if she could not ensure more than civility and protection, she was at all events secure from insult and ill treatment.

Such was the state of affairs when I had arrived at the important age of six years, a comic-looking, laughing urchin, petted by the officers, and as full of mischief as a tree full of monkeys.

Percival's mother, as may be supposed, had but one object in life, one engrossing passion,—the advancement of her child. After being fairly settled and thriving, she was joined by her mother and a younger sister.

The adventures and tricks of the boy when sent to a day school, taught by a certain learned Thaddeus O'Gallagher, are humorous and farcical enough, though like everything of the sort, from Roderick Random downwards, grossly caricatured. Percival played off mischievous tricks upon everybody; and in this way, one day set Bob, his bull-pup, upon a captain of the Navy, who had recently arrived in Chatham to join a new ship to which he had been appointed, entirely ignorant of the fact that here was settled and flourishing his old acquaintance Bella Mason and her only child, his name-son Percival. Ben Keene had shortly before been ordered to the East Indies, much to Mrs. Keene's secret contentment. Percival's prank, in which Tommy Dott, a little mischievous middy, had been "art and part," introduced the Honourable Captain Delmar to Mrs. Keene's shop in a rather abrupt way, and in a plight not the most dignified for a naval commander. In short, with an oakum tail fixed to his coat-collar, at which hung the bull-pup tugging with might and main.

Captain Delmar was, to use a sailor's term, completely taken aback; indeed he was nearly capsized by the unexpected assault. For a short time he could not discover what it was; at last, by turning his head over his shoulder, and putting his hand behind him, he discovered who his assailant was.

Just at that time, I called out "Mad dog! mad dog!" and Captain Delmar hearing those alarming words, became dreadfully frightened; his cocked hat dropped from his head, and he took to his heels as fast as he could, running down the street, with Bob clinging behind him.

The first open door he perceived was that of my mother's library; he burst in, nearly upsetting Captain Bridgeman, who was seated at the counter, talking to aunt Milly, crying out "Help! help!" As he turned round, his sword became entangled between his legs, tripped him up, and he fell on the floor. This unhooked the tail, and Bob galloped out of the shop, bearing his prize to me, who, with the little middy, remained in the street convulsed with laughter. Bob delivered up the tail, which I again concealed under my pinafore, and then, with a demure face, ventured to walk towards my mother's house, and, going in at the back door, put Master Bob in the wash-house out of the way; the little middy, who had picked up the captain's hat, giving me a wink as I passed him, as much as to say, I won't inform against you.

In the meantime Captain Delmar had been assisted to his legs by Captain Bridgeman, who well knew who had played the trick, and who, as well as aunt Milly, had great difficulty in controlling his mirth.

"Merciful heaven! what was it? Was the animal mad? Has it bitten me?" exclaimed Captain Delmar, falling back in his chair, in which he had been seated by Captain Bridgeman.

"I really do not know," replied Captain Bridgeman; "but you are not hurt, Sir, apparently, nor indeed is your coat torn."

"What dog—whose dog can it be?—it must be shot immediately—I shall give orders—I shall report the case to the admiral. May I ask for a glass of water? Oh, Mr. Dott! you're there, Sir; how came you to allow that dog to fasten himself on my back in that way?"

"If you please," said the middy, presenting his cocked hat to the captain, "I did draw my dirk to kill him, but you ran away so fast that I couldn't catch you."

"Very well, Sir, you may go down to the boat and wait for orders," replied the captain.

At this moment my mother, who had been dressing herself, made her first appearance, coming out of the back parlour with a glass of water, which aunt Milly

had gone in for. Perceiving a gold-laced captain, she advanced all smiles and curtsies, until she looked in his face, and then she gave a scream, and dropped the tumbler on the floor, much to the surprise of Captain Bridgeman, and also of aunt Milly, who, not having been at the Hall, was not acquainted with the person of Captain Delmar.

Just at this moment in came I, looking as demure as if, as the saying is, "butter would not melt in my mouth," and certainly as much astonished as the rest at my mother's embarrassment; but she soon recovered herself, and asked Captain Delmar if he would condescend to repose himself a little in the back parlour. When my mother let the tumbler fall, the captain had looked her full in the face and recognised her, and, in a low voice said, "Excessively strange,—so very unexpected!" He then rose up from the chair and followed my mother into the back room.

"Who can it be?" said aunt Milly to Captain Bridgeman, in a low tone.

"I suppose it must be the new captain appointed to the Calliope. I read his name in the papers, the Honourable Captain Delmar."

"It must be him," replied Milly; "for my sister was brought up by his aunt, Mrs. Delmar; no wonder she was surprised at meeting him so suddenly. Percival, you naughty boy," continued Milly, shaking her finger at me, "it was all your doing."

"Oh, aunt Milly! you should have seen him run," replied I, laughing at the thought.

"I'd recommend you not to play with post captains," said Captain Bridgeman, "or you may get worse than you give. Mercy on us!" exclaimed he, looking at me full in the face.

"What's the matter?" said aunt Milly.

Captain Bridgeman leant over the counter, and I heard him whisper, "Did you ever see such a likeness as between the lad and Captain Delmar?"

Milly blushed a little, nodded her head, and smiled, as she turned away. Captain Bridgeman appeared to be afterwards in a brown study: he tapped his boot with his cane, and did not speak.

No mysterious emotions, no filial instincts, moved the breast of Percival, when he first saw his father. On the contrary, he disliked the pompous great man; nor even, when his mother lectured him upon the value of Captain Delmar's future patronage, was he all at once made aware of his true interests, though that time came. Many private consultations were now held between Mrs. Keene and the haughty aristocratic Captain, whose heart half-acknowledged the natural claim from which his pride revolted. However, he voluntarily offered to take care of the boy, his former valet's son; and when Percival was about thirteen, he was accordingly sent for by the Captain, then at Portsmouth, who generously took the outfitting of the young midshipman upon himself. His mother, now a wealthy widow, accompanied Percival to Portsmouth. The scene is good; and one of the few in which Master Keene discovers any trace of a young heart.

We arrived safe at Portsmouth, and my mother immediately took lodgings at the Common Hard at Portsea. The next day, having dressed herself with great care, with a very thick veil on her bonnet, my mother walked with me to the George Hôtel, where Captain Delmar had taken up his quarters.

On my mother sending up her card, we were immediately ushered up stairs, and on entering the room, found the Honourable Captain Delmar sitting down in full uniform, his sword and hat and numerous papers lying on the table before him. On one side of the table stood a lieutenant, hat in hand; on the other, the captain's clerk, with papers for him to sign. My friend Tommy Dott was standing at the window, chasing a blue-bottle fly, for want of something better to do; and the steward was waiting for orders behind the captain's chair.

My mother, who had pulled down her veil, so that her face was not visible, made a slight curtsy to Captain Delmar, who rose up and advanced to receive her very graciously, requesting that she would be seated for a minute or two, till he had time to speak to her.

I have thought since, that my honourable captain had a mind to impress upon my mother the state and dignity of a captain in his Majesty's service, when in commission. He took no notice whatever of me. Tommy Dott gave me a wink of his eye from the window, and I returned the compliment by putting my tongue into my cheek; but the other parties were too much occupied with the captain to perceive our friendly recognition. Captain Delmar continued to give various orders, and after a time the officers attending were dismissed.

As soon as we were alone, my mother was addressed in, I thought, rather a pompous way, and very much in contrast with his previous politeness before others. Captain Delmar informed her that he should take me immediately under his protection, pay all my expenses, and, if I behaved well, advance me in the service.

At this announcement, my mother expressed a great deal of gratitude, and shedding a few tears, said, that the boy would in future look up to him as a parent. To this speech Captain Delmar made no reply; but changing the conversation, told her that he expected to sail in about three or four days, and that no time must be lost in fitting me out; that, all things considered, he thought it advisable that she should return at once to Chatham and leave the boy with him, as she could not know what was requisite for me, and would therefore be of no use.

At the idea of parting with me, my mother cried bitterly. Captain Delmar did then rise off his chair, and taking my mother by the hand, speak to her a few words of consolation. My mother removed her handkerchief from her eyes and sighed deeply, saying to Captain Delmar, with an appealing look, "Oh! Captain Delmar, remember that for you I have indeed made great sacrifices; do not forget them when you look at that boy, who is very dear to me."

"I will do him justice," replied the captain, somewhat affected, "but I must insist upon inviolable secrecy on your part; you must promise me that, under any circumstances—"

"I have obeyed you for thirteen years," replied my mother; "I am not likely to forget my promise now; it is hard to part with him, but I leave him in the hands of—"

"You forget the boy is there," interrupted Captain Delmar; "take him away now; to-morrow morning I will send my coxswain for him, and you must go back to Chatham."

"God bless you, Sir," replied my mother, weeping, as Captain Delmar shook her hand, and then we left the room. As we were walking back to our lodging I inquired of my mother, "What's the secret between you and Captain Delmar, mother?"

"The secret, child! Oh, something which took place at the time I was living with his aunt, and which he does not wish to have known; so ask me no more questions about it."

After our return, my mother gave me a great deal of advice. She told me that, as I had lost my father Ben, I must now look upon Captain Delmar as a father to me.

I cannot say the advice received the attention it deserved, for I felt more inclined to play tricks on my honourable captain than any person I ever met with; however, I appeared to consent, and, in return, begged my mother to take care of my dog Bob, which she promised to do.

My mother cried a great deal during the night; the next morning she gave me five guineas as pocket-money, recommending me to be careful of it, and telling me I must look to Captain Delmar for my future supply. She tied up the little linen I had brought with me in a handkerchief, and shortly after the coxswain knocked at the door, and came up stairs to claim me for his Majesty's service.

"I'm come for the youngster, if you please, Marm,"

said the coxswain, a fine, tall seaman, remarkably clean and neat in his dress. My mother put her arms round me, and burst into tears.—"I beg your pardon, Marm," said the coxswain, after standing silent about a minute, "but could not you *do the piping* after the youngster's gone? If I stay here long I shall be blowed up by the skipper, as sure as my name's Bob Cross."

"I will detain you but a few seconds longer," replied my mother; "I may never see him again."—"Well, that's a fact; my poor mother never did me," replied the coxswain. This observation did not raise my mother's spirits. Another pause ensued, during which I was bedewed with her tears, when the coxswain approached again—"I ax your pardon, Marm; but if you know anything of Captain Delmar, you must know he's not a man to be played with, and you would not wish to get me into trouble. It's a hard thing to part with a child, I'm told; but it wouldn't help me if I said anything about your tears. If the captain were to go to the boat, and find me not there, he'd just say, 'What were my orders, Sir?' and after that, you know, Marm, there is not a word for me to say."—"Take him, then, my good man," replied my mother, pressing me convulsively to her heart; "take him. Heaven bless you, my dear child."—"Thanky, Marm; that's kind of you," replied the coxswain. "Come, my little fellow, we'll soon make a man of you."—I once more pressed my lips to my poor mother's, and she resigned me to the coxswain, at the same time taking some silver off the table and putting it into his hand. "Thanky, Marm; that's kinder still, to think of another when you're in distress yourself; I sha'n't forget it. I'll look after the lad a bit for you, as sure as my name's Bob Cross."—My mother sank down on the sofa, with her handkerchief to her eyes. Bob Cross caught up the bundle, and led me away. I was very melancholy, for I loved my mother, and could not bear to see her so distressed, and for some time we walked on without speaking. The coxswain first broke the silence: "What's your name, my little Trojan?" said he.—"Percival Keene."—"Well, I'm blessed if I didn't think that you were one of the Delmar breed, by the cut of your jib; howsomever, it's a wise child that knows its own father."—"Father's dead," replied I.—"Dead! Well, fathers do die sometimes; you must get on how you can without one. I don't think fathers are of much use, for, you see, mothers take care of you till you're old enough to go to sea. My father did nothing for me, except to help mother to lick me, when I was obstropolous."—The reader, from what he has already been informed about Ben the marine, may easily conceive that I was very much of Bob Cross's opinion.—"I suppose you don't know anybody on board; do you?"—"Yes, I know Tommy Dott; I knew him when the ship was at Chatham."—"Oh! Mr. Tommy Dott; I dare say you're just like him, for you look full of mischief."

Bob Cross and Tommy Dott are henceforward important personages in the drama: the former becoming the bosom friend and counsellor of the young midshipman, now fairly launched; and the latter his companion and scape-goat, in all sorts of mischief; Percival, already a knowing fellow, always contriving to enjoy the fun, and to leave to his partner the disgrace and punishment. It was not long before, by "putting this and that together," the hopeful lad discovered who was his progenitor, on which knowledge he wrote his mother this laconic epistle:—

"DEAR MOTHER.—I have found it all out—I am the son of Captain Delmar, and every one here knows what you have kept a secret from me. I go on board to-day Yours truly, P. KEENE."

The fond and humbled mother's answer is skilful enough; and it gave advice upon which her son, without acknowledging its importance, regulated his conduct. She wrote,—

"I must add, my dear boy, that knowing Captain Delmar, and how proud and sensitive he is, if it should ever come to his knowledge that you had suspected or asserted what you have, his favour and protection would be lost to you for ever: at present he is doing a kind and charitable action in bringing forward the son of a faithful servant; but if he imagined for a moment that you were considered related to him, he would cast you off for ever, and all your prospects in life would be ruined.

"Even allowing it possible that you were what you so madly stated yourself in your letter to be, I am convinced he would do so. If such a report came to his ears, he would immediately disavow you, and leave you to find your own way in the world."

After the diligent study of his mother's ambiguous letter, Percival was more certain than before whose son he was; but he resolved to take the opinion of Bob Cross on the subject. No one could have given the youngster better counsel in the circumstances. It was, in substance, always to be respectful to Captain Delmar, but to keep at as great a distance from the great man as he did from his *protegé*, Ben Keene's putative son.

The incidental matters and conversations that occur, or are, as it were, interjected, are not the worst parts of the book. They are probably literal transcripts from Captain Marryat's rich memories.

One evening as I was leaning against one of the guns on the main deck, waiting for Cross to come out of the cabin, I was amused with the following conversation between a boatswain's mate and a fore-top man. I shall give it verbatim. They were talking of one that was dead, and after the boatswain's mate had said, "Well, he's in Heaven, poor fellow;" after a pause, the fore-top man said:

"I wonder, Bill, whether I shall ever go to Heaven?"

"Why not?" replied the boatswain's mate.

"Why, the parson says it's good works; now I certainly have been a pretty many times in action, and I have killed plenty of Frenchmen in my time."

"Well, that's sufficient, I should think; I hold my hopes upon just the same claims. I've cut down fifty Frenchmen in my life; and if that ain't good works, I don't know what is."

"I suppose Nelson's in Heaven?"

"Of course; if so be he wishes to be there, I should like to know who would keep him out, if he was determined on it. No, no; depend upon it, he walked *slap* in."

One of our hero's early adventures is striking from its boldness and completeness. It is also made a hinge upon which his fortunes turn. Percival was one evening tempted from a midshipman's duty by the bribe of some cakes to be found in a boat lying alongside, which he at first refused.

On second thoughts, I determined that I would have the cakes; so I descended by the stern ladder, and desiring the woman who was left in the boat to haul upon the rope, contrived to get into the boat.

"What is it you want, my dear?" said the woman.

"I come for some of those cakes under the stern sheets," replied I.

"Well, I'll soon rummage them out," said she, "and I hope you will let me slip on board when the boat is alongside. Mind, Sir, how you step, you'll smash all the pipes. Give me your hand. I'm an old sailor."

"I should not think so," replied I, looking at her. I could hardly make out her face, but her form was small, and, if an old sailor, she certainly was a very young woman.

We had a good many articles to remove before we could get at the cakes, which were under the stern sheets; and the boat rocked and tossed so violently with the sea which was running, that we were both on our knees for some little while before we obtained the basket: when we did, to our surprise, we found that the

boat's painter, somehow or another, had loosened, and that during our search we had drifted nearly one hundred yards from the ship.

"Mercy on me!—why, we are adrift," exclaimed the woman. "What shall we do? It's no use hailing; they'll never hear us; look well round for any boat you may see."

"It is getting so dark that we shall not see far," replied I, not much liking our position. "Where shall we go to?"

"Go to!—clean out to St. Helen's, if the boat does not fill before we get there; and further than that too, if I mistake not, with this gale of wind. We may as well say our prayers, youngster, I can tell you."

"Can't we make sail upon her!" replied I. "Can't we try and pull on shore somewhere? Had we not better do that, and say our prayers afterwards?"

We cannot show how this strangely-assorted crew weathered the gale; nor how Peggy Pearson, awakening to all the horrors of her condition, became from that hour a reformed woman. The pair were picked up at last, and landed at Sheerness, whence Percival made his way to his mother at Chatham. He found the shop shut, the house in darkness, and he heard some one sobbing up stairs, and fancied it might be his mother for his own supposed loss. There was a light in the parlour, and a letter lay on the table in the handwriting of Captain Delmar. In announcing the death of her son—of "*our* child"—to the unfortunate mother, the letter contained complete evidence of Percival's paternity; and the *keen* youth, instantly securing it, vanished from the premises, choosing to be believed his own ghost, and resolving that neither the tears nor threats of his mother should ever prevail with him to give up this document, which he thenceforth wore round his neck, sewed in a piece of seal-skin. To his mother and aunt when accused he swore (by letter) that he had never been near Chatham. Thus years passed on, the midshipman keeping a sharp look out to the main chance—his personal advancement; troubled with no scruples of conscience, promptings of noble pride, or yearnings of affection, and making his way with everybody with whom he came in contact, by his ready tact and masterly presence of mind. Captain Delmar's ship was ordered to the West Indies; and Mr. Keene, while employed, at the early age of fifteen, in the confidential office of reconnoitring a pirate ship, got into a much worse scrape than his midnight adventure with Peggy Pearson: he found himself left alone on the midst of the ocean in a sinking vessel. After manfully exerting himself all day for self-preservation, he tells—

I made a supper off some raw ham, for the fire had been extinguished; and committing myself to the protection of Heaven, I lay down as the sun set, and from the fatigue of the day was soon in a sound sleep. I awoke about the middle of the night; the stars shone brightly, and there was but a slight ripple on the water. I thought of my mother, of my aunt Milly, of Captain Delmar, and I felt for the seal-skin pouch which was fastened round my neck. It was all safe. I calculated chances, and I made up my mind that I should be picked up by some vessel or another before long. I said to myself—"Why, I am better off now than I was when in the wherry with Peggy Pearson; I was saved then, why should I not be now?"—I felt no desponding, and lay down, and was soon fast asleep again. It was broad daylight when I awoke; I took my spy-glass, and looking round the horizon, discovered a vessel several miles off, standing towards me. This gave me fresh spirits. I made a raw breakfast, and drank plenty of water as before. The wind, which was very light, increased a little. The vessel came nearer, and I made her out to be a schooner. In two hours she was close to me, and I waved my hat, and hallooed as loud as I could. The schooner was full of men, and steered close to me; she was a beautiful craft, and, although the wind was so light, glided very fast through the water, and I could not help thinking that she was the pirate vessel, which the frigate had been in chase of. It appeared as if they intended to pass me, and I hallooed, "Schooner, a-hoy! Why don't you send a boat on board?"—I must say, that when the idea struck me that she was a pirate vessel, my heart almost failed me. Shortly afterwards the schooner rounded to, and lowered a boat, which pulled to the vessel. The boat's crew were all negroes. One of them said, "Jump in, you white boy; next jump he take be into the shark's mouth," continued the man, grinning, as he addressed himself to the others in the boat. I got into the boat, and they rowed on board the schooner. I did then think that I was done for; for what mercy could I expect, being a king's officer, from pirates, which the words of the negro convinced me that they were? As soon as I was alongside of the schooner, they ordered me to go up the side, which I did, with my spy-glass in my hand. I leaped from the gunwale down on the deck, and found myself on board of an armed vessel, with a crew wholly composed of blacks. I was rudely seized by two of them, who led me aft to where a negro stood apart from the rest. A more fierce, severe, determined-looking countenance I never beheld. He was gigantic in stature, and limbed like the Farnesian Hercules. "Well, boy, who are you?" said he, "and how came you on board of that vessel?" I told him in very few words. "Then you belonged to that frigate that chased us the day before yesterday?"—"Yes," replied I. —"What is her name?"—"The Calliope."—"She sails well," said he.—"Yes," replied I; "she is the fastest sailer on this station."—"That's all the information I want of you, boy: now you may go."—"Go where!" replied I.—"Go where!—go overboard, to be sure," replied he with a grin. My heart died within me; but I mustered courage to say, "Much obliged to you, Sir; but I'd rather stay where I am, if it's all the same to you." The other negroes laughed at this reply, and I felt a little confidence; at all events, their good-humour gave me courage, and I felt that being bold was my only chance. The negro captain looked at me for a time, as if considering, and at last said to the men, "Overboard with him."—"Good bye, Sir, you're very kind," said I; "but this is a capital spy-glass, and I leave it to you as a legacy;" and I went up to him and offered him my spy-glass. Merciful Heaven! how my heart beat against my ribs when I did this. The negro captain took the glass, and looked through it. "It is a good glass," said he, as he removed it from his eyes. It was poor Green's spy-glass, which he had given me for showing him the mason's signs. "Well, white boy, I accept your present, and now good bye."—"Good bye, Sir. Do me one kindness in return," said I very gravely, for I felt my hour was come.—"And what is that?" replied the negro.—"Tie a shot to my heels, that I may sink quickly; it wont take them long."—"You don't ask me to spare your life, then?" replied the negro.—"He de very first white dat not ask it," said one of the negroes.—"Dat really for true," said another.—"Yes, by gum," replied a third. Oh, how I wished to know what to say at that moment! The observations of the negroes made me imagine that I had better not *ask* for it; and yet how I clung to life. It was an awful moment—I felt as if I had lived a year in a few minutes. For a second or two I felt faint and giddy—I drew a long breath and revived.—"You don't answer me, boy," said the negro captain.—"Why should I ask when I feel certain to be refused? If you will give me my life, I will thank you: I don't particularly wish to die, I assure you."—"I have taken an oath never to spare a white man. For once I am sorry that I cannot break my oath."—"If that is all, I am a boy, and not a man," replied I. "Keep me till I grow bigger."—"By jolly,

aptain, that very well said. Keep him, captain," said ne of the negroes.—"Yes, captain," replied another; keep him to tend your cabin. Very proper you have hite slave boy."—The negro captain for some time ade no reply; he appeared to be in deep thought; at st he said,—"Boy, you have saved your life: you may ank yourself, and not me. Prossa, let him be taken be- w; give him a frock and trowsers, and throw that infernal ress overboard, or I may change my resolution."—The egro who was addressed, and who wore a sort of uni- rm as an officer—which he was, being second mate— d me below, nothing loath, I can assure my readers. Vhen I was between decks, I sat down upon a chest, y head swam, and I fainted. The shock had been too owerful for a lad of my age. They brought water and ecovered me. When I revived, I felt that I might ave lost in their good opinion by thus showing my weak- ess; and I had sufficient presence of mind to ask for omething to eat. This deceived them; they said to one nother that I must have been on board that vessel for wo days without food, and of course I did not deny it. hey brought me some meat and some grog. I ate and rank a little. They then took off my uniform, and ut on me a check frock and white trowsers; after which, said I wished to lie down a little, and they left me to leep on the chest where I had been seated. I pre- nded to sleep, although I could not; and I found out y their conversation that I gained the good-will not nly of the crew, but of the captain, by my behaviour. considered that I had gained my life, at least for the resent; but what security could I have in such company? fter an hour or two, I felt quite recovered, and I thought advisable to go on deck. I did so, and went right aft to he negro captain, and stood before him. "Well, boy," aid he, "why do you come to me?"—"You gave me my fe; you're the greatest friend I have here, so I come to ou. Can I do anything?"—"Yes; you may assist in he cabin, if your white blood does not curdle at the idea f attending on a black man."—"Not at all. I will do nything for them who are kind to me, as you have been." —"And think it no disgrace?"—"Not the least. Is it disgrace to be grateful?"—The reader will observe ow particularly judicious my replies were, although ut fifteen years old. My dangerous position had called orth the reflection and caution of manhood.—"Go down nto the cabin; you may amuse yourself till I come."— obeyed this order. The cabin was fitted up equal o most yachts, with Spanish mahogany and gold mould- ngs; a beaufet full of silver (there was no glass) occupied early one-half of it; even the plates and dishes were f the same material. Silver candelabras hung down rom the middle of the beams; a variety of swords, pis- ols, and other weapons, were fixed up against the bulk- ead; a small bookcase, chiefly of Spanish books, occu- ied the after-bulkhead, and the portraits of several hite females filled up the intervals; a large table in he centre, a stand full of charts, half a dozen boxes of igars, and two most luxuriant sofas, completed the fur- iture. A door from the starboard side led, I presumed, o the state-room, where the captain slept, but I did not enture to open it. I surveyed all this magnificence, ondering who this personage could be; and more still, ow it was that the whole of the crew were, as well as he captain, of the negro race. We had heard that the irate we were in search of was a well-known character —a Spaniard—who went by the name of Chico, and that is crew consisted of Americans, English, and Spaniards. hat this was the vessel, I knew, from the conversation f the men, when I was below, for they called her the tella. Now, it appeared that the vessel had changed asters; the crew were chiefly Spanish negroes, or other egroes who spoke Spanish, but some of them spoke nglish, and a few words of Spanish; these I pre- umed were American or English runaways. But he captain—his language was as correct as my own; panish he spoke fluently, for I heard him giving orders that language while I was in the cabin; neither was flat-nosed, like the majority. Had he been white, his atures would have been considered regular, although ere was a fierceness about them at times, which was terrible to look at. Well, thought I, if I live and do well, I shall know more about it; yes, if I live. I wish I was on the quarter-deck of the Calliope, even as Tom- my Dott was, with his pockets stuffed full of the pur- ser's raisins, and looking like a fool and a rogue at the same time. I had been down in the cabin about half an hour, when the negro captain made his appearance.— "Well," said he, "I suppose you would as soon see the devil as me—eh, boy?"—"No, indeed," replied I, laughing—for I had quite recovered my confidence— "for you were about to send me to the devil, and I feel most happy that I still remain with you."—"You're exactly the cut of boy I like," replied he, smiling. "How I wish that you were black—I detest your co- lour."—"I have no objection to black my face, if you wish it," replied I: "its all the same to me what colour I am."—"How old are you?"—"I was fifteen a few months back."—"How long have you been to sea?"— "About eighteen months."—He then asked me a great many more questions, about the captain, the officers, the ship, and myself, to all of which I answered in a guarded way. A negro brought down his supper; it was hot, and very savoury; without any order on his part, I immediately attended upon him during his meal. He told the negro not to wait, and conversed with me dur- ing the time that he was eating; at last, he told me how he had doubled the frigate during the night. I then remarked that we had been informed that the ves- sel was called the Stella, that the Captain's name was Chico, and the crew were composed of white men of dif- ferent nations.—"A month or two ago, it was the case," replied the captain. "Now I have done, and you may clear away," continued he, rising from his chair, and throwing himself down on one of the sofas. "Stop; you are hungry, I don't doubt; you can sit down and eat your supper, and remove the things afterwards."—I did as he told me: it was the first time in my life I had supped off massive plate—but I was in strange com- pany; however, it did not spoil my appetite, and I did not forget to drink a goblet of wine by way of washing down my repast.—"Thank you, Sir," said I, rising, and then performing my office of attendant.—At his order I rang the bell for the negro who assisted me in clearing away, and then went out with the remains of the supper.—"Am I to stay or go?" said I, respect- fully.—"You may go now. Find the man who came in just now—José he is called; tell him to give you some- thing to sleep upon."—"Good night, Sir," said I.— "Good night, boy."

Master Keene, thanks to his ready wit, had, as usual, fallen upon his feet, even in the tiger's den. But he judged it not wise needlessly to inflame the tiger's rage. He therefore got his skin stained black, and changed his name to Cato. His master, the negro captain, could now look upon him with patience; and he soon came to take pleasure in conversing with him, and at last told him his own wild history, which, to the rest of the crew, was a mystery, as it must remain to our readers. Suffice it that the negro captain's hatred of the whites, and his ferocious cruelty to the slavers whom he captured, exceed anything in the history of the Buccaneers. Other captives he only drowned, the crews of the slavers were tortured with hellish cruelty and ingenuity.

Though soon tolerably well contented where he was so comfortable, Master Keene had neither lost the desire nor the hope of regaining his freedom and rejoining his ship; and one day that the negro Captain landed to go to Havannah, to gather the intelligence which was to direct his next cruise, his servant nearly escaped, by falling down a ravine into a secret and dangerous path, fre- quented only by the pirates, and which he had watched his captain take.

I had tumbled into the secret path that I had been in search of. Delighted with this discovery, I now set off with great spirit, and in half an hour found myself on the other side of the hill which formed the ravine, and looking down upon an expanse of country in the interior. Being very tired, I sat down, that I might recover my strength before I continued my journey.

I am free at last, thought I, and my memory wandered back to my mother, my ship, and my captain—old Culpepper, Tommy Dott, and Bob Cross. I shall see them all, I thought, and what a story I shall have to tell. As soon as I had rested myself, and recovered my breath, I thought I might as well start.

I had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before I thought I heard a noise, as if some one was approaching. I listened—I felt sure that such was the case, and I also heard the deep baying of a hound. The noise increased rapidly—it was that of one forcing his way through the brushwood, which covered the side of the hill.

In a minute afterwards I perceived a man coming up the hill at a swift pace, directly towards me. As he approached, I could almost swear that it was Vincent, the negro captain; but when within ten yards of me, I perceived him turn round and flourish his sabre in the air, while, at the same time, three large bloodhounds sprang at him. One fell by the blow of his sabre; but the other two flew at his throat, and fastened on him, tearing him to the ground, and holding him, in spite of all his struggling and his immense strength.

I recollected my pistols; I cocked them, ran up, and putting one to the head of the nearest dog, blew out its brains. I was equally successful with the other; they both lay dead by his side, and Vincent was released.

He started up. "It is me, Cato," said I.

"Cato!" replied he; "but there is not a moment to be lost. I understand it all." He seized me by the arm, and dragged me with him to the entrance of the narrow pass, and as soon as we came in, he rolled three large rocks, which had evidently been used for such purpose before, so as completely to block up the entrance.

"There," said he, leaning back completely exhausted, "be quiet, Cato. We are safe now; they will be on the top of the hill directly."

We remained where we were about ten minutes, when we heard voices not very far from us. They were the pursuers of the negro captain, who were evidently baffled. After a time the sounds receded from us, and we heard them no more. Vincent then spoke:—

"You were escaping, Cato."

"I had escaped," replied I; "I told you that I would."

"Strange that you should have discovered the path; did any one betray it to you?"

"No one," replied I; and I then told him how I had fallen into it.

"Well, you have returned all obligations, and more than ever you owed me," said he: "you have saved my life this time, and that when all chance was over."

"Then," replied I, "although I shall be very sorry to part with you, give me that liberty which I had gained, and which I lost in defending you from the dogs."

"I would have let you go then, Cato," replied he, "but your life would have been sacrificed. My pursuers would have hurried you to prison before you could have explained who you were: you forget your colour is changed. They were not seeking me, but a runaway slave, and the bloodhounds came upon my track. Those white men show no mercy; they have more pleasure in seeing a runaway slave torn to pieces by those dogs than in recovering possession of him. It is a sort of fox chase to them," continued he, grating his teeth after he had said so. "Cato, I will give you your liberty, if you wish it, and I know you do wish it, as soon as I can with any prudence; that I promise you, and you know that I will keep my word."

"I am quite satisfied," replied I.

"And do you promise me that you will not attempt to escape a second time?"

"I promise you that I will not," replied I.

Vincent was brooding dreadful vengeance. A schooner came in sight, bound for Curaçoa, on board of which was a rich Dutch planter, whose property it was, with his only child, a beautiful little girl, the predestined bride of our hero. Captain Marryat delights in little loves. The boldness and promptitude—the *moral* influence of Percival, preserved the life of father and child, and saved himself; and after a scene, which will tell admirably when the novel comes to be dramatized for the Minor Theatres, he is rescued by an English ship of war, after a desperate engagement, which, like the above scenes, is described with great animation. This is the close of the fight, after the tide of victory had set in for the English.

I ran up the ladder to see what had happened. It appeared, that as the Stella was crossing the bows of the Arrow, the latter had, as a last chance, thrown up in the wind, and discharged her whole broadside into us: two shots had struck our mainmast, which had fallen by the board. I perceived at once that the Stella's chance was over: nothing could save her; she might resist the schooner, but could not escape the frigate.

I ran down below, and went into the cabin; I was afraid that the negroes might perceive the joy in my countenance. I heard the angry voice of the negro captain; I heard him stamping with rage, and I thanked God that I was not by his side. The wreck of the mast was soon cleared away. I heard him address his negroes, point out to them that it was better to die like men at the guns, than swing at the yard-arm like dogs. Some of them came down and took on deck a quarter-cask of spirits, which was plentifully supplied to all.

The English schooner had borne down upon us, and the action now commenced at pistol-shot. Never shall I forget what took place for nearly three-quarters of an hour; the negroes, most of them intoxicated, fought with rage and fury indescribable; their shouts, their screams, their cursing and blasphemy, mingled with the loud report of the guns, the crashing of the spars and bulwarks, the occasional cry of the wounded, and the powerful voice of Vincent. It was terrific between decks; the smoke was so thick, that those who came down for the powder could not see, but felt their way to the screen. Every two seconds, I heard the men come aft, toss off the can of liquor, and throw it on the deck, when they went to resume their labour at their guns.

At the end of the time I have mentioned, the shot flew from to leeward, as well as from to windward: the frigate had got within range, and was pouring in her broadside; still the firing and the shouting on the deck of the Stella continued, but the voices were fewer; and as the firing of the frigate became more severe, they became fainter and fainter; and at last but an occasional gun was fired from our decks.

I became so uneasy, that I could remain where I was no longer; I went forward on the lower deck again, and tumbling over the wounded and the dead, I crept up the fore-ladder. I looked over the combings of the hatchway. The decks were clear of smoke, for not a gun was being fired. Merciful Heaven! what a scene of slaughter! Many of the guns were dismantled, and the decks were strewed with the splinters and plankings of the gunwale, broken spars, and negroes lying dead, or drunk, in all directions; some cut and torn to pieces, others whole, but mixed up with the fragments of other bodies: such a scene of blood I have never since witnessed. Out of the whole crew I do not think there were twenty men left unhurt, and these were leaning or lying down, exhausted with fatigue or overcome with liquor, on various parts of the deck.

The fighting was over; there was not one man at his gun; and of those who remained still alive, one or two fell, while I was looking up, from the shot, which continued every minute to pierce the bulwarks. Where was Vincent? I dare not go aft to see. I dare not venture to meet his eye. I dived down below again,

and returned aft to the cabin ; there was no more demand for powder ; not a soul was to be seen abaft. Suddenly the after-hatchway grating was thrown off ; I heard some one descend; I knew it was the hurried tread of the negro captain. It was so dark, and the cabin so full of smoke, that, coming from the light, he did not perceive me, although I could distinguish him. He was evidently badly wounded, and tottered in his walk : he came into the cabin, put his hand to his girdle, and felt for his pistol, and then he commenced pulling down the screen, which was between him and the magazine. His intentions were evident; which were to blow up the vessel.

I felt that I had not a moment to lose. I dashed past him, ran up the ladder, sprung aft to the taffrail, and dashed over the stern into the sea. I was still beneath the surface, having not yet risen from my plunge, when I heard and felt the explosion—felt it, indeed, so powerfully, that it almost took away my senses ; so great was the shock, even when I was under the water, that I was almost insensible. I have a faint recollection of being drawn down by the vortex of the sinking vessel, and scrambling my way to the surface of the water, amidst fragments of timbers and whirling bodies. When I recovered myself, I found that I was clinging to a portion of the wreck, in a sort of patch, as it were, upon the deep blue water, dark as ink, and strewed with splintered fragments.

There I remained some minutes, during which time I gained my recollection : I looked around and perceived the Arrow schooner, lying about one hundred yards off, totally dismantled, and my own frigate about a quarter of a mile to leeward, as bright and as fresh as if she had just been refitted. I observed a signal, made by the Calliope to the schooner, which was answered.

Percival was picked up and thrown into the bottom of the boat.

I scrambled on my feet, and would have gone aft, when the midshipman of the boat said to the men, " Pass that cursed young pirate forward; don't let him come aft here."

Oh, ho, Mr. Lascelles, thinks I, so you don't know me; you shall know me by and by. I quite forgot that I was stained black, till one of the men, who seized me by the collar to pass me forward, said, " Hand along the nigger. He 's a young one for the gallows anyhow."

They handed me forward, and I did not choose to say who I was. My love of fun returned the moment that I was again with my shipmates. After looking well round, and ascertaining that I was the only one left alive, they pulled back to the frigate; and the midshipman went up to report. I was handed up the side, and remained at the break of the gangway, while the captain and first lieutenant were talking with Mr. Lascelles; during which Mr. Tommy Dott came up to me, and, putting his finger to his left ear, gave a cluck with his tongue, as much as to say, " You'll be hanged, my good fellow."

I could not help giving the first masons'-sign which I taught to Mr. Green, in return for Tommy's communication; to wit, putting my thumb to my nose, and extending my finger out towards him; at which Tommy Dott expressed much indignation, and called me a precious impudent varmin. The men who were near us laughed, and said that I was game at all events. No one knew me; for not only was my face well stained, but I was covered from head to foot with a solution of salt water and gunpowder, which made me still more indistinguishable.

I had remained at the gangway about two minutes, when the first lieutenant said, " Bring the prisoner here."

I immediately went aft; and as soon as I was standing before Captain Delmar and the first lieutenant, (and behind were all the officers, anxious to hear what I had to disclose,) I put my hand to my head, having no hat, as may be supposed, and said, "*Come on board, Sir*," reporting myself, as is usually the custom of officers when they return from leave or duty.

" Good Heavens ! that voice !—why, who are you ?" cried Captain Delmar, starting back a pace.

" Mr. Keene, Sir," replied I, again putting my hand to my head.

Bob Cross, who was, with many of the seamen, close to me, quite forgetting etiquette, ran up and caught me round the waist, looking me full in the face : " It is him, Sir ; it is him ! Huzzah ! huzzah !" and all the seamen joined in the huzzahs, which were, however, mingled with a great deal of laughter.

When Percival found himself alone with his friend Bob Cross,—there was good news for him.

" I saw the captain's eyes wink more than once when speaking of you, and the first lieutenant was always telling the other mids that he had not one worth his salt, now that you were gone. And now that you have come back and gained so much credit for what has passed, I do really think that the captain is proud of you. I overheard a little conversation between the captain and first lieutenant the day you came on board, after you had been in the cabin telling your adventures ; and all that I can say is, that the game is in your own hands if you only play your cards well, and never let Captain Delmar have the least idea that you know that you have such claims upon him."

Mr. Keene continued to make his own way ; keeping, as the Scotch say, " a calm sough," and turning every little incident and fair occasion handsomely to account. He was appointed lieutenant as early as the rules of the service permitted ; but to this promotion his professional gallantry and good conduct entitled him ; and he was made honourable mention of in the *Gazette*, to the great delight of his fond mother, whom, on his ship being sent into dock, he visited at Chatham, though not with the genial and natural feelings which should have led him to his earliest and most devoted friend, and to the home of his infancy.

I had made up my mind how to act. I was no longer a child, but a man in reflection as well as appearance.

I arrived, and hastened to the house from which I had escaped so mysteriously the last time I was in it. My mother threw herself into my arms, embracing me, and then looking at me with surprise and pleasure. Three years and a half had changed me—she hardly knew me, for her association of ideas had still pictured me as the smart stripling whom she had, with so much anguish, consigned into the hands of Bob Cross. She was proud of me : my adventures, my dangers, my conduct, and my honourable mention in the *Gazette*, were all known to her, and she had been evidently congratulated by many upon my successful career. . . . . The first two or three days were devoted to narratives, communications, explanations, and admirations, as is usually the case after so long an absence ; after which, we quietly settled down in the relative positions of mother and son, and she assumed, or rather would have assumed, her control over me, but this was not my wish. I had made up my mind that, although a clever woman, I must in future control her ; and I took the first opportunity of a long *tête-à-tête*, to let her know that such was my intention.

Speaking of Captain Delmar, I at once told her that I knew he was my father, and that I had his own handwriting to prove it. She denied it at first; but I told her that all denial was useless, that I had possession of the letter he had written to her upon my supposed death; and that it was no ghost, but I, who had frightened my grandmother.

This was my first blow, and a heavy one, to my poor mother ; for what woman can bear to be humiliated by her offspring being acquainted with her indiscretion ? I loved my mother, and would fain have spared her this pang, had it not been that all my future plans were based upon this one point, and it was necessary she should aid and abet me in them.

My poor mother was bowed to the earth when she found that it was in vain to deny my parentage : she covered her face with her hands in deep shame before her child; but I consoled, and caressed, and told her

(what I really felt) that I was indebted to her for not being the son of a private marine; that, at all events, I had noble blood in my veins, and would prove myself worthy of my descent, whether it were acknowledged or not; but from that hour I took the command over her—from that hour it was I that dictated, and her authority as a parent was gone for ever.

The dutiful and affectionate son's next step was to compel his mother to give up her business, retire into a distant part of the country, and report herself dead, in the hope of removing one imagined obstruction to Captain Delmar's acknowledging him as his son. The humbled mother readily consented to her own civil death, and in a happy moment the desired letter announcing the event came to hand. Master Keene did not hold the opinion of Rousseau, that there is more true honour in being the wife of a peasant than the mistress of a prince; the legitimate son of a peasant than the bastard of a king.

I felt happy that this letter to the captain arrived at such a propitious time, as I knew that the announcement of my mother's death would be a great point in my favour. That it ought not to have been, I confess; but I knew whom I had to deal with: the captain was ashamed of his intimacy, and the claims of my mother upon him, but not so much ashamed of me; and, now that she was removed, probably he might not be at all ashamed. My mother was no relation, and below him; I was his own flesh and blood, and half ennobled by so being.

By a series of important and useful personal services most dexterously performed, and by the general modesty of his deportment towards his proud patron, Percival made way to his aristocratic father's heart, though he still fell far short of the desired point,—being acknowledged, and allowed to assume the proud name of Delmar. In the course of years, the stately Captain Delmar becomes somewhat more amiable in his personal character, and much more respectable in his professional capacity; and the internal struggles between his natural feelings and his conventional pride become interesting in their developement. While cruising in the West Indies, Lieutenant Keene performed several brilliant achievements, and stood high in favour with the Admiral on the station, who, without solicitation, promoted him. In the course of his cruise he visited the Dutch planter whom he had rescued from the Negro Pirate, and found the little Minnie grown into a beautiful girl of fifteen, and her father overflowing with gratitude. Of the West India adventures we shall give one graphic specimen, both characteristic of manners, and of the practical jokes with which the work abounds. The scene is Jamaica:—

I lodged at a sort of hôtel, kept by a mulatto woman of the name of Crissobella, as the negroes termed her, originally Christobella. She was of Spanish blood by the father's side, and had come down from the Havannah. She was very portly; very proud and dignified in her carriage, and demanded as much attention from her lodgers as a lady would who had received us as her guests; so that, to gain and retain admittance into her hostelry, it was necessary not only to pay a large bill, but compliments to an equal amount. She was very rich, possessed numerous slaves, and was perfectly independant of keeping a hôtel. . . . . The living was the same as at a boarding-house. Breakfast was ready in the large hall by nine o'clock, and remained there until every one had come down at their own hour. Dinner was always ready at five o'clock, and then Crissobella presided at the table. She admitted civilians, army officers, and navy, down to midshipmen; but warrant officers and captains of merchant vessels were considered too low. On the whole, it was a very pleasant establishment, as the private rooms were well furnished, the slaves numerous, and the attendance very good. Considering the price of most eatables on that island, it could not be considered as very dear, although the wines, &c., made up a formidable bill at the end of the month.

This kind of exclusiveness on the part of Signora Crissobella made the hôtel quite the fashion, and certainly it was by far the best in the town. The inmates of it at this time were, besides me, Lieut. Thomas Dott and Lieut. William Maxwell, both appointed to the Diligente; three or four young civilians, on mercantile speculations from New York; three midshipmen, who had been left behind on account of fever, and who were promising fair, by the life they were now leading, to be very soon sent to the hospital again; and one or two planters from the other islands. The latter and I were very well behaved; but the civilians were noisy, drinking and smoking from morning till night. The midshipmen were equally troublesome; and as for the new-made lieutenants, they were so authoritative and so disagreeable, and gave themselves such consequential airs, that Mammy Crissobella, as the slaves called her, was quite indignant—she had never had such a disorderly set in her house. . . . . At last our hostess would stand their behaviour no longer, and ordered them all to leave the hôtel, sending in their bills; but they all were unanimous in declaring that they would not go, and it was not very easy to use force on such occasions. I tried all I could to make matters right, but my efforts were of little avail. At last Mammy Crissobella became quite furious. She did not make any alteration in the meals, as that would be punishing all of us; but she refused wine and spirits; this they did not care for, as they sent for it elsewhere by their own servants, and there was nothing but noise and confusion all day long. Mammy often came to appeal to me, and wished to go to the governor, but I persuaded her not to do so; and the mutiny continued, and every day there was nothing but altercation at the meals.

"So help me God, gemmen, you no gemmen. You make wish me dead, dat you do. I tak obeah water some day. I not live like this," said Mammy Crissobella. "I take pepper-pot—I kill myself."—"Pray don't do that," replied Tommy Dott; we shall be put to the expense of mourning."—"And I shall weep my eyes out," continued one of the mercantile gentlemen.—"Weep your eyes out—is that all? I shall blow my brains out," said another.—"And I will lie down on your grave and die," said the third.—"Dat all very well, gemmen; you say dat and laugh—but I no slave. 'Pose I not get you out my house, I ab *vengeance:* now I tell you, so you look to that. Yes," continued Mammy Crissobella, striking the table with her fist, "I ab revenge."—"I have been thinking," said one of the mids, "what I shall do if Mammy Crissobella takes pepper-pot; I shall marry Leila, and keep the hôtel. Mammy, you'll leave me the plate and furniture."

Leila was the head female slave; a very well-featured young mulatto girl, and a great favourite, as she was always laughing, always in good humour, and very kind and attentive. At this remark Leila laughed, and Mammy Crissobella, who observed her showing her white teeth, cried out, "You laugh, you huzzy; what you laugh for, Leila? Get away—get out of room. I give you nice flogging by-by. You dare laugh—you take side against me, you nigger!"

I must here observe that Mammy Crisobella had been closeted with me for some time previous to this scene, and that Leila and the two planters were in the secret: this was, of course, unknown, and the hostess's anger appeared now to be extended towards me and the two planters, with whom she had been on good terms.

Shortly afterwards Mammy rose and left the room, and then I spoke to the party, and told them that they were driving the poor woman to extremities. The planters agreed with me, and we argued the case with them, but

he majority were, of course, against us, and the young merchants appeared to be very much inclined to be personal with me. At last I replied, "Very well, gentlemen —as you please; but as I happen to be well known both o the admiral and governor, I give you fair warning, hat if this continues much longer, I will report the ffair. I should be very sorry to do so; but the house s now very uncomfortable, and you have no right to emain when the landlady insists upen your going."

At this reply of mine, the naval portion of the guests were silent, but the civilians more insolent than before. I did not wish to come to open war, so I said nothing nore, and left the table. After I was gone, the refractory parties made more noise than ever. Just before the linner hour on the following day, Mammy Crissobella ent a circular round to the young men, stating that she ould not receive them at dinner. They all laughed, and went down to table as before. The dinner was better han usual, and they complimented Mammy upon it. Mammy, who had taken her seat with a scowl on her brow, and had not spoken a word, merely bowed her head in reply to their observations.

Dinner was over, and then Mammy desired Leila to bring her a goblet which was on the sideboard, and a small white jug which was in the *buffet*. She appeared much distressed, and hesitated a good deal, putting the goblet to her lips, and then putting it down on the table without tasting it. This conduct induced us all to look seriously at her. At last she took it up, sighed deeply, and drank the whole off at a draught. For a few seconds she held her hand over her forehead, with her elbows resting on the table. At last she looked up and said, "Gemmen, I got a little speech to make—I very sorry dat I not drink your health; but it no use—dat why you see me drink; I tell plenty time you make me mad—you make me drink obeah water—make me kill myself. Now I ab done it—I drink pison water just now. In two hour I dead woman."

At this communication, the truth of which appeared confirmed by the woman's behaviour, all the company started from their chairs.

"Gemmen, I dare say you all very sorry; you be more sorry by-and-by. Captain, I beg your pardon; Mr. W. ——, Mr. G., (the two planters), I beg your pardon; I not mean hurt you, but could not help it. Now I tell all company, all drink the pison water—because I not like die on the jibbit, I drink de pison water—Gemmen, your dinner all pison, and you all pisoned. Yes, all pisoned," cried Mammy Crissobella at the highest pitch of her voice, and rushing out of the room.

At this announcement, I started from my chair and clasped my hands, as if in agony. I looked round me—never did I witness such a variety of horror as was expressed in the different faces at the hôtel.

The sequel may be anticipated; but we shall only take the case of Mr. Dott.

At daylight I went into Mr. Dott's room with the surgeon, to whom I had confided the secret. Tommy was a miserable object.

"Thank heaven! here is one still alive," said the surgeon to me.—"Oh! Captain Keene," said Tommy; "I'm glad to see that you are so well; but you had the remedy given you long before we had."—"Yes," replied I, "it was given me in good time; but I hope it was not too late with you."—"I feel very bad," replied Tommy. "Doctor, do you think I shall live?"—The doctor felt his pulse, and looked very grave; at last he said, "If you get over the next twelve hours I think you may."—"How many are dead?" inquired Tommy.—"I don't know; you are the first that I have visited; it's a shocking business."—"I've been thinking that we were very wrong," said Tommy; "we ought not to have driven the poor woman to desperation. If I do recover, her death will be on my conscience."—"I'm glad to hear you say that, Tommy," replied I; "but the doctor says you must remain very quiet, and therefore I shall leave you. Good-by; I will see you again this evening."—"Good-by, Sir, and I hope you'll forgive me for not having been so respectful as I should have been."—"Yes, yes, Tommy; we have been friends too long for that."

Mammy Crissobella's dose had certainly put an end to all Tommy's spirit of resistance. All the others who had been victims to our plot were kept in the dark as to the real facts, and as soon as they were able to be moved, paid their bills to Leila and left the house.

On the third day, Tommy Dott and Mr. Maxwell went on board, imagining that they had had a miraculous escape, and the two old planters and I were left the only inmates of the house to welcome the resurrection of Mammy Crissobella, who was again as busy as before. She said to me, "Massa Keene, I really under great obligation to you; suppose you want two, three hundred, five hundred pounds, very much at your service; never mind pay back."

Mammy Crissobella obtained great renown for her stratagem; and lucky Massa Keene had no bill to pay. A kiss to the old lady was receipt in full.

About this time, Captain Delmar's noble brother died, and he became, in consequence, Lord de Versely, and left the service, though he did not withdraw his patronage from his name-son. Considering the relative position of the interlocutors, the following scene becomes almost farcical. On returning from the West Indies, Captain Keene went to London, and waited upon his patron. "I sent up my card.

I was immediately ushered up, and found myself in his presence. Lord de Versely rose from his sofa and took my hand. "Keene, I am very glad to see you. I am proud that an *élève* of mine should have done me so much credit. You have gained all your rank in the service by your own merit and exertions."

"Not quite all, my Lord," replied I.

"Yes, all; for you are certain of your next step—they cannot well refuse it to you."

"They will not refuse your lordship, I have no doubt," replied I.

"Sit down, Keene; we will have a little conversation, and then we will go to the Admiralty."

His lordship then asked me many questions relative to what had passed, and I entered into more detail than I had done in my letters. After an hour's conversation carried on by him in so friendly, I may almost say affectionate, a style, as to make my heart bound with delight, the carriage was announced, and I accompanied his lordship down to the Admiralty. His lordship sent up his card, and was requested immediately to go up stairs. He desired me to follow him, and as soon as we were in the presence of the first lord, and he and Lord de Versely had shaken hands, Lord de Versely said, "Allow me to introduce to you Captain Keene, whose name, at least, you have often heard of lately. I have brought him with me because he is a follower of mine; he entered the service under my protection, and continued with me until his conduct gave him his promotion. I have taken this opportunity of introducing him, to assure your lordship, that during the whole time that he served with me as midshipman, his gallantry was quite as conspicuous as it has been since."

The first lord took me by the hand and complimented me on my conduct.

"Captain Keene has strong claims, my Lord; what can we do now for him?"

"I trust you will acknowledge that Captain Keene has earned his post rank, my Lord," replied Lord de Versely, "and I shall take it as a particular favour to myself if your lordship would appoint him to a frigate, and give him an opportunity of doing credit to your lordship's patronage."

The request was granted of course; and Percival had now but one wish, "What would I give to bear the name of one I so love and respect! Oh that I were a Delmar!" There was no thought of a Mason, and his only dread was, lest his deception, regarding the death of his poor mother, might be found out by his noble father. These heartless

without damming, for more than an imperceptible instant, the sweeping torrent of his speech.

It belongs to the scholars, in their courses, to say grace publicly, before and after dinner, in the hall; and when Billy Sheridan's turn came, it would make your ears tingle, to hear the stately Latin pouring like muffled thunder out of his mouth, as he proclaimed the thanksgiving already spoken of, to our virgin Foundress, as well as to the other benefactors, by whom so noble a *foundation* of prime beef and mutton had been perpetuated,

Ad natos natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

That was a thing worth hearing more than once in your academic career. But happier man was his dole, to whom our well-lined scholar would smilingly intimate, that he had lemons and sugar, whisky and hot water, which only waited for a knot of honest fellows to compound them into punch. To be invited, after Commons, to a carouse at his three-legged table, was a sort of stamp upon your character for life;—an *imprimatur*, that carried you through as many editions of good fellowship, as heart of man could desire. For Billy was a fellow of infinite discrimination, and knew a bee from a blockhead. He chose his companions for their wit or their worth; and seldom was he wrong in his calculation of either.

His *cœnaculum* was "bosom'd high" among the slates, on the top of *number twenty-five;* and consequently, as the learned world must know, commanded a view of the Park, with its broad walks, and the dreary swamp beyond it. There would Billy shine—but not alone—"in his glory," high above the world and its dull formalities.

His table, as I before remarked, had but three legs, the absent member being well supplied with a column of books, that tapered up, from Ainsworth's large quarto Dictionary at the base, to Burlemaqui's compact little abridgment of Natural Law, at the summit.

His *supellex* was varied, but somewhat scanty; so that intimate friends were sometimes requested to bring their own glasses, if they did not wish to drink out of delft ware. Of spoons there was no lack; for a dealer in that sort of *bijouterie* frequented the Post-office yard in College Green, all the day long, crying, "Two spoons for a ha'penny." I shall never forget the stare of aristocratic amazement with which a member of the noble house of Westenra eyed our *Amphitryon*, one evening, as he flung down three small coppers upon the table, and ordered that most popular of *skips*, Foly, to step out for "half-a-dozen dessert spoons!"

Having named Foly and his occupation, an explanatory note about both may not be out of place. There is attached to colleges and halls a person more useful than ornamental, and better known than paid, whom Oxonians name *Gyp*, from his supposed moral affinity to a vulture (γύψ). The same is in Dublin denominated a *Skip*, because of the activity which is an indispensable item in his qualifications. He is a universal *laquais de place*—duty as well as interest obliging him to serve as many masters as will employ him. But this is no easy matter; for the students who employ *skips*, are dispersed, without regard to classification, through the various buildings and floors (or, as your *gentes Scoticæ* would say, *flats*) of this most straggling and extensive community; whence it happens that the *skip*, "whom many masters share," leads the most discursive life of any animal that moves upon two legs. He constitutes, probably, the identical exception which Sir Boyle Roche had in his mind's eye, when he broached his famous problem, that "a man cannot be in two places at once, *barring* he is a bird." The *skip*, or according to the Oxford etymology, the man-vulture, is not fit for his calling, who cannot time his business so as to be present simultaneously at several places. He must be at Kinahan's on Carlisle Bridge, for Mr. Moriarty's half-pound of tea, at the very moment that *Sir* Looby, in the Botany Bay Square, requires his three eggs; and the Billy Sheridan of the day is singing out, like Stentor, from the tiles and skylights of a coctile edifice beside the library, for the "lazy rascal!"

To calls like these was Foly subject at all hours, and equal in all emergencies. Without the wings or light proportions of a *Mercury*, he shuffled his way from one set of chambers to another, and was *in time* everywhere. But his bodily activity, though in itself unparalleled, was the least valuable of his many serviceable qualities. Foly had *a mind*, which neither time nor space could circumscribe; and with that he was often promoting your interests, while his feet were running on another man's errand, or his hands brushing another man's coat. If *the Dean's** porter required your presence before that minister of justice, to account for the irregularity of the past night, Foly was at your elbow with his counsel, and his ready wit supplied excuses always new and plausible. "Leave me alone," he would say, "to bother the Dane." If the milkman got sulky, and threatened to stop the supplies, who could wheedle another month's credit out of him like Foly? And when your college-woman pledged the table-cloth, or stole your books, where was the policeman half so quick to bring the pawnbroker "to raison," or to place your hand on the precise stall in Anglesey Street, where the missing volumes were ranged and ticketed?

But, alas! the glory of the world passes away. This inimitable attendant has quitted the proper scene of his renown. His occupation is gone. His *Folyage* has fallen into the sere: he is now sixteen stone weight, and can *skip* no longer. Foly has declined into the keeper of a comfortable lodging-house in Wicklow Street, much frequented by fat, elderly gentlemen from the country, *ex*rates, "and else," who find him in his present elevation the same kind-hearted, devoted, and humble minister of their occasions that he was in his fourth *lustrum;* and there do many delight to talk with him about old times, and particularly of the evenings stolen from care, in that cloud-capt apartment that lifted Billy Sheridan's head to the storm.

"And sure enough"—as honest Foly ejaculates with an emphatic sigh that shakes *his* "Four-

* The authority of the junior Dean here is similar to that of the Proctor at Oxford.

ations,"—"Sure enough, them *was* the times!" have known, on such occasions, my friend Billy o invite to his jovial tripod, some who are now at he very top of their professions, both in Church nd Law, and others—perhaps their superiors—who have long since been mingled with the mighty ead. And they would all come, lightly bound-ng—three steps at a stride—up those steep and earisome flights of stairs, to sit round that rickety able and quaff whisky-punch out of broken tea-cups.

The survivors of those pleasant orgies are, for he most part, now able to revel in the choice vin-ages of the Rhine, while their wealth and station lace the brightest and most social spirits of the ge at their beck; yet if you would but mark hem in their occasional visits to the College, any is the fond lingering look they throw at Billy's cockloft, as if in utter despair of ever find-ng any enjoyment, short of Elysium, worthy to be ompared to that. It is true, their beards are rizzled now, which were then in the primal down; nd that makes more than the difference.

If you imagine, reader, that such meetings were isgraced by drunken excess, or wrangling and nseemly disputation, you know little of a true ollege merrymaking. Much noise, indeed, was here, six or seven voices often going at a time; ut it was the noise of cheerful and friendly con-roversy, interspersed here and there with a song, nd enlivened with many a sparkling witticism or roll conceit. Ours were the cups that "cheer but ot inebriate;" for Billy was, in the main, a mo-al man, and admitted no equivocal characters to is *symposia*. The solitary bottle, which he set pon the table, full to the cork but never re-lenished, was shared so judiciously, that every ne had enough for mirth and indulgence, but one too much for good manners or propriety.

There often unbended one, who has of late years illed a large space in the world's eye, but in such position as gives an unworthy notion of his great ualities and kindly nature. He has been *sobri-uetted* by that "pestilent mad wag," Tom Moore, s the Rev. *Murtagh O'Mulligan;* but if Tom ever eard him sing—"O blame not the Bard," as I ave heard him sing it, with his whole heart in the vords, "the Bard" himself had surely relented, and udged him fit for better things than philandering *Miss Biddy O'Fudge* to the "Do-nothing-on-Sun-lay Club." His voice, though untutored, was armonious and powerful, and it was his delight o exercise it in the boldest and most patriotic trains of our national lyrist. *Au reste*, he was a ind soul, unsophisticated, joyous, and convivial; nd he possessed the faculty of pun-making—ex-ellent, good puns too—to such perfection, that I ake no question but he could have composed a ew *Joe Miller* off hand.

This is not just the place for political allusions; ut I cannot help remarking, that his opinions ere then liberal—moderately but firmly liberal; circumstance which alone would satisfy my ind, did I not know on surer grounds, that his onversion to the Protestant faith, which had aken place previously to the time I speak of, was ot grounded upon the base motives to which, in later times, it has been so freely attributed: for your mere renegade becomes a bigot, or affects to be one, *from the post;* but this man, for years after his change of creed, retained the love of popular institutions in his heart, and was, in particular, an advocate for Catholic Emancipation. Where is the sordid or trading apostate of whom so much can be said?

It seems not improbable that he would have continued in those sentiments, but for the influence and example of his early patron, Dr. Magee. That erratic luminary, the friend and *alter ego* of Plunket, had marshalled a Whig party in the university, which triumphed over the conjoint despotism and corruption of Provost Elrington, and the Castle. They elected the great advocate of Emancipation in 1812, compelling the representative of Ascendancy, Leslie Foster, to retire without a contest; and again, in 1818, when Wilson Croker was brought forward by a sudden underhand manœuvre, to take the fortress by surprise, Magee—then Dean of Cork—mustered his friends, and "brushed the vexatious intruder away."

These exploits turned the attention of Lord Liverpool to the man and *his works;* and he made him a bishop,—alleging, as an excuse for so doing, the great admiration he felt for his clever compilation on "The Atonement;" but the sly Premier saw other merits in the plastic dean. Nor was he deceived: for from that moment the patriotism of this divine, who had stood second only to Swift in the veneration and affections of the Irish people, began to wane; and on his translation to the metropolitan chair of Dublin, he went clean over, (if the word be admissible,) with all his disposable forces, to the High Tory and No-Popery party. That remarkable desertion was followed—whether *propter hoc*, however, or simply *post hoc*, I presume not to determine—by a similar change in the politics of two lesser lights, namely, Phelan the Fellow, and the personage whose history has led me into this digression.

But politics and symposiacs go ill together. Let us go back to Billy Sheridan's garret, where the wight who attempted to discuss the eccentricities of Doctor Magee or his satellites, would be classed, in the words of a popular song, with

"Any old bellowing woman that chatters
About Father O'Leary, and the Bishop of Cloyne."

Instead of pounding the "drum ecclesiastic" then, you would find our great gun of controversy torturing the logic the gods had given him, to prove *Peter Pindar's* wit superior to that of *Hudibras;* whilst his brother Sam would be quietly and blandly mystifying some green freshman from Munster, into a belief, grounded upon the similarity in sound, of certain Greek words, to others of like signification in the Irish tongue, that *Homer's Iliad* was (or might have been) originally composed in the latter, and sung to the harp of King Brian Boroihme.

Sam was stately, grandiloquent, metaphysical, rhetorical, and a little given to romance. He had great plans of bookmaking ever running in his head. I do not mean making books with a pair of scissars and a pot of paste; for he scorned

to borrow anything of any man, unless it might be a spoonful or so of tea, when his canister was run out: and that he always repaid in full tale. But his speculations were most original—thoughts such as had never entered into any man's brain before, upon subjects about which few other men could think of thinking. He was, however, an idler—*magna pollicitus*, and there an end. He would hold jousts all the forenoon, in imaginary lists, with Dugald Stewart, or project magnificent plans for throwing a girdle round the national debt, so as to bring it into some solvible compass. But the organ of perseverance was nowhere in his phrenology; and, with a capacity equal to the highest attempts, he achieved nothing. He has written some clever theological pamphlets, and is generally thought to be the author of the "Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen" in the *Dublin University Magazine*, as well as some slashing articles elsewhere, for which the Tories, if they be not, like some of their predecessors, ashamed to appear to set any value upon mere literary support, are bound to reward him very handsomely. But Sam has greater stuff in him than what is apparent in anything that he has done as yet.

Our proper hint, however, is to speak of him as he shone at Billy Sheridan's *Conversazioni*; and there, to do him justice, he was the soul of good-humour and jollification. His favourite weapon was irony, which he would slip under your short rib with winning politeness. Sometimes it happened, as it will to wags of that sardonic humour, that he would *catch a Tartar*; and in such cases, no person could enjoy with a higher zest the turning of the tables upon himself. He would laugh till the slates over his head rattled together; and *Momus*—who was, of course, always, though invisibly, one of our party—would cry to the sprite that makes the blood run tickling up and down the veins—"Let him laugh again—let him laugh again."

That *was* a "laugh," as honest Foly might say with his own ugly mouth; none of your noiseless American grins or rattlesnake chuckles; no junior Sophister's giggle; no Parliament yelp, like that which, according to the Ex-Secretary at War, constitutes the sole essential difference between certain lords of the creation, and the commoner curs thereof. No—nor was it a hearty English burst, that threatened to "rive the concealing continents" of doublet and waistband; still less, *O Northern reader*, was it a hoarse Hyperborean bellow, like that rude Caledonian guffaw of *yours*: but it was a pealing hinnulation—a neigh nasal, that reverberated through every note of the *Houyhnhnm* scale, as if it proceeded from the war-charger in *Job*, when he "smelleth the battle afar off, and saith—Ha! Ha!"

The late John Sidney Taylor sometimes enlivened the scene with his sly humour; but though eminently social, he was shy of committing himself to strangers, and rather avoided gregarious merry-makings. To sit round the fireside, an hour before *Commons*, with two or three airy spirits, or to take a turn in the park after dinner, for about the same space;—that was Taylor's delight—and that was the time to enjoy his cheerful and improving conversation. Yet he would, upon occasion, overcome his wonted reserve, in the most promiscuous company, and set a whole table on a roar. He had the knack of seeming utterly unconscious of his own wit, (*artem celandi artem*,) and he spoke with a careless, sleepy drawl, which added considerably to the surprise of the hearers, and in the same degree increased the effect of his most eloquent, as well as of his most whimsical effusions.

Taylor had a rare love of fun, which was peculiarly striking in so "asy-going a Scholar of the House," as old Jerry, the badgeman, used to call him; and he would lay down plans for a practical joke, with as thoughtful and grave a concern, as a trapper in the Backwoods sets his gins for a racoon. Ay, and like the trapper too, he would enjoy the sport alone, in the absence of friends to share it with, as heartily as if the result *came off* amidst a whole theatre of *claqueurs*.

When he was a student at the Temple, in 1817, the *Spafields Riots* took place, and a large reward having been offered for the apprehension of the ringleader, Taylor was struck by the likeness of his chum, Bob Power, to the description, given in the proclamation, of *Young Watson*. Upon that hint he went to work; and having induced Bob to accompany him to a barber's shop, he counterfeited the utmost trepidation, demanded in a hurried whisper to be conducted to a secret apartment, with windows not looking into the street, where the master himself, and by no means any of his journeymen or apprentices, should perform the office which was required to be done.

Bob had been prepared, by a darkling intimation of a scheme to mystify the barber, to place himself implicitly in his friend's hands, content to remain innocent of the knowledge till he might applaud the deed. He uncovered his head, therefore, to the Shearer, in mute and smiling anticipation of the *denouement*, without the least suspicion that he was himself marked to be a victim. But marked he was, sure enough; for Taylor had previously attempted the operation which he now called upon the professional artist to complete.

"Bless my soul, Sir!" said the barber, widely staring,—"what barbarian was at work upon this head?"

"Hist,"—said Taylor, laying his fore finger upon his lip—"no questions, Sir, if you please."

The barber looked unutterable things. "How shall I trim your whiskers, Sir?"

"Address your conversation to *me* only," cried Taylor, abruptly; then—*sottissimo*—"Shave them off, every hair, Sir, to the temples."

"That's a foreign fashion, I presume, Sir, and the gentleman is going abroad."

"Pray, Sir—perform your office and restrain your curiosity."

Ever and anon, during the operation, Taylor would fly to the head of the stairs, and having remained there a few moments, in an attitude of listening anxiety, run back again, and fix a scrutinizing glance upon the barber and then upon Bob.

When the job was done, he slipped half-a-crown into the operator's hand, and stepping into the

street, very carefully surveyed all the passengers, at the opposite side. Then crossing over, he reviewed those at the other side; and having repeated this precaution more than once, at length gave a furtive signal to his friend, who forthwith *bolted;* walking off briskly to the left, whilst Taylor moved away with equal celerity towards the right. When he had proceeded some paces, he looked back, and saw, as he expected, the whole family of the barber, some with combs in their hands and some with scissars, crowding the door or craning out of the windows, to catch a view of this *Bob of mystery.*

The two friends met, in a few minutes, by appointment, at their lodgings in Drury Lane, when Bob, drawing his four fingers slowly adown his unbushed cheeks, somewhat chopfallen, demanded if *the joke* was ended?

"No—no—not yet, *I hope:* for here comes a Bow Street officer to carry you off to Newgate, *for Young Watson.*"

Bob opened his eyes and exerted himself to look pleasant at so exquisite a trap against *the Barber*: though, if the truth were told, he would have enjoyed it more, had somebody else been used for a bait. But he was not destined to enjoy it to the full extent contemplated by the projector; for *Figaro* had proved too faithful. He scorned the temptation that had been thrown in his way; and when Taylor returned to his shop, the following day, on some pretence of business, he was accosted with eager inquiries about his "friend" and hopes that he had got beyond the reach of the bloodhounds. Taylor assured him that he was perfectly safe; at which the worthy Radical expressed, and no doubt felt, more delight than if Lord Sidmouth's Thousand Guineas were at the moment jingling in his pocket.

The chosen friend of Taylor, and his competitor for the prizes and honours of the University, was Charles Wolfe, author of the "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore," whose name will go down to the latest posterity, linked with that bright, but solitary claim to immortality.* That the mine, out of which such a "gem of purest ray" had been taken, almost by accident, (certainly quite *extemore,*) should have contained nothing more that was precious or meet to be transmitted to other times, is not to be supposed. But its having remained unwrought, was no wonder at all to Wolfe's college friends, who were well acquainted with his procrastinating habits, and that indolence, which was, probably, one of the premonitory symptoms of the disease which brought him to an early grave.

Besides these constitutional impediments, (if I may so designate them,) he was so patient, so kind, so warm-hearted, and so glad to see every one that was glad to see him, that his time was much more the property of any idler who chose to trespass upon it, than it was his own. He never turned his face away from any man, of a good moral character, who showed a desire to cultivate his acquaintance. As he was a perfect gentleman, and one of the most cheerful and delightful companions that ever lived, his society was eagerly sought, out of doors, and his chambers in college were the constant resort of numbers who might be almost excused for the invasion, seeing what rich spoils they were always sure of carrying away.

It was not merely the fascination of his genius and his wit, which drew this concourse to him. He was the object of universal esteem and love; and no wonder, for he was the gentlest, the most guileless, and the most affectionate of God's creatures. If it be still a "woe" for those, of whom "all men speak well," Wolfe had that misfortune. *Omnes omnia bona dicere.* And in that respect, he was pretty even with *everybody;* for he "thought no evil" of any one, and when he spoke of the absent, it was in commendation of some good quality which he saw, or wished to see, in their characters.

Wolfe died before the minds of men were thoroughly embittered by that spirit of controversy, which the political struggles of the last twenty years have called forth. In his profession he had laboured, with unwearied zeal and devotedness, to enlighten the ignorant and reclaim the careless and profane. Catholics as well as Protestants were alike the objects of his pastoral solicitude; but it was not in his nature to offend against that God-like Charity, which ought ever to unite the various branches of the Christian family in one common bond of love and peace. When he left this scene therefore, he left it in the undivided enjoyment of his early popularity. The distinctions of creed and of party, which had everywhere begun to put rancours between man and man, had no place in the solemn thoughts inspired by the event; but all those who had known him in his youth—and in the number were comprised members of every denomination—could stand beside his bier, and "mourn him, saying—Alas, my brother!"

Sometimes, but not often, our meetings were adorned by the presence of a remarkably handsome youth, who sported a broad northern accent, and passed in those days for no more than a very "lively dunce." He was a great theatrical spouter, and used to illustrate his discourse, on the most indifferent topics, with snatches out of Shakspeare or *the Castle Spectre.* He much affected the society of a certain Patagonian tragedian of the Crow Street Company, who did enact *Timour the Tartar* most heroically, and could tear a passion to tatters with more applause than any actor of his time.

It was the general expectation of his friends, that our smockfaced boy would go upon the stage, for which he possessed many requisite qualifications. But there are more ways than one of being *a Ranter;* and this gentleman has chosen the pulpit for his theatre, where he shines as a star of no trifling magnitude. Many who have lately seen him outheroding Herod in his present vocation, and mark the ecstasies into which his performances throw *the Ladies,* say that he has not mistaken his calling. Perhaps not; but however that may be, the cause of genuine melodrama has lost much, and the cause of Christian charity has not gained a great deal, by the choice.

(To be continued.)

* Wolfe's Biographer, Archdeacon Russell, has preserved some sketches of Sermons, abounding in beautiful sentiments and passages of noble eloquence, sufficient to show, that as an orator and divine, as well as a poet—"Life only was wanting to his fame."

LITERARY REGISTER.

Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. Vol. V. *Katharine Parr, the Sixth Queen of Henry VIII., and Queen Mary his daughter; with Portrait of Katharine Parr, and Henry VIII. and his Family, after Holbein, &c., &c.* Colburn.

The fresh volume of this pleasing, and, with ladies, we should presume, very popular work, cannot be expected to present any new feature in style, though the authoress is equally minute in her researches, graphic in her descriptions, and indulgent in her judgments as in the early volumes. She exalts the wisdom of the serpent, so strikingly displayed in the conduct of Katharine Parr; and can find many grounds of extenuation for the worst crimes of "bloody Mary," in the early trials and the difficulties of that Princess's position. In her childhood and early life Mary was not indeed the gloomy bigot, or instrument in the hands of those who were in every respect much worse than herself, which she became. Towards the end of her brief reign, and when she was sinking into the grave the victim of a complication of painful disorders, and of a tortured mind, arose that fierce and horrible persecution of the professors of the new religion, which has justly rendered her memory hateful to posterity. But it is well said by Miss Strickland, and we wish that she more frequently gave way to this vein—

But if eternal obloquy was incurred by the half-dead queen, what is the due of the parliaments which legalized the acts of cruelty committed in her name? Shall we call the House of Lords *bigoted*, when its majority, which legalized this wickedness, were composed of the same individuals which had planted, very recently, the Protestant Church of England? Surely not, for the term implies honest, though wrong-headed, attachment to *one* religion. . . . . The fact, of whether the torpid and half-dead queen was the instigator of a persecution, the memory of which curdles the blood with horror at this distance of time, is a question of less moral import at the present day, than a clear analyzation of the evil with which selfish interests had infected the legislative powers of our country. It was in vain that Mary almost abstained from creation of Peers, and restored the ancient custom of annual Parliaments; the majority of the persons composing the Houses of Peers and Commons were dishonest, indifferent to all religions, and willing to establish the most opposing rituals, so that they might retain their grasp on the accursed thing with which their very souls were corrupted—for corrupted they were, though not by the unfortunate queen. The church lands, with which Henry VIII. had bribed his aristocracy, titled and untitled, into coöperation with his enormities, both personal and political, had induced national depravity.

The leaders of the Marian persecution, Gardiner and Bonner, were of the apostate class of persecutors. "Flesh bred in murder," they had belonged to the Government of Henry VIII., which sent the zealous Roman Catholic and the pious Protestant to the same stake. For the sake of worldly advantage, either of ambition or gain, Gardiner and Bonner had, for twenty years, promoted the burning or quartering of the advocates of papal supremacy; they now turned with the tide, and burnt with the same degree of conscientiousness the opposers of papal supremacy.

The persecution appears to have been greatly aggravated by the caprice of the private vengeance of these prelates; for a great legalist of our times, [Sir James Mackintosh,] who paid unprejudiced attention to the facts, has thus summed up the case:—"Of fourteen bishoprics, the catholic prelates used their influence so successfully, as altogether to prevent bloodshed in nine, and to reduce it within limits in the remaining five. Bonner, 'whom all generations shall call bloody,' raged so furiously in the diocese of London, as to be charged with burning half the martyrs in the kingdom."

This volume, rich in genealogies, family history, court anecdote, and descriptions of dresses and pageants, affords abundant scope for quotation; and having done homage to its philosophy in the above extract, we shall select our farther illustrative specimens from among its lighter passages.

LADIES' QUARRELS.

Katharine Parr, after the death of Henry, lost no time in indemnifying herself for her conjugal endurance. In three little months she secretly married Sir Thomas Seymour, the High Admiral, and the maternal uncle of the young King Edward. The Admiral's brother, Somerset, was now Lord Protector of the kingdom. Between the haughty wife of Somerset and the Queen-Dowager there existed deadly animosity, which Katharine's consummate prudence and tact could not conceal.

Many and various are the accounts given by historians of the cause of the fatal animosity of these ladies towards each other. Open hostility between them broke out after the marriage of Katharine with the admiral, in consequence of the Duchess of Somerset refusing any longer to fulfil her office of bearing up the train of the Queen-Dowager, alleging, "that it was unsuitable for her to submit to perform that service for the wife of her husband's younger brother." She next objected to give place to her majesty, carrying her insolence so far as to dispute precedence with her in the court of Edward VI. The pretence on which the Duchess of Somerset founded her presumptuous claim was, that as the wife of the protector and guardian of the realm, she had a right to take place of every lady in England. It is possible that, with the exception of the ladies of the royal family, she might; but the act of Henry VIII., whereby it was provided that Anne of Cleves should take precedency after his Queen, and the Princesses his daughters of every other lady in the realm, settled the matter of Katharine Parr's precedency beyond contravention; and the arrogant Duchess was compelled to yield, but never forgave the mortification. According to Heylin, the Duchess of Somerset was accustomed to inveigh in the bitterest manner against Queen Katharine, and actually expressed herself concerning her in the following coarse and detracting language:—"Did not Henry VIII. marry Katharine Parr in his doting days, when he had brought himself so low by his lust and cruelty that no lady that stood on her honour would venture on him. And shall I now give place to her who, in her former estate, was but Latimer's widow, and is now fain to cast herself for support on a younger brother? If master Admiral teach his wife no better manners, I am she that will."

HINTS FOR THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS.

The character and career of Queen Mary does not recommend a strict and exclusively learned education for princesses. A few of the idle books "of chivalry and romance" might have helped to enlarge and sweeten her heart. Her mother, Katharine of Arragon,

Requested Ludovicus Vives, a Spaniard of deep learning, who was called by his contemporaries the second Quintilian, to draw up a code of instructions for the education of Mary. He sent a treatise in Latin, dedicated to the queen, from Bruges, and afterwards came to England, and at Oxford revised and improved it. He

thus addresses Katharine of Arragon :—"Govern by these my monitions Maria thy daughter, and she will be formed by them; she will resemble thy domestic example of probity and wisdom, and, except all human expectations fail, holy and good will she be by necessity."

Vives points out with exultation the daughters of Sir Thomas More as glorious examples of the effects of a learned and virtuous female education. His rules are rigid : he implores that the young Princess may read no idle books of chivalry or romance. He defies and renounces such compositions in Spanish as "Amadis de Gaul," "Tirante the White," and others burnt by the curate in "Don Quixote." He abjures "Lancelot de Lac," "Paris et Vienne," "Pierre Provençal," and "Margalone and the Fairy Melusina." In Flemish, he denounces "Florice and Blanche," and "Pyramus and Thisbe." All these, and such as these, he classes as *libri pestiferi*, corrupting to the morals of females. In their place he desires that the young Princess Mary may read the Gospels night and morning, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, selected portions of the Old Testament, and the works of Cyprian, Jerome, Augustine, and Ambrose; likewise Plato, Cicero, Seneca's Maxims, Plutarch's Enchiridion, the Paraphrase of Erasmus, and the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More. Among the works of classic poets, he admitted the "Pharsalia" of Lucan, the tragedies of Seneca, with *selected* portions of Horace. He deemed cards, dice, and splendid dress, as pestiferous as romances. He gave rules for her pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and advised that lessons from these languages should be committed to memory every day, and read over two or three times before the pupil went to bed. He recommended that the Princess should render English into Latin frequently, and likewise that she should converse with her preceptor in that language. Her Latin dictionary was to be either Perotti or Colepin. He permitted some stories for her recreation, but they were all to be purely historical, sacred, or classic. He instanced the narrative of Joseph and his brethren in the Scriptures, that of Papyrus in Aulus Gellius, and Lucretia in Livy. The well-known tale of "Griselda" is the only exception to his general exclusion of fiction, and that perhaps he took for fact. It is a curious coincidence that Griselda was afterwards considered in England as the prototype of Queen Katharine.

The young Princess was certainly educated according to the rigorous directions of Vives; and she is an historical example of the noxious effect that over-education has at a very tender age. Her precocious studies probably laid the foundation for her melancholy temperament and delicate health.

From the accounts of the expenditure of this Princess's privy purse, it appears, that in spite of her education, she was fond of betting, and gambled rather deeply, and often with heavy loss, when the relative value of money is considered. Mary fully shared in the misfortunes of her mother, and was treated by Anne Boleyn with severity and insolence, which, when the season of adversity came, weighed heavily on the conscience of that giddy and capricious favourite. Anne's child, the infant Elizabeth, was declared the heiress of the realm; while Mary, the elder Princess, the daughter of the foully divorced Katharine, was separated from her mother, kept as a kind of State prisoner, and denied the title of Princess; while those who dared to pay her any attention were persecuted.

The two melancholy years Mary spent at Hunsdon, under the surveillance of her step-mother, were passed in sorrow and suffering.

The few friends who dared visit her were subjected to the severest espionage, their words were malignantly scrutinized, and sedulously reported to the Privy Council. The papers of the Princess were put under the royal seal; and if she was allowed to read, she certainly was not permitted to write, since in one of her letters, penned just after the execution of Anne Boleyn, she apologizes for "her evil writing, because she had not written a letter for two years." Her father muttered murderous threats against her, and his words were eagerly caught and reëchoed by those members of his council, whose whole study it was to flatter his wilful wishes, however wicked they might be. If the expressions of King Henry had not been appalling to the last degree, would the treasurer, Fitzwilliam, have dared to use the revolting terms he did, regarding his master's once idolized daughter ? "If she will not be obedient to his grace, I would," quoth he, "that her head was from her shoulders, that I might toss it here with my foot," and so put his foot forward, spurning the rushes,—a graphic exemplification added by two witnesses of his horrible speech, which it seems was not resented, but received as a dutiful compliment by the father of the young female whose bleeding head was thus kicked as a football in the lively imagination of the obedient satellite !

After the death of Anne Boleyn, and the marriage of the King to Jane Seymour, and when Elizabeth, like Mary, had been declared illegitimate by act of Parliament, the elder Princess was restored to favour upon agreeing to acknowledge that her late mother's marriage had been incestuous, her own birth illegitimate, and her father's supremacy over the Church absolute. With these hard conditions she complied, and was then allowed to appear at court. Her tastes and way of life, and also the customs of her age, may be gathered from the following extract :—

Notwithstanding the concessions made by the princess, no trace can be found of her admission to her father's presence before the Christmas of 1537. From this time the diary of her privy-purse expenses commences, forming a species of journal of her life, in most instances to her credit, excepting items of high play at cards, and a general propensity to betting and gambling, which will excite surprise. In this examination of the private life of a princess so exceedingly detested by her country, whose memory is loaded with the reproaches to which every sovereign who is a party in the enactment of cruel laws, is liable, it is natural for a biographer (who is an active searcher after facts) to keep a vigilant scrutiny on these records in quest of the evil traits, with which even the private character of the unfortunate Mary has been branded. The search has been vain : these records speak only of charity, affection to her little sister, kindness to her dependants, feminine accomplishments, delicate health, generosity to her god-children, many of whom were orphans dependent on her alms, fondness for birds—very little hunting and hawking is mentioned, and no bear-baiting. Her time seems, indeed, passed most blamelessly, if the gaming propensities above-mentioned may be considered rather faults of the court when she visited it, than faults of hers. It is certain Henry VIII. was one of the most inveterate gamblers that ever wore a crown.

The visit of the Princess Mary at the royal palace of Richmond commenced December the 9th, 1536. How the long-estranged father and daughter met, no pen has chronicled; but it is evident she regained, when once admitted to his presence, a large share of his former affections, tokens of which were shown by presents and new-year's gifts. The king presented her with a bordering for a dress, of goldsmith's work, perhaps some rich ornament belonging to her mother : it was not new, for she paid to a goldsmith £4 3s. 4d, for lengthening the borders, adding, in her own hand, "that the king's grace had given it to her ;" likewise she noted payment to the goldsmith "for coming to Greenwich to take her orders." The court moved from Richmond to Greenwich before Christmas-day. Mary lost at cards six angels, or £2 5s., directly she arrived at Richmond ; in six days, another supply of six angels was needed ; soon after, a third of 20s., besides 30s. lent her by Lady Carew when her pocket was again emptied "at the cards." In the course of this week, the entry of a quarter's wages for one of her footmen occurs of 10s., which offers a fair criterion

to estimate the extravagance of her card-losings by comparing the present value of a footman's wages for a quarter of a year with every 10s. thus dissipated. As some atonement for this idle outlay, £1 3s. was paid to "the woman who keepeth Mary Price, my lady Mary's god-daughter, and 15s. in alms, and 3s. 9d. to a poor woman of her grace living at Hatfield, and 7s. 6d. to John of Hatfield."

Cromwell presented the princess with a new-year's gift of some value, for the present given to his servant who brought it amounted to three angels; he likewise sent her a "gift of sweet waters and *fumes*," for which his servant is given a gratuity of 7s. 6d. Among the other characters of historical interest who sent their offerings to Mary, on her return to court, occur the names of lady Rochford, (then one of Queen Jane Seymour's bedchamber ladies,) of her father, Lord Morley, Mary's old literary friend, of Lord Beauchamp (the Queen's brother) and his wife, likewise Lady Salisbury.

To Queen Jane's maids the princess presented each a ducat, amounting in all to 40s. The queen's page had 45s. for bringing the new-year's gift of his royal mistress. Besides other presents, she gave the princess £50. The princess made many minor gifts at the new year to those whom etiquette would not permit the offering of money. For instance, she bought of the lady mayoress of London six bonnets, for new-year's gifts, at £1 each, and likewise paid her 10s. for two frontlets, a plain proof that the lady mayoress, in 1537, kept a haberdasher's or milliner's shop. The lord mayor that year was Sir Richard Gresham, a near relative of the Boleyns, a circumstance which makes this little mercantile transaction between the Princess Mary and her sister's industrious kinswoman a curious incident. . . .

The Princess Mary paid 5s. for mending a clock given her by Lady Rochford, and 20d. to Haywood's servant for bringing her regals (a sort of portable finger organ) from London to Greenwich. She had still further dealings with Lady Gresham, the lady mayoress; "for divers and sundry things of her had," 42s. were paid in January. In the course of these accounts, attempts were made to charge the princess with various pottles of sack, charges which she pertinaciously resisted, and the intrusive pottles are carefully scored out by her hand.

Mary passed through life without stigma or suspicion as to the purity of her manners. The following anecdote illustrates the high spirit of her court ladies, though they were not all Magdalen Dacres :—

Whilst Mary lay between life and death, only animated by a hope which every day became fainter, the conduct of her young husband was by no means edifying to her court. Fortunately the queen had chosen maids of honour, whose correctness of life was unimpeachable, who were not only ladies of approved virtue, but ready to do battle, if any audacious offender offered an incivility. Of this praiseworthy spirit, the beautiful lady Magdalen Dacre, who married, in the next reign, Viscount Montague, afforded a signal instance. One day, as she was at her toilette, King Philip, who had observed a small window which lighted her dressing-room, from a corridor at Hampton Court, contrived to open it far enough to put in his arm ; when the fair maid of honour, justly indignant at a liberty she never encouraged, took up a staff which stood apropos in a corner, and gave the intruding arm so sound a rap, that Philip was glad to draw it back in a hurry, and to make a speedy retreat. He took no offence at this specimen of an English lady's spirit, but was ever afterwards observed to treat the heroine of the staff with remarkable deference. The fair Dacre was of so stately a presence, that she towered above all the ladies of the court in height ; she was maid of honour afterwards to Queen Elizabeth, but was accustomed to speak with infinite scorn of the immorality of her court, when compared to that of Queen Mary.

The young Elizabeth was bred in a freer school, even when under the care of the sage Katharine Parr. After the hasty marriage of the Queen-dowager with the Admiral, to whom she had been attached previous to her royal alliance, the young Elizabeth lived with her at Chelsea, where the presence of the Princess proved injurious to both ladies.

The queen, forgetful that a blooming girl in her fifteenth year was no longer a child, had imprudently encouraged the admiral to romp with her royal stepdaughter in her presence. Mrs. Ashley, the Princess Elizabeth's governess, in her deposition before the privy council, gives a lively picture of the coarse manners of the times, in which such proceedings could be tolerated in a palace, and with royal ladies.

"At Chelsea, after my lord Thomas Seymour was married to the queen, he would come many mornings into the said lady Elizabeth's chamber before she were ready, and sometimes before she did rise, and if she were up he would bid her good-morrow, and *ax* how she did, and strike her on the back familiarly, and so go forth to his chamber, and sometimes go through to her maidens and play with them. And if the princess were in bed, he would put open the curtains and bid her good-morrow, and she would go further in the bed. And one morning he tried to kiss the princess in her bed, and this deponent was there, and bade him go away for shame. At Hanworth, for two mornings, the queen (Katharine Parr) was with him, and they both tickled my lady Elizabeth in her bed. Another time, at Hanworth, he romped with her in the garden, and cut her gown, being black cloth, into a hundred pieces, and when Mrs. Ashley came up and chid lady Elizabeth, she answered, 'she could not strive with all, for the queen held her while the lord admiral cut the dress.' Another time, lady Elizabeth heard the master-key unlock ; and knowing my lord admiral would come in, ran out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtain of her bed, and my lord tarried a long time in hopes she would come out. Mrs. Ashley could not tell how long. She (Mrs. Ashley) was told these things were complained of, and that the lady Elizabeth was evil spoken of. Then the lord admiral swore—'God's precious soul! I will tell my lord Protector how I am slandered ; and I will not leave off, for I mean no evil.'

"At Seymour Place, when the queen slept there, he did use awhile to come up every morning in his night-gown and slippers ; when he found my lady Elizabeth up, and at her book, then he would look in at the gallery door, and bid her good-morrow, and so go on his way ; and the deponent told my lord it was an unseemly sight to see a man so little dressed in a maiden's chamber, with which he was angry, but he left it. At Hanworth, the queen told Mrs. Ashley 'that my lord admiral looked in at the gallery window, and saw my lady Elizabeth with her arms about a man's neck.' Upon which, Mrs. Ashley questioned her charge regarding it, and the lady Elizabeth denied it, weeping, and bad them *ax* all her women, if there were any man who came to her excepting Grindall, my lady Elizabeth's schoolmaster? Howbeit, Mrs. Ashley thought, the queen being jealous did feign this story, to the intent that Mrs. Ashley might take more heed to the proceedings of lady Elizabeth and the lord admiral." The governess added, "that her husband, Mr. Ashley, (who, it seems, was a relative of Anne Boleyn,) did often give warning that he feared the princess did bear some affection to the lord admiral, as she would sometimes blush when she heard him spoken of."

Elizabeth herself told Parry, the offerer of her household, "that she feared the admiral loved her but too well, and that the queen was jealous of them both ; and that, suspecting the frequent access of the admiral to her, she came suddenly upon them when they were alone, he having her in his arms."

The Queen immediately separated her household from that of the Princess. Her death in child-birth shortly followed. Though the Admiral was her fourth husband, King Henry being her third, Katharine was now for the first time a mother. Her love-match proved far from happy ; though we think it is satisfactorily proved that

was not poisoned by her husband; a crime to which
t worthless man had no immediate temptation.
Notwithstanding her consummate prudence and tact,
tharine Parr had, in her time, a sharp run for her
d with the royal Blue Beard. Though her crimes
re not of the kind alleged against Anne Boleyn and
tharine Howard, she was suspected of heresy, and
s guilty of bringing no heirs to the crown. She had
adly enemies in Wriothesley and Gardiner, who not only
tested the reformed doctrines—"the new learning," as
ese were then called, but were jealous of Katharine's
luence with the king and his children, and anxiously
otted her ruin. Once when she had ventured too far
religious discourse, she perceived her error, and
Made a few pleasant observations on other subjects,
d withdrew. Henry's suppressed choler broke out as
on as she left the room. "A good hearing it is," said
, "when women become such clerks; and much to my
mfort, to come in mine old age to be taught by my
ife!"

Gardiner, who was present, availed himself of this
ornful sally to insinuate things against her majesty,
hich a few days before he durst not, for his life, have
reathed to the king. "For," says a contemporary au-
ior, "never handmaid sought more to please her mis-
ess than she to please his humour; and she was of
ngular beauty, favour, and comely personage, wherein
e king was greatly delighted."

The ruin of the queen and her ladies was finally re-
olved on, when she was saved by an accident.

At this momentous crisis, when the life of the queen
ight be said to hang on a balance so fearfully poised,
hat the descent of a feather would have given it a fatal
urn, the bill of articles that had been framed against
er, together with the mandate for her arrest, were
lropped by Wriothesley from his bosom, in the gallery
t Whitehall, after the royal signature of the king had
een affixed. Fortunately, it happened that it was
icked up by one of the attendants of the queen, and
nstantly conveyed to her majesty, whose sweetness of
emper and gracious demeanour had endeared her to all
ier household. It is impossible but that shuddering
ecollections of the fell decree which doomed Henry's
econd queen, Anne Boleyn, to be either burned or be-
eaded, at the king's pleasure, and of the summary pro-
eedings by which his last queen, Katharine, was hurried
o the block, without even the ceremony of a trial, must
ave pressed upon her mind as she glanced at these
ppalling documents. . . . Be that as it may, the
ueen no sooner perceived that a bill for her attainder
vas prepared, and that the king had treacherously given
is sanction to the machinations of her foes, than she
oncluded that she was to be added to the list of his
onjugal decapitations, and fell into an hysterical agony.
She occupied an apartment contiguous to that of the
ick and froward monarch; and as she fell from one fit
nto another, her shrieks and cries reached his ears.
Finding they continued for many hours, either moved
with pity, or, as Dr. Lingard shrewdly suggests, "incom-
moded by the noise," he sent to inquire what was the
matter. Katharine's physician, Dr. Wendy, having
penetrated the cause of her majesty's indisposition, in-
formed the royal messenger that the queen was danger-
ously ill, and that it appeared that her sickness was
caused by distress of mind. When the king heard this,
he was either moved with unwonted feelings of com-
passion for the sufferings of his consort, or reminded, by
his own increasing infirmities, which had confined him
for the last two days to his bed, of her unrivalled skill
as a nurse; and feeling, perhaps, for the first time, how
much he should miss her in that capacity, if death de-
prived him of her services, he determined to pay her a
visit. This act of royal condescension was the more re-
markable, because it was attended with great personal
inconvenience to himself, for he was carried in a chair
into queen Katharine's apartment, being at that time
unable to walk. He found her heavy and melancholy,
and apparently at the point of death, at which he
evinced much sympathy, as if really alarmed at the idea
of losing her. . . . On this occasion she testified a
proper degree of gratitude for the honour of his visit,
"which," she assured him, "had greatly revived and
rejoiced her." She also adroitly offered an opening for
an explanation of the cause of Henry's displeasure, by
expressing herself much distressed at having seen so
little of his majesty of late, adding, that her uneasiness
at this was increased by her apprehensions of having
been so unhappy as to have given him some uninten-
tional offence. Henry replied only with gracious and
encouraging expressions of his good will. During the
rest of this critical interview, Katharine behaved in so
humble and endearing a manner, and so completely
adapted herself to the humour of her imperious lord,
that, in the excitement caused by the reaction of his
feelings, Henry betrayed to her physician the secret of
the plot against her life. This gentleman, being both a
good and a prudent person, acted as a mediator with his
sovereign in the first instance, and is said to have sug-
gested to the queen the proper means of securing a re-
conciliation with Henry.

The next evening the queen found herself well enough
to return the king's visit in his bedchamber. She came
attended by her sister, Lady Herbert, and the king's
young niece, Lady Jane Gray, who carried the candles
before her majesty. Henry welcomed her very courte-
ously, and appeared to take her attention in good part;
but presently turned the conversation to the old subject
of controversy, for the purpose of beguiling her into an
argument. Katharine wittily excused herself from the
snare by observing, that she was but a woman, accom-
panied with all the imperfections natural to the weakness
of her sex; therefore, in all matters of doubt and difficulty
she must refer herself to his majesty's better judgment,
as to her lord and head; "for so God hath appointed
you," continued she, "as the supreme head of us all,
and of you, next unto God, will I ever learn."

"Not so, by St. Mary," said the king; "ye are be-
come a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be in-
structed of us, as oftentime we have seen." "Indeed,"
replied the queen, "if your majesty have so conceived,
my meaning has been mistaken, for I have always held
it preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord; and if
I have ever presumed to differ with your highness on
religion, it was partly to obtain information for my own
comfort, regarding certain nice points on which I stood
in doubt, and sometimes because I perceived, that in
talking, you were better able to pass away the pain and
weariness of your present infirmity, which encouraged
me to this boldness, in the hope of profiting withal by
your majesty's learned discourse." "And is it so, sweet-
heart!" replied the king; "then are we perfect friends."
He then kissed her with much tenderness, and gave her
leave to depart.

On the day appointed for her arrest, the king, being
convalescent, sent for the queen to take the air with him
in the garden. Katharine came, attended, as before, by
her sister, Lady Jane Gray, and Lady Tyrwhit. Pre-
sently, the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, with forty of
the guard, entered the garden, with the expectation of
carrying off the queen to the Tower, for he had not re-
ceived the slightest intimation of the change in the royal
caprice. The king received him with a burst of indig-
nation, saluted him with the unexpected address of
"Beast, fool, and knave," and sternly withdrawing him
from the vicinity of the queen, he bade him "avaunt
from his presence." Katharine, when she saw the king
so greatly incensed with the Chancellor, had the mag-
nanimity to intercede for her foe, saying, "she would
become a humble suitor for him, as she deemed his fault
was occasioned by mistake."

"Ah! poor soul," said the king, "thou little knowest,
Kate, how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands.
On my word, sweetheart, he hath been to thee a very
knave!"

The capricious tyrant did not long survive, or his
sixth wife's head had still been in danger.

It is impossible to rise from the perusal of any work of this kind, describing the private lives of kings and courtiers, without the reflection involuntarily arising, that monarchy would, to society, need to be the most valuable of all political institutions, since to the individual rulers, and those immediately depending on them, it is the most corrupting.

Colonel Thompson's Exercises, Political and Others.

In six Volumes, 12mo. Effingham Wilson.

Under this quaint title Colonel Thompson has collected and published his voluminous papers, which originally appeared in the *Westminster Review*, while that work was under his control, and also his articles in different periodicals and newspapers. The Essays are, as most of our readers must know, mainly political, though a few are professional, or purely scientific; and several may be called controversial. Of the latter kind are the expositions and vindications of Bentham's Philosophy.

Though some may question Colonel Thompson's claims as an original thinker, none will deny that he is an original and racy writer. His rare felicity of illustration, happy knack of stating a case, and of familiarizing the abstract, have been universally allowed; but it seems less generally understood, that the best part of his wit is its logic. No one possesses the same knack or tact, or shall we call it instinct of genius, in going directly to the point, and not only knocking the nail on the head himself, but showing the spectators where and how the blow may be the most effectually aimed. He not only dexterously, and by a short and simple process, lays bare a sophism, and turns the seamy side of a favourite fallacy outwards, but he makes them at the same time ridiculous and odious. It is higher and better praise that this rare power has ever been found exercised upon the right side; on that of truth against error, justice against oppression, with the helpless weak against the encroaching strong. The six volumes before us are, we are glad to find published at a very cheap rate, which makes them quite accessible to village clubs and working men as elementary studies in politics.

We have marked out numerous specimens of these Exercises, but suffering under the embarrassment of riches, it is not found so easy to shorten as to make a list. The following is merciful to the—LIVE GODS:—

When a live god in Thibet has been fattened in a coop from his youth up, it would be unreasonable to expect from him either mental or corporeal energy; it would be hard to demand of him much moral virtue; and it would be downright cruelty to put him to death for his deficiency in either. It is the previous estate and training of despotic monarchs, that removes them from fair liability to capital punishment; on the same principles that are acknowledged in the case of those who are physically deficient. Let any reasonable man inquire of himself, by what processes he has arrived at any knowledge, or at any virtue,—how much of his morality he owes to the hourly apprehension of consequences,—how much of his prudence to collision with men of like powers with himself,—and how much of his reverence for truth to the dread of the contempt of his equals,—and then let him determine what portion of all these would have appertained to him, if he had been surrounded from his infancy by insinuations that his will made law, his opinions wisdom, and his word facts. The fault is in the institution of live gods; the vice is in the system, which, in attempting to raise one unfortunate individual above the level of humanity, sinks him beneath it. If men will have such idols, they ought to take the consequences along with them; but not make a holocaust of a poor puppet who after all has flesh and blood, for being what in a common man would be a liar, a cut-throat, or a knave.

There is true pathos as well as lively fancy in the subjoined sketch. The reader will remember the parallel siege of Jerusalem.

THE SIEGE OF BOLTON.—I have been at the *siege* of Bolton; for nothing but some such cause suggests itself as adequate to the phenomena. And is it not a siege! not carried on, perhaps, by an enemy within gun-shot, but by one working on a wider radius, and making his blockade by sea upon the means of life.

Many sights it has been my chance to see; and I think I know what is the minimum of help with which horse, ass, dog, hog, or monkey can sustain existence, and where it must go out for want of the appliances and means of living. But anything like the squalid misery, the slow, mouldy, putrifying death by which the weak and the feeble of the working-classes are perishing here, it never befell my eyes to behold, nor my imagination to conceive.

Did you ever set eyes on a pennyworth of mutton? Come here, and you shall see how rations are served out under the landlords' state of siege. It might bait a rat-trap; though a well-fed rat would hardly risk his personalities for such a pittance. Pennyworths of mutton, and halfpennyworths of bread cut off the loaf, are what the shopkeepers in Bolton deal out to the inhabitants of their Jerusalem. I saw a woman come for one halfpennyworth of bread, which was to be the dinner for herself and children twain; and when I reflected that of this transparent slice the other half was gone to buy the landlords' claret, astonishment possessed me at the endurance of that bearing ass, the public, and the extent to which ignorance and divisions will prop the rich man's robbery.

I saw another mother of a family, who said she had not tasted meat for many months; and on one of the children being sent off to the butcher's for some of that strange luxury, she was discovered making efforts to intercept the messenger. Her anxiety was to instruct the boy to bring back nothing but one pennyworth of bacon: there was a to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, for which she had conceived the idea of spinning out existence by means of the remainder of the fund.

If you are curious in human misery, if you are anxious to know what a shabby tyranny can bring the rank and file to suffer, come at your leisure to the "leaguer" of Bolton, and see what the people sleep on, if they do sleep. Chopped dirt, the sweepings of a hen-house, mingled with a proportion of sparrows'-nests, to show that men had heard of straw, would be the best representatives of what they huddle upon in corners, and call it resting.

MACHINE-BREAKING.—The blunder of desiring to put down machinery, is in the main and in the long run the same as the contemptible fallacy of restrictions upon trade, which is pressed upon the operatives by the supporters of the Corn Laws. The apparent gain made at every step of restriction either on trade or on machinery, is balanced by an equal loss to some other portion of the industrious classes somewhere else, and there is a clear unbalanced loss of the amount in question to the consumers in the aggregate besides. But the operatives are to be persuaded, that if John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry, get sixpence each, by at the same time taking twopence out of the pocket of each of the other three,—John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry make a gain; and not only this, but that they do so if John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry, in their quality of consumers, lose another sixpence among them every time besides. This is the sum and substance of the system that calls itself *protection to trade*. It is a plan to set everybody to rob the rest, and count the plunder as a general gain. The subject, as relates to trade, has been examined at length in a former article, under the illustration of the monkeys in Exeter 'Change, who chose to feed out of each other's paws: where it was shown that the land monopoly is the great

aboon of all, for whose benefit the lesser apes are persuaded to aid in keeping up the fraud.

Machinery then, like the rain of heaven, is a present blessing to all concerned, provided it comes down by drops, and not by tons together; and anything which prevents its free and expanded operation, has an effect of the same kind as would be produced if the rain could be collected into water-spouts.

APT TO THE TIMES.—A particular class, the landed interest, as they rejoice to style themselves, succeeded in persuading the community that nothing could go well unless they had their way. How much of this was self-deception, heaven only knows; but if they succeeded in making fools of other people, there is no known reason why, to a certain extent, they should not have succeeded in the same manner with themselves. At all events they had their way; and the first thing they did, was to prohibit the exchange of the poor man's industry for bread. Whether the manufacturers, if they had haply got the upper hand instead, would have laid a tax on home-grown corn, by way of increasing the quantity that should be bought with their goods from abroad, is what there has not been opportunity to try; but if they had, it would not have been one whit a more outrageous and barefaced wrong, a more wanton and reckless abuse of power, or a cooler and more degrading violence for a civilized society to submit to. If men, under such an exertion of tyranny on the part of the manufacturing interest, had risen in masses, and been put down by the sword and the executioner, it might be true enough that this evil was an inevitable consequence, and for that very reason there would be two evils instead of one to be reckoned for with the manufacturers whenever the day of justice should arrive. There would be no use in tampering with such a rank oppression. It would be an ill which those who are given to bear, would bear, and those who were not, would not; and the end would be, either the timely retreat of the plunderers of society, or a waiting till public indignation had risen high enough to drive them from their hold.

And it does not follow that, if humanity was suffering under such an infliction from the manufacturers, the efforts by which it was put down would all be directed by the purest reasoning and the most exact statistics. The buccaneers of the society must make up their minds to take what might befall them. There would be no use in their crying out, that *this* starving wretch was out of the line of political economy, and *that other* was a bad practical philosopher. All these errors would be trifling peccadilloes, compared with the grand stalking wrong, that was at the bottom of the well or ill directed resistance of the community. Nothing can be more eminently typical of passive moderation, joined to considerable powers both of offence and defence, than a drove of oxen under the guidance of humanity and wisdom; but let them be once goaded into madness by the feeling of intolerable suffering, and it is no excuse for the authors of the mischief, that they will stick a peer of parliament as soon as the basest of their persecutors. The ignorant and the poor—those who are ignorant because they are poor, and poor because they are ignorant, and whom laws have been passed to make both one and the other—cannot be expected to reason like doctors in divinity, while suffering under evils the smallest of which would fill a gazette if it could by possibility happen to the authors of their pain;—evils as distinctly referable, in all their branches, to the voluntary and determined acts of those who are the causes of the infliction, as the sounds of a musical instrument are to the striking of the keys;—evils which, they have been told over and over, and will be told again to-morrow, and the day after that, exist, simply because their betters would have it so, and because the portions of the higher classes who think they gain by wrong, are more numerous, united, and active than those of the same classes who set themselves in opposition to it. It is no secret; the members of the existing government avowedly hold office by the confession of the necessity for reform; and never in the history of mankind was reform so necessary, as in a country whose commercial policy is one continuous fraud upon the industrious classes, for the benefit of those whose trade and calling it is to live without working. If the labouring man eats bread, a payment is to be made for the maintenance of one portion of the aristocracy,—there is no mistake, there can be no mistake,—*the aristocracy*; though the receivers themselves are losing more at one end than they are gaining at the other, with the possible exception of those who are born to the right of providing for their children out of the public purse. If he aspires to tea, he must pay for the support of another portion somewhere else; and if he dreams of sugar, he must keep another; and to crown all, if liberation from any of these abuses is demanded for him, he is told plainly that there shall be no remission of the abuse unless he buys it at full value from the holder. He is the horse, the ass, the mule, who is to be saddled with every "splendid *lazzarone*" that finds himself too lazy to walk. It is not enough that he is to abstain from his rich neighbour's property, and even to defend it at the hazard of his life when called upon; but this property is to be held imperfect, and but half conducive to the enjoyments of the owner, unless it can be employed to double itself out of the basket of the poor. If the world's history were looked through, there would not—with the single exception of negro slavery—be found so glaring and huge an instance of the abuse of power, and the general misery consequent on giving one selfish class the right of legislation for the rest, as is presented by the commercial policy of this most ill-used country.

We suspect this is little short of sedition, and the most dangerous of seditions.

THE FACTORY FRAUD.—A race of artisans is cut off by the interested persons from the free exchange of their labour, and forced thereby to exchange three hours' work instead of two for a given quantity of food at the permitted shops. And then, so feeble is the popular mind, so easily diverted from following the scent of injury, that it absolutely blesses the individuals who come forward to declare, "We have made you give us eighteen hours' work for the corn of twelve; and now see what we'll do for you. We'll pass a law, that none of you shall work more than twelve hours a-day. It is quite enough; you must not be cruel to yourselves, or children either; do not let an irrational desire for corn, like the irrational desire for business which haunts your masters, induce you to work more than would be for your health. We know your industrious dispositions; but we can't consent. We get your twelve hours' labour for two-thirds the corn; and our consciences would be uneasy if we thought you were overworking yourselves besides."

OXFORD'S CASE.—The powers that be, were the organizers of the attempt. There must be a licenser of plays, to prevent the wholesome progress of opinion from appearing on the stage; and while he excludes the salutary food, he caters for the relaxation of the working community the unmanly ribaldry of "Jack Sheppard." The rising generation of pot-boys are taught through her Majesty's officer to seek the bubble reputation at the gallows' foot; and then the public is astonished that a noodle squibs off at the Queen.

DISCREPANCY IN DEATH PUNISHMENTS.—The people would do well to demand (if they can demand anything) that the crime of violence to women should be among the last from which the punishment of death is taken away. One principal test which places an act in the first class of crime, is that it is irremediable; and in this quality the crime in question, is prominent in a degree only to be equalled by the crime of murder. But I speak advisedly in saying, that among the aristocracy who rule over us, there is a great apathy to dangers of this kind affecting the "lower orders." Who, indeed, can feel much for coarse girls who carry about pots of beer to rude and sometimes half-intoxicated men,—girls to be found by themselves in narrow lanes, doing some vulgar master's bidding, at hours when aristocracy would hardly think herself safe within the walls of a carriage? There is not a daughter of a man of three hundred pounds a-year, (which is the lowest qualification for the House of Com-

mons,) violated in a century; why then should the law be strict, where the lawgiver has so little risk to run?

THE SUFFERING RICH.—The public has been assured, over and over, that tithes are at least as ancient as Melchizedek; and in England it is certain they have belonged to the true church since the Saxon heptarchy. Every man knows, as he knows that, at a *restaurateur's*, the less he eats the less he has to pay for, that the farmer whose land pays tithes, pays less rent to the landlord; *ergo* the tithe is, and always was, a portion of the rent in possession of the church. The invitation of the Whig organ therefore to the not-knowing-what-to-do-with-their-money inhabitants of England, is, that they should set about paying the landlords for that compact of their ancestors, by which, for the salvation of their souls, they agreed to give tithe of their produce to the church in the days of Ethelwulf. It is well they are not asked to pay the Jews, for what their forefather gave Melchizedek. The fairest thing in the world would be, that if the plan succeeds, the souls of the ancestors should be turned into purgatory by inversion of the bargain; and till it is ascertained they are, John Bull will be much departing from his proverbial tenacity of fair play, if he consents to the new arrangement. No man has a right to eat his cake and have his cake; and if the lords of the bloody hand chose to wash off the recollections of homicide and the *droit de seigneur* by a bonus to the priesthood, for the chance of pushing past St. Peter as virgins pure and white,—it seems to form the weakest of all reasons why a Manchester operative of the present day should pay the expense by a tax on his children's bread. Either he feudal ancestors had a right to alienate to the priesthood, or they had not. If they had, why talk of taking it from the people now? If they had not, take it from the priests who have it, not from the people who never had it. This is sound popular justice; and all the whiggery in the world will never make it otherwise. If the people of England have a grain of sense or spirit, the Whigs will have moved a hornet's nest by this attempt to saddle them with compensation to the landlords for the tithes their ancestors gave away. . . . . The landlords have been their own "law-givers." They have kept everybody from being on the jury with them, that did not swear to an interest in the question in debate. And yet they say they have so arranged matters, that they have laid the public burthens desperately hard upon themselves, and must needs have the Corn Laws to do themselves common justice.

It certainly is not an ordinary thing, for men who, like Sancho, flog themselves, to lay on too hard; and there is something fearfully suspicious in a claim for having done it. Suppose the brewers in a parish were found to have contrived to enact, that no man should be of the vestry who did not swear to an interest in breweries and malt-kilns. And fancy they were found asserting, that in the exercise of their self-appointed office, they had found it imperative to lay the rates particularly hard on brewers; as a consequence of which they saw an insuperable necessity for laying twopence on every pot of beer consumed within the parish, and drawing a cordon about the boundaries to keep out other drink. Is there a population in any parish in the kingdom, that would be the dupes of such a barefaced iniquity,—or a breed of brewers that durst face the chances of such a plot! And why is the universal British people to be more stupid than the fragment; or the experiment any safer for the large mass of dishonesty than for the small?

The author of these Exercises would, we are sure, approve the motive which has led us, in the above gleanings, to study the useful and the *telling*, rather than the witty and brilliant.

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NOVEMBER, 1842.

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Continued from page 572 of our September No.*)

CHAPTER XV.

"But when I tell you," cried the inconsiderate Lady Winterfield, as Basil drew near,—(little suspecting that a third person was within reach, to note the artifices by which she was attempting to recommend herself to the hard heart of the Money-lender,)—"when I tell you that this is the last time I will ever trouble you with an application?"

"You have told me the same thing, Madam, these half-a-dozen last times!" replied, in his coldest and most deliberate voice, the imperturbable Abednego. "I had the honour of assuring you, during the hurried visit you made to town from Brighton, before Christmas, that it would be totally out of my power to accommodate you further. My advances already exceed the value of the jewels deposited."

"Nonsense!—Don't I know the sum of money they cost Lord Winterfield, on our marriage, only five years ago? I have still by me the jeweller's bills, which I can show you!"

"Can you also show me the jeweller's conscience?" retorted Abednego. "Such articles are invariably sold at two-thirds beyond their intrinsic value. To convince you, Madam, of this, so far from making you a further loan, I am most anxious to replace the diamonds in your keeping, on receiving back, with interest, the amount advanced on such security."

"You say this," cried Lady Winterfield, pettishly, "only because you know that it is utterly out of my power to return it. You are aware that nothing but extreme necessity ever compelled me to place the jewels in your hands; and now, you insult me by wishing to recall a loan you are aware that I cannot repay!—How do you suppose, pray, that I am to obtain such a sum of money?"

"*That* is your ladyship's affair. When, by your tears and entreaties, you extorted it from me, you assured me that your embarrassments were temporary, and that you would very shortly be able to clear yourself."

"Yes!—of course!—I said all that is usually said to Money-lenders—"

"All that may be usually said to Money-lenders by fashionable Countesses in distress. But I can assure your ladyship, strange as you may think it, that there *are* persons in the world who hold sacred the redemption of their honest word, even when pledged to a Money-lender!—With respect to the extreme necessity you urge as a plea for placing in my hands your family jewels, I must be permitted to say that I have seen your ladyship's establishment, that I have been allowed the honour of entering your ladyship's drawing-room—very different, I admit, from my own," continued A. O., glancing round the cold, wainscoted, unfurnished room, the boards of which were covered with a square of discoloured Scotch carpet,—"but equally far from inspiring me with compassion for the destitution of the owner!"

"We are bound, in this world, to keep up the decencies of life due to our position in society!" interrupted the Countess, in a haughty tone.

"I thoroughly agree with your ladyship," was the fearless reply of Abednego,—"and it is precisely for that reason I have it at heart to see the valuables of the Countess of Winterfield removed from the custody of a money-lending Jew."

His lovely visiter blushed to the temples at this unexpected retort, but more in anger than in sorrow.

"A step lower in the scale of degradation," calmly resumed Abednego, "and they would appear among the unredeemed pledges in a pawn-broker's window. Think of the brilliant Countess of Winterfield presenting herself at Court with duplicates in her pocket!"

"You presume upon my necessities to insult me thus!"—cried the indignant woman, roused by this terrible sentence.

"Necessities, Madam, permit me to observe, wholly of your own creation! I am not unfrequently compelled to witness the woes of my fellow-creatures,—ay, even those of your own sex. But how different is their nature from those of which you complain! Trust me, there are severer pangs in the world than arise from the rumpling of the rose-leaf!—I have seen mothers of families struggling for their children's bread;—I have seen devoted wives beggared by the improvidence of their husbands, yet exerting themselves diligently, humbly, and silently, to extricate themselves from ruin. Such misfortunes, Madam, and such penury, I respect. Nay, I have known well-born women subject themselves to wretchedness and privation, for the sake of their lovers,—and even *those* I have respected!—But I have neither respect nor pity for the wantonness of waste that purports only the en-

tanglement of frivolous admirers. The display intended to deceive some unhappy dupe into offering you his hand, moves only my contempt. If you must needs have an opera-box, for the young Marquis to sit beside you throughout the evening as throughout the morning,—if you must needs have a succession of showy dresses, to enhance your beauty to secure these danglers,—if you must needs have brilliant equipages to fly about the town,—to wander from races to breakfasts,—from Greenwich parties to pic-nics at Ken Wood, (your ladyship perceives that I am tolerably well versed in your movements!)—have them at other cost than mine!—I have no money to throw away on the maintenance of your follies."

Lady Winterfield started up.—Galled beyond endurance by the humiliations thus inflicted upon her, she resolved to obey the harsh injunction of Abednego, and seek assistance elsewhere. But alas! a moment's reflection served to remind her that she had already sought it, and in vain;—that she had no resource—no hope—save in the insolent rebuker of her faults. She submitted, therefore,—rendered docile by the iron pressure of necessity. In a moment she subdued her temper, and humbled her pride,—reduced to tameness like the beasts of the field, by the pangs of privation!

"You are most severe upon me," said she, in the pretty coaxing voice that none knew better how to assume when her purpose needed,—"though perhaps not more so than I deserve. But when I assure you, that if you persist in refusing me this five hundred pounds I am utterly ruined—ruined both in fortune and reputation—"

"My refusal will not render your ladyship a shilling poorer than you are now. In what way, therefore, can you charge me with your ruin?"

"You will have, at least, exposed it to the world."

Abednego shrugged his shoulders. "You expose yourself, Madam," said he, "by using such arguments!—Once for all, I repeat that you are wasting the substance of others, and of your children, merely to keep up false appearances in the world. So long as you enjoy luxuries which you do not and cannot pay for, you are shining at the cost of your coach-makers, jewellers, milliners, money-lenders,—the abject obligee of humble tradesmen. At this moment—woman and Countess as you are—you stand before me as an inferior. Though you may be a Countess of the realm, and I the vilified A. O.,—I rise above you as a capitalist,—I rise above you as a moralist, in whose hands you have placed weapons of offence."

It was now the turn of Lady Winterfield to shrug her shoulders; but with impatience rather than contempt.

"Last week," resumed Abednego, careless of the variations of her countenance,—"there came hither to me a woman young and lovely as yourself, who, like yourself, had exceeded her means, and broken her engagements. She came hither to me, not like your ladyship,—hoping to move me to pity by the sight of her loveliness and her affected despair,—she had other arms for the combat; and those arms, Madam, prevailed!—To *her* I assigned thrice the sum of her original debt, and at my own instigation."

"And of what nature were those arms?"—demanded Lady Winterfield, colouring deeply, and by casting down her eyes, showing that she was prepared for expressions of gallantry and admiration on the part of one whom she loathed like a harpy.

"It avails little to explain," replied Abednego, with an ill-repressed smile of exultation, as he rose from his chair and approached her; and the blood of Basil Annesley boiled in his veins, and he pressed his knee closer upon the wooden bench, while inclining his eyes towards the grated aperture, "for they are such as it were, perhaps, unbecoming so great a lady as the Countess of Winterfield to put to profit."

"I am willing to use any arms,—make any concession," faltered the fair bankrupt,—a deadly paleness succeeding to her previous flush, as she contemplated the growing audacity of the Money-lender.

Abednego folded his meagre hands carelessly before him, and throwing back his head stood contemplating her from head to foot, with a smile of indescribable expression. It was impossible to behold a more lovely woman; and the Money-lender gazed upon her as if taking an appraisement of her charms.

"The arms to which *I* alluded, are not at your ladyship's disposal!" was at length his sarcastic reply. "For they were tears of genuine remorse for an involuntary breach of faith;—they were the worn and haggard looks which labour and want impose upon the fairest face.—She was a woman of the people, Madam;—like you, left young, a widow,—like you, with helpless children dependent upon her prudence. She told me—and her mien attested her veracity—that for them she had toiled day and night,—for them abstained from food and rest. But the outlay that was to set her up in business, (borrowed of one of the agents of A. O., and at usurious interest,) was still unrepaid. She was still poor, still insolvent, still needing indulgence; and came hither, like the fashionable Countess of Winterfield, to beg for mercy!"

Greatly relieved, even while writhing under the severe lesson imparted by Abednego, the fashionable spendthrift gasped for breath.

"I granted it!"—resumed the harsh admonitor. "And I granted her also my respect,—almost my affection. The old Money-lender soothed her as a father might have done, and sent her home in peace and comfort to her children.—Yours, Madam, will have less to thank you for!—I will not expose you,—I will not pursue you with the rigour of the law. But I choose to retain in security for the property of mine which you have squandered, the diamonds pledged to me, to that effect; and without affording you another guinea in extension of the loan,—aware that neither that, nor millions, would impede your ruin and disgrace."

"Then I am lost!" cried Lady Winterfield, losing all self-possession and unable to restrain her tears—"Those precious diamonds—"

"Those diamonds, Madam, you do well to prize,

resumed Abednego. "They were the bridal gift of one who bestowed his heart upon you, confiding in the promise of a fair exterior;—who intrusted his honour to you, believing in the truth of your affections;—who, on his dying bed, bequeathed his children to your care, believing that all his love and confidence could not have been bestowed in vain! You do well, therefore, to prize the tokens of his love!—But, trust me, they are safer in *my* keeping than in your own!"

"But if I can obtain from some other person upon them," persisted the humbled woman, clasping her hands in intercession, while tears streamed wildly down her cheeks,—"a sufficient amount to repay you what I have borrowed, with the additional sum needful to repair my shattered affairs?"

"You *cannot!*"—interrupted Abednego, "I have weighed them to the uttermost carat; and the most liberal diamond-merchant could not afford you in purchase within fifty pounds of the sum you have received from myself as a loan.—Few better lapidaries in this town than myself!"

"But if you would permit me to *try!*"—persisted the lady, half remonstrating, half wheedling.—

"No, Madam!" replied the Money-lender, with a significant smile.—"You are not to be trusted with such valuable property. I could place those diamonds in the hands of the poor workwoman of whom I spake, with a far more sanguine hope of their safe return, than in those of the Right Honourable Countess of Winterfield!"

At that moment, there recurred to the mind of Basil Annesley, a vision of this brilliant woman of fashion at the sale at Rochester House, laughing and talking amid a group of the most distinguished noblemen of the day, to whom her smiles conveyed rapture, and to whom her merest word was a law.

"Then nothing remains for me but *death!*" cried the distracted lady, throwing back from her face her silken ringlets, intermingled with the filmy drapery of Brussels lace attached to her tiny French bonnet.—"May you never live to repent, Sir, the injury you have this day inflicted upon me and mine!"

"People rarely give up the ghost a day the sooner for threats of self-destruction," replied the unimpressionable Abednego.—"Your ladyship will, I trust, live long,—long enough for retrenchment,—long enough for repentance!"

"Remorseless man!"—cried Lady Winterfield, even in the midst of her genuine tears, unable to renounce her habitual affectation.—"Will *nothing* move your obdurate heart?—Must I implore you on my bended knees?—Must I—"

"Spare yourself these exaggerations, Madam,"—coolly interposed Abednego. "I am too much used to listen to the pourings forth of human passion, not to decide in a moment what feelings are genuine,—what assumed to move my compassion. Want, Madam, possesses an iron key to the innermost recesses of the human heart,—the recesses where eloquence lies glowing, like the lava within the volcano;—and that key is often turned in my presence. The merchant trembling for his credit,—the soldier for his honour,—the husband for the peace of his fireside,—mothers who would screen the faults of their children,—children tortured by the necessities of their parents,—all these, Madam, plead to me in turns, and often plead in vain. Judge, therefore,—since I can resist the manly struggles of an upright man on the verge of bankruptcy,—of a wife agonized by the prospects of an honourable husband's imprisonment and shame,—whether I am likely to be touched by a few graceful attitudes arising from the extortions of a milliner's bill, or the claims of a compounder of fashionable cosmetics?"

Lady Winterfield now started up with an indignation of wounded pride, far more genuine than her attempts at pathos.

"I was a fool," cried she, "to expect from a Money-lender the sentiments of a man! Do not, however, fancy that you will trample upon me with impunity. You may be compelled to restore those jewels by higher authority than mine. My lawyer assures me you are liable to prosecution for usurious practices against me;—my lawyer assures me you are far more in my power than I in yours. Since you choose to declare war against me, take the consequences!—I promise you that, with all your vulgar effrontery, you shall have the worst of it."

Abednego smiled sarcastically at this sudden transition from the fine lady to the virago.

"I am almost beginning to feel alarmed, Madam," said he. "Suffer me to ring for your carriage.—It will be a relief to my terrors, as well as to your emotions."

He rose from his seat as he spoke; and for a moment, Basil Annesley apprehended that, by one of those effects of legerdemain, (of which he was now beginning to be ever in expectation when dealing with A. O.,) the host and his visiter might find it necessary to invade his retreat to secure egress from the house. But it was not so.—Scarely had Abednego touched the bell lying on his bureau, when an opposite door was partially thrown open, by a brazen-fronted clerk, (having a pen behind his ear, so admirably fitted to the locality that it seemed to have come with him into the world,) who instantly fixed his hard, light-coloured, predial eye scrutinizingly on the lady, as though the habit of officiating for the Money-lender had endowed him with the power of reading in the faces of his clients the success or failure of their mission.

"See this lady to her carriage, Raffles," said Abednego, assuming his usual place at his bureau, with so determined an air of attention to business, as conveyed a sentence of dismissal. "Her ladyship is in haste."

Too proud to exhibit to a low subordinate, probably as impracticable as his employer, the misery gnawing at her heart, Lady Winterfield drew the Brussels lace closer round her face; and, by an habitual impulse of affectation, lifting her silken pelisse from the ground, as if afraid of contact with the vulgar earth, quitted the room, escorted by her singular esquire; who, throwing open wide the folding doors, probably in derision, as if to give

passage to some august personage, revealed to view beyond, a handsome apartment richly hung with pictures. It was evident, therefore, to Basil that he was ensconced in the unsuspected issue of some substantial residence. Remembering well the sudden apparition of the Money-lender as if emerging from a panel in the wall, when he himself first sought him as a client, he doubted not that some similar den had enabled Abednego to watch and surprise his actions. Indignant at the idea of this treachery, he was not sorry to have retaliated upon Osalez, by becoming an unsuspected witness of his privacy, before he gave him warning of his involuntary presence in the trap.

Scarcely had the door closed upon the Countess, when, flinging down the pen by which he had signified his decree of dismissal, he resumed his place in his arm-chair, throwing himself back into it with an expansion of self-indulgence, as if luxuriating in the idea of the torture he had been inflicting.—Rubbing his withered hands with an air of exultation, a hearty laugh burst from his leathern cheeks, the hollowness of which thrilled to the marrow the frame of the warm-hearted young auditor.

"Dreadful!"—was the shuddering response of Basil to the triumphant laugh of Abednego. But before he had time to pronounce his purposed warning of the presence of an intruder, the opposite door was again thrown open; and Annesley felt instantly revolted by the apprehension that the unfortunate victim of folly and frivolity might be returning for the fruitless renewal of her supplications. It was a relief to him when the bold-faced clerk entered alone.

"And what amount of bribe did the pretty fool offer you by the way, eh! Raffles, to induce you to influence me favourably in her behalf?"—demanded Abednego, still chuckling.

"You seem to have an instinctive insight into these matters, Sir," said the clerk, with a facetious grin. "Her ladyship offered me ten per cent, if, through you or any other Money-lender, I could effect a levy for her. It was unnecessary to apprize so fine a lady that it is worth your while to pay me so liberal a salary to be honest, that honesty is every way my best policy. Poor soul!—I was almost sorry for her on handing her into the spiry-looking turn-out waiting for her opposite the compting-house door."

"Keep your pity, my good friend, for worthier objects," cried the Money-lender, proceeding to sort some papers on the table beside him. "I have been giving the foolish woman a lesson she will not easily forget. To no purpose, however—a mere waste of eloquence! The moth will singe her silly wings again—nay, probably perish in the flame, the first opportunity."

"Scarcely five-and twenty, (to judge by her appearance,)" cried the confidential clerk,—"yet already debased by transactions with the Jews.—It is afflicting! It is positively afflicting."

"Her ladyship's bright eyes seem to have wrought the charm upon the *man*, which they had attempted in vain to work upon the *master!*" cried Abednego, with a sneer. "You are growing as soft as a bale of cotton, Raffles!—Take heed, my man, or you will become unfit for your employment. However, since this cunning hussy seems to have touched your compassion, you shall even carry her the cheque, by means of which I intend to prevent her, not from flinging herself into the Serpentine, or buying two penny-worth of ratsbane,—of neither of which feats she has further purpose than you or I,—but to preserve her already tarnished name from becoming as black as such excess of levity on the part of the mother of a family might well render it. I have intimated to one of her brothers, —a gallant man, to whom her honour is dear—the mad course she is pursuing; and till he arrive in town, am bound to exercise some providence over her destinies."

"You intend then, Sir, to accede to her request for this further loan?"—said the clerk, evidently astonished. "You will please to remember, however, that I have duly apprized you the security is already exceeded."

"I know it—I know it! Curse the security! Have I not security twice as sterling in her dread of exposure?"

"But if she have not the means of paying, however much exposed?"

"Her family have. The pledge of a name such as hers is as good as diamonds or gold-dust. But at what are you grinning, Sir?"

"At the idea of all the invectives so uselessly wasted by the Countess, between this chamber and her carriage."

"Ay!—I can imagine the torrent of abuse she let forth against poor A. O. The way with them all!—Unless one consent to be fleeced like the rest of their creditors, one becomes dog, curmudgeon, robber, JEW! The poor initials of A. O. have been made the object of more execrations, I suspect, than any other combination of the letters of the alphabet."

"But surely, Sir, since you intended to oblige her, you might have spared her the terrible moments of suspense she has had to undergo."

"And the sermon that preceded it, eh? No, no, Raffles! It is because I intended to rescue her out of the jaws of perdition, that I had the courage to reprove. I am too cruel, eh, to these young and tender sinners? I tell you, it were as reasonable to tax the surgeon with cruelty who amputates some gangrened limb to preserve the life of a patient. But enough of this. Let her have her money before five o'clock. By the way, cash the cheque I have written, as you go along the Strand, —which will secure her from the humiliation of presenting the draught of a Money-lender. She will attribute my relenting, of course, to the eloquence wrung out of you by the influence of her proffered ten per cent. Ha! ha! ha!—Better so! It would be the ruin of me if I got the reputation of being chicken-hearted. By the way, you have given instructions, I hope, to Cognovit, to proceed against the old Viscount?"

"I have, Sir."

"And to make out a writ against—"

Basil Annesley now shouted so loudly as to disturb the equanimity of both the Money-lender and his clerk, for he had no wish to pry more exten-

sively into such transactions as he foresaw were about to be disclosed.

"Who the deuce is in the pigeon-hole?" demanded Abednego.

"It is certainly not the voice of Zebedee!"—replied Raffles;—and before Basil could reiterate his signal, part of the wall seemed to recede beside him; the moveable panel, dividing the trap from the council-chamber of the Money-lender, being withdrawn.

The confidential clerk instantly collared the skulking stranger.

"Your pistols, Sir, your pistols!" shouted Raffles to his superior,—"'tis some housebreaker,—some burglar. I have him fast!"

"Loose him again then,—and thank your stars that your noisy zeal has not tempted me into shooting through the head one but for whose aid you would have been now thrown masterless on the world!" cried Abednego, who, having snatched a pistol from his bureau and confronted the open panel, instantly descried through the doubtful light, that it was no other than the young guardsman, who was struggling in the grasp of his deputy.

"I have sought you in many strange places, Mr. Osalez," observed Basil, calmly stepping into the room, on finding himself released, "and found you sometimes in others equally strange, where your presence was wholly unlooked-for. On the present occasion, I had no intention of becoming a spy upon your actions. Though in search of you and at your own desire,—I swear to you that I knew not, when I was thrust into yonder disgraceful cell, to what sort of retreat I was proceeding."

"No need of an oath to confirm your statement!" replied A. O., not in the slightest degree embarrassed; "since, unless favoured by the pass-key of one of my agents, it had been impossible for you to wind your way into one of the most secret of my places of resort. Nevertheless, since you are beginning to affect compunctions of conscience about visiting the den of a Money-lender, it may not be amiss to remind you that, once upon a time, a certain Mr. Basil Annesley—"

"Visited, on a similar errand, a certain A. O.!" replied the involuntary spy. "But I came not *then* as a friend,—I came not, as now, to—"

"You came *then*, PRECISELY upon the same errand as *now!*" retorted Abednego, firmly. "You came, and come, in the hopes of benefiting Verelst. Nay, wherefore deny it?—Can you exhibit a better passport to my regard than solicitude for the welfare of my sister's family?"

The astonished clerk lost for a moment his professional air of callous effrontery, in utter amazement,—first, at hearing the old Money-lender address, in a tone of affectionate interest, a well-dressed young man of Basil's manners and appearance; and secondly, at an avowal of kinsmanship with any mortal living on the part of A. O., whom he had hitherto regarded as an insulated being—a sort of mysterious automaton composed of gold and arithmetic, who was equally likely to have emerged from the Great Pyramid or from St. Giles's Charity School,—so utterly disconnected did he appear from the ordinary associations of life. It was highly mortifying to the astonished and inquisitive Raffles, when, a moment afterwards, Abednego signified his desire to be alone with his handsome young visiter; and, apparently on his guard against the habits of duplicity he had inculcated into his subordinates, followed him gravely across the dining-room as he retreated, and carefully locked the door upon him after his departure; an unmistakeable signal, in that mysterious establishment, that no possible emergency, short of the house being on fire, was to entitle the people of the Money-lender to intrude upon his privacy.

"And now," said Abednego, after returning to the room, and reinstalling himself in his sanctum, "seat yourself, I entreat, and let us have a few minutes' unmolested conversation."

"Excuse me," replied Basil, glancing through the still open panel along the dark corridor,—"I have left my horse yonder in the street, under the care of an utter stranger—"

"Under the care of one of my confidential agents, or you would not be here!" retorted Abednego.—"Fear nothing! Zebedee has something of a taste for horse-flesh. It was him I employed to seize the Duke of Rochester's stud at Newmarket. The fellow will take good care of your hack."

So saying, he closed the panel, by a spring, and came and sat himself down over against Basil, in the arm-chair in which he had mused so exultingly after the departure of the Countess of Winterfield.—But with his usual tact of discrimination, he instantaneously discerned the unfavourable impression made on the young man by the scene he had recently witnessed. Young Annesley was cold, unexpansive, uncordial—neither disposed to receive with applause the biting jests of his companion, nor to listen with respect to his homilies. The open-hearted soldier seemed resolved to demonstrate his consciousness of being in the company of a professional Money-lender.

For some minutes, Abednego attempted to wrestle with this sudden mistrust; but finding all his efforts to raise a smile or command attention abortive, he suddenly burst forth into a more genuine strain.

"I see how it is!" cried he. "I have lost your regard,—I have lost your friendship. The warm interest of a young heart like yours fell like dew upon my old age, reviving feelings I had never expected to find reëxistent in my withered heart; and already the fountain is dried up,—the desert again parched. Master as I am of millions, that first spontaneous impulse of human sympathy towards me, I prized above them all!—And now, you hate me!—I see it in your face,—I hear it in your voice, or rather in your silence!—Do not deny it,—Basil Annesley, you are on the verge of loathing and despising the unfortunate A. O.!"

"*Unfortunate!*" reiterated Basil, with a smile.

"Ay! most unfortunate!" reiterated Abednego. "A victim from his birth—*before* his birth,—a foredoomed outcast,—a predestined paria,—a—"

"Pause for a moment, Mr. Osalez," interposed Basil. "Far be it from me to surprise the secrets of your prison-house. Reflect, I entreat, before you enter into rash confidences which you may be hereafter disposed to repent!"

"No!" cried the Money-lender, his countenance evincing tokens of uncontrollable emotion. "The time is come!—I feel that I cannot support the withering weight of your contempt. I must speak or die!—I *must* vindicate myself. Let there be, at least, one human being entitled to examine and dispassionately judge the real position and provocations of Abednego Osalez.

"In that name, Basil, consists the secret of my destinies!"—resumed the Money-lender, after a pause,—"for it is that of—a JEW!—incontestably that of a Jew. Comport myself as I may, in accordance with all Christian Canons,—though I may fear GOD and love my neighbour as myself—nay, though, as St. Paul hath it, I give my body to be burned,—what profiteth it to me?—I bear a Jewish name!—My patronymic smells of the Synagogue! I am a Jew,—I *must* be a Jew,—the world avoucheth it, and who is to gainsay the world? Opinion—vulgar opinion! hath placed me among the children of Israel! Basil Annesley,—such is the influence that hath overmastered the impulses of nature,—such is the social tyranny that hath made me what I am!

"Listen to my story!—

"I was born,—as Verelst has probably informed you,—the only son of a wealthy merchant of Cadiz, trading with the whole commercial world, but chiefly with England,—my mother, and my father's mother, being alike natives of that country. It was, in fact, on the marriage of my grandfather with a young Protestant of honourable extraction, a countrywoman of your own, that he renounced the church of his forefathers,—thereby entitling himself to all the charities and indulgences of the Christian faith. His recantation was an act of pure conviction; for my grandfather, rich as a Doria or a Medici, was a man of spirit and intelligence; and even the passion he had conceived for the daughter of an English admiral, would not have beguiled him into a capitulation of conscience. By his conversion, he turned, of course, against himself the hands and hearts of his own people. He made enemies of kith and kin. All those in whose veins his blood was flowing soon proved, to him and to the world, that those kindred drops were converted to the bitterness of gall. Had he not a right, however, to conclude that the church to whose bosom he had betaken himself, would strive to heal the wounds inflicted by their malice? Had he not cause to believe, that the newly-converted Christian would be, by Christians, Christianly entreated?

"It was not so.—In Cadiz, where he abided, the people were at that time illiterate bigots; and to the end of his days, my grandfather's sumptuous mansion was pointed out by the populace as that of 'Osalez the Jew.' Had he embraced the Catholic faith, the case might have been different. But the burnt-offerings of his zeal smoked not on the altars of their cathedral,—and they consequently persisted in opprobriating him as 'Osalez the JEW!'

"Of that time I remember nothing! My grandfather died soon after I saw the light;—but I remember overhearing legendary whisperings by our fireside, betwixt his venerable widow and my father, of the times when, on any occasion of popular tumult, it became essential to conciliate the populace by prodigal benefactions, lest they should attack and spoliate in the harbour or on the quays the vessels or merchandise of 'the Jew of Cadiz.'

"Was this rational?—Has not the God of Christians expressly declared, that there is more joy in Heaven over the sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance?—And which, I pray you, hath done more for the Christian church,—the man who sacrifices the love of kindred, and the predilections and belief of his ancestors, to cling to the Cross—or he to whom a lukewarm *faith* is transmitted by his forefathers, who accepts it unexamined, yet prospers under the green olive groves of ecclesiastical protection, while the Jewish neophyte is compelled to drag, as a burthen in the dust, the galling weight of that Cross, which he hath voluntarily and zealously adopted?

"Again I ask, Basil Annesley, is this rational!—But when was the population of a priest-ridden country ever rational?—My father, who, at his mother's desire, had been educated in her native country, was deeply affected by the mistrust and evil dealing. In England, therefore, did he linger, even after his education was completed. In England, did he love, and wed, and become a father; nor was it till after my birth, that the sudden death of his father compelled him to return to Cadiz. Fain would he, from that moment, have extricated himself from commercial life,—realized his property, and established himself permanently in the land of religious freedom and scientific enlightenment.—But it was impossible!—His capital was so widely diffused,—his foreign connexions (especially with the English colonies in the East) were of so widely spreading a nature,—that the remainder of his life was expended in attempting to destroy the root of these ramifications, in order to abjure the merchant craft.

"Nothing more heart-gnawing than the bitterness engendered by consciousness of a defeated purpose. Osalez—'the *son* of the Jew,'—though the wealthiest citizen in Cadiz, while his vessels were hailed in every port of Europe, and while his voice decreed the existence of plenty or famine for hundreds of thousands,—was a miserable man. The corn, wine, and oil, in his rich warehouses conveyed no food to his soul. In Spain,—in Catholic Spain,—he seemed to stand aloof from the community, as his father had done before him. He became a widower; and not the poorest of his brother merchants would have been content to bestow his daughter in marriage upon 'the son of Osalez the JEW!'

"Again I ask you, Basil Annesley, was this rational?—My poor father, fancying that in England,—liberal England,—such prejudices were unadmitted, still looked forward. The time would come, he fancied, when he should find a successor rich enough to undertake his speculations, and invest millions in his vast undertakings; 'and then, my boy,' was ever and ever his cry, 'then will I set up my staff in the happiest and freest country

in the world.—England is the land of commerce. *There* the origin of our opulence will be respected; and the estates, in the purchase of which I intend to sink the greater portion of my capital, will give you a stake in the country entitling you to a voice in its legislation. You shall have a seat in Parliament, Abednego!—With your talents, and the education that is to perfect them, you may achieve public distinction, and become the founder of an honourable family. I could almost wish now that I had bestowed on you at your baptism a name savouring less of the repellent origin of our ancient house. But when you were christened, the old man my father was yet alive; and I shrunk from inflicting a pang upon his warm heart by appearing ashamed of the name he had inflicted on myself,—which was his own, and that of the father of his father. To the unlucky appellative of Abednego I have been myself indebted for half the odium attached in Cadiz to 'the son of Osalez the Jew.' Nevertheless, whenever that title of reprobation meets my ear, I think of my father's grey hairs, and am content;—so may it be with yourself!—Should you ever have to smart under its contumelious application, recall to mind the motives of your parents, and be patient.

"Such, Basil, were the views of this excellent man in affording me what is esteemed the first of English educations,—at a public school, and the university. He could bear to part with me; for he was again wedded, and the father of a little girl, whom he had piously named Rachael, after the custom of his family.

"I was a smart and forward boy. From my infancy I had received in my father's house that best of schooling, the society of the wise and liberal. The table of the rich Osalez was open to all that was enlightened or distinguished in his native city;—the Grand Hidalgos, whom it was so often in his power to oblige,—the Archbishop,—the Governor,—the Commandant,—the noblest and best in the place. The appointments and entertainments of our house were sumptuous as those of the merchant-princes of Italy; and to what level will not the meanness of empty pride descend, for the indulgence of its sensual pleasures!—I quitted Spain for England with the impression that we were a great and powerful family; and that I should find elsewhere, the consideration and obsequiousness I had met with from the guests and dependents of my father.

"The haughty boy was destined to a rough lesson! Shall I ever forget that first week at Eton!—shall I ever outlive the recollection of the swelling heart with which I nightly retired to my pillow, after hearing reiterated around me the opprobrious cry of—'Abednego the Jew!' In the course of the first day, not one of my young school-mates but had inquired after my brothers, Shadrach and Meshech.—The bed I was moistening with my tears was called the burning fiery furnace;—and not a morsel of my food but was embittered by offers of a slice of pork, or other savoury meats the object of Jewish abomination.—At length I turned upon my persecutors. Like other badgered schoolboys, I tried, in the first instance, the force of my puny arm, and fought, and was first beaten in the ring, and then chastised for having fought! I bore all bravely; because my triumphs as a scholar already afforded me a prospect of humiliating my adversaries with the force of higher weapons.—I felt greatness struggling within me.—My aspiring soul resolved to raise itself above the level of the gibbering lordlings by whom I was despised.—'They shall hear of me yet—they shall *feel* me yet!' was the inward suggestion that spurred on my lagging scholarship, till I became an object of general wonder; my English verses, my proficiency as a Grecian, being equally themes of praise. The masters began to cite me among themselves as a youth of singular promise, likely to distinguish himself in public life. Then came the habitual rejoinder—'Poor fellow!—with such abilities, it is a thousand pities he should be a Jew.'—'But he is *not* a Jew—neither he nor his parents!' was the indignant retort of the head master.—'Impossible!—*the name!*—"Abednego Osalez!"—Besides, look in his face,—*only* look at his face!—Eyes,—features,—hair,—there is Jew impressed in every lineament!'

"The first time remarks of this description reached my ear, I recalled to mind, with bitter consciousness, the air of sadness sometimes overspreading my father's countenance, as he gazed on my own. Often, when addressed by his parasites with laudations of my personal beauty, I had heard him murmur, while they were admiring the Oriental fire of my eyes, or glossy blackness of my hair, 'Would, *would* that he had inherited the northern fairness of his poor mother! My face may prove a disastrous portion for that noble boy!'—Prophetic words, Basil,—as the taunts of my school-mates, and more polished irony of my college companions, soon taught me to my cost!—

"Still, though wounded and smarting, I was not desperate.—I hated my name,—I detested my origin,—as the source of unjust aspersions; but I did not yet hate the world.—Just as my father and grandfather had said, in extenuation of the scoffs and mistrusts of Cadiz,—'These people are ignorant and priest-ridden; their insolence merits only our pity!'—did I say in my turn,—'Why heed the sarcasms of boys and striplings?—The award that is to determine my position in life must be pronounced by men and women!'—But of the spell included in that latter word, Basil, little did I then know to estimate the power!—At Oxford, politics became my favourite study. The burning ambition of my soul was to distinguish myself in Parliament.—I doubt whether the most fervent patriot ever panted with fonder desire for an occasion of serving his country, than I for the honours of senatorial renown. I was convinced that on the walls of the House of Commons hung the escutcheon of my future ennoblement.—It was there I had to win the laurels destined to replace the absence of an hereditary coronet;—

There, either I must live, or have no life!

"Never, for a moment, did I mistrust the strength of my own powers.—Like the Pythoness, I was conscious of the divinity within me. I felt

myself to be master of my own destinies, and, through *them*, of the opinion of the world.—It was my ambition only to raise myself to the level of my fellow-creatures; to redeem myself from unmerited obloquy. The desire to set my foot upon the neck of mankind arose in later life. As yet, I dreamed only of what appeared easy of achievement: and, so long as the illusion lasted, was at peace with myself, and with the world!

"The covert insults that sometimes assailed me, fell unnoticed on my ear.—The name I was about to create for myself, would soon, I fancied, obliterate that of Abednego Osalez!

"Alas!—how should I have shuddered—how recoiled with horror—had any one, at that period, presumed to predict to me the humiliating career of the future A. O.!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was not till after a pause of some minutes, during which the irritation of the Money-lender appeared somewhat soothed by the sympathy and interest manifested in his recital by his young companion, that he resumed, in a less-excited tone and manner.

"Mankind are more what they are made by mankind than what they are made by their Creator!" said Osalez. "The wolf is ferocious because hunted from a whelp.—The snake turns upon you because you disturb and pursue it.—The child grows surly, because unjustly coerced. But, above all, man becomes unjust and cruel, because pursued with cruelty and injustice by his brother man.—I was born, imbued with the original sin of human nature: yet certain am I that there were noble purposes in my soul, which the scorn of my fellow-creatures converted into wickedness. The germ of goodness was there; but, watered with poison, it brought forth deadly fruits!—

"Full of eagerness,—full of trust in myself and others, I entered into life. My father made me a splendid allowance,—an allowance doubling that of the richest nobleman at the university; and though this told against me in one sense, by the perpetual citation of 'The rich Osalez—rich—*rich* as a JEW!'—it enabled me to confer obligations ensuring me hosts of fashionable associates. For them, I was only 'Osalez,'—Osalez who had such famous hunters, such capital wine, and such a knowing curricle always at the service of his friends;—and to *be* my friend was consequently the pretension of half my acquaintance.—Those who delighted to dine and drive with me, or rather *for* me, introduced me to their families; and by degrees I became (on sufferance, though I little suspected it) a favoured guest in the *beau monde*.—I was happy, young, handsome,—as handsome as the Jewish physiognomy, which my grandfather's conversion could not efface from our hereditary nature, would permit.—I was admired,—flattered,—followed,—nay, fancied myself *beloved!*"——

"And why not?" said Basil Annesley, courteously, fancying that his excited companion paused for the encouragement of a kindly word.

"Why NOT?—Because my name was Abednego,—and because I looked like a Jew!—Listen, Basil!—I had won the highest honour of the university; and before entering the Parliamentary career, to which, at that period, money secured the entrée, I thought it my duty to visit my father. Would I could adequately describe the rapture with which he welcomed me, and the pride he took in my proficiency!—Would you could have seen the passionate admiration of my poor little sister, and the partial kindness of my stepmother!—In that household, more splendid than almost any of those I had left in London, I was a demi-god!

"I would fain pass over that epoch of my life!" said Abednego, in a lower voice. "The reminiscences it must awaken, may possibly expose me as a weakling in your eyes.—Nevertheless, to enable you to judge my cause,—all—all must be disclosed.

"It was winter, Basil. Leaving my hunters at the disposal of my shallow friends, I hurried to Cadiz, at a season when its climate is peculiarly grateful; and, after long immurement in the murky realm of Great Britain, dear, indeed, was my delight in the softness of that southern atmosphere, and the fragrance of its long-forgotten orange bloom.—Till then, I had not imagined the intensity of enjoyment which pleasures so purely physical can impart.—But they were *not* purely physical!—I enjoyed them so keenly, only because I shared them with another,—another—young, fair, noble, generous,—already dear, and soon to become dearer than my life!

"The family of an English nobleman was passing the winter at Cadiz, for the benefit of the health of an only son, who was supposed to inherit a consumptive tendency. One of his lordship's daughters—one of his three daughters—"

Again Abednego paused; and Basil Annesley, in spite of his eager and growing interest in the narrative, had the forbearance to entreat him once more to desist from his painful task. But at that suggestion, Abednego resumed his firmness.

"Till my arrival at home," said he, as if assuming a peremptory mastery over his emotions,—"these people—these noble exiles, had been overcome with *ennui*. With the exception of her to whom I have alluded, not one of the family was mentally endowed to find satisfaction in the mere beauties of nature, or the attractions of a strange country. Both father and sisters repined after the pleasures of the fashionable world; hungering and thirsting for news of society,—the gossip of the clubs—the frivolities of aristocratic life;—they welcomed me, therefore, with delight. The splendid entertainments of my father, to whom his lordship had brought letters of introduction as to the first merchant of the city, and in one of whose mansions he was domiciled, assumed a new charm in their eyes. They were constantly in the society of my stepmother, who was a pleasing and accomplished woman; and I,—I who appeared to belong to a world which, as regarded Cadiz, had hitherto been exclusively their own,—was admitted into their circle as a familiar and honoured guest.

"How I loved her, Basil Annesley, that youngest and fairest daughter of the house,"—resumed

Abednego, after a short pause,—"it matters not now to relate! How she loved me, my utmost protestations would scarcely entitle you to believe! We were of one mind—one heart! So short was our acquaintance ere it ripened into love, and soon into intensest passion, that it were fruitless to detail its progress. We were constantly together. At the opera,—in morning promenades,—in marine excursions, the wealth and influence of my father in the city enabled me to enhance and secure their enjoyments; while the presence of the woman of my heart sufficed solely to my own. What a dream it was!—what joy—what madness! Restrained, however, by the presence of her sisters, and, even at her tender age, conscious that I should be an unacceptable suitor to her haughty father, she was the first to propose clandestine meetings. The gardens of our two mansions nearly adjoined; and favoured by the climate, we met, as Southern lovers do, by stealth and in the quiet moonlight;—met often, and parted undiscovered. She was already my plighted wife. It needed only her father's sanction to make her mine for ever!—By her own desire, however, my formal demand for her hand was still delayed.

"'Your great riches,' said she, 'may something avail to smooth down the difficulties likely to arise on the part of my family.—Still, I foresee that your Jewish name and origin will form an obstacle all but insuperable. Render that name renowned, dearest Osalez, and half the difficulty will be overcome. Distinguish yourself in parliament. Even as contact with the divinity converted a gibbet into the emblem of salvation, the instincts of genius consecrate with distinction the most ignominious origin. Come to my father to claim my hand as one who has commanded the applause of senates, and he will not presume to treat you with the disdain I apprehend!'

"Stung by even the hint of scornful entreatment, my wounded pride stimulated me to fresh exertions; nay, gave me courage to bid her farewell, with a view to a speedier and more auspicious meeting. The family was to be in England early in the summer. By that time, I doubted not that opportunity would prosper all I meditated. The parliamentary agent employed by my father's London solicitors had made arrangements for my coming forward for a Government borough, on the creation of a batch of peers, whose patents were already in progress.

"To London, therefore, I hastened; sustained even in the anguish of parting from an object engrossing every feeling of my heart and soul, by the ardent desire to render myself worthy, or rather *prove* myself worthy of pretending to her hand. Not a moment did I mistrust my own powers. The University had fixed its *imprimatur* on my scholarship; and already the eyes of many were upon me. All I needed, to acquire a position in society, was the passport which parliamentary distinction, more especially at the period of a National crisis, such as was then imminent, rarely fails to confer.

'But alas!—the borough offered to me for purchase, by the inertness or incapacity of my agent, slipped through our hands;—and bitter was my disappointment on finding that a week's delay at Cadiz conceded to the prayers of that beloved being at the moment of bidding her farewell, had been fatal to our prospects.—So far from realizing the promises I had made her, she would find me on her return to England the same obscure individual who had quitted her; and perhaps hear me rejected by her proud father as 'the grandson of Osalez the Jew!'

"Distracted by this apprehension, and still more by the idea that, should I want courage to make the attempt, some more appropriate match might present itself, which the jealousy of her sisters (with whom she was no favourite, because the favourite of all the world beside) would induce his lordship to press upon her acceptance, I resolved to leave no effort unattempted, however rash, to accomplish my purpose. At that moment, the sudden death of one of the members for a Cathedral town, prospered my views. Aware that my father would consider no expenditure excessive which served our ends, I determined to dare the contest. With money—eloquence—an unblemished character,—the chances seemed most auspiciously in my favour. So, at least, I was assured by the solicitors, whose sole object in my election was the augmentation of their bill. They advised me to hurry down to L——, on the assurance of having smoothed my way to the hustings.

"Never shall I forget the elation of my spirits during that journey! I rejoiced at having declined the attendance of the men of business who had proposed bearing me company. For Hope was my companion by the way—promising all that can make glad the heart of youth,—a happy home,—a blessed, beauteous, loving wife,—and when tempted forth from my glad fireside, the esteem and honour of my fellow-men.

"Such were my feelings and aspirations, Basil, when, on a bright and sun-shiny afternoon, I entered L——! As I approached the city, the aspect of its population seemed to possess a peculiar interest in my eyes; as the people for whom I was about to exercise the first flow of my intellects and human charities. They were about to be intrusted to my care, as a fold to a shepherd;—the constituency over whose welfare I was to be the providence. Do you yet know enough of the world, young Sir, to appreciate the absurdity—the vulgarity, of such generous emotions?"

The eager narrator had now worked himself anew into his former excitement; and the low and mournful voice in which, as with a plaintive organ-stop, he had been describing his felicitous dream of early love, gradually gave place to harsh and abrupt impetuosity.

"Well, Sir! I entered the city!" he resumed.—"You have probably witnessed the triumphal entries of candidates on such flattering occasions? Laurels, ribbons, largesses to the populace, feasting, junketing, music, clamour,—all that money can concede or extort from the venal energies of popular nature. Those men of mind, whom we fondly call the people, gave me back with interest the huzzas I had purchased. But on entering the market-

place, Basil, and confronting the opposition party, the first object that met my eyes was my own effigy roasting in the midst of a burning fiery furnace; surrounded with placards of 'What Christian will dare to vote for Abednego the Jew?'—'No circumcision!'—'Now Barabbas was a robber!'—with pork griskins stuck on poles,—and every other insulting emblem, supposed to be abhorrent to my imputed faith!

"I was irritated,—but nothing further. Conscious of the inapplicability of these whips and scorns of vulgar derision, the usual implement of the hustings, I conceived that nothing would be easier than to undeceive the population of L——. In almost every great assemblage reason preponderates: and having in my speech, on the first day's poll, uttered the most solemn denial of my imputed Judaism, and appealed to the support of the ecclesiastical interest of the city, to which I conscientiously pledged my own, I fancied the mischief overcome.

"My eloquence made a manifest sensation. I was cheered by the people, and encouraged by the gentry.—But during the night my adversaries got up a further storm of insult. Placards representing Shylock, with the knife and scales in his hand, preparing to cut off the pound of flesh, greeted me on emerging from my inn, intermingled with representation of the martyrdom of little St. Hugh, (whose tomb, unfortunately, graced the adjoining cathedral,) the legend of whose barbarous murder by 'the Jew's daughter,' was roared round the hustings by a score of stentorian voices.—Every time I opened my lips to address the multitude, I was interrupted with

> As it fell out one holiday,
> Small rain did fall,—

till the name of St. Hugh of Lincoln, became indeed accursed in my ears!

"The bigotry of Cadiz was pale and tame, in short, compared with that of the cathedral town!—Suffice it, that after throwing away thousands of pounds, I lost my election—and far more than my election—my trust in the justice of mankind, nay, the justice of Providence itself.

"I ask you again, Basil Annesley, was it rational that I should be thus reviled and rejected,—untried,—unheard,—and a booby Squire preferred in my place, simply because some wag had written on the walls previous to my nomination—'What is your name?' 'Abednego!'—'Who gave you that name?' 'The high priest of the synagogue, in my baptism!'

"A thousand crushing thoughts came crowding into my soul when I reëntered London the following day. I was defeated; and the bitterness of a defeated candidate is proverbial. But never did defeat convey, like mine, extinction of every prospect of distinction—every hope of earthly happiness. Parliament was the Promethean torch that was to endow me with vitality;—and the living spark was quenched!

"It was, then, Basil, then that, for the first time, I learnt to appreciate the value of MONEY!—In place of the Providence I was beginning to mistrust, the Molten Calf became my GOD!—I said not to myself, like Lucifer, 'Evil be thou my good!'—but 'Gold be thou my guardian angel!'—For the solicitors, by whose inaptitude I had been so ill supported, now whispered in my ear, that perhaps they might still be able to *purchase* a seat; and *this* time they so far redeemed their word, that, within a fortnight from the silvery whisper reaching my ear, a spendthrift lordling had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds,—the credit side of my banker's book was lessened by an item of five thousand pounds,—and Abednego Osalez took his seat in the House of Commons.

"And now, Basil, *now*, my way seemed clear before me!—I was a member of the most enlightened legislative assembly in the world, and my reputation was in the keeping of the free press of the land of liberty. Forests of laurels seemed shooting up before me. I anticipated fame,—I anticipated popularity,—I anticipated, I—Great GOD!" exclaimed the excited man, interrupting himself,—"the flame of joy and triumph that swelled my veins at that moment seems rushing back anew into my heart, warm with all the glowing energies of youth. All the wealth of my bursting coffers was insufficient to requite the enjoyment of one sunny day of the unsullied brightness of that boyish confidence!"

"But surely, *in parliament*, the unjust and groundless prejudice you have described did not pursue you?"—demanded Annesley, deeply interested, yet almost alarmed by the vehemence of his companion.

"Even in parliament, Sir," resumed Abednego, in a more subdued tone,—"even in the parliament of *liberal* England,—*enlightened* England,—I was still 'Osalez, the JEW!'—They went further, these upright legislators, than the bigots of Cadiz. With them I was not the *son* of the Jew,—but *the* Jew. Though admitting me to be, by extraction, a Spaniard—by birth, an Englishman—by faith, a Protestant, I was still 'Osalez the Jew!'—My name and face avouched it; and are not a name and face authentic evidence in any other spot of earth than a court of justice?—When I spoke well in the House,—it was 'well enough for a JEW;' when ill—'what could be *expected* of a JEW?'—The measures I advocated were stigmatized by the press, as brought forward under the protection of the Jews;—and the whole repertory of waggish and vulgar jocularity was unloosed against me every time I opened my lips!

"I was almost maddened!—Had I entered my public career at a maturer period of life, I should have known how to repress such sneers, or how to retort upon my scorners. But I was a boy. The generous impulses of youth were warm within me. Writhing under a sense of injustice, I lost my temper. I sometimes spoke vilely,—and then, indeed, was the cry redoubled, that 'The seed Daniel had broken down.'—'But, then, what could be expected of a man with such a name as Abednego!'

"A sarcastic member of the Opposition, whose wit was armed as the stings of asps, attacked me one night in reply, upon an effective speech on the Corn-laws, by which I had commanded the at-

on of the House, with the sneer that—'he was ware that the honourable member's namesake and redecessor was memorable in scripture history rough the persecutions of a king who fed on *ass*; but it did not follow that the Abednego of odern times was to become famous by his asso- ation with CORN.'—The House was convulsed ith laughter at this sorry jest; and the laugh of arliament burns as with the caustic impress of ie branding-iron. The morning papers enlarged pon the pleasantry,—which was echoed by all the nderlings of the press; and before I had been three onths in the House of Commons, instead of com- anding the attention due to my abilities and good ith, I had become a laughing-stock as 'Corn- aw Abednego!'

"Still, there was comfort in perspective. The oman I loved was too true, too good, too fond, to e influenced by the voice of vulgar derision.—HE knew that I was neither a Jew, nor the son of Jew. SHE knew that my education had been beral,—my habits of life luxurious; and the low- red citations regarding Monmouth Street and uke's Place over *her*, at least, could have little fluence. Even if her father should refuse me er hand, *she*, my tender, faithful, trusting love, ould not recall the gift of her heart.

"The family returned to England, Basil;—the mily which for months and months had accepted he hospitality of my father. Their door was shut n my face.

"In the interim, my engagement with her for hom I would have sacrificed my life, had been iscovered, and all further intercourse between us as interdicted!

"The brother was still so infirm as to afford a air plea for retiring instantly into the country; nd in the aristocratic seclusion of his own park, he old lord fancied himself able to hold at bay the resumptuous importunities of the grandson of the ew of Cadiz!"

"And you pursued them, of course!" cried Basil nnesley, a new species of interest mingling with is curiosity. "You accepted dismissal from no ther lips than those of her you loved?"

"I pursued them!"—resumed his companion, alf closing his eyes, as if to reconcentrate himself nto the illusions of retrospection. "I pursu- d them. I saw her again. We met as be- ore, Basil—by stealth. The summer nights fa- oured our frequent interviews. Again, she leaged her faith to me; again she swore, through ood or evil report, to be faithful. But we were iscovered,—spare me the recital! Through the nstrumentality of her sisters, there was a cruel cene of detection. A struggle ensued—a fatal truggle,—the infirm brother was disabled.—As I ive and breathe, Basil, it was not I who inflicted he fatal injury! But he died!—The inquest bsolved me. Surgical examination proved that the ccidental bursting of a blood-vessel had proved fatal.

"To renew my intercourse with the family after his dreadful event, and the terrible publicity given o our cause of quarrel, was impossible. The very ttempt had been an insult. My beloved wrote to ne entreating forbearance. Overtures on my part, she said, would perhaps hurry her broken-hearted father into the grave. But still she swore again and again, with the fervid earnestness that woman only knows how to assume, that, whatever time or distance might divide us, for this world and the next she was my own,—'in the sight of GOD, my wife!'—In the sight of GOD!—Alas! even *she*, perhaps, felt that the mightiest of names might be appealed to in vain by so utter an outcast as Osalez the JEW!"

"Compose yourself, Sir!"—murmured Basil in a kindly voice, on perceiving that big tears were rolling down the withered cheeks of his companion. "Disturb yourself no further to talk of this!"

"Now, or never!"—cried the old man, with a strong effort over his feelings. "I complied, Basil, with her injunctions.—The Session was over. I returned to Cadiz with the intention of at least six months' absence from England and *her!*—But what a spot had I chosen to nourish my re- grets! The groves,—the gardens,—in which we had wandered hand in hand;—the same white walls, steeped in the same moonlight, were ever around me;—and she whose very soul had been conjoined there with mine in ecstatic delirium,—*she* was afar,—weeping,—lonely,—disconsolate,—waiting for me,—sorrowing for me!—In that thought, however, there was comfort!—My tears flowed the more, but the more soothingly, when I remembered that all my sorrows were shared by that dearest of all human beings!

"Within three months, Basil, from the day of my arrival at Cadiz, the newspaper was placed in my hand which announced her marriage with an- other!"

"What treachery!"—burst involuntarily from the lips of the young man, though a terrible sus- picion had already presented itself to his mind, connecting the narrative now unfolded with the revelations of the old gardener.

"Treachery most monstrous and most ungrate- ful!"—rejoined, with kindling eyes, the excited Abednego.—"And lo! on that day I swore an oath before GOD,—an oath to be mightily avenged, —avenged on both,—on all,—the husband,—the wife,—the proud, obdurate family!—And I was so! My cry to the Almighty for vengeance was at least prospered!"

"Before you proceed further, Sir, consider a moment!"—interposed Basil, perplexed and dis- tressed.—"Let not the excitement of the moment betray you into avowals which you may hereafter bitterly repent!"

"I *have* considered, and would fain you should know all,"—replied the old man in a milder tone. —"And first, to judge me fairly,—to judge me leniently,—reflect upon the misery of my position! —Reflect that I had ventured my 'all of earthly happiness in that frail barque, and that the wreck was total!'—My hopes were withered. Nothing was left me in this world,—nothing but MONEY!—In the first struggles of my anguish, I resigned my seat in Parliament, and abjured the country by which I had been so despitefully entreated and persecuted. I abandoned England. But I brought neither peace nor honour to my home. My father,

whose highest ambitions were baffled by my despair, became himself surly and desponding; and domestic comfort was gradually banished from our household!

"It was probably the gloom thus engendered that caused my young sister to look abroad for happiness. Soon after my return, her mother died; and thus left alone with her fractious father and surly brother, the poor girl bestowed her affections on the only individual admitted within our doors, Verelst,—whom her father had engaged for her tuition in painting,—though, as a man of genius travelling for the perfectionment of his art, superior to the ordinary condition of an ordinary professor.

"When apprized of her attachment, my animosity to the young German, who could afford no home to the cherished flower of our fireside, and whom I unjustly accused of interested views in his attachment, sufficed to prove that I had suffered persecution and learnt no mercy!——I advised my father to drive the needy adventurer from our gates; and the consequence was the flight and disastrous marriage of my sister, which precipitated my poor mortified father into the grave.

"I was now the master of millions!—The efforts long made by my father for the realization of his property, with a view to quitting Spain, had, by this time, brought to bear the centralization of our capital.—It was, however, indispensable for the completion of this object, retarded by the old man's death, that I should visit the East; in various parts of which my predecessors had maintained mercantile establishments. The expedition pleased me. I wished to behold mankind in an unconventionized condition. I wanted to look upon the land which had given birth to my ill-fated race. Already my views of social morality were sufficiently disorganized;—in the East, I thoroughly threw off the prejudices of civilisation. To behold other creeds established as firmly, and producing results as beneficial, and more consonant with the demands of climate and country than Christianity, convinced me that the all-seeing God,—to whom altars, like thrones, are but the footstools of his power,—who, for his own wise purposes, has apportioned the faith of the Mussulman to one tropic, of the Brahmin to another,—who revealed, by the lips of his prophets, centuries and centuries before the birth of Christ, the great sacrifice of Redemption, and the cruelty of the Hebrews by which alone it was accomplishable,—must behold with sentiments of mercy, wide from the vengeance imputed to Him by the implacable mind of man, the hereditary responsibility of the children of Israel for the predestined crime of their forefathers!—Thenceforward the Jews, with whom I was classed, became, in my eyes, as any other people; save in being more unjustly aspersed, and consequently more deserving commiseration.

"Amid the succeeding changes of religion and legislation I was compelled to witness,—variations which render morality a matter of latitude and longitude, and the virtues of one hemisphere the vices of the other,—I began to look around me for a substantial and tangible standard of merit.—'WHAT,' I exclaimed,—'what constitutes right and wrong?—*where* is the Positive, *where* the True?'—The answer was 'GOLD!' Basil Annesley!

"Who will deny that, over all nations and languages,—under the tyranny of one or the tyranny of many,—the majesty of the crown or the majesty of the tiara,—MAMMON holds the preponderating influence?—GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, constitutes the Το Κατον,—the sole divinity,—the Jehovah of the universal earth!

"Once convinced of this, I bowed down my knee and worshipped!—Long and eagerly in search of some First Cause in which to put my trust, I cried aloud with joy when I had found it!—My wandering ark had stuck upon the top of an Ararat; and I sought no better land as a resting-place for the sole of my foot!

(*To be continued.*)

THE MODERN PULPIT.*

THE author of these Essays is a distinguished Preacher among that body of dissenters of which, of late years, the clergy (if we dare so call them) have shot rapidly ahead in scholastic acquirements, in general literature, and in a wise adaptation to the liberal and expansive tendencies of the age. John Wesley has the credit of saying, that he saw no use in the Devil engrossing all the best tunes. The Independent clergy, and indeed, to some extent, the dissenting ministers of every denomination, in like manner, no longer permit the Church, as by law established, and by Oxford and Cambridge taught, to monopolize all those gifts and accomplishments, which, held in due subordination to higher purposes, give so much efficiency to the ministrations of the pulpit. The Preface to Dr. Vaughan's volume, in explaining its object, mentions a gratifying fact. Another Independent College is about to rise in the important locality of Birmingham, in the vicinity of which there is already a seminary; and such permanent foundations are urgently required at a period when a systematic warfare seems about to be waged upon the grand and fundamental principle of the Reformation, by both the Universities, and a majority of their pupils. Another college of the same kind is nearly completed at Manchester, for which funds have been contributed by, we presume, the Independent or Congregational Churches of Lancashire. And it is yet more gratifying to learn that, in both these colleges "the means of education will be provided on a plan equal in respect to the essential branches of learning, and superior in respect to theology and pastoral science [which we presume to mean knowledge of the pastoral duties] to what is generally obtained at Oxford and Cambridge." The substance or germ of the present Tre-

* The Modern Pulpit viewed in its relation to the State of Society. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. One volume. London: Jackson & Walford.

ise was given in a discourse delivered at an annual neeting of Spring Hill College, in the vicinity of Birmingham. Dr. Vaughan was requested, by hose of his brethren who had the pleasure of being present, to print his address. But the theme eemed too wide and important to be so briefly liscussed; and it has accordingly expanded into he present able and valuable work. It is divided nto twelve chapters, some of them very short, and f subordinate interest. In the first, "*On the Office of Preaching*," it is not to be expected that he author should underrate the uses of the pulpit; nor, we admit, would it be easy to overvalue hem, where they are properly understood and ably fulfilled. He contends that the press has not, and never can supersede the Pulpit; that the Christian minister is not to surrender his divinely-appointed office to this powerful modern instrument, with which he must sometimes contend as an antagonist, and sometimes labour as an ally.

There is abundant internal evidence in the volume to prove how much attention its author must bestow upon even the ephemeral productions of he press: and every preacher must give like attention who would fully comprehend the relations of the modern Pulpit to society. The proposition, that the pulpit has lagged behind the press; behind the bar, the lecture-room, and the senate; behind, in a more comprehensive sense, the spirit and scope and attainments of general society, s frankly admitted by Dr. Vaughan, though this he considers no argument that preaching should cease, or be less frequent; but that it should in general be of a higher order, as being, in our days, addressed to an auditory capable of reading,—o an auditory in possession of books,—and to an auditory whose education is of a higher and nore general kind than obtained among assemblies of the people in former ages. Books, he contends, though they may do much, can never abrogate the eternal law which places man in dependence on the immediate tuition, the oral instruction of man.

Revolutions in the social and in the moral world may greatly affect the mode and complexion of preaching: but its high uses must be perpetual, inasmuch as the great aptitudes of human nature to which it commends itself must be perpetual.

The importance of *preaching*, as the means of promoting religion in the world, he places above he institution of baptism. A short chapter "*On he general Characteristics of Modern Society*" does ull justice to the increased knowledge and the pirit of inquiry which distinguishes the present ge; and the section which immediately follows, n the relation of the pulpit to the great mass of he people, or to "the manual-labour classes," we onsider the most important in the Treatise, from s sound views and mighty object. The discontent, "the disaffection" which at present pervades nd distinguishes the artisan classes of England, understood in its real causes and bearings as an vil, but one (though this is not clearly stated) regnant with the seeds of future good. If *Equality* as come to be the great want of the manual-labour lasses, it is, we trust, only equality of civil rights; nd if the ideas of wealth and power have come to be very generally identified with those of oppression, it cannot well be denied, that much of our legislation, and many of our positive institutions, give colour to the not-always erroneous apprehension. Having described the state of popular feeling as alarming and dangerous to government and to religion, in terms which we consider somewhat too sweeping and unqualified, the writer reaches a point where we can more unreservedly concur with him.

> It is not necessary to our present object, that we should deliver any definite opinion concerning the merit or demerit of the objects contemplated by this novel species of popular combination. It may be, that we ought to see in it, nothing more than the natural effect of some much older, and by no means less selfish combinations, in favour of the interests to which it is opposed. It may be, that the unreasonable contained in it has derived its measure of influence and power from its alliance with much that is not unreasonable. It is always safe, as well as humane, to judge leniently concerning the errors of the people; and, on the whole, it may be, that the weak in this case, as in most others, possess a more weighty claim upon our sympathy than the strong. . . . What is the report that should be made concerning the pulpit, viewed in its relation to this large portion of the community? Our answer must be, that we cannot avoid accounting it as being, in a great measure—perhaps in a majority of instances—a manifest failure. Nor are the more considerable of the causes which have conduced to this failure hard to discover.
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> It would seem to be a cardinal error among the great majority of preachers in our time, that they think much too meanly of the popular understanding. It is their manner to judge of the minds of men too much by the standard of a technical education, without keeping sufficiently in view either the sameness or the variety of those natural capabilities which God has bestowed upon men as such. It is little remembered, in consequence, that the slightly-educated man in the pew, may possibly be possessed of much greater sagacity than the thoroughly-educated man in the pulpit. Ministers of religion should not need to be reminded, that the smith at his anvil may have more compass of soul in him, than is found in the scholar, however much given to his books. In the case of the one, there may be naturally a robust mental health, such as no amount of artificial means would suffice to confer in the case of the other. Equality in these things is of much wider extent than is commonly supposed. The peer and the mechanic are alike specimens of humanity; and, not unfrequently, all the training in the world would fail of securing to the man of high degree, the same habit of intelligent perception which may be existing as so much natural bestowment in the man of low degree. In all time, the toe of one grade has come, in this manner, near upon the heel of another accounted as greatly its betters. But in no time has this rivalry between the children of nature, and the children of fortune, been so prevalent, or so marked, as in the time in which we live.
>
> It is a great mistake to suppose, that in order to interest and instruct the popular mind, it will be necessary to descend to it in a manner inconsistent with good taste.

In other parts of the Treatise this is reiterated; and the orators of the hustings and the rostrum will find the cautions as valuable to them as they are to the ministers of the pulpit.

This is stated in an argument for clergymen being trained and educated in a diversity of ways; and differing in rank and station, it would seem, as well as in attainments; an argument, by the way, which we have heard employed for the institution of a hierarchy. On the other hand, Dr. Vaughan himself asserts something equivalent to the opinion,

that when a preacher or an orator is imagined, on account of his intellectual stature, or supposed attainments, to shoot over the heads of his auditory, it will usually be found that he is an unskilful archer, who has taken a false measure of his ground, and blunderingly shot aside. Referring to Lord Brougham's Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients as to a body of canons for the orator, he proceeds :—

In the modern pulpit, the effect of learning, and of elegant scholarship, has commonly been to render men incapable of producing impression of that nature in any degree. In the case of such preachers, neither the diction they use, nor the mould into which they cast their expressions and sentences, nor the comparisons they introduce, nor anything belonging to their rhetoric, has been an object of study with a view to its fitness to secure the attention, and to move the thoughts and passions of such assemblies as are generally convened by the preacher—assemblies made up from the popular, much more than from the thoroughly-educated classes of society. The great object of this class of preachers has been to acquit themselves learnedly, or to acquit themselves elegantly. It is grievous to witness the mischiefs which have resulted from this conventionalism in pulpit taste. If our pulpit lessons must be veiled in the language of a particular kind of scholarship, then the people generally, and even men of good natural parts, who have not been initiated into that scholarship, will fail to perceive our meaning, and will begin, as the consequence, to cast about for some better employment than listening to the utterances of our unknown tongue. It should be accounted as a pleasing proof of the good sense pervading the popular mind, when the people refuse to be put off with the jingle of style in place of the clear statement, and vigorous enforcement of truth. Nevertheless, on the ground that the people almost uniformly estimate such pulpit trifling at its proper value, are they commonly reproached as incapable of appreciating pulpit excellence ! In general, the scholar needs only speak in his own language to be understood by the scholar; but should it become his object to make himself equally understood by men who are not scholars, it will be necessary that he should study to become expert in the use of language which may not be strictly his own. He must look from his own immediate associations to the associations of other men. He must become observant of the modes of apprehension which belong to minds widely different from his own. He must be capable of effort to place himself as in the stead of such minds; and from that point he must learn to judge concerning the manner in which such mental habits may be approached with the best effect. Nor must he regard this as being altogether a work of condescension. It is not condescension that is demanded of him, so much as adaptation. This manner of observation, and this kind of study, may be necessary, not so much because the minds about him are weaker than his own, as because they are different. . . . . No man, whose aim in elaborating sermons has been to give clearness and force to Divine Truth, has ever had reason to complain of the obtuseness of the popular apprehension, or of the coldness of the popular gratitude. . . . . It is a sore trial of patience to hear some preachers talk of the inability of their hearers to appreciate good sermons as the reason why they do not labour to produce such sermons. It would often be well for the preacher, in such cases, did he possess half the capacity of not a few of the minds which he has learned to despise.

The manner in which the great majority, and nearly all the intelligent of the middle class, regard the ministrations of the Modern Pulpit, is as strong a proof of its deficient and backward state as is its inefficacy in relation to the multitude.

Every clergyman, it is presumed, is a man of ability in some way, seeing he has patent as such, under the seal of a university. But few things are more common than a feeling of surprise and regret that the results in this case, so far as regards preaching, should be so little commensurate with the understood cost and labour of the process. Not that these persons in general care much about preaching, as a matter relating to themselves; but they look to it as something for which a good price has been paid, as something which on that account ought to be done well, so done as to accomplish its object; and they look to it, moreover, in connexion with what obtains of the same kind elsewhere—and it is not at all gratifying to perceive that their own ministers, who claim to be in all things belonging to their vocation as the first, should so often be in this very notorious matter of preaching as the last.

Looking to churchmen of the middle class generally, particularly to the more shrewd and informed, and taking in the leading men in mercantile and professional life, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that the honest and fixed opinion of those parties must be, that no portion of the public service is, on the whole, so defectively performed, as the service of the pulpit. Such men cannot fail to see, that of all the products in our social system, those of the pulpit are the most costly, and the worst supplied. Nor are the clergy themselves wholly insensible to this fact. Hence, in great part, the ceaseless attempt, in the case of a large number of them, to depreciate the office of preaching altogether, as compared with the reading of prayers, and other official services.

This, of course, applies most, if it be not meant to apply altogether, to the pulpit of the Established Church, where the congregations have not the power of choosing their own minister. In the Chapter on the relation of the Pulpit to the higher classes, Puseyism, and the ornate, scenic, pseudo-sentimental, and ritual religion, now becoming so fashionable, and which, in some men, is combined with a warm and pure devotional spirit, do not escape shrewd home-thrusts.

Society in our day embraces large classes, who, while they know how to tolerate vice, can never be made to tolerate coarseness,—points of taste being with them a much more serious matter than points of morality. Such is the character of modern education, that we are surrounded by multitudes whose distinction from the crowd consists wholly in a superficial and showy sort of refinement; and this large class of persons, we may be sure, will always be much more influenced by the elegant or the picturesque in the form of things, than by any consideration about the true or the rational as relating to their substance. Romanism has never ceased to lay heavy tribute on this infirmity in human nature, and has succeeded, by this means, in substituting emotion in the place of principle, and in confounding the feeling of taste with the feeling of piety. Oxford is now pursuing the same course. In both those connexions religion is arrayed in the drapery of art, and the worship of her costume is accounted as the worship of herself. Our literature during the last thirty years, and particularly by reason of the character and position it has given to works of fiction, has contributed powerfully to diffuse this feeling, and has done much incidentally, toward reviving ideas and sentiments in connexion with religion of a nature most inimical to its purity and power. Puseyism, like Popery, will be a religion of pageantries and mystical pretension, and will derive its main strength from ministering to a species of poor taste, under the name of religion, in the case of the educated; and from misleading the religious instincts by means of the *ignis fatuus* of imposing forms, in the case of the uneducated.

In a subsequent passage, this sober and satisfactory apology is made for the simpler forms of the Independent churches :—

It may be that our polity and ritual are very simple, so that we hardly expect to see them associated with any strong exercise of the imagination. It may be that

ve have learned to look on them as so prosaic and lite-
al, that the mind seeing as to the end of them at a
glance, and nothing being left to awaken curiosity, or
o hold out its visions to the fancy, we find it difficult
o suppose that they might be readily allied with a feel-
ng of deep and permanent interest. But in so judging,
lo we not overlook the great facts in His history who
was himself the first preacher of his own truth? Did
he account the impressiveness of his own teaching as
dependent on the aids of human architecture and deco-
ration, on the pomp of priestly vestments and priestly
pageantries, or on anything artificial, however beautiful
n itself, or however venerable from its relations to the
past? Was not his course as studiously separated from
ll the gauds of an ecclesiastical greatness, as from those
f a secular greatness? Was he not in his appearance,
nd manners, and teaching, as little like the priests of his
time, as like its potentates? Has he not taught us, in
his manner, that the power of his truth in the earth is
as little dependent on its alliance with temples, as on
its alliance with palaces? Does he not point to the sea
shore and the mountain-side, to the green field and the
desert place, to the solitary village road and the crowd-
ed pathways of the city, and bid us see in them, both the
places and the circumstances of his ministry? Was not
the earth as the pavement of his temple, the heavens as
the covering beneath which he constantly offered up his
spiritual sacrifices; and all the wonders in earth and
heaven—were they not as the matters of a marvellous
ritual, which, touched by his words, became everywhere
as the shadows of a living substance—as the ever-present
forms of an ever-living truth?

He has thus taught us, that the symbolic which is of God, is much more to the purpose of the preacher than that which is of man. . . . . He has done enough to make it certain, that the minister of the New Testament who shall be careful to avail himself of the semblances and illustrations of scriptural truth which are everywhere presented in the visible and living world, need not fear the issues of a contest with men who place their great trust in ceremonial observances—matters, which can be at the best only a poor or tawdry imitation of the realities which are constantly passing before the eyes of all men in the evolutions of providence, and the changeless appearances of nature. Our polity and ritual may be simple, but what they denote is shadowed out by universal nature, and is infinitely more wonderful than universal nature. In themselves they are as nothing—in their relations, they embrace all things. We may see to the end of them as mere forms, but no created mind can see to the end of them in their spiritual import. While only an object of the senses, they present nothing of the indefinite or mysterious, and are little adapted to fill the imaginative spirit with those vague thoughts, and still more vague emotions, which it covets; but viewed under the light of a sanctified intellect, we see them send forth, in lengthened perspective, the perfection of the ways of God. Thus viewed, they stand in relation to a thousand mysteries in time, and to much deeper mysteries as pertaining to eternity. No wing of created imagination can ever reach to the borders of that land which is thus opened before us!

This reads like one of Elliott's religious odes; and there may be bigots or hypocrites who will pronounce it equally profane. The conclusion of this chapter is written in the same highly-sustained strain; but we can only quote a small passage. We could almost wish, by the way, that Dr. Vaughan had found a more apt phrase than "a religion based on poetry," to designate the scenic religion—the thing of vague emotions, of tinsel and trappings, and tinkling cymbals, which he means. He is speaking of what effective preaching ought to be, and thus continues,—

> The great demand now made on us in this respect is, that what other men aim to do by scenic show from the altar, should be done, and much better done, in our case, by effective instruction from the pulpit; and that on the whole matter of visible aids in religion, we should spare no pains in opposing to every illusive spectacle supplied by art, the truthful utterances which may be always successfully invoked from the real magnificence of nature!

But the power necessary to this kind of preaching, while it must come in part from nature, must come also from much study, and from a devout solicitude to lead men into the paths of truth and piety. Nor is anything further from our thoughts in the above observations, than to encourage that kind of preaching, which, in its exuberance of language and allusion, seems not to belong either to poetry or prose. Sermons, in general, are addresses to the people, and, as such, should be eminently popular; in some connexions, a certain measure of homeliness would be their great excellence. But men do not need to be unnatural in making use of nature. Our example in this respect is before us in His manner, who preached on—the sower that went forth to sow—on the blade, and the ear, and the full corn in the ear—and on the man who built his house upon the rock, and the other who built upon the sand.

Let it be remembered, also, that a religion based upon poetry must be a frail thing in the hour of trial, compared with a religion based upon principle. Men governed by emotion have necessarily much less stability in them than men governed by reason. Concerning the sort of Christians that are formed, by the system which has more respect to the great truths of theology than to trivial points of church government, and which attaches greater value to an enlightened moral consciousness than to accuracy in matters of ecclesiastical observance, some judgment may be formed from the conduct of the confessors and martyrs in the primitive church, and from that of the same class of sufferers in the south of France during the middle age, and in the history of Europe from the age of Wycliffe and Luther downwards. It was a Christianity restored to something of its ancient simplicity—a Christianity much of the Puritan mould, which enabled the old Germanic states to assert their ecclesiastical freedom; which gave so formidable a character to the remnant of Protestant feeling in France; which nerved the arm of the Dutch, while opposed to the fearful odds arrayed against them by his Catholic majesty; which sustained the heroism of the Covenanters amidst the wilds of Scotland; and which, under God, sufficed to preserve both the Protestant religion and civil and religious liberty in England. Wherever you find a poetical Christianity, you find a despot; and in the history of despotism, whether ecclesiastical or civil, the governing are doomed to reap as they have sown—being often placed in exigencies in which they are made to learn that subjects trained to the passiveness of children, must not be expected to show the vigour of manhood at the pleasure of their rulers. Exceptions to this rule, in the case of individuals, there may be, but the rule is not disturbed by them. So far as respects communities, or the people at large, the daring and endurance proper to manhood, will be found along with the independence and freedom proper to manhood.

In the chapter on the *Pulpit in the past*, we are struck with the portrait of Latimer, the type of a class, alas! too limited, whether in the Church or among Dissenters; and with that of Baxter, which is elaborated with care and love. The seasonable uses of Methodism in the dark and torpid age in which it arose, and the apostolic labours of the first Methodist preachers, educated and uneducated, are treated with the justice which rareness makes almost kindness.

To the eloquent arguments for preaching being adapted to the spirit of the age, and though maintaining its own place, yet being in harmony with the rapidly onward progress of society, we cannot advert; nor yet to the enforcement of the superiority of extemporaneous delivery to reading sermons.

These, and many technical and subordinate matters, are very well worth the study of young preachers of every denomination, and of all young men "having views to the ministry," and to them we leave them. But we cannot pass the enunciation of the grand principle of the Protestant Reformation, and another well-aimed hit at those whose avowed purpose is to undermine and subvert it.

The principle of appeal to the right of private judgment is the great principle of the Reformation. Its effect on the pulpit, both in England and on the Continent, was at once manifest. The sermons of Luther, of his coadjutors, and of their successors to the close of the sixteenth century, are, in nearly all respects, such as were preached in England during the same interval. . . . . It is always to be observed, with respect to this great intellectual movement, which diffused so much misgiving over the whole surface and splendour of society, that it rose from the many—from beneath; and that the new force then given to those broad and deep elements in the social world which had so long reposed as in their imbedded quietude, was a force given to them mainly by preaching.

It is the glory of Protestantism, that it lives only through intelligence, and through the intelligence of the many, more than through that of the few. It is from this cause that it has so often acted as a reformer even upon Catholicism itself. It was the act of Protestantism to restore the pulpit to its due place among the means of religious improvement, and no sooner had Protestantism seized upon the pulpit, than Catholicism followed its example, and so ran the current of wholesome provocation in a multitude of things besides.

This leads to the brilliant age of the French pulpit,—that of Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Saurin; but passing these, we must rest content with the hard parting hit at the new idol of the day:—

Men are accounted safe, not according to what they are spiritually or morally, but according to what they are ecclesiastically. The signs of the true church come to consist of matters relating to polity, and not of evidence relating to piety. And as the true church is to be known by marks separate from her piety, it is only consistent that her ministers should put forth their official claims on grounds separate from considerations of that nature. Hence, according to this scheme, to find the true church, we must look to the one point of apostolical succession; to find the true priesthood, we must do the same; and we must do the same again, if we would distinguish the true Christian from the crowd bearing that name.

In the esteem of these eminent purists, what men are, as good or bad, is in fact as nothing, compared with what they are, as obedient or disobedient with regard to certain matters of ecclesiastical prescription. The institutional in religion is not accounted by these persons simply as means, relating to the moral and the holy as the end, but it is, in effect, both the means and the end. To be institutionally right, is to be altogether right. The point to be determined is not the relation of the spirit to Christ by faith, penitence, and the renewed affections of the devout mind; but the fact of having been baptized, confirmed, and communed by the hands of a duly-appointed ministry. The piety of a Watts, or a Doddridge, can weigh as nothing, against the fact of their having received the waters of baptism, or the elements of the eucharist, from hands which were not episcopal. Thus everything is determined by a point of polity—the true church, the true ministry, the true Christian. In this manner, revealed religion has become a piece of political machinery, adjusted to subserve the ambition of a priesthood. The simple institutes of the New Testament are converted into a mere framework of priestly and secular domination. The power to be derived from them, in this form, constitutes their great value, in comparison with which their relation to truth, morals, and godliness is a question of no moment. Such is Romanism, wherever its tendencies have full developement, and strictly of this tendency are all the distinctive principles of Puseyism.

Among all the forms of delusion which have been foisted upon men to frustrate the purposes of the Christian religion, this is the most subtle, elaborate, and destructive. Not that it embraces anything new. We find no evil in Romanism which may not be traced to tendencies common to human nature; nor anything which has not had its place in those systems of false religion to which the infirmities of human nature have given existence from the earliest times. Romanism is to scriptural Christianity what paganism was to the scriptural theism of the ancient Church. Formalists among Protestants often became papists, as formalists among the Jews often became idolators. In the ancient paganism, and in the servile copy of it, which has been transmitted to us in modern Romanism, we see the same advantage taken of the weakness of human nature, and the same general substitution, in effect, of the ceremonial services of religion, in the place of religion. With all its pomp and pretension, accordingly, Romanism is at heart a stale and vulgar thing, old as the earliest apostasies from revealed truth and goodness, and strong through the weakness of the human intellect, and the low sense-bound condition of human passions.

The great criminality in every system of this nature is, that it tends to perpetuate the intellectual and moral feebleness of human nature, rather than to remove it; and that it deigns even to profit by infirmities, from which it should have been especially concerned to set men free. It comes, accordingly, in many respects, as an evil rather than a good, inasmuch as it uses the sanctions of religion to uphold things in their own nature the most irreligious. It puts itself forth under the name of truth, and succeeds by that means in giving a new power to falsehood. While it arrogates an exclusive claim to sanctity, it may be seen eagerly employed in undermining every principle of morals. This it does as often as it is heard giving names of piety to the passions of the persecutor, and to the forms of injustice, oppression, and cruelty natural to those passions. In this manner, under the covert of a zeal for religion, the bigot may often be seen making war upon the very instincts of humanity—the moral sentiments of the heart being effaced by the immoral dogmas of authority. Was it not thus in the case of the priest and the Levite, when they passed by on the other side? Was it not thus in the case of the multitude, who said—"Not this man, but Barabbas!" Has it not been thus, more or less, among all people?

It is one of the provisions made in every system of this sort, that the people should not concern themselves about the character of their minister, except to ascertain that he has been appointed to his office after a certain manner. That he should be a regular man, is a point about which they cannot be too scrupulous, but whether he be a good man or not, is a matter not meant to come under their judgment. His ministrations as a priest, are in no respect vitiated by faultiness in his character as a man. If regularly appointed, his hands are equally the channel of the divine blessing, whether those of a Judas, or a St. Paul. It is not from man, but from God, that the power comes, which imparts efficacy to priestly services; and God will honour his own sacraments by connecting his own power with them, whether administered by the hands of the pure or the impure.

A passage from a sermon by the Rev. H. Melville, is cited in the Appendix, in which this strange doctrine is promulgated in the broadest and most startling way; fortunately so broad and so startling, that it can do little harm among rational beings.

A LONDON DRESSMAKER'S DIARY.

October 8, 1841.—I have just come home. It is nine o'clock. I thought I would write a journal, so here is the beginning; but I am so tired and stupified that I can think of nothing to put into it. I never thought I could be so weary with just sewing all day! I calculated on being able to sit up till twelve o'clock, because I need not get up before seven in the morning; and with so little exercise I surely need not sleep more than seven hours. Mrs. Simpson is a very nice woman; she says, in a year or two I shall be expert, if I take pains; and then I may perhaps go with her to Paris for the fashions. But what a long time first; and such labour in that back-room up stairs! I thought to-day I should have cried when Mrs. Simpson sent for some one to help her to attend in the shop, and I might not go. I always thought it was the youngest apprentice that could be spared best, but she says I should be frightened and awkward. But after all, many people have much harder work than this. The servant girl in this very house is almost always out of breath with running up continually out of that dark cellar-kitchen; and our own servant at home used sometimes to have her hands sore with washing. Though my father thinks this an unhealthy trade, I am sure it is much better than anything else I could have chosen: for though I don't pay for my lodgings yet, I shall have more wages soon, and then I may perhaps make a fortune before I die. If Mrs. Simpson thinks well enough of me to take me to Paris, I must be of great use to her; and if I am, why should she not take me in partner? If she did, I should soon have enough money to send Dennis to school. Father keeps regretting that he can't send him just for one year, when he is fourteen or fifteen—and he wont be fourteen for six years yet.

Oct. 9.—My little room is at the top of the house, and I can see nothing out of the window but house-roofs. I stooped down almost to the floor, and looked up to the sky this morning before I went to my work. There was a cloud that looked tinged with red from the sunrise, and the bit of sky that I saw was straight up. What a fine day it must have been!

Oct. 10.—My landlady told me, as I came through the shop, that she was glad to see I came home regularly; that my father had recommended me to her care, and that she hoped I should be steady; because if I were not, she should be forced to send me away from my present lodgings. Is this what she calls taking care of me? I wish I were not so tired—I want to write something about home. It will be Sunday soon, and then I will write part of a long letter to my father.

Oct. 11.—I can write nothing, I am so tired, and there is another day yet before Sunday. I've been crying to-day, because I spoiled some work; and Miss Betts (the lady that sits in the work-room instead of Mrs. Simpson) said no one could ever be so stupid, and that I must have done it on purpose.

Oct. 12.—Miss Betts, and Miss Hayes, and all the rest of the young ladies, have been wondering why I don't alter my frock sleeves: they say such large sleeves are quite out of the fashion. I asked them when I was to do it; and they said, Oh, after I got home at night. I said, I had far too much sewing in the day-time to begin again after nine o'clock. Miss Hayes said she had made herself a new dress in the evenings after she got home. I wonder how she and all of them can afford to dress so extravagantly: none of them wear cotton print; and it seems to me the best they ought to wear.

Oct. 13.—What a strange day this has been! it seems a month since last night. I got up as usual at seven o'clock, though I had no work to go to. When I was dressed, I stood looking up at the bit of sky till breakfast time. I did not like to go out, till I had asked Mrs. Greaves which was the nearest way into the country. I am always to get my meals with her and the family on Sundays; and I can't go out before breakfast. When I mentioned the country, she looked astonished; she said *they* always liked the country, but I had always lived in it, and she was sure I must like the town better; besides, I ought to go to church in the morning, and then, if I liked, I might go with them into the country in the afternoon. I would not hear of going to church, but I found the country is three miles off; and then it only means houses with gardens to them, instead of houses without. So I agreed to go to St. Paul's. Mrs. Greaves kept telling me she was sure I must like it better than the country: I wish they'd let me like for myself! When we got in sight of the great thing, all the children began asking me to admire it; and when I said it looked very dirty and black, they all ran back to Mrs. Greaves, calling out, "Mamma, she says St. Paul's is dirty!" As soon as we got inside, they began showing me monuments of this person and that, till mamma told them to hush. We were just going through some tremendous iron gates, and I found the church was inside. There were not many people in; I thought the service was not begun; I heard some one talking at the other end of the church. Directly after I saw a man stand up in the pulpit, and all the congregation stood up too. Then just over my head began a note of the organ; I thought it must have been touched in mistake, and would stop directly; but another lower note opened, and both began to swell till the pillars round trembled with the echo. I stooped my head, and half shut my eyes, for I had never heard so much sound. I was not frightened, but I wanted to call out or sing: I thought no one would hear me, so would try. At that moment began, what seemed to me, a hundred voices over my head, and all round, singing not one or two notes, but rolling (and the organ with them) like waves, as if there were nothing else in the world. I held my face down and cried a long time, till the music seemed at last to break, each little stream running by itself, and then all to roll in one flood

of sound, swing round and round the bending arches, till it fell and died. It seemed to leave a dew on every head, and the place was so still we heard one man's little voice as plain as if he could speak like the organ.

The music came again and again, and every time we all stood up. At last we went home. One of the children asked me what I thought of the organ. I said, I did not know. Mrs. Greaves said I had no taste; that she had expected I should be in raptures with the "whole thing." After dinner she said, I must be contented now, for they were going to the tea-gardens at somewhere, and I could go with them. I said, I had much rather go again to St. Paul's. She said I was a very strange girl: in the morning I wanted to go into the country, and could scarcely be persuaded to go to church first. I said I did not know there was such music at church. She said, "Why, you never seemed to care for the music; you never said a word about it." We were going up stairs when she said this, and she pushed her room door open, went in, and called out, "Thomas, what do you think! She (jerking her elbow at me) has made up her mind now to go to St. Paul's again! she wants to hear the music." Then she said something else which I could not hear. I could not see Thomas: he seemed to be walking about with one shoe off: he said, "Yes, I know; you must not let her go—not by any means: take her with you to the gardens." Mr. Greaves is a little, good-tempered man, but very mysterious. He is always kind to me, but treats me like an ignorant child, always instructing me in the least things; and when I ask him why I must do so, he says "O, because it is better." When I heard him interfere to prevent me going to church, I was very angry; and when Mrs. Greaves came out and said very sweetly, that I had much better go with them, "that Mr. Greaves thought so too," I answered all at once, "Does he? But I may surely please myself, and do what I like best!" Mrs. Greaves said, "But you can't go this afternoon, there is no one to go with you."—"Then I'll go by myself."—"Oh, how can you say so? it would be very improper."—"How can it be improper?"—"Well, a young girl like you ought not to go out alone."—"I go out alone every day."—"Yes, but that's... you are not dressed... you're going about your regular business... you can't help that."—"And why should I wish to help going to church?"—"You may say what you like... it is very improper of you to wish to separate yourself from your friends; but if you will do your own way, I've nothing to do with it: I've warned you." I asked her when the service began: "It begins at three, and you need not be going before." Mr. Greaves opened the room door, and called her in; I went up stairs. I don't know why I should care for Mrs. Greaves, when the first time I saw her was but a week ago; but still I was almost frightened when she said she would have nothing to do with it: what did she mean?

I have got tea by myself, and written an account to my father of all that I've done this last week. I am glad I did not write before; I should have made him think that I had very hard work and no pleasure. I wonder how I could be so low-spirited, all for nothing. It is worth while to come to London to hear the church service; they sing it nearly all.

I won't indulge myself in whining any more. I'll begin and do something when I come home at night. They shan't persuade me to alter my frock sleeves, because I don't care for not being in the fashion. But Mrs. Greaves offered me sixpence for altering a dress of hers, and I'll do it. I dare say I can finish it in two nights;—and then I might have plenty of such work; I might earn two or three shillings a-week; and if I do, and if my boots will last out, I shall want *no* money of my father when I go home at Christmas. I may have enough to buy them all a little present, as an eldest sister ought to do. If I did, my father would *see* that I was doing well.

Oct. 14.—In the middle of this morning Miss Betts had to go down stairs, and the moment she was gone Miss Hayes (she's the eldest next to Miss Betts) began bustling, whispering and laughing, and calling out, "Now then, who'll have some Dantzic?" "I will, I will," every one cried. Then there was such a scuffle! And Miss Hayes brought a little fat bottle out of her pocket full of white clear stuff like water; she poured some of it into her thimble, and drank it off two or three times. Every one held their thimble, and Miss Hayes poured some into each in turn, and then some more into her own. Miss Simpson seized Miss Thoms' thimble, and said she would have it, because it was the largest; so every one began to laugh at Miss Thoms because she's very fat; and she herself began to insist that her thimble was no larger than Miss Simpson's; indeed not so large. Some one told her, then she ought to be glad of the exchange; then they all laughed again, and Miss Thoms, who would neither give up her thimble nor acknowledge it to be the largest, got into a passion, and almost fought to get it back, till Miss Hayes said, if they were not quiet she would put the bottle away. I could not understand what they were drinking, nor why they should be so eager about it. I thought it could not be water, for Miss Hayes said once, "O! how I wish we had a spoon!" and one of the others said, "O! Miss Hayes, could you drink a spoonful at once?" and she said, "O yes—well enough," and Miss Thoms called out, "So could I."

At last Miss Hayes saw me staring at them, and she burst out a-laughing, and said, "Look at that shrimp, how she stares! Did you ever see Dantzic before, child?" Some one cried, "I dare say she does not know what it is!" I said, "No, I don't." Miss Hayes bent her head, so as to see past the others, and whispered, "O! it's very good stuff; send your thimble, and I'll give you some."

Miss Simpson pulled my thimble off and threw it to her, and then it was passed down full. Still I kept asking, "What is it?" and one said, "It's to make you fair," and another, "It's to keep your spirits up." I held it in my hand quite puzzled, till at last, when I heard them all praising it so, I asked, "was it elixir vitæ?" They all called out, "Whatever's that?" I said it was a liquid that

made people live for ever; Miss Simpson cried "Why, who ever heard of such a thing?" I said, I had heard my father talk about it; but he said there was no such thing. Miss Thoms said, "Yes, it was aqua vitæ." I said, "*elixir* vitæ."—"Well, elixir then; they're both the same." "Why, what are they then?" some one asked. "Well, it means brandy . . . it's Latin." Miss Hayes cried, "How do you know any thing about Latin?" so Miss Thoms simpered, and said, "O! I know." I said, "If it's brandy I won't have it." They all exclaimed, "O, what nonsense! it will do you good! . . . You may well be so low if you won't take something to keep you up! . . . . Don't be afraid of the smell . . . . Now, just take that little drop, and you'll see what good spirits you'll be in for the rest of the day." I was frightened to hear them talk so; and asked them if they did not know they would be worse after all their good spirits. I told them they were in danger of learning to get drunk; that they would soon want more than a thimbleful, and then they could never do without it; and when they had got so far, they could not help drinking till they lost their senses; that it would make them ill, and they would die miserably. They all kept laughing, till at last Miss Hayes said, "What is that little Methodist preaching about? Dying miserably, and hell fire?" and Miss Thoms reached across the table and took my thimble and drank the brandy off, saying, "You shan't have it, as you don't know how to value it." Then Miss Betts came back, and they all settled to work; they were very giddy, and kept taunting me slily for being a Methodist. I resolved to care for nothing, but to think of home and earning money. I am not at all tired to-night; I don't think I can sleep. Mrs. Greaves can't give me her gown till to-morrow.

Oct. 15.—With all I can do I cannot keep my thoughts to my work; there seems to me nothing to think of. I tried to look forward to going home or going to Paris: but these pleasures are such a long way off it is like keeping my arm stretched out till it trembles and aches, so that I can hold it no longer. I have got the gown to alter, but it is a brown one, and brown seems just the colour to make people sick. I've been sewing brown all day! so I thought I would write first.

Oct. 16.—I am too tired to write, and have the dress to alter.

Oct. 17.—I wish I could hear some music every day. Then I should have something to think of. I can't force myself to go on with altering the brown gown. It takes far more doing than I thought. I thought I should only have the sleeves to take out and alter, and the waist to take off and put on again; but now I find the waist will be to lengthen with new stuff, and some trimming to hide the joining. I thought I should finish it last night, and now I am putting it off till Friday.

Oct. 18.—I get more and more tired as the week gets on. If I don't finish the dress to-night, it won't get done this week.

Oct. 19.—I have got the sixpence! It has taken me a week. I did not finish the gown last night; I had to set the hooks and eyes on this morning before I went to work. I am glad I did, for we've been sewing white all day, and I can hardly see. O be joyful! to-morrow's Sunday!

Oct. 20.—I wonder how many times we change our minds before we learn consistent firmness. It must be a very respectable character that always carries out its own intentions. But I must learn this. It is ridiculous to choose a mode of life—to know or believe it to be the best I could adopt, and then to spend my time in perpetual lamentations. Every one in this world sometimes has their patience tried to the utmost, and the great minds are those which are least warped by the trial.

I went to St. Paul's. Mr. and Mrs. Greaves won't go with me any more; they say they "won't countenance my going." I think they're out of their head! I've got some more work for the evenings; not from Mrs. Greaves, but a neighbour, and have made a better bargain than I did last time.

Oct. 21.—Tired and going to sew.

Oct. 22.—It is one o'clock in the morning. I was sleepy when I came home, but I began to sew. After a while I got very cold, and lost all inclination to go to bed, so I worked away till now. I am turning a dress, and am to have two shillings for it: I intend to finish it this week. I would not go to bed now, but I must be up at seven o'clock. I don't think I shall sleep. I've been imagining my father coming to see me. I've set a chair by the fireplace—for there shall be a fire when he comes. And then I imagined him asking me, was I really forced to work so late? and me saying, I was not forced; that I did it to please myself, that I had plenty of money, and then proving it by sending for a nice hot apple pie, and making the little fellow get supper ready. They are not here, but I've left the chair by the hearth—it will help me to sew.

Oct. 23.—Mrs. Simpson has been noticing my old-fashioned sleeves, and wondering I don't alter them. I would not have cared, but she seemed to say she could never send me anywhere, because I was "not fit to be seen." I wonder if she would send me to any large houses if I were better dressed. There is a house with a white staircase in the entrance hall, as wide as I could stretch my arms across. Miss Simpson said she had seen it. She's not Mrs. Simpson's daughter, she's her niece.

Oct. 24.—I wish if possible to finish turning the dress this week, and to alter my sleeves besides. Mrs. Simpson said I should do to attend on ladies, I had such a quiet voice.

Oct. 25.—I shan't allow myself to write. I must finish the dress if it is two o'clock in the morning, that I may have to-morrow night for altering my sleeves. I should not care, if my feet did not get so cold. Yet if I were not cold I should fall asleep.

Oct. 26.—It's Sunday to-morrow, so I don't care how late I get up. The organ does not begin before eleven o'clock. I will sit up till I've done the sleeves, though I shall be working on Sunday morning!

Oct. 27.—I must set down Saturday night first.

It was past one o'clock this morning before I had done; and then I got up and began to tidy the room for Sunday. I kept imagining I was talking to my father, and at last I began to speak really, very low down. When I had talked a little while

fussing about, dusting the room at the same time, I heard some one quietly trying the room door. I was very cheerful and not at all frightened, so I went and opened it directly. I expected some one walking straight in; but instead of that, a white thing stood in the dark, leaning forward and quite still. I felt in a cold sweat all at once, and crept back into the room that I might not see it. Then it took hold of the door handle and said, "Who have you got to talk to, pray?" I looked again, and there was a part of Mrs. Greaves' face peeping past the door edge. I exclaimed "O! Mrs. Greaves, I'm glad it's you!" She said, "Are you? have you been sitting up till now just for me, pray?" (She always says pray when she's out of temper.) Still she did not come in, but kept peering round the room as if she wanted to see what was in it. She behaved so uncivilly, and spoke so harshly, that I got up my courage in a moment, and burst out, "Mrs. Greaves, if you want to spy about, you'd better come in." She walked in, straight to the bed, and peeped under it. Then looked very much astonished all round the room again! I said, "Hadn't you better peep into my box?" She still stared about, looking so bewildered, I began to think she had got up in her sleep. At last she said, "I thought I heard you talking to some one!—But you have had some one with you—what's that chair there for?" I told her how I had set it for my father, and how I had been talking to him. She tossed her head—"Do you really pretend you've been sitting up till now for that?"—"No, I have been altering my blue frock sleeves." It was hanging on the chair-back, and she pulled it off, and began to look at them. "Ah! yes, I see they're altered.... Well it's a vast improvement!... you were looking quite old-fashioned!... you'll look very well now... really, very well indeed." When she wants to coax me, she always tells me I look well. Still I never spoke; so she began to pat me on the cheek, and say she was sorry she'd disturbed me; then she went away, and I got up in a passion and banged the door after her. This morning she came into my room after breakfast, (though she had said nothing all breakfast time,) and began to apologize for coming into my room last night, saying she really thought she heard me talking to some one; that she thought I ought not to sit up so late,—I ought to take care of myself. Then she asked me if I was going to church; I said, "Yes." So she suddenly came close up to me, and began very low, "Now, you know, Miss Wells, it's no business of mine, and perhaps you'll think I've no right to interfere; but I'll just give you some advice, and tell you something you don't know. It's very proper of you to try for as good a match as you can, and I did not think you would have had so much management with Dicky Batts as to keep him at such a distance; but I can tell you, you'll never get him, because his father intends to set him up very handsomely when he's learnt his trade; and I'm sure he'll never consent to his marrying any one poorer than himself: so you'd better drop him at once, and go with us. Besides, I can tell you he's a very dangerous person; and though girls always think they can take care of themselves, yet he'll be finding out your weak side, and coming round you somehow; and then you know you'll be ruined." I stared at her all the time she was talking, and then asked, "Who is Dicky Batts?"—"It's the name of our apprentice that follows you."—"Why, let him follow me as long as he likes." Then I remembered that she says "follow" as we say "court;" so I said, "He never spoke to me."—"What! did he never offer you his arm as you came home?"—"No."—"Why, it's because he's afraid of some one telling his father then."—"Poor thing!"—"Don't be scorning at him, Miss Wells: you know it's no use you're getting him, without his father will give him money to set him up."—"No, nor then either, I think."—"Well then, you'll leave him and go with us?"—"I'm going to St. Paul's."—"What! after what I've told you about him?"—"I've nothing to do with him."—"Now you need not try to deceive *me*, Miss Wells; indeed, I think, after what I've told you, and the interest I've shown in you, you might be more sincere. But no good can come of it, you may be sure of that; so I tell you." So she bustled down stairs. I felt inclined to slam the door after her as I had done before; but she always frightens me with her mysterious hints about what's to "come of it." She always gives them when she's angry, and I believe the truth is, that if I vex her she'll invent some tale about me, (just as she has invented a reason for my going to St. Paul's,) and then turn me out of my lodgings.

I have staid at home in the afternoon and gone to the evening service. I have just been reading over my journal. I am surprised to see what little things I begin to take notice of, and how soon I am frightened or put out of temper. When Mrs. Greaves appeared at the door last night, I was ready to drop, without anything in the world to be frightened at. When my mother was ill, I used to sit for hours in the dark or by firelight, and walk about the house in the dark just as I would in the day time. And after she was dead, I used to go into the room to look at her, hoping she might want something. I'm sure I should not have cared then for anything anybody said to me; while now, I get quite into a passion. Yet what can I do? I must pay attention to what's going on; I can't think of anything. I believe having nothing to do makes people selfish—I mean nothing for their minds to do; for what can it turn to so naturally as itself?

My Father says, any one who does their duty may prevent themselves being unhappy by looking forward. Here again I find my mind growing weaker.—I "look forward" till I am sick, and to what?—I begin to feel as wearied as after a day's work, so I will endeavour to say what I may look forward to, that I may get a clearer idea of it. One may always look forward to pleasure arising from the performance of duty. The more sedulous our exertions, the greater our reward. And whatever misery we may endure in the right path, it finally brings us to happiness that will outweigh it all.——Pleasure *may* arise from the performance of duty, but all that I can feel sure of is the "*finally*." I cannot see it possible for me to get

pleasure in consequence of anything I can do *now*; nor can any motive make me "sedulous" in attending to—nothing.

Oct. 28.—I've been trying to find something in my work to fix my attention on. I think if it were all cutting out, I could do;—at least for a while. But I've been all day making flounces and sewing them on. Round and round the skirt! till I got so stupid I hardly knew what I was doing. Two or three times looked out of the window when I thread my needle, and then began to sew over again what I had done before.

Oct. 29.—When I look out of the window I see nothing but a house corner, and farther off the roof of a smaller house; on the same side of the window that I sit on there is a poplar tree. I know there is! the end of some of the branches reach past the edge of the window: they are bare; but when the tree waves, a larger branch comes in sight, quite thick with leaves, and almost all green. I dare say some of them are as green as ever they were. If I knew how long the branch was, or how thick, I could guess at the size of the tree. I hope it's a large one.

Oct. 30.—Mrs. Greaves has been asking me if I will sew any more in the evenings, as she has a gown to alter, if I choose to do it. I said, "Not to-night;" and passed on up stairs. The reason I would not speak to her was, that I was afraid of crying. I hardly know why; but to-day Miss Hayes called me to the cutting-out table, to hold some satin while she cut it. I directly thought I would look at the poplar tree when she was cutting. She gave me hold of one side of the piece, doubled and said, "Be careful, now." I thought she meant that I was not to squeeze it; so I took hold very gently, and when she pulled, it slipt out of my hand. She was very angry, because it was very light coloured; and if it had got dirtied she would have had it to pay for; so she sent me away, and called Miss Simpson. I was so frightened I was glad to sit down again, and look out of the window, before I began my work. But when I saw the ends of the branches I was reminded that I had forgot to look at the tree. I began to think I was losing my senses when I forgot things so soon, and began to fear I should not get to see the tree while it had any leaves on: and I've been wishing so to see it! It is the only bit of living green I shall see for longer than I can tell. I was just thinking this, when Miss Hayes came and snatched the work out of my hand, exclaiming, "What are you doing, you stupid thing?" I found that I was sewing with red thread, and my work was green. Miss Hayes held it up and said, "Now, just look, girls! will ever any one believe but what she did this on purpose?" I said, "No, Miss Hayes, I did not." "Do you pretend you did not know what colour it is?" I was just going to say, No; but there came into my head a faint recollection that when I was thinking of the tree I had felt that that thread was a prettier colour than the green, and the contrast was pleasanter; so I had taken it without thinking that it was wrong. So, instead of speaking, I blushed all over; and all the girls exclaimed, what a malicious girl I was; they wondered how I could do such a thing; but it was very easy to see what I was, with all my Methodist hypocrisy. Miss Betts asked what they meant; and I was just going to tell all about the brandy, but I was afraid they would hate me still worse if I did; so I held my tongue. Miss Hayes said, "The fact is, Miss Betts, we've found, all of us, that Miss Wells is very deceitful ..... all of us; hav'n't we?" looking round. They all began at once, "Yes, indeed, we *all have*."—"Well, how?" said Miss Betts. "O, Miss Betts, it's no use telling you ..... look how she blushes!" They all simpered, and would not answer any questions; till at last Miss Betts said, "Well, if you would not tell me, you need not have mentioned it." I was glad she did not speak to me, for if she had I should have burst into tears.

I thought of this all the way home. I wondered why I had forgotten to look at the tree, and why I had been so frightened when I dropped the satin. I know none of them would have cared. Yet they care a great deal for each other's words. Any of them can make another cry by accusing her of anything whatever. When I first came I thought them very silly; and when I saw how they behaved about the brandy, I determined to have nothing more to do with them; and to care nothing for what they said or did. And now, after all, I find I care more than any of them! My father said, I never need be afraid of any one, unless I did wrong. What wrong have I done now? Why couldn't I speak when they began telling lies about my deceit? Any of them can take their work to the window under pretence of wanting more light, while I have never been to the far side of the room in my life. But they have amusements that I know nothing about. They are always whispering, and saying things I don't understand; and they giggle so, and are so rude, I don't want them to be friends with me. Yet, should I not be better with something to think of?

Oct. 31.—Mrs. Greaves has asked me again to do some work, and it has brought to my mind all my intentions about earning money that I was so full of a short time since. Why or how did I forget them all? I have nothing else to do. Still I refused to do it. I have got into the way of sitting in the dark doing nothing after I come home. I believe I should never light a candle at all if I did not want to write. It's almost as good as talking.

November 1.—Miss Simpson has all at once grown very friendly. She talked to me a long time, without appearing to mind that I hardly answered her, about how much worse off she was than any of the rest: that she could never go out anywhere as they could, because her aunt said she was safer in the house; while all the rest could do just as they liked. Then she asked me all at once, if I should not like to go to the theatre. I said, sulkily, "I've no money; so it's of no use considering what I might like to do if I had." She began to tell me I might easily get money for that; that it would only be half-a-crown. —"What are you blushing at?" she said, all at once. I was blushing because I had half-a-crown; and I began to think I might go. I thought I might perhaps see Coriolanus standing in Aufidius'

kitchen, and all the fry of servants in astonishment. I said directly, "I have half-a-crown!" She said, then we could go; she was sure her aunt would let her go *with me*. I asked if she thought they would act Coriolanus. She said she had never heard of it. I said, "But of course they'll act it sometimes, for it's Shakspeare's." She waited a little, and then called out "Miss Hayes! do you know if they're acting Shakspeare anywhere?"—"Why, what is it to you?"—"Well, we're making up a little party to go to the theatre, and Miss Wells wants to see Shakspeare." I said "No, no; I want to see a play of his." "And pray, when are you going, and who are you going to have in your *little party?*" (mimicking.) "We're not going to tell you," Miss Simpson said; and then Mrs. Simpson came up stairs, and we all stopped. I looked as I came home at all the play-bills I could see; but I knew none of the plays mentioned in any of them, except Hamlet, and I don't admire Hamlet. He does not know his own mind; and I don't think I understand it.

Nov. 2.—We have talked again about the theatre, but Miss Simpson wants to see a melo-drama: if she won't go to see Shakspeare, I'll go by myself.

Nov. 3.—I have indeed something to say to-day. At breakfast I told Mr. and Mrs. Greaves that I had heard it only cost half-a-crown to go to the theatre, and I would go. Mr. Greaves asked, "Who's going with you, my dear?" I said Miss Simpson had talked of it, but I thought I should go by myself; and told them why. Neither of them spoke a word; but after breakfast Mrs. Greaves followed me up stairs and asked if I was out of my head. She talked with me a long while, and told me that scarcely any one went to the theatre to see what was going on on the stage. I asked, "What then?" She said, "O, they went in parties for amusement." —"Then what do they amuse themselves with?" —"With talking and looking about; and when a young man pays attention to a girl, he treats her to something to eat or drink."—"Well, still I can go; and, being by myself, I can look at the stage, or just what I like."—"But it won't be respectable."—"Why not?"—"Because, you fool, if you have no one with you, any one will speak to you." —"But I sha'n't speak to them." She said, however, that it was quite impossible for me to go. That she did not much approve of me going with a young man, for it often ended in mischief; but that if I went alone it would be supposed that I wanted some one to take notice of me. I cried, and said there was nothing in London called by its right name, and that people never said what they meant. After she was gone away, I went after, and asked her if people went to church to be taken notice of? She said, not in the way they did at the theatre. But if a young woman went alone, an acquaintance might perhaps offer his arm to walk home,—"and then, you know, it looks as if you'd done it on purpose." I went up stairs again, determined to care nothing how I looked. Yet still, as I was going to church and all the time I was there, I could not help thinking people were looking at me. Then I thought—if they believe I want some one to take notice of me, why don't they do it? Do I look like something not fit to talk to? I saw that I was one of the plainest dressed in the place, and began to think every time any one looked at me, that they turned away as if they thought I was not respectable. As I was coming home, Dicky Batts came and offered me his arm, just as Mrs. Greaves said people would. I was pleased at first that he thought me worth taking notice of; but he put his face so close to mine every now and then, that I found out he thought he was doing me a favour, and that I had wanted him to come, and was much obliged to him. At the corner of the street where we live he stopped, and said he was sorry he could not escort me home, but he was obliged to go. I walked on without a word, and told Mrs. Greaves the moment I got home that I would go with them in the afternoon to Hampstead. This journey is what I want to write about.

We could not afford to ride both ways; so we settled we would ride back, as we should be tired. I am tired with walking to work every morning, and this was five times as far. So, when Mrs. Greaves had chosen a room to have tea in, I asked to stay in it till tea time, while the rest went out. Mrs. Greaves pointed out that there were several tables in the room, and that people would probably come to them all. The woman belonging the house said I might very well stay there an hour or two, as no one would come so soon. So I took off my bonnet and sat down in the window seat, and in five minutes I was asleep. Mrs. Greaves woke me to come to tea. The room was full of people, all talking, each at their own table. Mrs. Greaves had brought her own tea, and bread, and butter; and every one else appeared to have done the same. Every one exclaimed at me for not having seen the fine country we were in; and as I did not want any tea, I was recommended to put my bonnet on, and go out for fresh air. The room was very hot, and I went directly. There was a pleasant wind, and without taking much notice, I set off, and walked till I came to a part of the road where there were trees on both sides. I did not like that; it looked gloomy; so I turned back again. I had now the wind in my face, and I began to look round. The road I was on was raised above the heath, and on each side the changing ground was sometimes green, then black, then yellow, with furze blossom. Close on my right hand were some little hills with cottages and gardens; more in front there was a large hollow in the heath, so large I could not tell where the cultivated ground began: then wide-spreading fields, trees, more fields; and a very long way off, rising over the edge of a hill, a white spire and other buildings. This was westward, for there was the sun over it. I could not see so far anywhere else. Straight before me were large trees; and below, on the left hand, two or three ponds and some scattered houses. There was no sunshine, but still everything looked clear, even to the white spire so far off. The hills stood up, and the trees, as if they were cut in iron. Every hollow was black, and the ponds looked dark, though I could see shadows in the water. There was a house on the left hand nearly hid by trees, but the

white end of it seemed to blaze out of the darkness. Here and there a bush of furze burnt like fire. A still cold had fallen on everything, and I walked as fast as I could without knowing why. Then it began to rain, and I held down my face and went still faster. I was out of breath and tired when I reached the trees that were straight before me. I did not like to go to the house, so I stood under them, though it was fair. I looked to where I could see farthest; a red line of light was over the hills and the white spire, and it seemed to shine over the heath and come straight under the trees to me. Every branch seemed tipped with crimson, and the wind swept the bright rain off them as it sung through the waving green.——"O, really Miss Wells, do come in! What a pity it has rained! You'll have your bonnet quite spoiled. Do, pray, come in." This was Mr. Greaves. He seemed to me as repulsive as a cold wet toad. However, he had been sent for me, and I was forced to go. When I got into the house, Mrs. Greaves was getting ready to go away. She said it was likely to rain again, and we must go by the next omnibus. We waited a little while, and then set off. As long as we could see a bit of the heath, I looked at it; then at the white sky, and at last watched to catch a glimpse between the houses of the streak of light that was all there was left of day. It seemed to me that I had been home again; and that I should never go any more. I heard Mrs. Greaves say the trees were fading very fast, and that it was the last time they would go into the country. I shut my eyes, and tried to call back the pools of water, the furze, and the white house; and whenever the rattle was loudest I said, softly, "Farewell, farewell." In turning a corner I felt a light shine on my face, and some one said "Miss Wells is asleep." I durst not open my eyes for fear they should shine with tears, so I let them think so.

Nov. 4.—I thought all day of the large trees at Hampstead. I saw nothing of the poplar tree but the ends of a few small branches. I believe I am ill. I am always excited after a Sunday, and to-day I am excessively tired besides; my hands tremble so that I can scarcely write.

Nov. 5.—I have been all day forcing my attention to the trimming of a brown satin gown, and endeavouring to acquire some "taste and judgment," (as Mrs. Simpson said.) While I was working at it, I kept forgetting what I was about; and *now* I can think of nothing but making plaits for the front, with velvet between.

Nov. 6.—Every girl in the room but me has something to talk about; something they have been doing, or are going to do. I don't like any of their schemes, except going to the theatre; and Miss Simpson seems to have quite forgotten it. I remembered to day that I had paid a shilling omnibus fare on Sunday, so that I had not money enough, unless I went into the gallery; and I want to be close to the stage. As I was coming home, I stopped to read some play bills on a wooden wall; and in the middle of my reading Dicky Batts came close up to me, and said, "Well, which would you like best?" I said I did not know. He began to talk about them until I interrupted him, by saying that "it did not matter, for I could not afford to go." I nearly cried when I said this, for he had described three or four pieces, and at every one I was just going to say, "I'll go to that," and then I recollected that I could not pay for it. He began to stammer out very fast that "that mattered nothing . . . that other people could . . . I need not be down-hearted . . . What was money for, if it was not to give pleasure to people?" Then seizing hold of my arm, he said all at once, "Come, you'll go, won't you?—Just say you will, and I'll run and take two places." Here he dropped my arm all at once, and turned his back to me, saying, in a low voice, "Let's see, which shall we have?" He stood looking until he might have spelt every word of the play-bill, and at last I walked quietly away, thinking he somehow intended an impertinence. When I got home Mrs. Greaves said, "Well, Miss Wells, what did Dicky Batts say to you to-night? Is he going to take you to the theatre? Don't look so astonished: I saw you talking to him, or at least him talking to you." Thus I found out the reason of his turning away so suddenly. He's a very contemptible being.

Nov. 8.—I wrote nothing yesterday, for I was at the theatre; but I will write it all now. I had just set off home from work, when Dicky Batts came to me, and said he had been waiting for me; and showed me two cards, which he said were for "Covent Garden Theatre—Pit." "For you see I did not like to do the thing in a shabby way." He is continually saying and doing things that I don't understand: but he took hold of my arm, and walked through streets where I had never been before, as if it were quite right and natural that he should show me the way. I dared not object, for fear he should laugh at me; and at last we got there. We did not go in directly, and I found the reason was, that it was not time for half-price. I was angry again, secretly, that Dicky Batts should so ostentatiously talk of doing the thing "not in a shabby way," and then keep me at the door. If it be the custom to pay for somebody else, (which strikes me as a very strange one,) why does he not do it right? When we got in, there was loud music playing, plenty of talking, and nothing going on on the stage. Dicky Batts kept talking to me, but I could not hear a word he said: by his gestures I judged he was pointing out what he considered remarkable in the theatre; but as I did not want to see it, I took no notice. I don't know why the music gave me no pleasure like that at St. Paul's, but it seemed to me nothing but noise. At last the curtain rose: a young woman, very prettily dressed, was sitting leaning on a table at the back of the stage. I thought the play was going to begin, and that she was one of the players; but she came close to the edge of the stage, and looking straight out before her, began to speak, as if to some people a long way off, in such a loud shrill voice, and with such a mincing London accent, that I could not tell a word she said. I turned round to see who she was talking to; there were four galleries, with people in all round; but the greater part of them had got as far off the stage as ever they could, and I really

don't think they could hear a word she said. Dicky Batts was talking to two or three people, one on my side and two more on his; I asked him why the play did not begin, and what business that woman had on the stage. Instead of answering me he began to stare past me at the man on my right hand. This man said, "What does she say?" Dicky Batts told him exactly, and then turned round and told the two men on his left, and they all four burst out a-laughing. Some one from one of the galleries behind called out silence; they gave over laughing, and I asked over again why the play did not begin. He jogged the man next him and said, "She's asking again;" then they all laughed again, and "silence" was called out from behind. I got up and edged past the man by me, he said, "Holloa! where now?" I never spoke. Dicky Batts got up and asked me where I was going; I said, "Home."—"But I can't go now: I came to see . . . really what's the matter? . . . do sit down . . . I can't afford to lose my money and the play too."—"You can stay if you like; I'll pay you as soon as I have money enough."—"Nay, don't be sulky; whatever is the matter?" I had got nearly to the end of the bench, but I heard him say, "Damned provoking, isn't it?" One of them said, "Let her go." Still he followed me, and spent the greater part of the way home in trying to persuade me not to pay the half-crown. At last we quarrelled, and he got so angry as to say, "Very well; pay me directly then." I said I had but eighteenpence, and I gave him it, and promised him the other shilling in a week, (I intended to earn it at nights.) He snatched it out of my hand, and said something about "getting what he could," as he went away. Mrs. Greaves asked me what made me so late, and I told her all about it. She reminded me that we had gone in at half-price, and he had already got more than he ought. She said a deal more, which I did not understand and can't remember, as I was crying all the time. I am crying yet; not about Dicky Batts, but because I am so utterly disappointed in all that I expected from going to the theatre. I gathered from Mrs. Greaves what were the terms on which I might go as often as I chose. I dare not go, nor speak, nor think of going any more until I am rich. I don't know why this should make me cry so; but I feel as if two planks had parted, and showed a horrid sea beneath! and I thought I was on solid ground! I wish I had a fire. I feel so miserable I don't know what to do! This is the end of my going to the theatre, from which I hoped so much! And what else must I look to now?

Nov. 9.—All the world has a holiday but such as me; I don't know what about, and don't like to ask. If I did I should cry, because I should begin for one.

Nov. 10.—I have stayed at home all to-day. I have been thinking of my father and home; the reason of my coming to London; the prospects I pleased myself with when I came, and the notion I had that some sort of prosperity was coming! But what is worst of all, I find that I myself am hardly the same being. I am weak to such a degree as to be always tired; but for this I should care little, if it were not joined to habits of mind which astonish me. I never listen to what anybody says: if I am forced to listen, I think their manner of talking so silly that I always get into a passion. If I am forced to say anything for myself, I cry! If I have to do anything, I am either in a passion or I am frightened. *I know* all this is produced by my occupation! I know, I am sure, that the mind ought to have as many different occupations as there are faculties to exercise. If the strongest man were to use nothing but one limb he would be tired; and if he were forbidden to use more, he would die! But when I am not thinking of my work, I think of nothing. Sewing stitch after stitch is not work for the mind; yet whenever it goes away, it is called back to attend to the everlasting repetition of the same. What can I do? I can no more keep my mind to one subject than my body in one position. I have tried this last; and after sitting motionless a little while, I started off the chair involuntarily; if I had sat longer I should have gone mad! And the vagaries of my mind because its healthy exertion is impossible! I believe I am not an idiot, only because I don't believe the things I fancy to be real! But may I not do so in time? I have already begun to take no notice of real things! I already laugh and cry at *my own things!* What makes idiots? They seem to believe *and see* what they only imagine. Long imprisonment makes people idiots—that is for want of mental employment—then I am getting to be an idiot! How shall I know when I am?—I dare not look at my father's chair for fear I should see him sitting in it: then I should know!—

Nov. 11.—I never went to bed last night. I dare not get up from the table for fear I should see something which would prove me to be an idiot. I kept the candle burning till it was done, and then covered my face with my hands and stopped my ears. At last I heard some one stirring below; so I looked up, and it was day-light. I will always go to bed, and try to fall asleep directly; when I thought of last night I was afraid to come home.

But the mental idleness!—must I go on so? That I must work I know—God has said so; but is this what he meant? And the faculties I make no use of!—that have no life in me! I know what comes of a limb that is not used; after it has got pined and distorted—like my mind! Am I then to see one faculty after another become deformed? must I watch my own limbs rot, and drop off?—Oh God, no!

Nov. 12.—Dicky Batts again. Mrs. Greaves told me he would! I would not speak to him.

Nov. 13.—All the good I have got by my *thinking* last Sunday is, that now I dare not amuse myself as I used to do, by imagining things that I like when there is really nothing but what is very disagreeable. I am always afraid of seeing my father, and I keep thinking that if he were to come, his face would be made of steel, gray and hard, except his eyes, which would follow me about. I wish I had something to do. I understand now all the conversation of my fellow slaves, (I can't help writing it.) I know how they get to the theatre, and many other places. I said to-day that I would

never let any one pay anything for me, because he would think me under obligation to him. One of them said, "Well, but you know you promise nothing." I said, "But you are not free." Miss Hayes called out, "Well, I always think this, and I always take care to practise it too: if any man offers me anything, I always take it, whatever it is; and if he offered it with a bad intention, it serves him right to let him spend his money and then find himself disappointed." I asked, "But do you always disappoint him?" I did not exactly mean what I said; I meant, Do they always get disappointed? Miss Hayes threw down her work and began screaming, "You little, nasty, ill-tempered, insinuating wretch! do you think I'll give an account to you? you impertinent, interfering little minx!" Every one began to say that she was quite right, and that there was no harm whatever in taking a little pleasure when they had the opportunity: if they did not, how could they live? I had nothing to answer to this question, and I began to think whether I were not wrong, and they right. This is what I get by talking to them! I might well shrink!

Nov. 14.—A pale blue satin dress is in my eyes and fills my head. When there are wedding-dresses to be made, every one talks of them and nothing else; and they are so forced on my attention, that I am *sick to death*.

Nov. 15.—I used to look forward to Sunday when I got to Friday; but now I dare not, since the last I spent.

Nov. 17.—I wrote none on Saturday night, because I thought I should have all to-day to write in. And now I feel so wearied that I had much rather go to bed than write, though it is only eight o'clock, and I have done nothing all day. This afternoon I lay down and fell asleep on the bed. I wonder why! I am never tired enough to fall asleep for more than an hour after I go to bed at night, and then I keep waking constantly. Mrs. Greaves came up and found me on the bed, and began directly to say she was sure I was ill; that I had never looked well since I got so wet and tired at Hampstead. I wish I had such a chance of getting wet again! But there is no going into the country now; there is not a leaf on the trees! I shall probably never see the wide heath again: I said farewell; but I have not forgotten it. If I live here fifty years I will always ask every one who has come from Hampstead, if the furze and the large trees are thriving. But shall I have to live *here*? I cannot see how I can get away. O, I am poor! Here for fifty years!—I hope I may die. Yet what shall I do if I am ill? what will become of me then? And for my father to have to fetch me home to die—and to see trees, and flowers, and hay-fields, far, far more beautiful than Hampstead, and *then* to die!

Nov. 18.—I have begun to be afraid of being ill. How shall I know when I am ill? As to sleep and appetite I need not expect to have much, because I take so little exercise. I am weaker than I used to be; much weaker; but may not that be from the same reason? I will not let my fright extend to this too. I have no pain except when I am tired or out of breath, and every one has *then*. My head aches sometimes, indeed almost always—but who ever died of a headache?

Nov. 19.—If the object of our creation is our own happiness, there must be some good even in our pain. I can easily see how hard work strengthens us, and how affliction improves us. I know how my mother's illness made me both bold and thoughtful; and I learnt to walk alone by having to support her. But what good arises from my present misery? what faculty is strengthened by it? what state does it fit me for? It has made me weak, fearful, passionate, and almost an idiot; but with my best exertion I can perceive no benefit. I have said all this before; the thing is beyond my apprehension, and out of my control.

Nov. 20.—Nothing.

Nov. 21.—Last night I went to bed as soon as I got home; I cried, both because I was so tired and wanted to save coals to burn all day on Sunday. I have nowhere to go to, and I am always so cold and weary, it seems as if the only thing I should like would be to sit close to the fire and have no sewing to do, and no one to speak to me. If I'm not ill, how is it that the only thing I like is sitting, or, better still, lying down in perfect idleness?

Nov. 22.—It is Saturday night again. I would not have opened my journal to-night, but to put down that there *is* a pleasure in my present course of life: it is Saturday night.

Nov. 23.—I have not done as I wanted to do. I wonder if there is any place in the world where one could live without people who *would* talk to them! When any one begins to talk to me, I always feel inclined to tell them to let me alone. Then I think they are intending to be kind to me; and then I wonder why I should be obliged to take their kindness, when they will give me it whether I want it or not. Still I am afraid of offending them, and at last I get so annoyed I am ready to cry. This was the way Mrs. Greaves vexed me to-day. She came up to me just after dinner, and said she was sure I must be moped to death, being by myself, and I had much better come and sit with them and the children. Then when I refused, she began tormenting me to go out—saying I should be "so much better for a short walk." It was in vain I said it was very cold, that I had not been able to see across the street for mist until noon. She kept insisting that "it would do me good . . . it would make me enjoy the fire more." As if I did not already enjoy it with all the little faculty for happiness that I have left. At last she brought me my bonnet and pelerine, and lent me a good warm shawl, and then hurried me down stairs, and told me to walk quick and I should soon be warm. I turned down the street, because up is the way I go to my work. When I got to the bottom I turned to the left, for I had a notion the country was nearest on that side. I walked very slow, for the large shawl made me out of breath; and I soon got so cold that I dared hardly put my feet to the ground for fear of striking them against the edge of the causeway, or slipping between two paving stones. I did so once or twice, and it made me quite sick. I saw nothing on the road for the fog, except once

when I looked down a street and saw the great blood-red sun, so large and low, that it looked as if it was going to come between the houses. Then I thought of Hampstead! I looked round, and there were some red brick houses, without shop windows on the ground floor. They looked so different to those in our street that I thought I must have got a long way from home, and I might be losing myself; so I turned back, thinking that it would be nearly dark when I got home. When I got up stairs, I found I had been out half an hour. So slow the time goes! I sat over the fire till I was quite warm, and then took Mrs. Greaves' shawl, and one of my own for my feet, wrapped myself up warm, and lay down on the bed. I shut my eyes and began to think of —— and the hay-field, and the yellow furze bloom; but I fell asleep almost directly, though I wished to keep awake. I wish I could sleep so at night. And now the Sunday is over. I have sat by the fire till it is *nearly* out, and there is a whole cold, dreary week before another holiday.

Nov. 24.—I am forced to have a fire to-night to dry my clothes for morning. I have got wet through coming home in the rain. But I can't write; I am so tired.

Nov. 25.—I will only write every other day. When I think of something to say, I get melancholy, for it's always the same thing: sewing, out of breath, cold, tired. Here is my life: I will ask it—Why did God make me? If I was made for the life I now lead, why have I more faculties than are needful for it?——I have been walking about the room a little, and now I almost feel inclined to scratch out the last lines. They frighten me. They shall stand, however; for they are true; and the matter rather concerns me.

Nov. 27.—I have seen Dicky Batts again. He followed me nearly all the way home, though I never spoke to him. He said he wondered how I could like to lead such a dull life. (I wondered how he could think I did!) It would be much pleasanter, he thought, to go into a large light room full of merry people, and have a nice dance, and a nice hot supper after it. "Now, if you'll go with me, I'll take you to one." Then he took hold of my arm as he did when he took me to the theatre; but I snatched it back, and walked on without ever speaking. When I turned into our street, he left me, and I came home, thinking I had escaped something. I begin to wonder now what it was. What danger do I run in a "lighted room, with a merry dance, and a hot supper after?" Is there—can there be, any greater misfortune attending a life spent in that way than there is in creeping miserably to idiotcy, as I do now? According to most moralists, the object of life is happiness; and did they propose any other object, how would they persuade people to follow it? It is lawful then for me to follow what will give me pleasure, if it injures no one else, and this will not. If it injures any one, it will be myself. Can I be worse than I am now? Can I be worse than half alive, dead to enjoyment, sensitive to misery, without motive, without hope, terrified by phantoms, never resting, but dragging painfully a miserable mutilated existence, hoping that my grave is near? *I will change.* Who can understand like myself what I lose and what I gain! Mrs. Greaves would laugh at my "foolish fancies," my father would tell me to mind my work and I should not be unhappy. *I have* minded it; Oh! *I have minded it!*

Nov. 29.—I am here again and have been looking at the last lines of my journal. What can I have been thinking of? Is this the way people go mad? I will write to my father and tell him to take me home. It may be, that other women, whom I think so wicked, are only mad, as I was. I am sure they must *have been* mad to begin their course of life. Well, then, I too may begin the same! I am an idiot; I will write to my father and tell him so. And this is the end of my attempt to maintain myself! I would not be dependent. I wanted to help my father to send Dennis to school! What was there wrong in these wishes that they could not be granted?—There is no such difficulty in fulfilling my last intentions. But I give it up! I have not been here three months, and I can stay no longer.

Nov. 30.—I attempted to tell Mrs. Simpson today that I was not coming any more; but I was so frightened, that though I tried three different times, I could never speak. At last I decided to write to my father to-morrow, and then he would come for me and tell her.

Dec. 1.—My last Sunday; for I have written to my father. I could find no reason to give; so I just said I wished he would fetch me home. I wish I had told him I was not ill. But I am so flurried I can do nothing: I can hardly breathe. I am going to lie down. I have pulled the mattress off the bedstead, and laid it on the floor beneath the window; there I can see the sky. There is a strong wind to-day, and large grey clouds keep sailing over. How wild our home will look now! how the wind will whistle through the doors, and sweep the leaves over the path past the parlour window! I shall never see summer again nor glorious Hampstead! Farewell. FAREWELL.

THE VISION OF KING MALCOLM.

A ROMAUNT.

The days gone by were mighty days,
With their spells of grammarye:
A mystic grandeur o'er them plays,
A witchland drapery.
No more shall Faust's appalling might
The strong Harz-demon bend,
To steep the light in darkest night,
The cavern'd earth to rend.

The genii of the field and flood
No more shall wanderers sweep
Long leagues away, ere break of day,
Across the unmeasur'd deep.
In these degenerate days the sun
Is but a glowing sphere;
And in the blast, now sweeping past,
No wizard forms appear.

It was not so when Malcolm stood
On Arthur's shaggy steep,
And gazed around on forest ground,
Blue sky, and rolling deep.
King Malcolm stood on Arthur's brow,
And gallant knights anear,
All sheenly barbed, and gaily garbed,
With plume and flashing spear.
The shores of Fife before him lay
A houseless, treeless waste—
He turned, and lo! the ruddy glow
The distant Ochils graced.
And here and there a lonely tower,
A patch of fenceless grain,
High mountains wild, in grandeur piled,
A forest-belted plain.
"A goodly scene," exclaimed the king,
"A goodly scene," the court;
"For many a year old Scotland's cheer
Shall be the sylvan sport.
Yon friar cons his book, and tells
Of city-covered lands;
But ours be flood, and wild, and wood,
And our good gleaming brands.—
Ha! good St. Anthony is here—
Why comes the frere to day,
So like a rook, with bell and book:
Art turned a courtier—pray?"
The hoary hermit bowed before
The jest of royalty,
Which loudly rung, from tongue to tongue,
And made them mickle glee.
He grasped the monarch's bridal rein—
The courtiers looked amazed,
And e'en the prince inclined to wince
As on the friar he gazed.
His skull-cap doffed, his white hair strown
Upon the floating wind,
His haggard look the gazer shook
And thralled the monarch's mind.
"I had a vision, mighty Sire,
A vision wild and drear,
Which e'en to tell, my chapel bell
Would cause to toll for fear.
It spoke of change, it spoke of guilt,
Of dark and wondrous spell;
And thou may'st see the grammarye
Within my donjon cell."
"Thy wits, old saint, I sadly fear,
These books of thine bemuse;
But have thy will—the hours to kill,
Small matter what we choose.
To-morrow, knights, Dunedin's steep
Must see ye gaily dight,
At break of morn, with hound and horn,
To course its heathery height."
The court dismissed, a chosen band
At careful distance follow
The prince and friar, to where a spire
Gleamed from a neighbouring hollow.
A lonely turret tower'd aloft
Beside a lonely well,
Whose virtue, Fame, in curing lame
And blind, doth soothly tell.
By spiral stair to donjon tower
The friar led the way,
Into an old dim vaulted hold,
Where night was blent with day.
The king looked round the shadowy vault—
A dauntless knight was he,
Yet sudden thrill o'er heart and will
Half bent his stalwart knee.
For near the loop-hole grimly sat
A Shape of aspect old,
And stony eye fixed chillingly
Upon the warrior bold.
One glance it darted at the king,
Another at the friar,
Then shook its head with meanings dread,
And plucked it's beard with ire.
And "Feast be thine!" it cried in wrath,
"Thou lover of good messes,
As mine to day—from March to May—
On nought but water-cresses.
Thou promisedst a well-fed buck
To feast a hungry devil,
And nought thou bringest but a king!
By Bel, 'tis scarcely civil!
I've given thee gold, and maids, and wine,
And cloaked thy saintly name;
And forged thee lies of monstrous size
About thy spotless fame.
And now—dost thou believe myself
A very shaveling gray,
That promises or water-cress
Will serve the devil to pay?"
The friar plucked his chin, and looked
Strange meanings at the imp,
And swore, with eye aslant and high,
Him near again to scrimp.
Then, by the wildered prince unseen,
A stealthy glance he lent
To cupboard shelf—and winked the elf,
Whose wrinkled brow unbent.
The friar stooped and whispered low,
The grisly feature smiled,
His chin he strook and tamed his look
Unto submission mild.

. . . . . .

A thin white mist crept slowly up
And round and round the wall;
Now volumes rolled that filled the hold,
And darkness covered all.
It cleared away—the monarch stared,
As soothly well he might;
For wizard power had changed the tower
Into a globe of light.
"Grammercy! saint—what meaneth this?
Is that Dunedin's steep?
Where is the place of royal chase,
The tower and valley deep?"
"Gone with the monarch and the priest:
Thou seest, illustrious sire,
Through thousand years a sight of tears,
A land without a friar."
"The scene is fair," the king replied,
"With palace, field, and tree;
And by my troth I'm nothing loath
That such a thing should be."
"Ha! say'st thou so?—full soon, I ween,
Another tale thou 'lt tell;
And fast and pray a year and day,
For wishing us so well."
The monarch felt he knew not how,
Himself he knew not where;
But princely domes, like royal homes,
Gleamed through the fragrant air.
A garden rich with myriad bloom
With perfume loads the breeze,
And flowers that breathe rich odours, wreath
The golden tinted trees.
The royal sense was steeped in balm,
And wonder filled his eye;
Amid the bowers of glowing flowers
He walked luxuriously.
But, hark! a loud and angry tone,
A whistle sharp and clear,
And "Scoundrel, pray—how came to-day
Your bearded worship here?"
A little mannikin accosts
The king with mickle might;
The monarch felt his deerskin belt,
To quench his soul in night.
But steel and scabbard found he none,
Then flamed his forehead high,
"Avaunt thee, slave!—thou, dastard knave,
By Scotland's law shalt die."
"By Scotland's law! and this to me,
A councillor of the town?

Still bends thy brow? dost know me now?
Beg pardon, varlet—down!"
A fist the monarch raised to smite,
The councillor fled amain;
The king pursued through bower and wood,
With burning heart and brain.
Though well his paunch good capon lined,
The councillor vaulted fleet,
With haste intense, o'er garden fence,
And gained the stony street.
"Police, police!" he cried in haste,
"Arrest the madman, ho!"
But all too late to ward his fate
Or shun the wrathful blow.
It scarce was dealt, when pinioned fast
The monarch felt his wrist,
By stalwart band with clubs in hand,
Assailed before he wist.
"High treason! treason!" shouted he;
But nought but laugh and jeer,
From gathering crowd with insult loud,
Burst on his royal ear.
They bore him swift with hoot and yell
Unto a mansion grim,
And left him bound, like loathly pound,
In dungeon barred and dim.

. . . . . .

In silent sadness Malcolm mused,—
But musings nought avail;
His strenuous thought could ponder nought
But cause of royal wail.
Wild medley tossed and whirled his brain:
Revenge, disdain, and wonder,
With maddening haste each other chased,
And rent his wits asunder.
He cursed the friar, imp, and spell,
And fate, that e'er should be
On Scottish land so foul a brand
As prisoned majesty.
He mused and banned till moonlight pale
His prison vault illumed,
Till watchman's yell and city bell
Their midnight music boomed.
With bloodshot eye he scanned the stars,
The grate, the wall, the floor—
Ha! what strange shape, like mowing ape,
Is peering through the door?
The monarch knew the loathly imp
Of cold and sneering eye;
How suit a king the tunes they sing,
In the nineteenth century?
Cold cheer, and palace colder still,
Have Scotland's laws I ween,
For monarchs drest in hodden vest,
Whose beard unkempt hath been.
"Did'st mark, most mighty sovereign, there,
Amidst the rabble rout
That bore thee here with scoff and jeer,
A little ragged lout,
Who wheeled, and danced, and jumped Jim Crow,
And shouted loud and long?
That boy alone might claim thy throne,
Of all yon burgher throng.
The only drop of Malcolm's blood
This age of gold retains,
Flows not in wight with purple dight,
But in that urchin's veins.
And of thy meanest serfs the seed
Those princely mansions claim:
Their coffers hold more yellow gold
Than thou hast words to name."

Uprose the king with angry bound,
Red wrath inflamed his brow—
"By fire and flood, no royal blood
In beggar's veins shall flow.
But tell me, fiend, the traitor knave
Whose rebel sons aspire
To royal trains, and broad domains,
And proudly rich attire.
For bleached shall be their felon bones
By sun, and wind, and rain;
In one short week the raven's beak
Shall prove thy augury vain."
"Ah! little boots it, mighty prince,"
The elvish imp replied;
"From strand to strand, o'er Scottish land,
Thy kingship bold may ride;
But ne'er thou'lt find such Danish names,
In noble, serf, or wittol,
As Forrest, Dun, or Robertson,
Or Tait, or Black, or Spittal.
But smooth thy beard, time wanes, and thou
Hast marvels more to see;
And, thank thy stars, no gates have bars
For cunning Asmodee."
The king walks out beneath the moon,
Amid the city vast;
The withered imp, despite his limp,
Trips merrily and fast.
But what they saw—for sights were rife,
Even in the midnight hour,
Nor wall nor roof was devil-proof—
To tell transcends my power.
But stirring work that nightly tour
Made in the royal brain,
Which, years thereafter, teemed with laughter,
By courtiers deemed insane,
At wights he saw, with quill in hand,
In attic story pent,
Some scribbling cause for mending laws,
And mauling government;
Some cursing Tories for the "*Star*,"
Some, Whigs for the "*Advertiser*;"
One calling t'other "fool;" another
Avouching none was wiser.
Asmodeus said—each house would show
The "March of Intellect,"
And curiously the monarch's eye
Did every house inspect.
But nought he universal found,
Perennial or diurnal,
Save, in each house, ubiquitous,
A sheet called "*Chambers' Journal*."
And oft, in after years, he'd yawn,
While recollection testing,
Of what it meant—the argument
About the Veto question.
For three long hours the imp to him
Had, on St. George's steeple,
Tried to explain, but all in vain,
The "Rights of Church and People."
Till, when Asmodeus clenched the case
With argument profound,
Out flashed the sun, from vapour dun,
And quenched the stars around.
And all at once, in hunting garb,
He found himself alone
On Edin's heath, with spear in sheath,
Beside the hunting-stone.
One bugle blast around him drew
Of knights a gallant ring:
No prouder band had Scottish land—
He felt himself a King.

G. P.

LAYS OF LOYALTY.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

For two mortal hours have we been heaping ode upon ode, sonnet upon sonnet, epics by the dozen, and ballads by the hundred upon the fire,—all dedicated to one unvarying theme—the late Royal Visit to the Land of Cakes. Not a cockney but has belaboured his donkey up Parnassus upon the occasion,—not a Celtic sennachie, but has exchanged the inspiration of the small still for that of the "true, the blushful Hippocrene" of poetry. The whole race of scribblers has brandished goose-quill in the cause. In short, in the language of a couplet, which must be quite new to our readers, those

Have written now, who never wrote before;
And those who always wrote, then wrote the more.

We read the contributions that flowed in upon us, till we could read no more; and here we are at this moment, with a face as fiery as our own cook's, seated before the cinerary remains of as much doggrel as would have supplied all the Annuals till the end of time. The smell of burnt paper has alarmed the house. The shrill, but most musical voice of our amiable wife sounds fearfully over the staircase, screaming that there is a conflagration somewhere, worse than the great fire at Liverpool. Prudence enjoins that we should pause till the fears of our gentle partner are appeased; and, as a little Pelion of these Lays of Loyalty still survives, we shall beguile the interval by looking into a few of them.

What is this? As we do live by bread, and not by sour kraut, a contribution from that dear old twaddler, Ludwig Uhland! Little did we imagine, when we saw the old gentleman squatting across a lamp-post in Waterloo Place the day the Queen passed, that his lofty contemplation was to produce such golden fruit as it has done in "Der Morgenzug," or "*The Morning Procession.*" Here it is in the original. Aytoun shall translate it for the next *Blackwood*:—

Sass Ich da in dem Hotelle,
Frey am Sinn, am Herzen frey,
Suppte Klatzsch vom kauldsten Parritsch,
Saurstes Butter-Milch vorbei.

Sang der Kettel an dem Feuer,
An dem Tafel Kaffee stand,
Waren Butter da und Eier,
Pfenning-Rollen, *Baps* genannt.

Rolle-Sleis hatt' Ich gebüttert,
Kupf von Kaffee ausgepört,
Eier hatt' Ich auch erschüttert,
Als die Freud' war mir zerstört.

Horch! Vom fernen Kastel-Hügel,
Donnern die Kanonen laut!
Ach Gott! Haben sie die Kügel,
Graut mir's nun am ganzen Haut.

Nein! Sie haben keine Kügel,
Frichtet sollen sie nicht sein.
Horch! Wie von dem Kalton Hügel
Die erfreute Volken schrei'n!

Kommt die Königinn! Und plötzlich,
Butter-Brod stoss' Ich herab,
Umkehr' die Kaffee so ergötzlich,
Sturz' hinaus am meinem Stab.

Am benachbarten Lamp-pfoste,
Hob geschwind Ich mein Gesicht;
Wo das Volken-meer sich stosste,
Sass Ich da ein glänzend Licht.

Um mich schwebt, stolz im Gebehrde,
Tartanisch all' die Keltsche Bund,*
Ach der Himmel, ach die Erde,
Ach der Hölle tiefste Schlund!

Mit Klaymoren in den Händen,
Furchtbar waren sie zu sehen,
Kilten an den Hinter-Enden,
Wo die kalte Winde wehen.

Lawt und lawter auf der Strasse
Schallt des freuliches Geschrei,
Dumpf erbrausend durch die Gasse,
Kommt der prachtvoll Zug herbei.

Seh Ich da zwei Politz-männer,
M'Levy vor Scharfsinn gerühmt,
Mulholland auch, der Dieb-Erkenner,
Durch das Volks-getümmel brummt.

Folgen sie viel stolze Ritter,
Glänst ein Engelbild darin—
Ach! Mein Herz fühlt ein Getwütter,
Himmel! 'S ist die Königinn!

Und Fürst Albrecht ihr zur Seite,
Ihr Gemahl so himmel-süss,
Der um Liebe kam von Weite,
Seine saure Kraüte liess.

Damenschrei von den Balkonen
Grüsst das Konigliches Paar:
Schottland's grüne Cupidonen
Schützen sie auf immerdar.

Sieh! Wo kommt, am Kutsche reitend,
Durch das schreiendes Gewühl,
Kammerfrauen sehr gefrightened,
Kammerdiener Liverpool!

Karakollend auf dem Pferde
Kommt der Herzog, "bauld Buccloo,"
Solches nimmer auf der Erde
Soll Ich sehen, sollst noch Du!

Ach! Das Wunder ist ge-endet,
Ach! Der Zug ist angestosst,
Meine Auge ist's geblendet,
Wo, ach wo, ist Mein Prevost?

Noch, wie All's geschah nicht wissend,
Sitzt er in dem Kammer hoch,
Fragt, sein lieben Tomson grüssend,
Kommt sie, kommt Victoria noch?

Ja! Gekommen ist die Dame,
Und gegangen auch dahin,
Schlag dein Dummkopf nun mit Grame,
Fern ist, ach, die Königinn.

Zum Dalkeith's hohen Palaste
Klättern seine Pferde nun,
In den Herz von einem Paste
Soll sie schnell ein Weg aufthun.

Deukend so, von dem Lamp-pfoste
Droppt' Ich, heimwärts rann mit Hast,
Und mit Sleiser drei von Toaste
Endete mein Brochenfast.

A very pretty little poem. The poet at his breakfast—cold porridge and sour milk, followed by eggs, coffee, and buttered rolls—the cup dropping from his hands in alarm lest the castle guns should have balls in them—the reassurance of safety from the cheers of the people—his serene

* The Celtic Society, we presume.—*Ed. T. M.*

contemplation from the lamp-post, while the crowd below are crushing each other's ribs—

Nil dulcius bene quam munita tenere !
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare—

his affright at the breechless limbs of the Celtic Society—the procession headed by M'Levy and Mulholland, "these active policemen,"—Scotland's *grüne Cupidonen*, the Royal Archers—the missing Provost's dialogue with his "lieben Tomson," and the bard's return to wind up his breakfast by the demolition of three slices of toast—form a combination of the lyrical, the descriptive, and the dramatic, peculiarly German; and long may it remain so!

Side by side with the foregoing lies a poem by a great French writer, in a different vein; but not less evincing the hand of a master. Throw back your head, most benevolent of readers, rivet your eyes on the fly at the corner of the ceiling, clench your teeth, and sing vehemently through them, in strong French gutturals.

LA BARRIÈRE DE BOIS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Courons, mes amis ! mais mettez vos chapeaux,
Tournons vers Granton nos diligents regards—
J'entends les canons tirer du Château,
J'entends les cris feroces des montagnards !
Deja elle vient; dans leur verte uniforme
Les archers entourent sa carosse,
Et les vivats du peuple s'élevent comme une storme,
Car la Reine veut visiter Ecosse !

Fier de récever la fille de tant rois,
Vient avec ses clefs, le Prevôt, Sir Forêt !
Mais, mon Dieu ! On a passé la barrière de bois,
Et la cortège royale jamais ne s'arrête.
Où, dans le nom de quatre vingt diables,
Sont tous les baillis, sont tous les diacres ?
Je ne vois plusqu'un seul connêtable,
Qui est mort-ivre dans une fiacre.

N'importe ! Oh, laissons rester ces gens stupides,
Appuyés peutêtre dans les bras de Morphée,
Et hâtons frapper avec des doigts avides
La lyre et le violin d'Orphée !
Comme deux étoiles dans le firmament serène,
Avancent la Reine, et son noble Epoux,
Après leur carrosse est cela de Lord Abirdene,
Sir Peel, Ministre, et le Duc de Bucklow.

La glance des yeux royales partout penétre,
La foule entrancée fait une grand bruit,
Et la spectacle se présente à chaque fenêtre
Des hommes curieux dans leur bonnets de nuit.
Encore des canons ! encore des grands cris !
Vive toujours la Reine ! disent Edimbourg et Leith,
Et sur-le-champ sa Majesté, et son mari,
Veulent prendre leur dejeuner à Dalkeith.

On a passé ! Moi, je reste triste et sevère,
Lisant dans mon cœur un leçon bien sage,
Et je regarde quelquefois la futile barrière,
Comme Marius les ruines de Carthage.
Et je disais "Helas ! tout cela est bien fort,
Mais vraiment je ne puis plus sourire,—
Car le grand Napoleon l'Empereur est mort,
Et je sens aussi moi-même, qu'il faut mourir."

What the deuce Napoleon's demise, or the mortality of Hugo in common with bards in general—

Carminibus confide bonis, jacet ecce Tibullus—

what these have to do with the Town Council's barriers, a Frenchman only can divine. Perhaps they remind him of the Barrière d'Enfer, an awkward reminiscence certainly—knowing how ready his countrymen are to visit that portal, if the lines may be believed, which declare

All sorts of courtesy a Frenchman knows,
And bid him go to ——, to —— he goes!

Truly national and charming as is the above, more to our taste is the following exquisite morçeau by the great French lyrist, Beranger. Who shall say that the Royal Visit was fruitless, when it impelled the fingers of the veteran bard to sweep from his long slumbering strings a strain so piquant as

MONSIEUR COMME-IL-FAUT.

BY BERANGER.

Commiston, mon bon Prevôt,
Ouvrez vite la porte des bois !
Ce n'est pas vraiment comme il faut
Faire attender tant de rois.
Qui va la ?
C'est comme ça !
Ca ira !!
Ah bah !!!
C'est la Reine Victoria !!!! (*Bis.*)

Dans son lit le bon Prevôt
Entend tirer les canons,—
Vraiment ce n'est pas *comme-il-faut*,
Mais c'est vraiment Commiston !
Qui va la ?
C'est comme ça !
Ca ira !!
Ah bah !!!
C'est la Reine Victoria !!!! (*Bis.*)

So much for foreign bards—now for our own. The traces of a profound study of Uhland are, indeed, perceptible in the following poem, but it has graces of its own, worthy of its fair authoress, who is dear to the British public as having engaged and blighted the young affections of Mr. Richard Swiveller.

NORTHWARD BOUND.

BY MISS SOPHIA WACKLES.

Lo! our gracious Queen is going
Unto Scotland's ancient strand,
Young Favonius gently blowing,
Wafts her from her native land.

In the Royal Yacht so splendid,
Built express for George the Fourth,
By her princely spouse attended,
Sails she for the rugged North.

See the Captain, Lord Fitzclarence,
Welcomes her upon the deck,
Crowds of sailors and of marines
Wait upon her royal beck.

Spread the sails, and lift the anchor,
'Midst the cheering of the crowd;
For the stately yacht 's a spanker,
More especially when towed.

Towed by steamers vast and powerful,
See she cleaves the briny main,
For the land of song and moorfowl,
Where the Stuarts once did reign.

Be ye soft as downy pillows,
Waves that beat the stubborn Nore!
Ocean, calm thine angry billows,
For our Queen is not on shore.

Neptune! monarch of the water,
Bid thy Triton troops attend,
Till Britannia's peerless daughter
Shall attain her journey's end.

Amphitrite! send thy Nereids
From their lonely coral caves;
Let their heads, all crowned with sea-reeds,
Glisten o'er the lively waves.

Hark! sweet music, softly swelling,
Sounds along the glassy deep—
Comes it from the watery dwelling
Where the nymphs their vigils keep?

No! 'tis sweeter, milder music—
'Tis the tabret and the drum.
O Prince Albert! say, are *you* sick?
Yarmouth's fishermen are come.

Gently night doth fold her pinions,
Gentler sounds the paddle's splash,
As the Queen of these dominions
Glides across the sullen Wash.

Dappled clouds, the dawn's precursor,
Streak the wide expanse of blue,
On the deck the watchful purser
Serves out rations to the crew.

"Tell me now, my Lord Fitzclarence,
What the coast before us spread?"—
"Where those boats are catching herrings,
That, my liege, is Flambro' Head.

"Past that rock, so like a puncheon,
Spreads the Yorkshire coast no more,
And we trust, soon after luncheon
To be off the Berwick shore."

And the captain spoke most wisely,
As was quickly to be seen;
For at three o'clock precisely,
Scotland saw her youthful Queen.

Where St. Abb his promontory
Flings into the raging deep,
And the Bass, so famed in story,
Gazes on Tantallon's steep;

There two steamers, deeply laden,
Both of Granton boats the best,
Bring full many a youth and maiden
To receive the Royal guest.

Every eye with joy is beaming,
Which alone the good can feel,
And the Scottish bagpipes screaming
Soon provoke the lightsome reel.

Kilt and scarf are intermingling
In the Tullochgorum dance,
And each loyal cheek is tingling
Underneath the Royal glance.

Toe and heel in wild commotion
Cut the buckle, thread the ring;
Underneath the quivering ocean
Fly the startled cod and ling.

And her Majesty, astonished,
Puts her finger in her ear,
Till the grateful crowd, admonished,
Hail her with another cheer.

Then, exchanging song and tankard,
Glide they through the quiet sea,
Till the Royal fleet is anchored,
With Inchkeith upon the lee.

Lo! on every distant mountain,
Kindling in volcanic life,
Springs aloft a fiery fountain
Both in Lothian and in Fife.

Bonfires of immense eruction
Fling abroad their gorgeous rays,
Each resembling in construction
Radiant Vs and sparkling As.

When again the morn appeareth
And the darkness flieth fast,
England's Royal standard reareth
Its proud folds above the mast.

Now in Granton, free from danger,
Lies in peace the stately keel,
And on shore the Royal Stranger
Steps, and greets Sir Robert Peel.

Various groups are there assembling,
Thronging from the heights above;
Some look on with fear and trembling,
Some with reverential love.

"Which, among these gay beholders,
Is the Provost?—tell me where!"
But Sir Robert shrugged his shoulders,
And no echo answered—"There!"

As a set-off to all this exuberant loyalty, here are some pithy verses by a Dundee weaver, that excite our extreme disgust and pity, as, doubtless, they will do those of our readers. Horrible audacity flames in the very title.

ROYAL RAREE-SHOWS.

What! Have I seen the queen?
Ere I'd been so besotted,
As after her to dance, I'd rather been
From the earth's surface blotted.
No, I have studied in another school,
Than to be fond Imagination's fool,
Hag-ridden by the rule
Of that poor phantom of their own conceit,
Which men call Royalty! Abase my soul,
That over it the idol's car might roll,
Myself had reared, and crush it in the offal of the street!
No! seen the Queen, forsooth!
My court is Reason, Sir, my queen is Truth!

What is a queen to me,
Her pomp, and her resplendence?
A bloody and a brutal soldiery,
Still riding in attendance.
My shuttles, why should these be cast away,
And I forego the profits of a day?
I need them all to pay
The taxes, from us by our tyrants wrung,
Wrung to uphold the minions of a court,
In bloated luxuries and wanton sport,
And rivet closer still the chains that on our necks are hung.
Out! seen the Queen, indeed!
Queens by the score might pass—I'd take no heed.

A queen! oh, yes, a queen!
I'd like to start her.
Sir, do you think, she's seen,
Seen, Sir, the People's Charter?
She's but a woman—good as she are now
Wasting beside their young with faded brow.
I know a throne, where bow
Myriads on myriads—young, and old, and fair—
There evermore is heard the dying groan,
And Hunger, pallid Queen, sits on that throne,
Whispering to two gaunt fiends, Rapine and grim Despair.
That were a queen to see!
She lords it o'er her slaves right royally!

This is by one of the people—bitter, abusive, and ill-conditioned. As a contrast to it, here are the contemplations of a young female, who, we have reason to know, is very much about the royal person, in fact, one of the royal waiting-maids. The lines are sent to us from Taymouth, and appear to have been written immediately after the exhibition of Highland dancing in front of the castle.

HIGHLAND MUSINGS.

And them is forests, and them 'ere is 'ills,
And that 's a lock (*Scottice*, loch)—oh, my! And that 's a cliff;
And them 's the places where they 'as the stills,
As makes the whisky so uncommon stiff;

And them 's the deer, them hanimals one seeses,
All running up and down among the treeses!

Oh, goodness gracious! If I ever see
The like of that! And all that 'ere is 'eather;
There's more, oh, crikey! such a quantity,
Than all Blackheath and Hampstead put together.
And in among the trees I can diskiver
A waterfall, a-falling in the river.

Well, Richmond 'ill no doubt's uncommon neat,
And 'ighgate 'ill 's a most romantic spot,
The Thames at Vindsor, too, is really sweet,
And Eel Pie Island vhere the eels is got,
Vite Condick Gardens is not much amiss;
But, lawk! they're nuffin as compared to this.

And, bless my heart, why, wot a lot of men,
With tartan petticoats about their waists—
It's really quite indelicate. But then
There 's no accounting for some people's tastes.
See, how the wretches whirl! That Highland fling,
Upon my life, 's a most improper thing.
I really can't stand looking at it longer,
It's naughtier nor the Hopera a great deal.
They come it strong there. Here they come 't much stronger.
It's really quite uncommon what I feel.
Such things is not for tender nerves, that's clear;
So down I'll go, and have a glass of beer.

A very sensible resolution—which we mean to follow; and therefore, without more ado, we shovel the whole remaining contributions upon the royal excursion into the fiery element; and let no man, woman, or child, from this hour, send us a line upon the subject.

EXCERPTA OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

NO. I.—THE VALE OF GLENMALURE,* AT SUNSET.

The sun had sent his parting rays
Through the warm air, and in a blaze
Of golden glory seem'd to fall—
Like angels gliding from the sky,
One gorgeous cloud encircling all—
Majestic, proud, and brilliantly:
Flinging around a mighty flood
Of liquid flame, as full and splendid
As that wherein the Saviour stood
When Mercy's snow-white Dove descended
On Jordan's banks, and bands above
Proclaim'd Him Lord of Life and Love!

Never can languid words define
The sudden warmth that on me burst,
Beautiful vale! when, with the first
Quick view I snatch'd, I fancied thee
The very entrance to a shrine!—
Where those in pain and suffering nurst,
In manhood stain'd with crimes the worst,
Would know their breasts once more might be—
(Though *theirs* were even as dark as *mine*—)
Purified to eternity!

Spell-bound I stood, and mute—as 'twere
Heaven's first faint gleam that met my eyes,
And I inhaled its blessed air—
And felt both Thought and Feeling rise
Within me to such glorious height
That, well my mind might deem, not Earth
Had given—or, though supremely bright,
Could give—those deep emotions birth,
Or robe them in a light which shone
Unclouded, chaste, and purely fair
As if it left a Godhead's throne,
Thrilling from its transcendent glare,
And came to earth—nor lost one ray
Of taintless love upon the way!

Oh! 'twas a place, an hour, that he—
Who, from youth's fairy dreams awoke,
Knows there is no true liberty,
Yet burns in bending to the yoke—
Who gives the world and man his hate,
And lives most lone and desolate
Without one object which could move
His sated soul to bliss and love—
Without one object which could cling
Round a heart sear'd and withering—
Oh! 'twas a place, an hour, that he
Thus cursed would with delight confess,
Inspired the thought that he was free!
That even his hate to man was less!
That Nature still remain'd, as given
To soothe a spirit rent and riven,
To woo the wanderer to her kiss,
And clasp him into love and bliss!
And further, that—although bereft
Of Life's most cherish'd ties, and left
Unloved and lonely here below—
There was a light, above, that shone—
Circling him in its radiant glow;
And—as the ivy clothes the tree
To which Decay comes darkly on,
Veiling its ruin verdantly—
That thus God's love would round him twine,
And make his misery half divine!

Oh! when the cold world casts a chill
O'er each sweet passion; and each thrill,
That once waked in the heart, is still:—
Yes! when life—like the northern year,
One part illumed, the next all drear
And dreadful gloom—shall pass the bright,
Fast-fading, luminous glimpse, and night
Sternly and starlessly appears
Deepen'd by unavailing tears;—
When Crime and Custom's wedded curse
Howls through the shuddering universe
Nor spares the very solitude;
But turneth,—like the wormwood star—
With hate surpassing Hell's by far,
Man's best emotions into blood;—
Then, then once more I'll seek this scene
So grand, so glowing, and serene,
Shrining within its calm recess
All that man asks of Loveliness.
And here—as sinners, when they see
Earth's sorrows lessening on their sight,
While Hope unlocks with glittering key
Eden's blest gates, and Seraphs flee,
Sparkling from the Divinity,
To guide them in their God-ward flight—
Thus will I quit Care's worldly din,
Thus stand, as tranquil and as pure
As those redeem'd from grief and sin,
In thy green vale, oh Glenmalure!
And I shall own thee then to be
The dwelling of a Deity!

PROTEUS.

* A spot, to the admirer of nature, consecrate for its magnificent scenery: and dear to the lover of genius, as immortalised by the authoress of "Psyche."

MRS. TROLLOPE'S VISIT TO ITALY.*

Mrs. Trollope has become absolutely too good-atured. What of her bile had not been poured orth upon the Americans, was expended to the ast drop upon the French; and with the Germans nd Italians she is charitable, liberal, indulgent, oneyed; nay, with very particular noble favourites, lmost buttery. We are not, however, certain that the reading public," or even that portion of it hich complained the most loudly of her onslaught pon the Republicans of America, will find that her ncreased amiability makes up for the loss of her riginal piquancy, and biting sarcasm. An au-ience might be allowed to resent an actress who ad played, and very cleverly too, the part of a aucy *soubrette*, or vixen old maid, coming before hem in the line of genteel comedy, or all at once anguishing in the sentimental vein.

The great defect of her visit to Italy will, we pprehend, be found in the almost total absence of ny account of the social condition of the mass of he Italian people; or of their "domestic man-ers." This lady has never, with all its faults, roduced any book of Travels equal to her Ame-ican work, or any one which has made the same mpression; simply because she was under no re-traint, and took freedom to speak with the frank-ess of spleen, whatever, right or wrong, was in n acute and essentially honest mind. But in taly, she could not tell what she did not know. In er late Tour, Mrs. Trollope has laboured under he great disadvantage of seeing much less of the eople than in any of the countries which she had reviously visited. In Austria, or rather Vienna, he had some personal glimpses of one class; and n Paris she saw something of the different coteries, nd a good deal of the street and public-place opulation. In Italy, where the middle class is imited, and where the old nobility shut them-elves up in either their city palaces or Apennine astles, a foreigner finds much more difficulty in naking way into society than in any other Euro-ean country. But whatever may be the cause, r causes, Mrs. Trollope has never been *at home*—ever *domesticated*, among any people, save the Yankees; and she knows best about the people she ikes least. Her prejudices are, however, giving way. If she detest the great body of the nation—nan, woman and child, and all its institutions, she nakes several exceptions in her late journey; luring which she met with several distinguished Americans, resident in Italy. One was a sculptor f some reputation, settled in Florence, named Hiram Powers, whom she had known many years efore, as an ingenious lad, the assistant of the eeper of a Museum in Cincinnati, and who then lisplayed a fine natural genius for modelling. An-ther citizen was Mr. Everett. To all these Ame-icans Mrs. Trollope is studiously complimentary.

If we abide by the rule, "In every work observe he author's end," there may be no fault whatever, and no deficiency in Mrs. Trollope's book. She may have meant to give merely her opinions on the pictures and monuments of Art to be found in Italy, and upon its scenery; and to produce a book that may guide the traveller, and amuse the fire-side reader. In this she has been completely successful, and has even accomplished more than is bargained for: as we do see something of the living as well as of the dead; of the Present as well as the Past. The tone of her opinions, of her apparently diffident and yet pretty decided criticisms, we like exceedingly, and are inclined to believe that they contain much truth as well as spirit. They are, at all events, the lively first impressions of a woman of judgment and cultivated taste. Mrs. Trollope set forth in April 1841, accompanied by her son. She passed through "ugly France," by the Diligence, between Paris and Lyons. The position of the latter city reminded her of New York, though the *locale* of the Transatlantic city is finer. We suppose we must forgive the following hit, in consideration of Mrs. Trollope letting us through Chambery without one word of testimony against Jean Jacques:—

> Lyons has, however, too many indications of being, like our own manufacturing towns, the sordid root from whence springs the rank luxuriance of commercial wealth, to make any close examination of it agreeable. There are a few good pictures in the museum..... The boar hunt by Sneyders is a masterpiece. It was a little cruel in Mrs. Starke, however, to tell us that it contains "celebrated drawings by Poussin of the seven sacraments." There are unquestionably seven drawings, and very fine drawings too, of Poussin's seven sacraments, but they are by the hand of his engraver instead of his own; and the defeated hope of looking upon the great master's first *ébauche* of these splendid pictures, was but ill-atoned for by the careful copying of this artist.

Mrs. Starke (sometimes Mrs. Starkie!) is taken to task at several other times; and, we dare say, requires admonition on her blunders; nor are authors, perhaps, bound by the gospel injunction of, in the first place, rebuking an erring brother in secret. Our authoress is highly exhilarated on drawing near the Savoy Alps; as indeed who is not—save those, who, like one of her fair friends, "find this sort of thing uncomfortable." The Tourist was charmed with the Pass of Les Echelles, with the passage of the Alps, and the descent upon Piedmont. But were the route ever so tame, instead of what it is, anything would, to her, be tolerable after travelling "from Calais to Lyons," over the flat face of "La Belle France." At Turin it was found that the royal family had abruptly left the palace, to avoid receiving the Queen-Regent of Spain, then just set out upon her travels.

Pictures, Architecture, and Scenery, the main objects of Mrs. Trollope's research, attracted her at Turin; but as there are many and nobler galleries to which we may accompany her, we shall here keep out of doors.——This, we conceive, conveys a clear and even sharp idea of the scene; a very great feat in a verbal description of scenery, and especially of atmospheric effects.

> It is the frame-work of Turin which constitutes its principal beauty; and though I expect that Italy will

* Two volumes, octavo, cloth. London: Bentley.

become considerably more Italian as we advance, we cannot again hope to see the marvellous effect produced by its atmosphere in full action upon a horizon of snow. When the morning light fell upon this mountain barrier, the colouring was so totally unlike anything I had ever seen before, even in the tropics, that I felt as if my senses were the sport of some optical delusion, and that I looked through a medium that had some trick in it. I have read, and heard talk about rose-coloured light, nay, have talked about it myself, in America; but such soft, liquid, rosy radiance, as I watched floating over the white mountains round Turin, I never saw before.

Nothing struck the Tourist so much in Turin, as the quiet and orderly air of the inhabitants; contrasting, in gentlemanly repose, so decidedly with the Parisian population; with—"the fierce moustache, the long beard, the lanky locks of some, the curly bush of others," and the endless variety in hats, caps, frocks, jackets, blouses, and the "dirty aspect of all." Here were neither beards nor moustaches; but well-shaven chins, and ordinary-shaped beavers. Mrs. Trollope's delight at these marks of good morals and sound Toryism was somewhat alloyed, when she learned that moustaches, beards, and bushy hair, and queer caps and hats, were strictly prohibited by royal edict, as *Jeune-France-ish*, and revolutionary.

It may easily be imagined, that with a person so impressionable as this traveller, and so much alive about all that had filled her dreams for long years, and which she was now to behold for the first time, every new scene should regularly be Good, better, best; Beautiful! more beautiful! most beautiful! This effect was perfectly natural, and the expression of admiration at each new and surpassing scene must be her genuine and sincere feeling—of the moment. The reader must be prepared for raptures upon raptures, though we fully believe that wonderfully few of them are "conjured up" to serve the purpose of the page, and the hour. After the many approaches by sea and land that have been made of late years to Genoa the Superb, this and the continuous description still reads well.

We reached this glittering jewel of a city in the twilight of a lovely evening, and can never forget the impression which the drive from the point where we first reached the shores of the Mediterranean, produced. I remember few things so striking as the views caught as you traverse the beautifully curved line which leads from Sestri di Ponente to the city. But on reaching the town itself the charm is in a great degree lost. The very narrow streets and the very lofty houses, produce an air of gloom and closeness which contrasts very disagreeably with the radiant approach to it. But Genoa is not to be judged by this first nearly dark drive through her streets. She has not obtained the cognomen of "*La superba*" for nothing; and of this we became very satisfactorily convinced as soon as we stepped forth from our hôtel on the following morning.

It was Sunday, and all that gay *contadinesco* costumes could add of beauty to the sunny brightness of this most brilliant-looking of cities, was displayed in the churches and public promenades. On first entering the Duomo, I was quite startled by what seemed to me the exceeding richness of the female dresses which crowded the aisle.....And though, on closer examination, I was so far *désenchantés* as to discover that veils which I had mistaken for the most splendidly-embroidered silk, were, in truth, nothing but very bright and showy-coloured large cotton shawls, the general effect still remained, and was singularly brilliant and picturesque. Every female head is enveloped, rather coquettishly than closely, in these large, square, gaudy draperies, which, falling low over the figure, produced, as they stood or knelt by hundreds in the spacious aisles, one of the most richly-coloured living pictures that I ever saw ....a first-rate Paul Veronese. During the course of the day, however, which was spent in assiduously driving out and walking in every direction where we were most likely to see these brilliant holiday-folks congregated, I observed that the class of females above the cotton shawls, but beneath the Parisian bonnets, had their pretty heads wrapped in flowing draperies of delicate white muslin. These were all *sedulously* arranged, and, for the most part, with very perfect good taste; and as, on this holyday, they were all in a state of spotless purity, the effect was exceedingly delicate and pretty.

I failed not to look, with as much attention as was civil, at the faces thus shielded from the eye both of the sun of heaven and the sons of men; but though I discovered many that were exceedingly picturesque, and well rewarded the trouble I took to get sight of them, I could not help thinking that I remembered a multitude of young English heads of the same class, which, if clothed in the same pretty style, instead of the stiff bonnet that belongs to us, would have been even lovelier still.

Why does not Mrs. Trollope denounce "the stiff bonnet," and patronize this pretty Genoese style? All the painters would be on her side; and many fathers and husbands, who, though sharing in few of her Anti-Gallican dislikes, detest French milliners, and all their works, long bills included.

Mrs. Trollope applies an observation to Genoa, which she afterwards repeats of Florence, Naples, Rome, and other Italian towns. They are all very well to look at, but not for *her* to live in; an opinion which the inhabitants of each of those cities might, without doubt, heartily retort upon their visiter in reference to English towns. In Ferrara not one of her party would live for "a hundred thousand a-year." Yet a single *piano* is rather tempting to most English folks. Wherever Mrs. Trollope went, she was grieved by the sight of groups of little boys in Murillo-tinted rags, basking in the sunshine, supremely idle and supremely happy,—and many of them "superbly handsome." She longed to send them to school; certainly the National school. They would not have thanked her. In Lombardy, Tuscany, and even Venice, the people appeared tolerably comfortable, and the country well, or highly cultivated; while in the Papal dominions and in Naples, she has never seen a population so miserable—save, and the exception is worthy of notice, in Manchester and the neighbouring towns. The extreme poverty of the people in the midst of a country which nature has thrice-blessed, is freely imputed to bad government, and to the Roman Catholic religion, though that is the common faith of Italy, cultivated or uncultivated. But to what are the misery and poverty of the people of Manchester attributable? No doubt, in her opinion, to the manufacturing system. Yet Mrs. Trollope is an admirer of commerce, the solid foundation of nearly all that she beheld in Florence and Venice of the magnificent and the beautiful; and she extols "liberal Liverpool" as the generous patron of Art. But what would Liverpool be without Manchester and its sister manufacturing towns? Sir Robert Peel knows better than this. Tory lady-politicians must speedily begin to be convinced by him.

Mrs. Trollope displays not only enthusiastic admiration, but fine taste in scenery. This is said in the journey from Genoa to Pisa, after describing the charming road, the Apennines on the one hand, and the Mediterranean on the other.

But perhaps the sweetest spots of all, are those where the curving shore forms a little bay, not large enough, it may be, to shelter above a dozen fishing-boats at a time, but where the favourite breeze, mildest where all is mild, is alone permitted to blow upon the happy slope that rises round it.... for there you see such teeming luxury of vegetation, as, unseen, it is, I think, impossible to imagine.... Oh! if I could but take a few yards square of that soil, and that atmosphere, and transport them to my English garden!.... How I should laugh at all my fine neighbours' hot-houses!

Our tourist's taste in female beauty is as good as in landscape. At a town in the dominions of the Duke of Modena, (a potentate whom, notwithstanding her unbounded reverence for legitimate princes, she considers fair game, as he shows no more respect for English Tories than English Whigs,) she went as usual to the Opera,—

In the next box to us, sat, I think, the very prettiest girl I ever saw. Her beauty had, perhaps, a charm for me beyond that of mere feature and complexion, for the looking at her face and figure, was like looking at a picture of Raphael, in life and movement. It was not a Fornarina though, but a Madonna; as heavenly mild, as passionless and holy; as youthfully slender, and as divinely fair, as the very loveliest of the lovely army of virgins that he has left behind him upon the earth. Indeed it was a pain to part with her!

It may save much trouble to state, once for all, that at every town Mrs. Trollope most industriously visited every known lion, dead or alive, artistic or ecclesiastical; and discovered some others worth seeing, though not blazoned by the guide-books. She also travelled with a lively recollection of the Italian poets; and never loses the opportunity of illustrating her letters (for the VISIT is written in this convenient form) by happy allusions to the purely classic galaxy of Italian poets, from Dante to Alfieri inclusive. She reached Florence just in time to see the Colossal statue of Washington, executed by the American sculptor Greenough, despatched to take its honoured place in the capital named after the illustrious original. Had Mrs. Trollope seen this statue in the city of Washington a dozen years since, it were not hard to guess what she might have said of it; but she has mellowed since then, and probably better understands colossal men as well as colossal statues. She admired "the domestic Jupiter;" which we like her all the better for owning, that she could not just at first do "the statue that enchants the world"—the Medicean Venus, and some other things, the admiration of which artists and amateurs have transmitted from generation to generation, as of hereditary right. Indeed it is not clear that she was even able to admire all the boasted masterpieces of Michael Angelo. She confesses, also, that at last St. Peter's had taught her to feel that a Grecian Cathedral might be nobler than a Gothic one. We should not wonder to find Mrs. Trollope's want of susceptibility to the stern grandeur and severe majesty of Michael Angelo attributed to the weakness of her sex.

The sights and amusements of the most fashionable promenade and evening resort of the fine people of Florence, if less worthy in themselves than the Florentine palaces, churches, and picture-galleries, are at least more novel. The locality of that lounge is at a *Cascina* or embellished dairy-farm belonging to the Duke, and within a short drive of the city. This drive leads through many beautiful views.

On reaching the wide space before the dairy, every carriage stops, taking its station sometimes according to the coachman's pleasure, sometimes in submission to that of his mistress, who may choose to draw up beside a friend, and sometimes, if arriving late, it may be obliged to content itself with any portion of vacant ground big enough to admit its entry. And then the gentlemen in the carriages appear one and all to spring out of them, seldom, as it seemed to me, deeming it necessary to have the step let down.... nearly all the carriages being open.... and they circulate from step to step, and from door to door, or from horse to horse. Sometimes the gentlemen from one equipage take their place in another, or hang about it in a variety of graceful attitudes, flirting the while with the fair dames, who all remain in dignified possession of their cushioned ease.

Meanwhile, half-a-dozen, or so, of very picturesque-looking flower-girls, with large, flat, flapping hats of Tuscan straw, (*Anglicè* Leghorn,) make their way fearlessly among the horses, and each claiming an intimate personal acquaintance with all the company, (a claim which nobody denies,) they begin tossing their beautiful bouquets into the laps of the ladies, trusting to the gallantry of the gentlemen for payment; who, either for the pleasure of the fair ones receiving these lovely offerings, or for that of the pretty coquets who bestow them, appear not at all disposed to disappoint them. And oh! the beauty of these flowers so carelessly received, and so lavishly given! I know not a blossom that we love and prize that I did not last night see again and again tossed into the carriage as plentifully as if they had been field-daisies. It was at Genoa that I first began to feel how completely I was living in a garden. Every terrace of every house.... every garden-hedge, every stall in every street was redolent of the richest odours and the most brilliant bloom. No town, or village by the road-side, but displayed the same delicious abundance of all that is fairest and sweetest in nature; and on arriving here, I seemed to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of floral splendour.... I think it is impossible that you can conceive anything like the perfection and the abundance of this luxury at Florence.

The favourite hour for the Cascina drive seems to be immediately after a six o'clock dinner.... For that was the time at which we went there, and the place was then so crowded that I think most of the equipages of Florence must have been upon the ground. We returned from this very agreeable drive in time to dress for a party at home.... a pleasant, easy circle assembled, chatting and eating ices till eleven o'clock; but there were no Italians among them, nor is it very often, as far as I can understand, that the travelling English obtain the advantage of good Italian society.

Though evidently disappointed, the critic of the far-famed Venus—of "the delicate little creature" that excites so many noisy and hollow raptures, finds a wondrous grace in "the air of purity which hangs about the naked figure like a palpable veil." From the criticisms on the celebrated pictures in the Tribune, we select this morsel on Raphael's *Fornarina*, which hovers so daintily between the prudish and the proper.

The Fornarina is the picture most known, most cited, most talked about. As a work of art it is not very easy to find fault with it.... for it almost lives and breathes; it has the warmth of healthful life upon the cheek, and the softness of human feeling in the eye, the

throat and arm are round as if in palpable relief, and the colouring has a quality of light in it, that makes one fancy it would be visible in the dark. Yet with all this, and a good deal more of the same kind that I could say of it, all tending to prove its incredibly close following of nature, it is not a picture that gives me any great pleasure. The woman looks vulgarly Fornarina-ish, and though full of feeling, the physiognomy is not redeemed by it from this accusation..... I better love the gracious softness of her of the Seggiola..... The Fornarina looks as if she could give a kiss, and a buffet too, if the fancy took her.... while the Virgin mother, in her tasselled chair, seems too pure for the one, too feminine for the other, and too angelic for either.

In another place there is some kindred criticism on the Magdalens of different great masters, in too many of whom Mrs. Trollope insinuates there may be found some suspicious trace or trick of their former condition.——Here is a bit of charming criticism, and the avowal of, we suspect, a rank heresy, a revolutionary opinion :—

There is a little Correggio that fascinated me greatly. A virgin mother on her knees, and a heaven-born infant sleeping on a corner of her mantle that was fallen on the ground; the position speaks beautifully of the tender patience of the mother, who could not change her attitude without awaking him.... It is a lovely picture. There is also a Holy Family here, bearing the enormous name of Michael Angelo; and if one could see a bit of mud upon a board, and be assured on good authority that it was his hand which put it there, we all should, would, and must, feel great reverence for it, and allow, with very sincere gravity, that it ought to be preserved with the care belonging to a relic, almost holy..... But I suppose it would not follow that we must also admire it as a work of art! At any rate, if to admire either the supposed bit of mud, or the existing Holy Family above-mentioned, be necessary to the establishing a reputation for taste, I must withdraw all claim to such reputation; for if it were ten times Michael Angelo's, I should still be of opinion, that this Holy Family, independent of his name, would not be considered worth five pounds by any collector in the world.

Now that we have subdued the swart monster Steam, and fitted him to do all our hard and ignoble drudgery, it will not be wonderful if displays of excessive muscular size and energy should sink in value in Art, like mere brute strength in practical life.

Florence seems to have been somewhat dull to the Tourists, though they were with friends, and found many acquaintances—for travellers too many—among the resident English who flock to that city in great numbers. Had Mrs. Trollope taken occasion, as she has done, to praise Sir Robert Peel's happily devised measure, the Income-tax, from its reaching the perverse sojourners on the Continent, we could have better understood her. Her stay at Florence was, however, besides the resources of galleries and all manner of sights, enlivened by some social events. She saw Catalani, a personage about whom many old and middle-aged people may still be curious. There is too much of it; but this morsel will interest :—

Instead of going as usual to the Cascina after dinner yesterday, I was taken a mile or two out of Florence to pay a visit from which I promised myself great pleasure, and received more.... I went to see Europe's umqwhile wonder and delight, Madam Catalani Valabrique. She is residing in a very beautiful villa, which stands in the midst of an extensive *podere* of which she is the owner. Nothing could be more amiable than the reception she gave us. I think, of all the nations who joined in the universal chorus in praise of her high character, her charming qualities, and her unequalled talent, she loves the English best.... perhaps they best understand her worth; and the rare superiority of a mind, that in the midst of flattery and adulation which really seem to have known no limits, preserved all its simple purity and goodness unscathed. I was equally surprised and pleased to see to what an extraordinary degree she had preserved her beauty. Her eyes and teeth are still magnificent, and I am told that, when seen in evening full dress by candle-light, no stranger can see her for the first time without inquiring who that charming-looking woman is. A multitude of well-behaved reasons would have prevented me, especially at this my first introduction, from naming the very vehement desire I felt once more to hear the notes of a voice that had so often enchanted me. Perhaps if I had not seen her looking so marvellously young and handsome, the idea might neither have seized upon, nor tormented me so strongly as it did; but as it was, I certainly never longed more, perhaps never so much, to hear her sing as I now did. Her charming daughter, Madame de V—— was sitting near me, and I think I ventured to ask her if her mother ever sang now. To which she most gaily and promptly answered in the affirmative.... and then.... what happened next I hardly know.... I am afraid that I must have said something about my secret longings.... for the daughter whispered a few words to the mother, and in a moment Madame Catalani was at the piano.... No, in her very best days, she never smiled a sweeter smile than she did then, as she prepared to comply with the half-expressed wishes of a stranger, who had no claim upon her kindness but that of being an Englishwoman. I know not what it was she sang; but scarcely had she permitted her voice to swell into one of those *bravura* passages of which her execution was so very peculiar, and so perfectly unequalled, than I felt as if some magical process was being performed upon me which took me back again to something.... I know not what to call it.... which I had neither heard nor felt for nearly twenty years. Involuntarily, unconsciously, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt as much embarrassed as a young lady of fifteen might do, who suddenly found herself in the act of betraying emotions which she was very far indeed from wishing to display. . . . . It was not the feeling often produced by hearing, after a long interval, some strain with which our youth was familiar, for I doubt if I ever heard the notes before.... but it was the sort of peculiar unique Catalani thrill, which I do not believe anybody ever can forget who has heard it once, and of which no one can form a very adequate idea who has never heard it at all. Were I to tell you that the magnificent compass of Madame Catalani's voice was the same as heretofore, and all the clear violin notes of it quite unchanged, you would probably not believe me; but you may venture to do so, I do assure you, without scruple, when I declare, that she still executes passages of the extremest difficulty, with a degree of skill that might cause very nearly all her successors in the science, to pine with envy, and, moreover, give up the competition in despair. . . . . Madame Catalani's eldest son, who seems to love her as such a mother deserves to be loved, is living with her, as her *podestà*, her friend, and most dear companion; Madame de V—— likewise appeared *domiciliée* with her excellent mother.... The youngest son, also spoken of as highly estimable, is in the army, and with his regiment. The dwelling of Madame Catalani is extremely beautiful, being a large mansion, containing some very splendid rooms, and situated, like all other Florentine villas, in a spot of great beauty, commanding very extensive views among the picturesque hollows of the neighbouring Apennines, with the ever-bright-looking villas scattered among them.

Mrs. Trollope almost apologizes for Madame Catalani preferring a residence in Italy to one in England; though she has placed herself where she may have the pleasure of yearly seeing troops of the people of the country which she loves the best —next, perhaps, to her own.

While at Florence, Mrs. Trollope saw the pretty

lla of Mr. Walter Savage Landor, and his fa-ily, but not himself. The ungracious poet and ıilosopher cuts Florence altogether, its coteries, ıd English visiters. He does not seem to have 'en made his appearance at the grand scientific onference held, while Mrs. Trollope was in the ty, under the immediate auspices of the Grand uke, and which enjoyed not merely an Italian ıt a European reputation. It was made more lustrious by the Pope, the Duke of Modena, and e believe their Majesties of Naples and Sardinia, ›rbidding any of their subjects to associate with ıose suspicious *savans* whose assemblages have 'er been to them ominous of revolution.

An expedition to the Convents of Vallombrosa and amaldoli, a heroic one for English ladies, formed an greeable episode in the Florentine residence. The reat resort of visiters to Vallombrosa has compel-d the monks to fit up a kind of inn or *Tillysow*, ›r the accommodation of women. It is a detach-l building, and named the *Forestieria*. The hos-itality of the monks is of course requited by a onation; and the brethren do not, in the repasts rovided for their guests, minister to the lusts of ıe flesh. Well replenished provision baskets ›rmed therefore an important part of the travel-ng equipage of Mrs. Trollope and her English ·iends in all their pursuits of the picturesque. 'he garlic soup, the penitential potage of the ›nvent, the sensible heretics quickly washed out f their mouths with sparkling champagne.

When worn out with heat and fatigue, Mrs. 'rollope frequently indulged herself in repose, nder circumstances which, had she been the royal onsort of George IV., must inevitably have sub-ected her conduct to "delicate investigation." ıfter scrambling upwards and downwards on orseback to Camaldoli, she was so overcome with eat and fatigue, that she owns that, though the ight of the remarkable scenery "might have cre-ted a soul under the ribs of death," she had a trong desire to lie down for an hour, but where?

One of these rustic buildings had the air of an unin-abited house, and upon inquiry we found that it was ıdeed such, being in fact the *Forestieria* erected for the ospitable purpose of giving hospitality to women.... 'any such could be found of sufficient courage to pene-·ate to this mountain fastness. But it was not on re-›rd, as a magnificent-looking monk with a long beard ›ld us.... it was not on record that any woman had een ever there; and, consequently, all the preparations ıade for their accommodation had been removed, and othing remained in the house but a rude table and few chairs. These were cold tidings.... but they ·ere uttered with so much kindness, and such cordial ssurances that everything in their power should be one to make us comfortable, that it was impossible not › *feel* comforted at least, if not rested. I begged per-ıission, notwithstanding the unpromising description of ıe Forestieria, to enter it, feeling certain that with my ıawl rolled up for a pillow, I could take the rest I ·anted, in defiance of its want of furniture.

And there her companions left her, and she sank ıto a comfortable sleep. "How long," she says—nd we quote the story principally to show the enuine kindness of the monks—

How long I had enjoyed the "good dulness" I know ot; but a voice that seemed very close, though very far ·om loud, awoke me, and starting up, I saw three most ·ately-looking monks.... the shortest, as I believe, at least six feet high, with beards as abounding as that of Aaron, and their flowing garments so adding to their size, that as I looked up to them from my (not flowery but) floory couch, I thought they looked like so many gigantic magicians, come to punish me for intruding unbidden into their mysterious haunts. For half a moment I really was most strangely startled, for I had been very soundly asleep, and I could not immediately rouse myself sufficiently to comprehend who they were, or what they were come for.

The kind souls did not, however, leave me long in ignorance; as I sat up and looked around me, I perceived that the three figures I had first seen standing round me were not all my visiters.... there were three others, habited, I believe, in the same manner, but with demeanour less dignified, one of whom was bending under the weight of a large mattress, another bearing a fine plump square pillow in each hand, and the third with his head and shoulders buried under blankets and coverlets. I suppose I looked a little astonished; for one of those I had first espied smiled as he told me not to be alarmed at seeing so many strangers. He said that, having come to see if I wanted anything they could get for me, they had found me sleeping on the ground, and, fearing that must be "*troppo spiacevole per una donna*," they had ordered the servants of the convent to prepare me a bed as well as the place would permit. I thanked them very gratefully, and having risen from the floor, assured them that I could arrange what they had so kindly brought without giving them any further trouble. But this they would not permit, and a very comfortable bed was speedily arranged for me, upon which, apparently to their great satisfaction, I lay down before they left the room. It is impossible to do justice to the benevolent kindness of their manner, or to the gentle zeal with which they all assisted in preparing this place of rest for me. Nothing, certainly, could be more unlike the *hostelry* style of our reception at Vallombrosa, than the manner in which we were treated here. This is, of course, naturally enough accounted for, by the fact, that scarcely a summer day passes at Vallombrosa without its receiving guests; whereas, at Camaldoli the male strangers who arrive are very few, and the female (till we made the exception) none at all. . . . . .

My companions returned, delighted with their ramble, and soon after, a neatly-served, but not very good dinner was placed on the table, during which the lay-servants of the convent waited upon us, while one of the reverend brethren remained standing in presence, as if to do us honour, civilly answering whatever questions we asked, and appearing, indeed, very kindly anxious to do the honours of their establishment as hospitably as possible.

Mrs. Trollope obtained one good opportunity of seeing the population of Florence. She was present at a kind of popular fête, which annually takes place at the Cascina on Holy Thursday.

Though infinitely less noisy, and what would generally be called less gay, than the same sort of thing in France, there was an air of universal contentment and happiness among the immense crowds of people assembled, which it was very delightful to witness. In addition to all the artisans and petty tradespeople of the town, there were throngs of peasants from all parts of the surrounding country, amounting we were told to above twenty thousand! The crowd in the drives, walks, and meadows of the Cascina, was, considering its great extent, perfectly astonishing; but not a sound was heard that could be called disorderly or even boisterous, though an air of perfectly unchecked merriment was universal. I visited the ground twice in the course of the day, and on both occasions found it as full as I think it could be, consistently with the power of moving. The Grand Duke and his family walked for an hour among the crowd in the evening. Thousands, I was told, were already assembled, and eating their breakfasts there, at sunrise; and a moderate style of domestic feasting—mothers, fathers, and children, sitting in little circles together—appeared to be going on in one part or another of the ground, during

the whole day. I thought that, in this fine and fair specimen of national physiognomy, the men had the advantage. I never saw a more healthy-looking, handsome, well-grown race. Their dress, too, struck me as being peculiarly respectable, as to its material, condition, and form; considerably less picturesque indeed than that of the Germans upon similar occasions, but giving an idea of being considerably more modern, though less fanciful, as well as less costly. Among the women, there were some *exquisitely* lovely, and certainly more perfectly beautiful, both as to form and features, than I remember anywhere in the same rank. For it is rarely, I think, that the form of a hard-working woman, in any country, reaches its full perfection of growth, without losing some portion of its grace, particularly about the shoulders. But this was not the case among the beauties I am now speaking of, who had several of them an air of *historique* picturesque perfection that really approached very nearly to the *beau idéal* of beauty as it may be seen in the Madonnas of Raphael. More than one of these delicate-looking creatures did I see, in peasant's garb, who looked vastly as if they had walked out of a picture-frame; having a look so indescribably resembling an Italian work of art, that I fancied I must have known their nation had I met them in a land the farthest removed from it. But of these fair perfections there were very few. Perhaps I may have seen four or five deserving all I have said, in the course of my two drives and my one walk .... certainly not more; and of the rest I should say that, excepting the bright black eyes, and a good form of head, they were not superior in average beauty to our own peasantry. Those of quite the lower orders had their heads uncovered; and of the rest, the great majority wore the round flat hat of Tuscan straw, which is not unfrequently set upon *petites élégantes* in the Tuileries gardens, as a guard against the sun.

We find here an account of that singular confraternity, the brethren of the *Misericordia*, which is more minute than any we had previously met with; though we can hardly accord these Brethren of Charity the warm admiration bestowed upon them by Mrs. Trollope. This society takes its date from the year of the Plague, in the time of Boccacio, and is consequently as old as the Decameron. The horror of infection made the sick be most inhumanly neglected, and led a few brave and faithful spirits to associate together, bound by a vow to afford succour to whoever should call for their assistance. This society, originating in the noblest motives, is still extremely numerous, and contains persons of all ranks, from the prince and noble, who may enter for a limited time, downwards. They are bound together by one common faith, and one common tie.

But that tie is so secret and mysterious, that many of the members live and die without knowing who or how many are united with them. Yet can they, like freemasons, make themselves known to each other when they meet, should such recognition be necessary, by secret signs and words known alike to all, but known to themselves alone. . . . . Of a hundred and five of the brethren called *giornanti*, seven hold themselves constantly in readiness to attend any special summons, or to obey the sound of the bell by which they are frequently called. But this is only for the ordinary wants of each day; any extraordinary necessity is provided for promptly and readily by extraordinary aid. Another portion of the society is bound to collect the charitable contributions of the public by personal applications, which, be it observed are *never* refused. The smallest offering may suffice, but *something* is always given whenever a masked and shrouded brother of the Misericordia asks for it. There is something queer in the idea that one *might* be asked for a *paul* any day by a sovereign prince, if one happened to be met in the street by one of these mysterious-looking unknown.

A privilege of the *Misericordia* is, to have the free pardon of one of the brethren granted every year to them, whatever may have been his offence.

One of the duties of this holy brotherhood, and one which is regularly and constantly performed, is visiting the prisons, and praying with those who are condemned to death. . . . . That this institution is of great and constant utility, may be inferred from the fact, that it is next to impossible to pass through the streets of Florence without meeting them in the performance of their duty. Sometimes they are carrying the sick, or the maimed, to the hospitals, ... sometimes passing to the homes of the sufferers to attend upon them, ... sometimes carrying those who have expired to the grave. The species of respect manifested to them as they pass along, tells plainly in what estimation they are held; I know not how it may chance to be in other countries, but I think it would be impossible to see a brother of the Misericordia jostled in this. I went into their little church, which is in the Piazza del Duomo. It is said to have been erected soon after the scourge which had given birth to the Order had passed away; and it is said, also, that it is built over the pit dug to receive the dead. It is a mournful-looking little place; six of the brethren are in attendance there night and day, that in cases of urgent need all may know where to find them. Divine service is duly performed there night and morning, and a few candles burn unceasingly upon the altar. On the floor of the church were many of their dresses, ... together with biers and palls, all gloomily ready for immediate use.

We are not sure if this be the best possible substitute for an efficient and well-administered poor-law, and our less formal and imposing Protestant associations for benevolent purposes.

One day Mrs. Trollope witnessed a rather extraordinary resurrection, and one by no means so pleasant as the apparition of Madame Catalani, still fresh and fair, as of yore.

To our extreme astonishment, we were some days ago informed that MADAME SACQUI was about to enchant the Tuscan metropolis, by a series of the most difficult performances ever exhibited on the tight-rope. I imagined that the daring advertiser must be a descendant of the Madame Sacqui I remembered in the days of my youth, upon whom the slipper of her great ancestress had fallen. But I was quite wrong.... It was no descendant. ... It was the *immortal* Madame Sacqui herself!... If wonder and astonishment could have sufficed to give pleasure, then might we have been *extravagantly* delighted at this unnatural exhibition; but this not being the case, a very near approach to positive pain, was the result. We were told that this preternatural old woman was seventy, and our box being, unfortunately for us, very near the stage, we saw her features with sufficient distinctness to feel persuaded that this was no exaggeration. The exhibition was a very terrible one. Strength and activity, in a degree that at any age would have put the possessor of them apart from the rest of her species, as something out of the ordinary course of nature, displayed by a wrinkled crone who looked as if she had reached the very last stage of human existence, had something so dreadful in it, that I doubt if any could have been found sufficiently light of heart to have made a jest on the subject. It really was *tremendously horrible!* If, when yielding to the pressure of actual want (which of course can alone explain the business)—if, while thus exhibiting herself for bread, the advisers of the poor old woman had recommended her making her appearance in the dress, and with the appurtenances of a witch, making her devolts on a broomstick, and spinning aloft, like one sustained in the air by some power unknown, I daresay we should have all shuddered; but at any rate there would have been something poetical in the emotion. But how do you think we must have felt at seeing her decked out with all the meretricious decorations of an opera-girl of eighteen? And then, after performing every

rt of gymnastic impossibility upon the ropes on the age, she set off with an enormously heavy-looking flag each hand, to walk to the very highest part of the rge Theatre, over the heads of the people in the pit! . I fully expected that some dreadful catastrophe ould be the result, and so I believe did every one else; r there was a sort of extraordinary stillness through ıe house, that told eloquently enough of some common eling of no light kind... but when on her re-ırn, the horrible old sorceress stopped midway and aved her flags aloft, there was a burst, and a scream, ıat she, I suppose, took for applause, which was almost ıafening, and then we got up, and made our escape, ther ashamed perhaps of having been among the crowd ho had looked upon such an unseemly spectacle.

Really this was too much for ordinary mortal ærves; and one could wish the retreat of a decent orkhouse for all improvident, superannuated, great erformers, forced by poverty upon second and third ppearances.——The Florentine ladies, like the ourt devotees of the age of Louis XIV. and is descendants, seek the retirement of a convent ır a few days during Lent; to expiate the sins of ıe past year, and restore their minds to a sober ıne after the license and gaieties of the carnival. f they took voluntarily, and in good earnest, to ıe tread-mill, or the beating of hemp in a solitary ell for a few days, one might fancy them sincere, owever deluded; as it is, the mortification and self-enial are not of a very rigorous kind, being merely ı sit and sleep in clean and snug though small ooms; eat plain food, and go, as often as they lease, to church, but no farther. Mrs. Trollope ronders if they bring any books or carpet-work rith them; and gives ladies living in the world ome credit for being at all able to sit a few hours lone, in mental abstraction.

During the extreme heats of summer, the Tourist ıft Florence for the Baths of Lucca; which is ound a delicious retreat, and one much frequented y the English. The pursuits and amusements re much the same as at other fashionable water-ıg-places, gaming included. The Grand Duke of ucca has a villa here, where he resides with the mplicity of a private gentleman, and where he ives balls and parties, in which the English reatly preponderate.

Nothing can be more agreeable or more gracefully asy than these royal receptions.... The amiable uke, as may easily be imagined, is perfectly adored roughout his "English colony;" and the kind hospi-ality he thus extends to the large circle of English as-embled here is rendered peculiarly agreeable from his hamberlain and major-domo, the Marchese Boccella, aving married one of the most charming Englishwomen ı the world, who presides *en dame d'honneur* at these eceptions, and whose perfect manner of executing her ask certainly gives a very great additional charm to ese brilliant *soirées*:... I never on these occasions ooked at this charming woman without feeling proud ıat she was *English*.

In addition to all this we have an exceedingly pretty ttle theatre, where French plays are performed (as I elieve all French plays are all over the world) ad-ırably... and, better still, we had yesterday the gra-fication, which we had long wished for, of hearing the uch-admired declamation of the celebrated Modena, ho is, I believe, now considered throughout Europe he finest tragic actor on the stage.

This great actor could not act a tragedy alone, o he gave readings from Dante, in a style that nakes one wish he would pay a professional visit to England; though we are not quite sure how the actual costume of the great poet of Italy might take in the nineteenth century in our frigid country. Perpetual balls, plays, and pic-nic parties, enlivened the season at the Baths, which, however, terminated tragically. In return for the gracious civilities of the very popular Duke, the English bachelors resolved to give a parting ball in his honour; which should be followed by the indispensable supper, champagne, toasts, speeches, three times three, and hip-hip-hurrahs! The refreshments at the Duke's sober entertainments consisted solely of ices and tea. The bachelor's ball was accordingly anticipated with great eagerness. We give the conclusion of the affair in Mrs. Trollope's own words; wishing, that as a woman and a Christian, she had moralized a little more upon the catastrophe, and had told us what became of the homicide, and his coadjutors.

It has never before happened to me to see the feelings of a whole circle of society so suddenly and violently turned from mirth to mourning, as I have seen happen here since I last addressed you. The ball of which I spoke has taken place... but its consequences have been most unhappy;... a duel followed between two Englishmen within an hour after the company separated, and the consequences have just been announced to be fatal to one of them.

Oh! that terrible Scotch phrase "*foy!*" how it haunts me!... The fine young man who has fallen was throughout the evening in such exuberant spirits as to attract the attention of everybody; and being one of the stewards his animated gaiety was felt by all, for all shared the assiduous attention with which he performed the duties of his office.... The supper, which was extremely elegant and *profuse in every way*, took place while everything was still in apparent harmony.... The royal guest appeared to be delighted himself, as thoroughly as he delighted everybody; and the admirable little speech in which Sir Richard H—k—n proposed his health, though it was followed by applause in which the ladies could not resist joining, evidently pleased the good-natured Prince, notwithstanding its noisy results.... And when it was ended, one of the officers of his household announced to the company that his Royal Highness invited them all to a ball and supper at the palace on the following Wednesday. The tables then broke up, and as his Royal Highness accompanied the ladies from the table, of course no one remained behind, and the dancing immediately recommenced.... I really think I never saw so happy-looking a party; everything seemed to have answered and gone well.... The Duke, with his usual graciousness, danced later on this occasion than is his custom, and did not leave the rooms till late; but later still did all the others stay, and it was near six o'clock before the last carriage drove from the rooms. To the very last moment (though the horrid challenge must have been given and accepted) did the doomed young man continue his gay assiduities; and I really believe that scarcely a lady left the rooms whom he had not assisted with her shawl, or to her carriage.... But within two hours after the last departure, he had received the mortal wound.

* * * * * *

Of course a multitude of stories have been in circulation respecting the cause of this most unhappy affair; but I believe it is now well known that whatever might have been the immediate provocation to the challenge, the cause of quarrel between the parties was of considerably earlier date than the ball, and originated in some very unjustifiable language injurious to the deceased, and which had been too faithfully repeated to him.

On her return to Florence, Mrs. Trollope *assist-ed*, as the French, and as she also says, at the con-

gress of Philosophers held there last autumn. Of the number was Mr. Babbage, specially invited by the Grand Duke. One is more gratified by the enthusiastic reception given by the Florentines, and all the Italians present, to Orioli, who had been exiled from Bologna for liberalism or free-thinking, or unpardonable innovation of some sort. He is now a Professor at Corfu. We are gratified to find Mrs. Trollope acknowledging the influence of a man of this character, and feeling it herself.

I have witnessed this effect on the approach of several, and our own great English names have been among them; but none has produced it at all in the same degree as ORIOLI. For some time after his arrival in the room I knew not that he was come; but I perceived that there was, beyond all doubt, some great one present whom all who were better informed than myself were desirous to see. There was a movement throughout the long gallery as universal and perceptible as the turning over the leaves of the *libretto* in a concert-room; ... but here it was the persons, and the heads, and the eyes that were turned, and all turned in the same direction. "What is it?" said I. "Eccolo!" replied some one near me. "Who is it?"... I reiterated. "It is ORIOLI," was the very satisfactory answer; and thereupon, I felt exceedingly disposed to transgress all sorts of high-bred regulations, and the sedative "Nil admirari" among the rest. . . . . .

By the great kindness of a countryman who has long been a resident in Italy, and who seems to know everybody and be able to do everything, I have succeeded in my earnest wish of hearing Professor Orioli speak, and that too under circumstances of peculiar interest. . .

I wish I had Orioli's speech before me.... for I should like nothing so well as to pillage it for you;.... but I might as well wish for the moon..... His appearance is neither dignified nor imposing in any way; but I think it is impossible for the power of mind to go further in redeeming the want of personal preëminence. At first I thought his manner awkward, and he held in his hand a pocket-handkerchief very ungracefully rolled into the smallest possible compass;.... but as he proceeded, either his manner changed, or every defect in it was forgotten.... What became of the pocket-handkerchief then, I cannot say;.... all I know is, that every word he uttered seemed precisely the best he could have hit upon for his purpose; and before he concluded I am very greatly mistaken if he had not contrived to make his audience, from roof to floor, feel that he was able to show very satisfactory, or at any rate very *incontrovertible*, reasons for the opinions he held.

In this tour Mrs. Trollope did not diverge from the usual route, save in one instance, which laid some scenes, painfully characteristic of the ignorance, misery, and misgovernment of the people, open before her; but these we have not yet reached. She went from Florence to Venice by Bologna, Ferrara, &c.; saw the usual sights, and did not forget either Tasso or Byron, Leonora D'Este, or Parisina. The rivers of Italy everywhere disappointed the traveller, the Arno and the Po most wofully; and the Brenta and Adige, with their far-famed villas, not less. She has not very much to tell, that is at all novel, of Padua, or of Petrarch's tomb and final residence at Arqua. But about Venice, worn and hacknied as the subject has become, she has managed to create a lively interest.. In reference to the vague or erroneous impressions given by the many poets and fictionists, who have celebrated "the Sea Cybele," it is remarked,—

Considering how much charming poetry has been poured out in descriptions of Venice, I am surprised to find that so few of the graphic passages have left true portraits on my mind. I think that Byron's verses have gone nearest to preparing me for its visible aspect; while Milne's light morsels.... which, for power of penetrating as they go, and leaving marks of having touched you, are like winged arrows tipped with steel.... these have more forestalled the feelings it inspires.

Having done sufficient homage to these two English poets, she eloquently assumes the theme herself, and certainly gives a very lively idea of the unparalleled city.

We *all* know that Venice rises from the sea; and therefore, as we slowly and sedately approach her, we are in no way astonished at perceiving domes and towers before us, with no visible foundation to rest upon but the wave..... But it is necessary to get over all the little trumpery bustle of arrival, and to settle the working-day questions of where we are to be, and so forth, before it is possible to indulge in doing that which perhaps for years you have most longed to do.... But all this tedious little work being performed, seat yourself in your gondola and sally forth; and then, if there be any truth in you, you will confess that never before, let your life have been long, short, still, or stirring, did you find yourself surrounded by such a scene of enchantment as this.

Having adverted to the customary lamentations made by all travellers over the fair and fallen city, which, as prophecies of its total ruin, she is disposed to rate slightly, Mrs Trollope proceeds:—

But for those who will permit themselves to live for the present hour, and be contented to say, sufficient to the day is the beauty thereof, there is still more glory left in Venice, and a richer treasury of the products of human genius, than on any spot of earth beside..... Rome, I *suppose*, excepted. Examine this wonderful creation of the head and hand of man, from the rude, but bold and effective science which drove the first piles upon which it stands, through the building and decorating of its Churches, the erection of its stupendous palaces, the incredible accumulations of its precious gems and marbles, up to the crowning glories of Titian and Palladio, Sansovino, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and the almost endless string of mighty names that follow .... look at it all, as it now stands; and then say if it be a fitting subject for honest unaffected lamentation, or for saying that she

"Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose."

Instead of sinking, she floats so buoyantly and so beautifully, that, to my eye, she still looks triumphant.... triumphant over Nature, even though she neither buys nor sells so largely as formerly..... and that her Doge, her Council of Ten, and her lion's mouth are no more.

And then as we look at her we float too, and with a perfection of lazy luxury that it is quite impossible to describe.... Why it is that the being carried along in a gondola is so totally unlike any other carrying along, I know not; but it is so, and I doubt if the movement of a balloon would appear more novel to me than did my first voyage from our lodgings to the steps of St. Mark's Place. The soft black cushions into which you sink, the funereal hue and texture of both roof and sides of every boat you pass, with the dark curtain drawn across the front, and only removed, perhaps, to make for a moment visible a pair of flashing eyes, which, whether male or female, tell of comeliness and of character almost as far unlike any with which we are familiar in our northern land, as the vehicles in which they glide are to our rattling equipages.

Throughout her stay, and to the very last hour, the unearthly and solemn stillness of this city was felt. To render it more complete, the people,—those worthy of account at least, the nobility—lie in bed all day, and swim about all night, floating from one pleasure to another; save those few who remain fixtures in their crumbling palaces, nursing

neir dignity in strict solitude. Even Lord Byron, hile a lion rampant to all the world besides, Irs. Trollope was informed, was never

Admitted to that small select knot of Venetian aris- ocracy, which holds itself precious, apart, and unap- roachable ; and which is, in truth, both too proud and o melancholy to admit the approach of any curious anderers whatever, whether beauty, poet, lady, or ord.

The traveller is, we believe, a fervent admirer f the Austrian Government, which may cause er statements regarding the reviving condition of enice under the Austrian yoke to be received ith some degree of caution. Yet she saw with er own eyes no remarkable symptoms of decay ; nd was not likely to learn much of popular dis- ontent among a people of whose interior life she nd every traveller sees so little.

Mrs. Trollope tells a wonderful adventure, which s said to have occurred lately in Venice, but hich, with a slight and amusing modification, orms the opening incident of a modern romance; nd is, besides, an old story floating over many ocalities.

In the three weeks of her sojourn in Venice, Irs. Trollope made good use of her time in exa- ining its native treasures, the works of Titian nd Tintoretto, and the many striking objects hich this once grandest emporium of the civilized orld still boasts, besides those lesser matters of *ococo* research in which she delights. Her cri- icism, often beautiful, is also felt to be in general ust, from the same indescribable feeling, or prin- iple, which enables one to pronounce on the fide- ity of resemblance in a portrait who has never een the original.

At Verona, Mrs. Trollope did homage at the omb of Juliet. It is now the fashion for the adies of the town to wear a model of the sarco- hagus as a trinket ; and the Archduchess of Par- ma, the *ci-devant* Empress Maria Louisa, is said o have had a necklace formed of its red stone. Yes! imagination rules the world, Princesses and ll.

After passing through Modena, without being t all molested, much less clapped under arrest, a ate which the gentlemen of the party had endea- oured to eschew by being most punctiliously *shaved*, he travellers pushed forward for Rome. In order o see some remarkable scenery, not often visited, hey diverged from the usual route, which they ad bitter cause to rue, so far as personal comfort vas concerned ; though they saw phases of social ife for which Lombardy and Tuscany had not repared them. The roads they had expected to e bad on this little frequented route, but the inns were much worse than the roads. After her worst American discomforts and trials, the Traveller ex- laims :—

Never before have I been so literally called upon to enter into the venerable presence of Hunger, Thirst, nd Cold," as during this memorable expedition. To ake this statement accurately correct, however, the ord "Dirt" must be substituted for "Cold." .... Although we have occasionally been met by a cutting nd a biting wind, that accorded not well with the rich oliage, which has still for the most part more the aspect f August than of November..... But the dirt and melancholy neglect of themselves, which we have found among the people at the miserable little inns, where we have been obliged to pass several nights, is beyond anything you can imagine, and has offered us a sadder picture of human misery, ignorance, and destitution than I have ever witnessed .... except, perhaps, among the manufacturing population of Manchester and its neighbourhood..... The wretched ignorance and poverty of the Ecclesiastical States presses most painfully upon the observation at every step you go, by every object you see, and from every question you ask..... "It is not that we are idle," said a man with whom my son entered into conversation. "We are not idle..... We would dig the very rocks to get bread, if we were not so sorely burdened. "Si gravita," was his phrase .... and he added, that those who would live well must live either in Tuscany or Lombardy. "A man may do well in either."

The consequence of this sort of hopeless despair is a supine abandonment of all the little contrivances which we so frequently see giving decency, and even comfort, to poverty..... Rags, filth, and very deficient nourishment, all seem endured with a degree of sullen calmness, that must be either the prelude to a storm, or one stage of a process, by which the inhabitants of this unhappy portion of the finest country in the world is to sink into a moral condition in no way superior to that of Hottentots.

There is something inexpressibly painful in travelling through a country where the contrast is so fearfully strong, between the munificent operations of nature and the pitiful management of man .... and this too in a land that owns the same language as that spoken in the prosperous fields of Tuscany and Lombardy.... In many cases the commonest resources of human industry appeared to be absolutely unknown.... We were repeatedly told, when asking for milk, "that no cows were kept in that neighbourhood." .... "That there was nothing for them to eat." .... And *that* in a climate where the very air seems to generate vegetation! .... But all this is too painful to dwell on.

Mrs. Trollope should, next season, visit Protestant-governed Ireland before she so utterly condemn the Papal government ; and see the condition of the people ; though there are cows, and though the cows at all events have something to eat. If they had not, there could be no rents sent to the elegant and luxurious Absentees, whom she must have seen at Florence, Rome, Naples—everywhere, save where they should be. After she had seen all that is finest in scenery in Italy, and admired to excess, she comes to the somewhat mortifying conclusion, that Germany, as a whole, is, after all, more picturesque. Terni is charming, but the rocks and river at Inspruck are more charming still.

A merely flying visit was made to Rome, and the travellers pushed on for Naples. The lovely scenery and fair shows of that city have been a thousand times well described, and are so once more by our Tourist ; though we are more struck at this stage by her philosophy than her descriptive powers :—

The journey from Rome to Naples presents perhaps as lamentable a picture of civilized life as can well be imagined. I think I may venture to say, that no single trace of happy, prosperous, well-paid industry, meets the eye from one end of it to the other. Rags, filth, ignorance, and superstition, are the prominent features that meet the observation of a traveller. In the villages, milk was a luxury unknown.... Of schools I could hear nothing, excepting those scattered thickly enough throughout the papal states, for the education of young priests.... And in the cultivation of the fields, there was such evident neglect of all the ordinary modes of turning land to profit, that Tuscany, Lucca, and Lombardy rose upon the memory like so many samples of the sort of Paradise, into which the earth *might* be con-

verted, where sunshine and human industry unite to make it fruitful. It is hardly possible, I think, to see a greater difference between the external symptoms of character, and the general *manière d' être*, than may be observed between the peasants of Tuscany, and those of Naples, and the Roman States. The Tuscan peasant has evidently a feeling of honest pride in himself, in his decent garments, in the produce of his labour, and in the roof that his thrift renders comfortable. But of this there is not a trace left on your journey southward. There is a look of self-abandonment even in the very children, that is terrible.... I am certainly not one of those who are inclined to quarrel with the exercise of human authority, being quite aware that, without it, all societies of men must fall into a state of anarchy, which would speedily bring about the sort of catastrophe which befel the celebrated Kilkenny cats.... Nevertheless I was disgusted as much as the strongest theoretical democrat could be, when I saw the style in which a sentinel at the gate of Capua treated a peasant who was bringing a cart-load of vegetables into the town..... It chanced that our carriage in passing one of the gates, had to wait for a moment, while the above-mentioned cart of vegetables passed on; and on perceiving this, the sentinel caught the driver by the collar, and beat him across the shoulders with the flat of his sword, till he was evidently too tired to proceed,.... the perfectly unoffending peasant submitting to the discipline without daring to withdraw himself from it, for an inch, and with an expression of countenance, at once so abject and so mournful, that it will require many fine sights to put it out of my head, ... and some little sophistry, perhaps, into the bargain, to convince me that any happy being, born on British ground, does right in coming where he is to be *so* protected in return for the gold which he scatters as he goes along.

In visiting the Sibyl's Cave, the strange question is asked, "Might not this lady [the Cumæan Sibyl styled a lady!] have been one of the persons subject to that derangement of the nerves called Mesmerism?" and Mrs. Trollope, in what follows, almost admits herself to be a believer:—

While at Florence, during the scientific congress, I had recounted to me, by one of the most distinguished individuals present there, a series of wonders on this subject.... all occurring within the last thirty or forty years, and all in the southern part of Italy, which might render such a solution of her mysterious powers perfectly satisfactory to all but unbelievers. I do not mention the name of this gentleman, because he has himself never published any profession of faith on the subject;.... but I found not that his words had less authority on this contested theme than on any other .... and no man, I think, ever spoke with more.

Mrs. Trollope becomes a greater enthusiast about the relics and memorials of the Ancient world in Naples, Rome, and their classic neighbourhoods, than for the masterpieces of the Arts of the Middle Ages, which she had previously examined. We cannot, however, follow her to Baiæ and Pompeii in the rapturous vein; but taking her sage balance of enjoyment, find much to console us for these Ancients having so far surpassed us in their Temples, Theatres, Baths, and Statues. Of Pompeii it is said:—

The very smallest of their dwellings shows much more preparation for public receiving, and display, than for home comforts; and as for the quiet, I might almost call it the sacred retreat, that all classes possessing the decencies of life enjoy in modern days, namely, the portion of a dwelling called a *bed-room*, it evidently came not into their calculation of necessities. In place of these we see cells,—decorated, indeed, but still cells,—having no ventilation, or light either, save by means of the door, and greatly more resembling the state-rooms of a packet boat than anything else. How many *negatives* does this singular circumstance carry with it!... How many hours of solitary *refinement*, impossible to find elsewhere, do women pass in their boudoir or their bed-rooms! The young especially, before they have become mistress of a mansion, in which they may have power to select any other retreat that they may call their "own" *par excellence*, how could they enjoy the solitary reading that makes so immensely important a part of female education!.... I could not help picturing to myself a family of daughters, packed round the court allotted for the purpose, and peeping out of their *cubicule* at each other. We should make a miserably bad exchange, methinks, were we to give up "my lady's chamber" for a few fine temples and a majestic forum. .... But pretty must it have been, exceedingly, when the social hour arrived, and the guests, assembled in the cool *triclinium*, enjoyed, even in the narrow streets of a close-packed city, all the freshness of flowers and of fountains, the grace of statues, and the gay brilliance of fresco decorations.

I wonder where the ladies were during the lazy, lounging, epicurean suppers! Oh!.... if the king of Naples would but have the exceeding kindness to order a *scavo* of half a mile square, and let the English pay for it and manage it, I feel confident that in the course of about six months after the permission was given we should have, first, a very perfect, uninjurious, and skilful clearing away of all that covers and encumbers the treasures we want to get at.... next, that we should see every individual article, both great and small, carefully deposited (the rubbish surrounding it being removed) exactly in the spot and the position in which the lava first, and then the English workmen, found it .... and lastly, we should see, rising above exactly the richest spot of our purchased half-mile, a large and lofty edifice in wood and stone, with as many windows in the roof and walls as a grape-house (only that there should be no favour shown to the sunny side), into which we could enter as freely and see as perfectly, as we do now in the open street of Pompeii. Just imagine the delight of this!.... Statues in their places.... tables, sofas, stools, as the lava found them.... traces of female usefulness in one place, and masculine enjoyment in another..... Oh! fancy it all, and say if half an hour spent within our house of glass and wood would not bring us more graphically acquainted with the good folks of Pompeii, than all the museums in the world could make us.

Our dinner was sublime. Temples and columns on every side of us.... and all that the courteous caterer of the Victoria Hôtel thought best for us *dine sur l'herbe* in the foreground.

We must beware the Vatican, the Coliseum, St. Peters, and the whole catalogue of pictures and statues of Rome, that we may find space for one or two *tableaux vivans*. Before getting at his Holiness, we may see the Cardinals:—

As to the evening parties among the noble Romans, I must confess that I think all enjoyment from them is very greatly destroyed by the sort of state with which it is the custom to receive the cardinals. The venerable college make much too considerable a part of the Roman aristocracy, for this sort of stiff ceremony to be without a pretty strong degree of paralyzing effect upon the Romans themselves, but to Protestant strangers it is generally more so. It appears to me, that the whole arrangement of the company is affected by their presence, which, nevertheless, is absolutely necessary for a *salon comme il faut*. The ladies seat themselves at the upper end of the saloon, while the gentlemen, red and violet stockings included, circulate in the lower part of it, conversing among themselves, often playing cards, but for the most part taking apparently very little heed of the fair personages permitted to be in their presence. Meanwhile the ladies converse in whispers, and certainly with as little appearance of animation or enjoyment as it is possible to imagine. The moment a cardinal approaches them they rise up, as if it were a sovereign: the only difference being, that whereas a sovereign de-

ires the ladies he addresses to reseat themselves, the ardinals very rarely do any such thing.... and the ffect of this upon the circle may easily be imagined. Vhen this sort of old-fashioned, awkward, rococo etiuette is moreover considered a symptom of piety, and here any relaxtion of it in a stranger would be held to e an offensive acknowledgment of heresy, the matter ecomes serious.... rendering a Roman conversazione ery far from being amusing.

If the Cardinals are thus haughty to all ladies, would appear that neither do the free-and-easy nglish concern themselves at all about the Cardials. Some of the anecdotes which Mrs. Trollope elates of her countrymen are absolutely disgraceul; the insolence, if possible, surpassing the igorance. To be sure, she attributes all this to ie shop-keeping or vulgar, moneyed class, in which, owever, if police-reports be true, we rarely find he plunderers of door-knockers, the smashers of amps, and murderers of cats. One day Mrs. rollope was present at High Mass at the Sistine hapel, where the Pope was to be seen, and where he tried to admire the frescoes; she says:—

I cannot say that I was greatly edified by the pecuar ceremonies of this Papal worship, (I speak as a eretic,) but I could not admire or approve the disproortion which seemed to exist between the time bestowed n prayer, and that devoted to the homage offered by ach cardinal to the Pope. But though I did not feel ie service to be very religiously impressive, I was exeedingly disgusted, and not a little ashamed, at the onduct of a party of English young ladies, who sat imediately before me. Their chatter was incessant, and ieir laughter nearly equally so. When the cardinals, ho pass into the chapel close by the ladies' tribune, egan to arrive, my fair countrywomen at first proaimed aloud that each one that entered was the Pope ...and "Look at him! Look at him!" ran through ie disorderly line..... Then one among them having rightly discovered that, as they could not be all Popes, ie real Pope could not be come yet, they amused themelves by instituting a scrutiny on the physical peculiariies of the whole college. One keen-looking little body xclaimed aloud, as one of the purple host passed by, Oh! what a sharp little bird of a man!" a phrase so ptly descriptive of the individual of whom she spoke, iat, with all my indignation, I could scarcely help ughing, for never did man look more like a gay-pluaged bird than the beak-nosed little cardinal in quesion.... but the commentary went on, without even ptness to recommend it, till the cardinals being all at est in their places, the lively ladies were driven to bservations on the Swiss guard for amusement.... nd, "is not that one handsome?" ....and, "does'nt iat one's hat become him?" followed,.... till I felt very heartily ashamed, that I had the greatest posble inclination to get up, and run away. The general haracter of English travellers certainly does not stand igh on the Continent, but no where has it ever appeared me so bad as at Rome. . . . . There one complaint specially made against us at Rome, hich reached me from so many, and such trustworthy ources, that I have but little hope that it is even exaggeated.... I allude to the indecorums repeatedly committed by the English here during the solemnities of Easter. is well known that the travelling gold of England is resource of very considerable importance to the citins of Rome, and a patriotic wish on the part of the uthorities to encourage by all means the arrival of such pulent strangers has induced them to grant the most urteous facilities for their entrance and accommodaon at all the high solemnities of the Church. A *frightul* variety of anecdotes has reached me, relative to the anner in which these facilities have been abused. uring the Easter week, of, I think, the last year, a ene of this kind occurred at St. Peter's, which sounds ite as offensive to Protestant as to Popish ears, and which must have arisen among persons incapable of feeling religious reverence in any country, though it is probable they never had an equally conspicuous manner of displaying it in their own. There is a moment during the performance of every Papal Mass, when the host is elevated by the Pope himself ....a few notes from a trumpet announce this moment, as the tinkling of a bell does on more ordinary occasions, and the assembled multitude fall on the pavement..... Princes and people, the plumy crest of the soldier, and the monk's cowl, all are bent low together, and some seconds of solemn silence follow.... Exactly at this moment was it, that the rapt worshippers of a faith having the same holy origin as our own were startled by the popping of champagne corks, in one of the tribunes prepared for the English! Authority did not interfere.... at that moment there was no authority at leisure to notice it.... all were alike engaged in prostration before the present God.... But the impression left upon the minds of the Roman people was a very deep one. I have been told that the *Propaganda*, as the reverend court of Cardinals and Bishops is called, discussed the propriety of issuing an edict forbidding the admission of English heretics from all church ceremonies for the future, but that it was negatived by the majority, from the consciousness that such a measure would very seriously affect the pecuniary interest of a large portion of the citizens.... The whole of this history was extremely painful to me, and the more so, from the temperate and Christian-like manner in which I heard it related.

One cannot imagine a grosser or more wanton outrage than this; yet it is far more likely that the champagne drinkers were of "the educated and well-bred" gentlemanly class than otherwise. They ought to have been exposed and punished. By the intervention of the Hanoverian minister, Mrs. Trollope, with a large party of English, was presented to the Pope. The Bishop of Rome, in these degenerate times, seems a much poorer, and much humbler man than the Bishop of London. A Cardinal, when paid at all, gets from the State about eleven hundred pounds per annum; but few of them, at present, receive anything; and their state is of late years sadly curtailed. Nothing can be more simple than the style of living of the present Pope, his personal expenses being confined to adding to the library of the Vatican. Mrs. Trollope relates:—

I was told, that when the wish to be presented, expressed by the party of English of which myself and my son made part, was mentioned to His Holiness, he said, "Why should they wish it?.... Would they look at me as at a curious animal in a menagerie?".... "They wish to wait upon your Holiness as the Sovereign of the country they are visiting,".... was the reply..... "I am more a monk,".... returned the venerable pontiff,.... "nevertheless, I am willing to receive them." . . . . . The room in which we were received was a small apartment near the library, and nothing could be less magnificent than this little reception-room, though in the middle of the richest palace in the world. His Holiness wore a white dress, which I believe is that of the monastic order to which he belonged, and also the small white cap with which all portraits, Raphael and Lawrence inclusive, have made us familiar. His countenance is amiable, and expressive of much gentleness, and his stature rather below the common size. We found him standing in front of a small table, which was placed before a canopy, under which I imagine he would have sat, had not his politeness to the ladies he expected prevented it..... The party therefore naturally formed themselves into a semicircle round him; and his first words on seeing how extensive that circle was, were, "La stanze è troppo piccolo!".... He looked at us all with much good-humour and kindness; but as he did not walk round

the circle, and as the persons forming the circle were not instructed to pass before him, he rather harangued than conversed with us. But considering the awkwardness of this arrangement, he managed it exceedingly well. He inquired our names from the Hanoverian minister, in the order in which we stood, and very politely expressed regret that he could not address us in our own language. The appearance of the circle was singular enough, from the ladies being all dressed in black, and wearing black veils, (which is *de rigueur*,) while the gentlemen were as gaily habited as possible; all being in full dress, chiefly military, and one in the full Highland costume. This last especially attracted the attention of his Holiness, so much so, that the graceful young chieftain was compelled, in some sort, to make a step forward, that his Holiness might have an opportunity of seeing more distinctly the jewelled powder-horn, which appeared particularly to have arrested his attention, but which he mistook for a *mull*, which he said he had formerly seen a Scotchman carry, offering the contents to all his friends,....a very natural mistake, snuff being, very properly, a more familiar idea to his Holiness than gunpowder.

He then asked the minister if there were not a literary lady in the company, which being answered in the affirmative, and the individual indicated, his Holiness inquired what species of compositions had been produced, and then remarked that there *were* many books written in English, but that he had not read them.....He then, *à-propos* of the great advantage of a general acquaintance with modern languages, spoke to us of the extraordinary acquirements in that line of the Cardinal Mezzofante, and related an anecdote respecting him, in which this remarkable faculty had enabled his Holiness to detect a renegado Christian, who attempted to pass himself as a Turk, desirous of professing the Catholic faith....the "*Roman* Catholic faith," added his Holiness significantly, correcting himself.....He told this little story with a good deal of spirit, and altogether got through the audience, which for many reasons must have been rather an embarrassing one, with a great deal of good-humoured ease. We remained thus standing before him for about twenty minutes, or half an hour, and then he bowed us off.

Mrs. Trollope was naturally curious to see one of the Cardinals, whose well-known history is of itself a romance. But Cardinal Géramb was not at Rome during her stay. She remembered him as the dashing Baron Géramb of London and Paris, and as a Monk of La Trappe. She relates of him :—

But although I had not the good fortune to see the Père Géramb, I heard several anecdotes of him, but all of a gay and cheerful character, and such as to lead one equally to wonder at his ever taking a vow of silence, and to rejoice at the expediency (which has been of course dictated by the interests of the Church) for relaxing, in his case, the severity of this vow.

A Roman Catholic bishop told me, that when standing next to him one day in the Pope's anti-chamber, waiting for admittance, the illustrious Trappist said to him,

"Do you know, Monsignore, why my beard (which he wore very long) is so much whiter than my hair?"

"No" was, of course, the reply.

"Then I will tell you," said Géramb. "It is because I work more with my jaws than with my head."

Upon another occasion, when walking in a procession which rendered it necessary that he should carry a candle, some one observed to him that the one he bore was longer than all the rest....."That," replied the stout cardinal, "is in order that the candle may match the candlestick."

Cardinal Géramb has certainly not added dignity to the conclave. No one suspects him of insincerity, or of acting a part; but the suspicion that he has a *bee in his bonnet* is inevitable.

Among the endless tombs in St. Peter's is a monument to the last of the Stuarts, the work of Canova. Mrs. Trollope considers it a pitiful thing for so majestic a temple, and is glad that it is thrust out of sight. It was, however, according to her informant, who attended Sir Walter Scott through Rome, the only work of Art in the imperial city that appeared greatly to interest him. "He sat down before it long, and appeared to feel acutely. The feeling inspired by that name seemed to have outlived most others."

On a very important question Mrs Trollope delivers an opinion which is entitled to respect, both from her judgment and actual observation and experience :—

I have strong doubts, as, perhaps, I may have told you before, whether several consecutive years passed abroad, even under the tuition of the very best of masters, is, *on the whole*, advantageous to young women, whom their friends wish should remain *English*, and whose hopes are to become English wives and English mothers; but I have no doubt at all as to the decided intellectual advantages to be obtained by bringing either young men or young women of inquiring minds to pass a few months at Rome. I should not quite choose to say that no education could be accounted good without it, but I certainly do think that nothing else, of any sort or kind, can quite supply its place. Remember, however, if you please, that I am not of those who consider Rome the seat of miracles, *par excellence*, and, therefore, that I do not mean to tell you that young ladies and gentlemen who come to Rome very stupid go away the reverse. On the contrary, I think that it is not a very slight degree of intelligence which is requisite, in order to draw from such a visit the benefit which I think it capable, under favourable circumstances, of producing. But where the material does exist, I think it cannot fail of doing much towards increasing its value.

In one respect, and that keeping in view the structure and leading objects of the work, the main one, we are sensible that we have done our author scanty justice. It is on its character as a guide, and as an intelligent and liberal critic of those works of Art, ancient and modern, which enrich Italy, and render it the wonder and envy of civilized nations, that her VISIT must rest its permanent claim to attention. And these are but slightly noticed in this hasty analysis.——Before parting, we must notice one of the most gratifying facts which her work contains. Mrs. Trollope repeatedly asserts that the literature of the modern Italians is not to be assumed as the measure of their intellectual condition; that, in short, though they neither read nor write books, they, like Cowper,

Pay it off with thinking.

She repeatedly fortells revolution, much as she detests all popular movements; but of the how or when, is no more informed than her tramontane neighbours. As to the wherefore, no one doubts.

DICKENS' NOTES ON AMERICA, FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.*

EITHER too much has been expected from "Boz among the Yankees," or the recent works of a host of intelligent and accomplished travellers in the United States are still too freshly remembered to allow justice to be done an after gleaner in the same vast field, however able, especially if he has added little or nothing to the previous amount of actual information. But Mr. Dickens has not only thrown few new lights upon the social state of the people of the United States: he has deepened every shade into palpable blackness; and described society, in all its greater interests, as in a very low and dangerous condition. Slavery is but one of the evils of America; which is represented as helplessly enslaved by the most atrocious press that ever the world heard of, legislated for by the most corrupt of its citizens, distracted by the most rancorous and paltry party spirit, and tainted to the core with dishonesties of every sort. Opinions of the same character have been more openly expressed by former writers, but never so strongly, nor without pointing more directly to the advantages which counterbalance the evils arising, in a new country, from Republican Institutions.

Apart from the weight which may be attached to the judgment and individual opinions of Mr. Dickens, upon these and upon other matters already familiar to the world, the "Notes," as such, are meagre and unsatisfactory. They tell nothing new of America, nor do they take any enlarged or profound view of what is already known; but they are interspersed with many bits of clever composition in their author's peculiar style; which, though they might have been quite as relevant anywhere else, it is pleasant to stumble upon—that is, if people are not very much in earnest to hear about America. Mr. Dickens deprecates the idea of intentionally offending the Americans by his censures; and thin-skinned as the nation is, we fancy he may be quit for his fears; while he may be very certain of having pleased a large party at home. Miss Martineau, with almost rash frankness, stated many unpalatable truths, which, as a true friend and disinterested monitor she was bound to tell; but her censures, though they may have offended the Americans more, will gratify the English Tories infinitely less than the statements or opinions of Mr. Dickens. He states that his only object at the outset was to carry his readers faithfully along with him wherever he went, and that this task he has "discharged;"—so far, it may be added, as they were likely to be amused on the journey. When we have mentioned, that another guiding principle in the construction of his work, "was to mention the name of no individual," we leave the manner in which the task is fulfilled to the judgment of the reader. For illustrations of American character, save a few *outré* specimens, we must, we presume, wait the appearance of a new fiction by the author of Nickleby, the scene of which shall be the United States; and, meanwhile, take the "Notes" as we find them embodied in two not over-substantial volumes. Boz breaks forth at the very commencement. The winter voyage out, which occupies a large space of the first volume, is a piece of clever and entertaining writing, made up of those small circumstances, and nice and minute strokes, which give individuality and a certain charm to the compositions of Dickens. He makes the most possible of "a very *yellow* leg of boiled mutton, contrasted with very *green* capers;" and of the grotesque incidents of incipient sea-sickness, and the actual capsizing of goods and gear, body and estate, to which all voyagers are liable. Often, too, his descriptions are picturesque, or suddenly illuminated by a transient image of rare beauty, which sparkles the brighter for the contrast of its grotesque setting. The passage out was tedious and rough, and the most is made of it before Halifax was made by the steam-packet, which, after it had been eighteen days out, reached Boston. There Mr. Dickens' first error was mistaking certain persons, who at the peril of their lives rushed on board, for newsmen; while, in fact, they were, one and all, editors in the exercise of their vocation; but saving their gentility by "liking the excitement of the thing."

A well-merited tribute is paid to the civility of the Custom-house officers; who presented an edifying contrast to those of *home* as well as of France. It is characteristic of the Bostonians, that, arriving on Saturday night, so providently were the spiritual wants of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens attended to, that they received as many offers of seats, in churches of different denominations, as might have accommodated a score or two of grown-up families. They pleaded want of clothes.

Eyes long accustomed to the flattened and dingy surfaces of most things in London, were peculiarly sensible of the general brightness of colour and sharpness of outline prevailing in the towns of New England. Of Boston, fortunately, though warmly appreciated, not much is said. It is not easy, it is understood, to please that intellectual, and somewhat self-sufficient and supercilious city, the refinement and superiority of which is attributed by Mr. Dickens to the influence of the neighbouring University of Cambridge. However this may be, we cordially enjoy this gentle rap on the knuckles to older and prouder Universities:—

> Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls.

The institutions and public charities of Boston are described with considerable fulness; and if Mr. Dickens be aware of the very minute account which has lately been given by another traveller of the blind, deaf, and dumb girl, Laura Bridgman,

* "American Notes for General Circulation." By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

in nearly the same words—those of her instructor—he would have spared his readers much of a long story, which, though ever touching, is no longer novel. The State Hospital for the Insane, the Refuge for the Destitute, and other establishments of the same kind, are described; and appear worthy of the commendation bestowed on them; and then the city itself, in which Mr. Dickens received, as it were, his Transatlantic diploma, is thus dismissed :—

The tone of society in Boston is one of perfect politeness, courtesy, and good breeding. The ladies are unquestionably very beautiful—in face: but there I am compelled to stop. Their education is much as with us; neither better nor worse. I had heard some very marvellous stories in this respect; but not believing them, was not disappointed. Blue ladies there are, in Boston; but like philosophers of that colour and sex in most other latitudes, they rather desire to be thought superior than to be so. Evangelical ladies there are, likewise, whose attachment to the forms of religion, and horror of theatrical entertainments, are most exemplary. Ladies who have a passion for attending lectures are to be found among all classes and all conditions. In the kind of provincial life which prevails in cities such as this, the Pulpit has great influence. The peculiar province of the Pulpit in New England (always excepting the Unitarian ministry) would appear to be the denouncement of all innocent and rational amusements. The church, the chapel, and the lecture-room, are the only means of excitement excepted; and to the church, the chapel, and the lecture-room, the ladies resort in crowds.

Wherever religion is resorted to, as a strong drink, and as an escape from the dull monotonous round of home, those of its ministers who pepper the highest will be the surest to please. They who strew the Eternal Path with the greatest amount of brimstone, and who most ruthlessly tread down the flowers and leaves that grow by the way-side, will be voted the most righteous; and they who enlarge with the greatest pertinacity on the difficulty of getting into heaven, will be considered by all true believers certain of going there: though it would be hard to say by what process of reasoning this conclusion is arrived at. It is so at home, and it is so abroad. With regard to the other means of excitement, the Lecture, it has at least the merit of being always new. One lecture treads so quickly on the heels of another, that none are remembered; and the course of this month may be safely repeated next, with its charm of novelty unbroken, and its interest unabated. . . .

The usual dinner-hour is two o'clock. A dinner party takes place at five; and at an evening party, they seldom sup later than eleven; so that it goes hard but one gets home, even from a rout, by midnight. I never could find out any difference between a party at Boston and a party in London, saving that, at the former place, all assemblies are held at more rational hours; that the conversation may possibly be a little louder and more cheerful; that a guest is usually expected to ascend to the very top of the house to take his cloak off; that he is certain to see, at every dinner, an unusual amount of poultry on the table; and at every supper, at least two mighty bowls of hot stewed oysters, in any one of which a half-grown Duke of Clarence might be smothered easily. . . . . There is no smoking-room in any hôtel, and there was none consequently in ours; but the bar is a large room with a stone floor, and there people stand and smoke, and lounge about, all the evening: dropping in and out as the humour takes them. There too the stranger is initiated into the mysteries of Gin-sling, Cocktail, Sangaree, Mint Julep, Sherry-cobbler, Timber Doodle, and other rare drinks. The House is full of boarders, both married and single, many of whom sleep upon the premises, and contract by the week for their board and lodging: the charge for which diminishes as they go nearer the sky to roost. A public table is laid in a very handsome hall for breakfast, and for dinner, and for supper. The party sitting down together to these meals will vary in number from one to two hundred: sometimes more. The advent of each of these epochs in the day is proclaimed by an awful gong. . . .

The fruits of the earth have their growth in corruption. Out of the rottenness of these things, there has sprung up in Boston a sect of philosophers known as Transcendentalists. On inquiring what this appellation might be supposed to signify, I was given to understand, that whatever was unintelligible would be certainly transcendental. Not deriving much comfort from this elucidation, I pursued the inquiry still further, and found that the Transcendentalists are followers of my friend Mr. Carlyle, or, I should rather say, of a follower of his, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. This gentleman has written a volume of Essays, in which, among much that is dreamy and fanciful (if he will pardon me for saying so,) there is much more that is true and manly, honest and bold. Transcendentalism has its occasional vagaries (what school has not?) but it has good healthful qualities in spite of them; not least among the number a hearty disgust of Cant, and an aptitude to detect her in all the million varieties of her everlasting wardrobe. And therefore if I were a Bostonian, I think I would be a Transcendentalist.

Then it must be a Transcendentalist with a keen relish for all the creature-comforts and smaller elegancies and enjoyments of elaborately accommodated life. One may conceive the savage contempt with which Emerson would listen to gentle cockney murmurs about the want of bed-curtains, proper wash-hand stands, soft warm beds, and pleasant sips of hot brandy and water; together with theatrical entertainments, literary coteries, and London-made boots. For anything we see, Mr. Emerson, if he allows himself meat at all, will prefer his buffalo steak raw. We assure Mr. Dickens that he is the very antipodes of a Transcendentalist of that peculiar school. He appears to relish to the utmost "all the goods the gods provide us;" and to believe that this taste makes all of us the better men, and more charitable and loving Christians.

At Boston, Mr. Dickens, notwithstanding the numerous invitations to sermon which he received, heard only Taylor, the famous Sailor Preacher; for, to his regret, he missed hearing Dr. Channing. The description of the sailor preacher is clear and graphic. He appears to *improvise* his sermons: some one present having the privilege of choosing him a theme or text, which is laid on the desk before the commencement of the service. The theme on this occasion was from the Song of Solomon—"Who is this coming up from the wilderness leaning on her beloved?" which the preacher spiritualized in a quaint fashion enough, though one probably well adapted to his rough audience.

During his stay in Boston, Mr. Dickens made an excursion by the railway to Lowell, to witness, with his own eyes, the operation of the Factory system as it still exists in America. After Miss Martineau, Joseph Sturge, and Mr. Combe, and, on the other side, Marryat, we perceive nothing new or remarkable in his observations. Forty or fewer years since, the factories of Manchester or Glasgow were in as healthful a condition, as regards the working people, as Lowell is now. We have not yet sounded to the full depth of the mischief: though we apprehend one part of the mystery is unfolded, when we learn, that there is no stationary manufacturing population in Lowell, "no

speak." The girls—who are often the well-brought-up and well-educated daughters of those small farmers of New England who are rich in everything necessary save money—come from the neighbouring States to Lowell; remain a few years in the mills, save money, and then return home. All the mill-owners, also, probably take that paternal care of their work-people, which in England is done only by a few, though with the happiest and most marked results. Would that the great manufacturers, and the great land-owners of Britain, could be shamed out of the disgrace of having a set of improvident, dirty, spiritless, and degraded peasants and operatives in their employment, or in any way connected with them! They have, if not everything, yet much in their power, if they set their hearts on improving the condition of the working class. It is well known that the Lowell factory girls publish an *Annual* which is entirely their own composition; and which, however the editors of the *Book of Beauty* and *The Keepsake*, &c., may take it, Mr. Dickens asserts "will compare advantageously with a great many English Annuals."

New York was his next station and point of observation; and into its bustling Broadway—with which we can now fancy ourselves as familiar as with any home great thoroughfare—Mr. Dickens is quietly looking down from a window of the Carlton House Hôtel.

Warm weather! The sun strikes upon our heads at this open window, as though its rays were concentrated through a burning-glass; but the day is in its zenith, and the season an unusual one. Was there ever such a sunny street as this Broadway! The pavement stones are polished with the tread of feet until they shine again; the red bricks of the houses might be yet in the dry, hot kilns; and the roofs of those omnibuses look as though, if water were poured on them, they would hiss and smoke, and smell like half-quenched fires. No stint of omnibuses here! Half-a-dozen have gone by within as many minutes. Plenty of hackney cabs and coaches too; gigs, phaetons, large-wheeled tilburies, and private carriages—rather of a clumsy make, and not very different from the public vehicles, but built for the heavy roads beyond the city pavement. Negro coachmen and white; in straw hats, black hats, white hats, glazed caps, fur caps; in coats of drab, black, brown, green, blue, nankeen, striped jean and linen: and there, in that one instance, (look while it passes, or it will be too late,) in suits of livery. Some Southern republican that, who puts his blacks in uniform, and swells with Sultan pomp and power. Yonder, where that phaeton with the well-clipped pair of grays has stopped—standing at their heads now, is a Yorkshire groom, who has not been very long in these parts, and looks sorrowfully round for a companion pair of top-boots, which he may traverse the city half-a-year without meeting. Heaven save the ladies, how they dress! We have seen more colours in these ten minutes, than we should have seen elsewhere, in as many days. What various parasols! what rainbow silks and satins! what pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hoods and linings! The young gentlemen are fond, you see, of turning down their shirt-collars and cultivating their whiskers, especially under the chin; but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being, to say the truth, humanity of quite another sort. Byrons of the desk and counter, pass on, and let us see what kind of men those are behind ye: those two labourers in holiday clothes, of whom one carries in his hand a crumpled scrap of paper from which he tries to spell out a hard name, while the other looks about for it on all the doors and windows.

Irishmen both! You might know them, if they were masked, by their long-tailed blue coats and bright buttons, and their drab trousers, which they wear like men well used to working dresses, who are easy in no others. It would be hard to keep your model republics going, without the countrymen and countrywomen of those two labourers. For who else would dig, and delve, and drudge, and do domestic work, and make canals and roads, and execute great lines of Internal Improvement! Irishmen both, and sorely puzzled too, to find out what they seek. Let us go down, and help them, for the love of home, and that spirit of liberty which admits of honest service to honest men, and honest work for honest bread, no matter what it be.

This narrow thoroughfare, baking and blistering in the sun, is Wall Street: the Stock Exchange and Lombard Street of New York. Many a rapid fortune has been made in this street, and many a no less rapid ruin. Some of these very merchants whom you see hanging about here now, have locked up Money in their strong-boxes, like the man in the Arabian Nights, and opening them again, have found but withered leaves.

Here follows a good deal more clever writing; but we are in quest of information as much as entertainment, so we pass a street swine, a scavenger of New York, and worthy of Gainsborough, and sundry other irrelevant matters, to accompany Mr. Dickens in a walk quite new to us in the American commercial capital; and one in part of which he required the attendance of a couple of policemen.

We have seen no beggars in the streets by night or day; but of other kinds of strollers plenty. Poverty, wretchedness, and vice, are rife enough where we are going now.

This is the place: these narrow ways, diverging to the right and left, and reeking everywhere with dirt and filth. Such lives as are led here, bear the same fruits here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors, have counterparts at home, and all the wide world over. Debauchery has made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of those pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all-fours? and why they talk instead of grunting?

So far, nearly every house is a low tavern; and on the bar-room walls, are coloured prints of Washington, and Queen Victoria of England, and the American eagle. Among the pigeon-holes that hold the bottles, are pieces of plate-glass and coloured paper, for there is, in some sort, a taste for decoration, even here. And as seamen frequent these haunts, there are maritime pictures by the dozen: of partings between sailors and their lady-loves, portraits of William, of the ballad, and his Black-Eyed Susan; of Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler; of Paul Jones the Pirate, and the like: on which the painted eyes of Queen Victoria, and of Washington to boot, rest in as strange companionship, as on most of the scenes that are enacted in their wondering presence.

What place is this, to which the squalid street conducts us? A kind of square of leprous houses, some of which are attainable only by crazy wooden stairs without. What lies beyond this tottering flight of steps, that creak beneath our tread? a miserable room, lighted by one dim candle, and destitute of all comfort, save that which may be hidden in a wretched bed. Beside it, sits a man: his elbows on his knees: his forehead hidden in his hands. "What ails that man?" asks the foremost officer. "Fever," he sullenly replies, without looking up. Conceive the fancies of a fevered brain in such a place as this!

Ascend these pitch-dark stairs, heedful of a false footing on the trembling boards, and grope your way with me into this wolfish den, where neither ray of light nor breath of air appears to come. A negro lad, startled

from his sleep by the officer's voice—he knows it well—but comforted by his assurance that he has not come on business, officiously bestirs himself to light a candle. The match flickers for a moment, and shows great mounds of dusky rags upon the ground; then dies away and leaves a denser darkness than before, if there can be degrees in such extremes. He stumbles down the stairs and presently comes back, shading a flaring taper with his hand. Then the mounds of rags are seen to be astir, and rise slowly up, and the floor is covered with heaps of negro women, waking from their sleep: their white teeth chattering, and their bright eyes glistening and winking on all sides with surprise and fear, like the countless repetition of one astonished African face in some strange mirror.

Mount up these other stairs with no less caution (there are traps and pitfalls here, for those who are not so well escorted as ourselves) into the housetop; where the bare beams and rafters meet over-head, and calm night looks down through the crevices in the roof. Open the door of one of these cramped hutches full of sleeping negroes. Pah! They have a charcoal fire within; there is a smell of singeing clothes, or flesh, so close they gather round the brazier; and vapours issue forth that blind and suffocate. From every corner, as you glance about you in these dark retreats, some figure crawls half-awakened, as if the judgment hour were near at hand, and every obscene grave were giving up its dead. Where dogs would howl to lie, women, and men, and boys slink off to sleep, forcing the dislodged rats to move away in quest of better lodgings.

Here too are lanes and alleys, paved with mud knee-deep: underground chambers, where they dance and game; the walls bedecked with rough designs of ships, and forts, and flags, and American Eagles out of number: ruined houses, open to the street, whence, through wide gaps in the walls, other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show: hideous tenements which take their name from robbery and murder: all that is loathsome, drooping, and decayed is here.

Our leader has his hand upon the latch of "Almack's," and calls to us from the bottom of the steps; for the assembly-room of the Five-Point fashionables is approached by a descent. Shall we go in? It is but a moment.

Heyday! the landlady of Almack's thrives! A buxom fat mulatto woman, with sparkling eyes, whose head is daintily ornamented with a handkerchief of many colours. Nor is the landlord much behind her in his finery, being attired in a smart blue jacket, like a ship's steward, with a thick gold ring upon his little finger, and round his neck a gleaming golden watch-guard. How glad he is to see us! What will we please to call for? A dance! It shall be done directly, sir: "a regular break-down."

The corpulent black fiddler, and his friend who plays the tambourine, stamp upon the boarding of the small raised orchestra in which they sit, and play a lively measure. Five or six couple come upon the floor, marshalled by a lively young negro, who is the wit of the assembly, and the greatest dancer known. He never leaves off making queer faces, and is the delight of all the rest, who grin from ear to ear incessantly. Among the dancers are two young mulatto girls, with large, black, drooping eyes, and head-gear after the fashion of the hostess, who are as shy, or feign to be, as though they never danced before, and so look down before the visiters, that their partners can see nothing but the long fringed lashes.

But the dance commences. Every gentleman sets as long as he likes to the opposite lady, and the opposite lady to him, and all are so long about it that the sport begins to languish, when suddenly the lively hero dashes into the rescue. Instantly the fiddler grins, and goes at it tooth and nail; there is new energy in the tambourine; new laughter in the dancers; new smiles in the landlady; new confidence in the landlord; new brightness in the very candles. Single shuffle, double shuffle, cut and cross-cut: snapping his fingers, rolling his eyes, turning in his knees, presenting the backs of his legs in front, spinning about on his toes and heels like nothing but the man's fingers on the tambourine; dancing with two left legs, two right legs, two wooden legs, two wire-legs, two spring legs—all sorts of legs and no legs—what is this to him? And in what walk of life, or dance of life, does man ever get such stimulating applause as thunders about him, when, having danced his partner off her feet, and himself too, he finishes by leaping gloriously on the bar-counter, and calling for something to drink, with the chuckle of a million of counterfeit Jim Crows, in one inimitable sound!

It requires a delicate touch to prevent this from becoming absolutely sickening to those dainty and delicate people to whom vice loses half its malignity in being purified from its grossness. There is a prison in New York named the *Tombs;* a squalid, ill-managed, dismal place, of which the city watch-house forms a part; and with it Mr. Dickens concluded his melancholy round. It was the appropriate Finish. In the same style, which he probably adopts from considering it more effective and *artistic* than the simple narrative, which sometimes as well suits topics so grave, he continues,—

What! do you thrust your common offenders against the police discipline of the town, into such holes as these? Do men and women, against whom no crime is proved, lie here all night in perfect darkness, surrounded by the noisome vapours which encircle that flagging lamp you light us with, and breathing this filthy and offensive stench! Why, such indecent and disgusting dungeons as these cells, would bring disgrace upon the most despotic empire in the world! Look at them, man—you, who see them every night, and keep the keys. Do you see what they are? Do you know how drains are made below the streets, and wherein these human sewers differ, except in being always stagnant?

Well, he don't know. He has had five-and-twenty young women locked up in this very cell at one time, and you'd hardly realise what handsome faces there were among 'em.

In God's name! shut the door upon the wretched creature who is in it now, and put its screen before a place, quite unsurpassed in all the vice, neglect, and devilry, of the worst old town in Europe.

Are people really left all night, untried, in these black sties?—Every night. The watch is set at seven in the evening. The magistrate opens his court at five in the morning. That is the earliest hour at which the first prisoner can be released; and if an officer appear against him, he is not taken out till nine o'clock or ten.—But if any one among them die in the interval, as one man did, not long ago? Then he is half-eaten by the rats in an hour's time; as that man was; and there an end.

Thus the night winds up—

What is this intolerable tolling of great bells, and crashing of wheels, and shouting in the distance! A fire. And what that deep red light in the opposite direction? Another fire. And what these charred and blackened walls we stand before? A dwelling where a fire has been. It was more than hinted, in an official report, not long ago, that some of these conflagrations were not wholly accidental, and that speculation and enterprise found a field of exertion, even in flames: but be this as it may, there was a fire last night, there are two to-night, and you may lay an even wager there will be at least one to-morrow. So, carrying that with us for our comfort, let us say, Good night, and climb up stairs to bed.

Well, all is not absolute perfection even in the United States of Republican America.——Executions in America, it is known, are not, as with us, converted into drunken holidays, affording spectacles to the million, which tend to brutalize the feelings and excite to fresh crime. Yet there is sufficient publicity in them to guard against abuse. The scene of the few executions which do take place, where death-punishment is so rare, is the prison-yard of the Tombs.

Into this narrow, grave-like place, men are brought ut to die. The wretched creature stands beneath the ibbet on the ground; the rope about his neck; and vhen the sign is given, a weight at its other end omes running done, and swings him up into the air—a orpse. The law requires that there be present at this ismal spectacle, the judge, the jury, and citizens to the mount of twenty-five. From the community it is hid- en. To the dissolute and bad, the thing remains a rightful mystery. Between the criminal and them, the rison-wall is interposed as a thick gloomy veil. It is he curtain to his bed of death, his winding-sheet, and rave. From him it shuts out life, and all the motives o unrepenting hardihood in that last hour, which its nere sight and presence is often all-sufficient to sustain. There are no bold eyes to make him bold; no ruffians o uphold a ruffian's name before.

After this, one would require something to revive he heart, and to sweeten the imagination. "Let s then," as our author invites us, "go out into the treets."

At other downward flights of steps, are other lamps, arking the whereabouts of oyster-cellars—pleasant treats, say I: not only by reason of their wonderful ookery of oysters, pretty nigh as large as cheese-plates, or for thy dear sake, heartiest of Greek Professors!) ut because of all kinds of eaters of fish, or flesh, or owl, in these latitudes, the swallowers of oysters alone re not gregarious; but subduing themselves, as it were, o the nature of what they work in, and copying the oyness of the thing they eat, do sit apart in curtained oxes, and consort by twos, not by two hundreds.

But how quiet the streets are! Are there no itinerant ands; no wind or stringed instruments! No, not one. y day, are there no Punches, Fantoccinis, Dancing- ogs, Jugglers, Conjurors, Orchestrinas, or even Barrel- rgans! No, not one. Yes, I remember one. One arrel-organ and a dancing-monkey—sportive by nature, ut fast fading into a dull, lumpish monkey, of the Utilitarian school. Beyond that, nothing lively; no, ot so much as a white mouse in a twirling cage.

Are there no amusements? Yes. There is a lecture- oom across the way, from which that glare of light roceeds, and there may be evening service for the adies thrice a-week, or oftener. For the young gentle- nen, there is the counting-house, the store, the bar- oom: the latter, as you may see through these win- ows, pretty full. Hark! to the clicking sound of ham- ers breaking lumps of ice, and to the cool gurgling of he pounded bits, as, in the process of mixing, they are oured from glass to glass! No amusements? What re these suckers of cigars and swallowers of strong rinks, whose hats and legs we see in every possible ariety of twist, doing, but amusing themselves? What re the fifty newspapers, which those precocious urchins re bawling down the street, and which are kept filed ithin, what are they but amusements? Not vapid aterish amusements, but good strong stuff; dealing in ound abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the oofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in pain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious aste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious aw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest nd the vilest motives; scaring away from the stabbed nd prostrate body-politic, every Samaritan of clear onscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell nd whistle, and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest ermin and worst birds of prey.—No amusements!

In the grave summing up of judgment upon the ocial, and, we should say, moral state of the Ame- ican citizens, at the close of his work, Mr. Dickens, n more direct and stronger terms, reiterates this trong opinion of the press; in this confirming the udgment of every British traveller who has spoken n the subject; and among that number are those f the most liberal sentiments, and the warmest riends of the true liberty of printing; Mr. Combe, and Miss Martineau, as well as Captain Marryat. Yet they do not seem to consider this instrument of evil so powerful or influential as our author does. On this subject, and in his graver mood, Mr. Dickens remarks—

Schools may be erected, East, West, North, and South; pupils be taught, and masters reared, by scores upon scores of thousands; colleges may thrive, churches may be crammed, temperance may be diffused, and advancing knowledge in all other forms walk through the land with giant strides; but while the newspaper press of America is in, or near, its present abject state, high moral improvement in that country is hopeless. Year by year, it must and will go back; year by year, the tone of public feeling must sink lower down; year by year, the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; and year by year, the memory of the Great Fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more, in the bad life of their degenerate child.

A few exceptions are allowed to exist, the more honourable for their rareness; but such is alleged to be the general character of the newspaper press of America; and its despotic power, its vicious influence, must, if Mr. Dickens' challenge be well-founded, be on the increase.

When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks, when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon, and crush it openly, in the sight of all men; then, I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works, be plainly visible in the Republic.

Could we believe this to the full extent implied, we should at once say that the Plague-spot has become visible upon the Republic; but we cannot, though we readily admit that there is much room for improvement in this respect—on both sides of the Atlantic.

In New York, as at Boston, no names are mentioned; and we never once accompany Mr. Dickens over any private threshold. The country about New York is declared to be beautiful; but all the world knows that; and we are fortunately not here overwhelmed by descriptions of scenery. The rest is quickly despatched, while Mr. Dickens is stepping into the railway carriage for Philadelphia.

The tone of the best society in this city, is like that of Boston; here and there, it may be, with a greater infusion of the mercantile spirit, but generally polished and refined, and always most hospitable. The houses and tables are elegant; the hours later and more rakish; and there is, perhaps, a greater spirit of contention in reference to appearances, and the display of

wealth and costly living. The ladies are singularly beautiful.

Philadelphia is as rapidly handled.

My stay in Philadelphia was very short, but what I saw of its society, I greatly liked. Treating of its general characteristics, I should be disposed to say that it is more provincial than Boston or New York, and that there is, afloat in the fair city, an assumption of taste and criticism, savouring rather of those genteel discussions upon the same themes, in connexion with Shakspeare and the Musical Glasses, of which we read in the Vicar of Wakefield.

In Philadelphia the Penitentiary was visited; and Mr. Dickens, in even stronger terms than we remember to have been employed by former travellers, bears testimony to the evil tendencies, the merciless, the torturing nature of strictly Solitary Confinement, and points out its marked inequality as a punishment.

Washington was reached at the next move; and here, first, Mr. Dickens makes his attack upon the grand national custom. Washington he pronounces the capital of tobacco-tinctured saliva; and he becomes sick and almost angry with the odious twin-practices of chewing and spitting. As we have scarcely yet recovered from Mr. Buckingham, we could pardon the omission of denunciations, by which we hope the citizens whom it concerns will profit. This little hit may, however, be tolerated for its humour,—

I was surprised to observe that even steady old chewers of great experience, are not always good marksmen, which has rather inclined me to doubt that general proficiency with the rifle, of which we have heard so much in England. Several gentlemen called upon me who, in the course of conversation, frequently missed the spittoon at five paces; and one (but he was certainly short-sighted) mistook the closed sash for the open window at three. On another occasion, when I dined out, and was sitting with two ladies and some gentlemen round a fire before dinner, one of the company fell short of the fire-place, six distinct times. I am disposed to think, however, that this was occasioned by his not aiming at that object; as there was a white marble hearth before the fender, which was more convenient, and may have suited his purpose better.

An Indian chief, with whom Mr. Dickens for some days travelled in company in a steamer on the Ohio, and who had lately left Washington, told him that the Indians thought the Congress "wanted dignity." Mr. Dickens seems to think that this Assembly is deficient in many qualities of a more substantial and important kind.

The capital and its capitol have been so often described, that Mr. Dickens cannot make much new of them; but the living pillars of the State were open to his scrutiny.

I was sometimes asked, in my progress through other places, whether I had not been very much impressed by the *heads* of the lawmakers at Washington; meaning not their chiefs and leaders, but literally their individual and personal heads, whereon their hair grew, and whereby the phrenological character of each legislator was expressed: and I almost as often struck my questioner dumb with indignant consternation by answering "No, that I didn't remember being at all overcome." As I must, at whatever hazard, repeat the avowal here, I will follow it up by relating my impressions on this subject in as few words as possible.

In the first place—it may be from some imperfect developement of my organ of veneration—I do not remember having ever fainted away, or having even been moved to tears of joyful pride, at sight of any legislative body. I have borne the House of Commons like a man, and have yielded to no weakness, but slumber, in the House of Lords. . . . . Did I see in this public body, an assemblage of men, bound together in the sacred names of Liberty and Freedom, and so asserting the chaste dignity of those twin goddesses, in all their discussions, as to exalt at once the Eternal Principles to which their names are given, and their own character, and the character of their countrymen, in the admiring eyes of the whole world!

It was but a week, since an aged, grey-haired man, a lasting honour to the land that gave him birth, who has done good service to his country, as his forefathers did, and who will be remembered scores upon scores of years after the worms bred in its corruption, are but so many grains of dust—it was but a week, since this old man had stood for days upon his trial before this very body, charged with having dared to assert the infamy of that traffic, which has for its accursed merchandize men and women, and their unborn children. Yes. And publicly exhibited in the same city all the while; gilded, framed and glazed; hung up for general admiration; shown to strangers not with shame, but pride; its face not turned towards the wall, itself not taken down and burned; is the Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America, which solemnly declares that All Men are created Equal; and are endowed by their Creator with the Inalienable Rights of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness!

It was not a month, since this same body had sat calmly by, and heard a man, one of themselves, with oaths which beggars in their drink reject, threaten to cut another's throat from ear to ear. There he sat, among them; not crushed by the general feeling of the assembly, but as good a man as any.

There was but a week to come, and another of that body, for doing his duty to those who sent him there; for claiming in a Republic the Liberty and Freedom of expressing their sentiments, and making known their prayer; would be tried, found guilty, and have strong censure passed upon him by the rest. His was a grave offence indeed; for years before, he had risen up and said, "A gang of male and female slaves for sale, warranted to breed like cattle, linked to each other by iron fetters, are passing now along the open street beneath the windows of your Temple of Equality! Look!" But there are many kinds of hunters engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness, and they go variously armed. It is the Inalienable Right of some among them, to take the field after *their* Happiness, equipped with cat and cartwhip, stocks, and iron collar, and to shout their view halloo: (always in praise of Liberty,) to the music of clanking chains and bloody stripes.

Where sat the many legislators of coarse threats; of words and blows such as coalheavers deal upon each other when they forget their breeding! On every side. Every session had its anecdotes of that kind, and the actors were all there.

Did I recognise in this assembly, a body of men, who applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country!

I saw in them, the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; under-handed tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields, and hired pens for daggers; shameful cringing to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered, is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragon's teeth of vice, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and, in a word, Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall.

Did I see among them, the intelligence and refinement: the true, honest, patriotic heart of America!

lere and there, were drops of its blood and life, but ney scarcely coloured the stream of desperate adven- rers which sets that way for profit and for pay. It is ne game of these men, and of their profligate organs,) make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so estructive of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensi- ve and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof, nd they, and such as they, be left to battle out their elfish views, unchecked. And thus this lowest of all rambling fights goes on, and they who in other coun- ries would, from their intelligence and station, most spire to make the laws, do here recoil the farthest from hat degradation.

That there are, among the representatives of the eople in both Houses, and among all parties, some nen of high character and great abilities, I need not ay.

This is a tremendous passage. How the Tories f England will crow over it! The qualification; he few noble exceptions, admitted and rounded off vith a compliment to Mr. Everett, are a poor coun- erpoise against this fierce, coarse, and corrupt ody of legislators. With such a House of Re- resentatives, and such a public Press, indepen- ently of slavery, whither, we may ask, is the oung Republic to drift? What, and that speedily, s to be her fate? Let us hope that this is taking hings at the very worst, and something more; nd that Mr. Dickens is more powerful in fiction han profound in political philosophy. He ac- nowledges that the Congress has not yet imported he latest improvements of our own House of Com- nons, in its farm-yard imitations,—crowing and raying. Mr. Dickens was presented to the Pre- ident on the day after his arrival. The scene is haracteristic. The President's house, within and vithout, he says, resembles a club-house.

We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice ung a bell which nobody answered, walked without arther ceremony through the rooms on the ground floor, s divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, nd their hands in their pockets) were doing very isurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom hey were showing the premises; others were lounging n the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state of ex- austion from listlessness, were yawning drearily. The reater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting heir supremacy than doing anything else, as they had o particular business there, that anybody knew of. A w were closely eyeing the moveables, as if to make uite sure that the President (who was far from popu- r) had not made away with any of the furniture, or old the fixtures for his private benefit.

After glancing at these loungers; who were scattered ver a pretty drawing-room, opening upon a terrace hich commanded a beautiful prospect of the river and ne adjacent country; and who were sauntering too, bout a larger state-room called the Eastern Drawing- oom; we went up stairs into another chamber, where ere certain visiters, waiting for audiences. At sight f my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow ippers who was gliding noiselessly about, and whisper- ng messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a gn of recognition, and glided off to announce him. . . . . . There were some fifteen or twenty persons n the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man, from ne west; sun-burnt and swarthy; with a brown-white at on his knees, and a giant umbrella resting between is legs; who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning eadily at the carpet, and twitching the hard lines bout his mouth, as if he had made up his mind "to x" the President on what he had to say and wouldn't ate him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer, six- et-six in height, with his hat on, and his hands under is coat-tails, who leaned against the wall and kicked the floor with his heel, as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally "killing" him. A third, an oval-faced, bilious-looking man, with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth, to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whis- tle. A fifth did nothing but spit. And indeed all these gentlemen were so very persevering and energetic in this latter particular, and bestowed their favours so abundantly upon the carpet, that I take it for granted the Presidential housemaids have high wages, or, to speak more genteelly, an ample amount of "compensa- tion:" which is the American word for salary, in the case of all public servants.

We had not waited in this room many minutes, before the black messenger returned, and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the President himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious, and well he might, being at war with everybody;—but the expres- sion of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought that in his whole carriage and demeanour, he became his station singularly well.

The President's evening receptions are, probably from some good Irish reason, called *levées*. Mr. Dickens gives the same favourable report of the good order, ease, and propriety of these very mis- cellaneous assemblages that has been made by nearly all the European travellers who have wit- nessed them. He was delighted with the affection- ate, and, as we say, "distinguished," welcome given by the crowd to his dear friend, "Washing- ton Irving."

If Mr. Dickens gathered the laurels and tri- umphs of lionship—about all which glories he ob- serves a modest silence, probably thinking that fully enough has been said on that head already— he has also paid a few of the unavoidable penalties of that honourable condition; and not with nearly the good-humour of Marryat, though the Captain, comparatively with Boz, was received but as a mere cub, and by no means a full-fanged lion rampant. In travelling by the railroad in Mary- land, Mr. Dickens relates—

Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came (according to custom) round the car- riage in which I sat; let down all the windows; thrust in their heads and shoulders; hooked themselves on conveniently, by their elbows; and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with re- ference to my own nose and eyes, the various impres- sions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it is viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satis- fied by exercising their sense of touch; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were sel- dom satisfied, even by that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding president has walked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours: occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug; or by walk- ing to the windows and inviting other boys in the street below, to come up and do likewise: crying, "Here he is!" "Come on!" "Bring all your brothers!" with other hospitable entreaties of that nature.

Again, on the Lakes, in a steamer making way to Buffalo, he was annoyed in the same style.

There was a gentleman on board, to whom, as I un-

intentionally learned through the thin partition which divided our state-room from the cabin in which he and his wife conversed together, I was unwittingly the occasion of very great uneasiness. I don't know why or wherefore, but I appeared to run in his mind perpetually, and to dissatisfy him very much. First of all I heard him say: and the most ludicrous part of the business was, that he said it in my very ear, and could not have communicated more directly with me, if he had leaned upon my shoulder, and whispered me: "Boz is on board still, my dear." After a considerable pause, he added complainingly, "Boz keeps himself very close:" which was true enough, for I was not very well, and was lying down, with a book. I thought he had done with me after this, but I was deceived; for a long interval having elapsed, during which I imagine him to have been turning restlessly from side to side, and trying to go to sleep; he broke out again, with "I suppose that Boz will be writing a book bye and bye, and putting all our names in it!" at which imaginary consequence of being on board a boat with Boz, he groaned and became silent.

At a new town, somewhere beyond St. Louis, named Belleville, Mr. Dickens met with a countryman of our own, in whose instance he forgets his resolution not to mention the names of individuals; and also violates his laudable custom of not prying into domestic privacy. The landlord of the inn here, and of course a colonel, introduced this Scottish specimen, who is a lecturer on Phrenology, and imputed curer of all manner of diseases; for we do not positively learn that he gives himself out for anything of the sort.

"Mr. Dickens," says the Colonel, "Doctor Crocus."

Upon which Doctor Crocus, who is a tall, fine-looking Scotchman, but rather fierce and warlike in appearance for a professor of the peaceful art of healing, bursts out of the concourse with his right arm extended, and his chest thrown out as far as it will possibly come, and says, "Your countryman, Sir!"

Whereupon Doctor Crocus and I shake hands; and Doctor Crocus looks as if I didn't by any means realize his expectations, which, in a linen blouse, and a great straw hat with a green ribbon, and no gloves, and my face and nose profusely ornamented with the stings of mosquitoes and the bites of bugs, it is very likely I did not.

Now, if authors set out as Bozes, and attempt the grand rôle of literary lions, they ought to go through it manfully, paying the penalties with as much good-humour as they show when reaping the honours of that distinguished part. We are sorry to find that the success of our countryman, Dr. Crocus, in those parts, does by no means correspond with his attainments and appearance. On the evening of the day of Mr. Dickens' visit to Belleville, where, instead of "*plain doings*," he luxuriated in "wheat-bread and chicken-fixings," the Doctor was to deliver a lecture on Phrenology.

Straying up stairs, during the preparation of the chicken-fixings, I happened to pass the Doctor's chamber; and as the door stood wide open, and the room was empty, I made bold to peep in.

It was a bare, unfurnished, comfortless room, with an unframed portrait hanging up at the head of the bed; a likeness, I take it, of the Doctor, for the forehead was fully displayed, and great stress was laid by the artist upon its phrenological developements. The bed itself was covered with an old patchwork counterpane. The room was destitute of carpet or of curtain. There was a damp fire-place without any stove, full of wood ashes; a chair, and a very small table; and on the last-named piece of furniture was displayed, in grand array, the doctor's library, consisting of some half-dozen greasy old books.

Now, it certainly looked about the last apartment on the whole earth out of which any man would be likely to get anything to do him good. But the door, as I have said, stood coaxingly open, and plainly said, in conjunction with the chair, the portrait, the table, and the books, "Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Don't be ill, gentlemen, when you may be well in no time. Doctor Crocus is here, gentlemen, the celebrated Doctor Crocus! Doctor Crocus has come all this way to cure you, gentlemen. If you haven't heard of Doctor Crocus, it's your fault, gentlemen, who live a little way out of the world here: not Doctor Crocus's. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in!"

This is a sketch *à la Boz*, and the only private apartment which we are permitted by Mr. Dickens to enter in all America. Being the only one, we could have spared it, especially as the artist was not invited in himself.

By steamers, canal-boats, and railroads, Cincinnati was reached, though we have left it far behind; and with that fair city of the West the traveller appears more in love than with the older towns of the Atlantic States. His account of the journey is diverting enough; though if any one choose to travel by the canal from Dublin to the Shannon, and in many other directions, its dirt and discomfort may be all *realized*, and with the exception of the expectoration—a formidable one certainly—exceeded;—beds, washing, and all.

Travelling by land was not much pleasanter than by water. As we get along with Mr. Dickens, we begin to fear that, notwithstanding a few well-pointed periods of general praise, he really dislikes the American people. They have, he avers, no humour; being here decidedly at issue with Miss Martineau, who, on somewhat narrow premises certainly, asserts that they abound in humour, that humour is their great characteristic. Then Mr. Dickens finds them universally dull, taciturn; often sullen, unamusable, and averse to all harmless amusements. In the great cities the inhabitants do not go to the theatre; they are unsocial and cheerless at their meals; and often dyspeptic, from want of personal cleanliness, overstuffing with all sorts of crude food, and from taking no proper exercise.——But let us not make things worse than they are represented.

The washing apparatus is forward, on the deck. It is a little better than on board the canal-boat, but not much. In all modes of travelling, the American customs, with reference to the means of personal cleanliness and wholesome ablution, are extremely negligent and filthy; and I strongly incline to the belief that a considerable amount of illness is referable to this cause.

We are to be on board the Messenger three days: arriving at Cincinnati (barring accidents) on Monday morning. There are three meals a-day. Breakfast at seven, dinner at half-past twelve, supper about six. At each, there are a great many small dishes and plates upon the table, with very little in them; so that although there is every appearance of a mighty "spread," there is seldom really more than a joint: except for those who fancy slices of beet-root, shreds of dried beef, complicated entanglements of yellow pickle; maize, Indian corn, apple-sauce, and pumpkin.

Some people fancy all these little dainties together (and sweet preserves beside,) by way of relish to their roast pig. They are generally those dyspeptic ladies and gentlemen who eat unheard-of quantities of hot corn bread (almost as good for the digestion as a kneaded pin-cushion,) for breakfast and for supper. Those who do not observe this custom, and who help themselves several times instead, usually suck their knives and

rks meditatively, until they have decided what to take ext: then pull them out of their mouths; put them in he dish; help themselves; and fall to work again. At inner, there is nothing to drink upon the table, but reat jugs full of cold water. Nobody says anything, t any meal, to anybody. All the passengers are very ismal, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing n their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, o cheerfulness, no sociality, except in spitting; and at is done in silent fellowship round the stove, when he meal is over. Every man sits down, dull and lanuid; swallows his fare as if breakfasts, dinners, and uppers were necessities of nature never to be coupled ith recreation or enjoyment; and having bolted his od in a gloomy silence, bolts himself, in the same state. . . . The people are all alike, too. There is no iversity of character. They travel about on the same rrands, say and do the same things in exactly the same anner, and follow in the same dull cheerless round. ll down the long table, there is scarcely a man who is anything different from his neighbour.

The same remark is repeated more than once. oach-drivers necessarily fell frequently under the raveller's observation; and they seem all cast in he same mould—however diversified their costume ay be—and that a bad one. A negro coachriver in Virginia makes, at all events, a good subct for a Bozian picture.

He is a negro—very black indeed. He is dressed in coarse pepper-and-salt suit excessively patched and arned (particularly at the knees,) grey stockings, normous unblacked high-low shoes, and very short rousers. He has two odd gloves: one of parti-coloured orsted, and one of leather. He has a very short whip, roken in the middle and bandaged up with string. nd yet he wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black at: faintly shadowing forth a kind of insane imitation f an English coachman! but somebody in authority ries "Go ahead!" as I am making these observations. he mail takes the lead in a four-horse wagon, and all he coaches follow in procession, headed by No. 1. . . . . The coachmen always change with he horses, and are usually as dirty as the coach. The rst was dressed like a very shabby English baker; the econd like a Russian peasant: for he wore a loose urple camlet robe with a fur collar, tied round his aist with a parti-coloured worsted sash; grey trousers; ght blue gloves; and a cap of bearskin. . . . The frequent change of coachmen works no change or ariety in the coachman's character. He is always irty, sullen, and taciturn. If he be capable of smartess of any kind, moral or physical, he has a faculty of oncealing it which is truly marvellous. He never peaks to you as you sit beside him on the box, and if ou speak to him, he answers (if at all) in monosyllables. le points out nothing on the road, and seldom looks at nything: being, to all appearance, thoroughly weary of , and of existence generally. As to doing the honours f his coach, his business, as I have said, is with the orses.

It comes, at last, to be a question if Mr. Dickns' mind, or, at all events, his habits and associaions, are not too exclusively the growth of old ities—if he is not too new to "roughing it"—to ake him the best judge in the world of what the mericans call their "young country," and its sages. His eye, also, is too microscopic for obcts so vast—a horizon so unbounded; sharp as it at detecting small blemishes and discordant arangements. The only *gentleman* whom he seems o have seen in the West was the Indian mentioned bove.

There chanced to be on board this boat, in addition to he usual dreary crowd of passengers, one Pitchlynn, a hief of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, who *sent in his card* to me, and with whom I had the pleasure of a long conversation.

He spoke English perfectly well, though he had not begun to learn the language, he told me, until he was a young man grown. He had read many books; and Scott's poetry appeared to have left a strong impression on his mind; especially the opening of "The Lady of the Lake," and the great battle scene in Marmion, in which, no doubt, from the congeniality of the subjects to his own pursuits and tastes, he had great interest and delight. He appeared to understand correctly all he had read; and whatever fiction had enlisted his sympathy in its belief, had done so keenly and earnestly, I might almost say fiercely. He was dressed in our ordinary every-day costume, which hung about his fine figure loosely, and with indifferent grace. On my telling him that I regretted not to see him in his own attire, he threw up his right arm for a moment, as though he were brandishing some heavy weapon, and answered, as he let it fall again, that his race were losing many things beside their dress, and would soon be seen upon the earth no more: but he wore it at home, he added proudly.

He told me that he had been away from his home, west of the Mississippi, seventeen months: and was now returning. He had been chiefly at Washington on some negotiations pending between his tribe and the Government; which were not settled yet (he said in a melancholy way,) and he feared never would be: for what could a few poor Indians do, against such well-skilled men of business as the whites? He had no love for Washington; tired of towns and cities very soon; and longed for the forest and the prairie.

I asked him what he thought of Congress? He answered, with a smile, that it wanted dignity, in an Indian's eyes.

He would very much like, he said, to see England before he died; and spoke with much interest about the great things to be seen there. When I told him of that chamber in the British Museum wherein are preserved household memorials of a race that ceased to be, thousands of years ago, he was very attentive, and it was not hard to see that he had a reference in his mind to the gradual fading away of his own people. . . . .

He was a remarkably handsome man: some years past forty I should judge; with long black hair, an aquiline nose, broad cheek bones, a sunburnt complexion, and a very bright, keen, dark, and piercing eye. . . . . He took his leave; as stately and complete a gentleman of Nature's making as ever I beheld; and moved among the people in the boat, another kind of being.

Another grievance of the English in America is the intolerance of the Temperance landlords. Where tea and coffee were bad, and water worse, Mr. Dickens reasonably asked for brandy, which he had a right to do had all been of the best,—

But it is a Temperance hôtel, and spirits are not to be had for love or money. This preposterous forcing of unpleasant drinks down the reluctant throats of travellers is not at all uncommon in America; but I never discovered that the scruples of such wincing landlords induced them to preserve any unusually nice balance between the quality of their fare, and their scale of charges: on the contrary, I rather suspected them of diminishing the one and exalting the other, by way of recompense for the loss of their profit on the sale of spirituous liquors. After all, perhaps, the plainest course for persons of such tender consciences, would be a total abstinence from tavern-keeping.

Some originals of the *Far West*, and various little, affectionate episodes, diversify and relieve the monotony of the voyage to St. Louis, and back again to Cincinnati. Traversing the State of Ohio, Mr. D. reached the Lakes—nor halted until under the Falls of Niagara. The journey to the Far West must, on the whole, have been a dull and tiresome one. All is barren! The Valley of the Mississippi,

one vast Lake of the Dismal Swamp—*prairies* "oppressive in their barren monotony," scenes which Mr. Dickens—and we can believe him—though he may not be able to forget them, never wishes to look on again. He has paid dearly enough already for his search of the Sublime, for all the enjoyment it appears to have afforded him. The social dinner was the best part of the prairie day's work; and in a queer old tumble-down French suburb of St. Louis he is much more at home than in the vast wilderness. Every man after his kind.

We encamped near a solitary log-house, for the sake of its water, and dined upon the plain. The baskets contained roast fowls, buffalo's tongue, (an exquisite dainty, by the way,) ham, bread, cheese, and butter; biscuits, champagne, sherry; lemons and sugar for punch; and abundance of rough ice. The meal was delicious, and the entertainers were the soul of kindness and good humour. . . . . In the old French portion of the town, the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque: being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs, or rather ladders, from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops and drinking-houses too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high-garret gable windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and being lop-sided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American Improvements. It is hardly necessary to say, that these consist of wharfs and warehouses.

Of St. Louis, that young emporium whose future commercial destinies might touch any mind, we learn nothing more, save that, at the Planters' Hôtel, superb dinners were served up to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens.

At Niagara, Mr. Dickens does become *Transcendental*, though not after the fashion of Emerson's ascetic school. He was exalted and sublimed, though the permanent emotion was tranquillizing.

The visit to Canada presents nothing new. Its record is indeed as meagre as possible. The traveller appears to have liked everything he saw; and he prudently forbears to draw any parallel between the social features of the British colony and the United States; though one may guess that, unlike some previous observers, his comparison would be advantageous to our noble selves. He is more hopeful, and indeed confident, of the fortunes of Canada than most people were at the time of his visit, though matters do look brighter of late.

After visiting Montreal and Quebec, Mr. Dickens regained New York by the customary route of Lake Champlain and the Hudson; and, before taking his departure, made a flying visit to the baths at Lebanon, and the Shaker Settlement there. These baths have satisfied even fastidious English travellers. Not so Mr. Dickens; and his condemnation of the Shakers is without discrimination as without mercy. The happiest part of the expedition to Mr. Dickens, so far as he lets us into the secret of his adventures, seems to have been the voyage home, during which he quite recovered his good humour and good spirits. His fellow-passengers were chiefly Canadians.

Though it will be seen that the general impression, and the report of the American character, are unfavourable, this is somewhat qualified by the sweeping assertion in the concluding remarks, that "they are by nature frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate." But then those fine natural qualities are "sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass; and there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration." The nature of some of these influences, real or imaginary, we have already seen. Another of them, pronounced "the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evils," is "universal distrust," which renders the people jealous, suspicious, fickle, unjust, and ungrateful to their most useful servants and best benefactors. A mean and factious party spirit is another besetting sin of the Americans. There is yet another base quality and deep taint, at the existence of which, considering that America is the common resort of the most rascally swindlers and vagabonds that England spews forth, we need not be surprised. For this her present half-settled condition, but surely not her free institutions, are chargeable. This is what Mr. Dickens calls the love of "smart" dealing—cheating, in short, which—

Gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust; many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter—though it has not been without its retributive operation, for this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit, and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. . . . . The following dialogue I have held a hundred times:—"Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and notwithstanding all the crimes of which he is guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your Citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?" "Yes, Sir." "A convicted liar?" "Yes, Sir." "He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?" "Yes, Sir." "And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?" "Yes, Sir." "In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?" "Well, Sir, he is a smart man."

In the two words, "Yes, Sir," Mr. Dickens finds the sum of American general conversation. Other travellers hear only "dollars;" he, "Yes, Sir."

Though Mr. Dickens did not visit those Southern States in which slavery exists in its foulest degree, it needs not that, in him or any man, to qualify him to speak truly of its complicated and all-pervading iniquity. This he does warmly, quoting from the American newspapers a few of the sort of paragraphs, illustrative of its actual operation, which our readers may have seen in our own pages. A few more, given after the example of Marryat and Buckingham, show the lawless spirit, "the wild justice," of the *Far West*.

ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

We shall say nothing of the utility of studying nguages: the practical necessity presses on too nany. Hence there is never like to be a lack of tudents in this department; hence there has al-ays been also a plentiful supply of solemn, pe-agogic drill-masters on the one hand, and loose attling quacks on the other, to Ciceronize the raveller in the several provinces of so wide a ingdom. The present writer, though no pro-essed linguist, having, from particular circum-tances, had no small traffic with various famous nguages, both ancient and modern, has bethought imself that he may possibly do a small service to ome honest student in some corner,—perhaps even arnish the educational Reformer with some useful int,—by setting down shortly in print what he onsiders to be the most sure and easy methods of vercoming the difficulties commonly encountered n linguistical study. For, truly, if in any depart-ent of intellectual activity a few encouraging rords at the outset of the expedition are profitable, hey are necessary here; it being plain to a skilful bserver in these matters, that, while of those who egin to study languages and end where they egan, the one half stop because they never had ny serious intention of going on, the other half ave been driven back from the lack, not so much f an earnest purpose, as of a healthy confidence; oth imagining many fearful difficulties which ever existed, and stumbling confusedly upon hose which do exist, without either a pioneer to repare their path, or a general to lead their pro-ress.

Now, in order to see our way clearly through he manifold perplexities and perversities of this ath—(simple enough, however, all the while, if eople would only train themselves to take their nowledge direct from Nature, leave big blundering ooks upon their shelves, and look at pompous rejudice without its stilts)—the first thing to be one is to set clearly down, and consistently hold ast this proposition, that—*The study of a language not the study of a science, but the study of an rt; and that it must accordingly be prosecuted, not the method of abstract principles, but by the assi-uous exercise of familiar practices.* Manifest as his proposition appears, it is one against which ll teachers, especially the scholastic teachers of he ancient languages, have been very apt to of-nd. It is necessary, therefore, to fix it clearly n the mind, before we proceed to deduce the prac-tal rules for the conduct of study, in which it is uitful. No doubt there is a SCIENCE of language -and that a very grand and very profound one -so, at least, as Humboldt, and other continental holars, have recently prosecuted it on a large ale. There is also a science of each individual nguage, as there is an anatomy of each indivi-ual man: but you must have the man before you n anatomize him; and you must *know* the lan-uage (vulgarly speaking) before you can make a ience of it. What people would have when they set themselves to learn a language, is not the minute knowledge of all the nerves and sinews, all the bones and processes of bones, joints, and liga-tures of the vocal frame-work,—much less the pre-tenceful and often barbarous jargon wherewith scientific men are wont to designate the same; but what they desire is to create in their minds the familiar association and close concatenation of a certain system of ideas, old and new, with a cer-tain system of new sounds; and this achievement is an art, and to be attained mainly by practice, just as a man learns to cobble a shoe, to play a pipe, or to turn a rhyme dexterously. We shall take this, therefore, for granted—The knowledge of a language is the acquirement of an art to be at-tained mainly by practice.—Mainly, we say, but not exclusively; for, no doubt, a professor of ana-tomy may teach a fair woman a fine carriage as well on osteological principles, as a drill-sergeant can by military practice. Science, indeed, is, in all matters, the perfecter of practice: but as many famous actors have trod the stage properly with-out having been minutely instructed in the machi-nery of the tibial and femoral bone; so many an eloquent mouth has learnt to speak powerfully in divers languages without any aid from grammar or syntax rules, and without the help of any dictionary also, perhaps, other than that which Don Juan had when he learned Greek from Hai-dee. A living dictionary, indeed, is always the best; and a grammar may always be dispensed with. For a grammar is, as we have said, neither more nor less than the anatomy of the thing; and as there is no question but you can walk, run, leap, dance, march, fight, and beat Napoleon, with-out anatomy, so you can as certainly learn a lan-guage without a grammar; and their own lan-guage, in fact, most people do so learn, and many who both speak and write very properly. But with regard to foreign languages, and especially the dead languages, a notion has prevailed that a portentous preparatory scaffolding of grammar is absolutely necessary towards any solid and lasting superstructure; a notion altogether false, and in practice most pernicious. Grammar is not useless to a student of language; nay, it is very useful when wisely used: but as mere mineralogical de-scriptions without minerals, can never teach a man mineralogy; so a system of rules about words,—without *a previous* stock of words to which these rules may be applied,—can never teach a man language. In all practical arts, while to evolve principles from the facts as the facts gradually become known, is natural and pleasant,—to learn the principles without the facts is unnatural and hard: unnatural, because these principles have no real existence independent of the facts or matter with which they are in living nature embodied and interwoven; hard, because every unnatural ap-plication of the mind is hard and harsh, as many a grammar-school boy can testify.

Languages are to be learned mainly by prac-

tice.—This principle being fixed, the next step is to ascertain what is the practice of NATURE in the matter. How do little children learn languages? By what mystery do the innocent lips that at first found enough ado to suck as healthy children ought, learn to articulate MAMMA and PAPA, and to apply certainly these full-lipped and broad-throated vocal enunciations, to certain familiar and fixed persons of a pleasing aspect, by whose presence they are daily and hourly environed? 'Tis a very simple matter; but a matter, like all the great primal truths of existence, the neglect of which, in the study of languages, has puzzled many a hopeful scholar, and perplexed many a famous pedagogue. *It is by the continual and persevering repetition of a certain sound, in plain, palpable, and direct connexion with a certain known and familiar object, that a child learns both to understand first one word of a language and then another when spoken, and to speak them with understanding.* These two processes in the art of learning a language are cotemporaneous on the part of the child; first, the continual hearing of a certain sound pronounced in connexion with a certain known object; and then the continual imitation or echoing of that sound, in self-perfecting phrase, by its own organ. The same process may be observed in persons of advanced years; as when a young midshipman enters a ship, he learns the slang or peculiar language of the sailors by hearing it continually repeated, and continually echoing what he hears; so a student at the University learns the University slang; and a student of theology the theological slang, Puseyite or Presbyterian as the chance may be; so a lawyer learns the legal slang, which is very bad; a newsmonger the newspaper slang, which is worse; and a writer in critical Reviews the critical slang, which is the worst of all. By the institution of Nature, therefore, it appears, that to learn a language easily and profitably, a person must be put into an echo-chamber, so to speak, of constantly repeated sounds, and remain in that atmosphere for a certain considerable period, more or less according to his capacity of perception and imitation, till these sounds, in connexion with the things of which they are the symbols, have become a habitual and customary part of his associations; and every artificial or imitative system of teaching languages must be good or bad, according as its machinery approaches to or recedes from this original norm which Nature has set up. These principles being premised, we may proceed to state, in detail, the practical rules of teaching which they necessarily beget.—

In the first place, then, one thing is plain, that if we would follow the method of Nature in her practice, we must begin our study of a language at a point where many people think we ought to end, and whereto many great linguists never attain,—that is to say, with talking it—and talking just as children do when they begin to speak, first one word and then another, not grammatically at all, but blundering straight on, not without frequent tripping and stumbling, as we best can, and helping ourselves with signs to complement the deficiency that will for some time characterize our vocabulary. Many persons, especially those who have been accustomed to move only with much labour where the grammar has made a trigonometrical survey before them, will not understand this precipitous procedure, and will, wisely as they deem, be afraid to venture a step on such a headlong path, for fear of breaking their shins; but it is, nevertheless, both the surest and the speediest way, and the way commonly practised by all who learn language as it is naturally learned from living masters and among living men—not from dead grammars and dusty dictionaries. Get, therefore, some one to talk with—a native, or at least a person naturalized in the country—and make him tell you the names of all the common things you see, and give you a small capital to begin with, of the most common and necessary phrases of every-day life—as for instance, (supposing you are studying German,) *wein*—wine; *wasser*—water; *glas*—a glass; *gieb*—give. *Gieb mir ein glas wein*—give me a glass of wine. These phrases repeat as often as you possibly can, holding imaginary conversations where real ones fail—just as children are taught to say *mamma* and *papa* twenty times a-day or more, till they are perfect—and in the course of a few weeks you will find you have made astonishing progress in the art of conversing, on common subjects, in the strange tongue. And this too, be it borne in mind, even though you are as rude of letters in all respects, and as ignorant of books as a mere child; for it is by the ear that language properly comes, and not by the eye; as the example of many a Betty or Sarah who has gone to Carlsbad or Baden, with master and mistress,

To bouze the drumly German waters,

sufficiently shows. For, while master and mistress hear nothing but French and English from the fashionable society that frequent the baths, and return from their German tour as guiltless of a Teutonic guttural as the most native cockney of Cockaigne, Betty, on the other hand, has heard the native dialect from the mouths of native grooms and chambermaids, and has, with very little perceptible trouble, in three months, acquired a more practical command of a language of which she knows not a single printed letter, than many a famous scholar has done by solitary study in three years. So easy and profitable always is it to follow the plan of Nature in all our proceedings. But what shall honest people do, who are not servants to great travelling lords and ladies, and who have no pence to carry them to Hamburg or Berlin? a young merchant, for instance, living in Liverpool or Dundee, and ambitious to acquire the dialect of the Teuts. We say what we said before, let him get a person and talk with him—and let him get a good phrase-book to save his master, or his foreign friend, trouble, and to enrich the vocabulary. This, you perceive, is a step beyond the simple plan of Nature in teaching children, which we sketched: for here we have got not only talking men to imitate, but written books; not spoken sounds merely, but visible sounds—so miraculous and sense-transmuting is the wit of man;—as by

similar transmuting power we have now at ength got tangible sounds also, and bibles which he blind man literally reads!—But still books r visible sounds, wonderful as they are, and like eeds which bear increase a hundred-fold to the ower, are yet only of secondary use in the acuirement of language, and can never render the earing ear, and the speaking tongue dispensable; nuch less can they pretend to stand alone. A man nay, by the help of books, learn a language well nough, in a fashion, to the effect of reading written books; but not to the effect of knowing, in its ital fulness, in its blood, bone, muscle, and play f healthy colour, any language that has a life in t. A dead language, accordingly, learned only rom books, can never be *thoroughly* learned. A iving master, therefore, by the natural method of eaching languages, we hold to be indispensable; nd to masters, accordingly, most people betake hemselves. It is only lamentable to see how, rom vain self-sufficiency on the one hand, and ur want of normal schools on the other, so many eople undertake to instruct youth in the elements f strange tongues, who are utterly unable to do hat for which a master is in the first place, and in he second place, and in the third place desirable —viz., to talk the language. For a good master f languages ought daily, and hourly if possible, to e to his pupils that which papa and mamma are o the child, when they are supplying it with its irst and most indispensable stock of enunciated deas. And this remark applies not merely to eachers of the living languages—in whom inability o talk the tongue they profess is less excusable nd less common—but in an especial manner to eachers of what are, or are called, the *dead* lanuages. The time was—scarce one hundred years go, we guess, in this country—when the Latin anguage was taught in the natural and proper ray, by talking and discoursing as well as by eading; and to the present day it is so taught, we elieve, in well-ordered Catholic colleges. But for he most part, in this nineteenth century, Latin, nd Greek also (which latter is certainly anything ut a dead language) are taught in a most painful nd perverse manner, by grammars and dictionries and books only, to the utter neglect of the atural method; according to which, as we have hown, the knowledge of language comes by the ar, not by the eye. No wonder, therefore, that ith such mighty preparation, and blowing of lassical trumpets, we produce such insignificantly mall results. They labour for ten years, in Engand, to produce a Greek scholar; and when, out f every fifty seedlings, they succeed in rearing one o some respectable altitude, they present you with creature who, that he may be able curiously to ibble at the shell of the past, has altogether dised his natural stomach to digest the substantial ernel of the present; and who, with that superitious prostration of soul which characterizes the tudent of the mere letter, finds nothing better to o with his Greek, when he has it, than, out of the nd drivel of some doting old father, to plaster up bastard Christianity of priestly pedigrees—a weet-smelling savour in the nostrils of modern bishops. Now this, we say, is a pitiful result; but it is just such a result as might have been expected from the pedantic system of which it is the offspring. If a sensible man wants good Greek, let him go to Athens for it, and not to Oxford. Let him make acquaintance there with intelligent natives, read native newspapers, and hear native talk of all kinds daily and hourly. We pledge ourselves to the result. With tolerable application, he will make a better Greek scholar, by this natural method, in ten months, (and at a less expense too,) than the scholastic method of grammars and dictionaries, practised in our British schools and universities, will make him in ten years. The fact is, Greek is not worth the pains at present bestowed upon it, when studied scholastically and as a dead language. If a man cannot go to Athens for his Greek, in the way we suggest, or bring over an intelligent native to this country to talk with, (which, we guess, he could do at a much less expense than an English university education entails,) then, unless some strong practical necessity presses him, we say, he had better let Greek alone. One may be a very good Christian, and a very wise philosopher, without breaking his shins obliquely over a Dochmiac strophe in Æschylus, or knowing any more about Homer than what he can learn faithfully from Cowper or John Henry Voss.

The idea of learning Greek and Latin in the natural way, by talking them, and by frequent oral discourses, will no doubt appear preposterous to some in principle, and to many, who may agree with the principle, in practice impossible. With the first set of objectors we shall not argue, but leave them to settle the matter for themselves with that all-wise system of Nature against whose established rule they rebel. To the second set of objectors we say, that so long as there are no normal schools for language-masters in this country, and nothing has been done to train the great part of our classical scholars to any practical dexterity in the natural system of teaching what are called the dead languages—so long it is not lawful for a man, with muscle in his arm, to talk of impossibilities. For ourselves, we believe most firmly, that with masters trained to speak Greek and Latin fluently in a well organised normal school, our young men would learn a practical command of these languages in six months, such as they now seldom attain in six years. And this, above all things, we insist on, that GREEK IS A LIVING AND NOT A DEAD LANGUAGE; and that to acquire it with the lumbering laboriosity of dead grammars and dictionaries only, according to the present practice, is a procedure more perverse in principle, and more pernicious in practical results, than anything that the records of pedagogy exhibit. As to Latin, if you call that a *dead* language, you speak certainly with more propriety than when you apply that designation to the language of Homer and Corai, which are one; but, philosophically speaking, Latin is not a dead language in the same sense that the old Phœnician language and the old Etruscan are dead languages; for these languages, were they known to us now as well as Latin and Greek are, would be languages which, in the history of the

world, had undergone *a total practical extinction*; whereas Latin was at no time altogether extinct in history, but remained in practical activity for ecclesiastical, and for public and scientific purposes, contemporaneously with the other languages, commonly called the languages of Modern Europe, which gradually superseded it for popular purposes. Latin became a dead language only the other day in Hungary, when the National Diet passed an act, allowing the Magyar to be used for parliamentary purposes; and in the church of Rome, Latin has always lived, and lives at the present hour certainly, and will live unquestionably in no dry old age, as long as the Pope lives, and the Puseyites. What hinders us, then, to teach Latin to-day, in as fluent, vigorous, and practical a style, as they did in the days of George Buchanan and Hugo Grotius?—Nothing but bookish pedantry, we say, and slothful prejudice, and that which hinders all grand educational progress in this country—WANT OF SOUL, AND WANT OF SYSTEM. Our system of classical education, altogether, is like an old watch that has been allowed to go nine minutes slow every day, and an hour every week, and more than two days at the end of the year, and at the end of ten years more than twenty days, and so on; till, after a century is past, the Conservative old time-teller is months behind the date. In proportion as the facilities of learning Latin in a natural manner, without the walls of schools and colleges, decreased, the machinery within should have increased, both in intensity of power and in wise application of that power; but the professors, and the tutors, and the schoolmasters, were no miracle-workers; and there being no normal schools, such as were absolutely necessary to set the thing in a proper train, the fluent and ready use of the Latin tongue, even within the walls of universities, and in the lecture-rooms of professed teachers of that language, was lost. No attempt was made to institute, much less to maintain, in vigorous and healthy action, a familiar ECHO-CHAMBER of learned sounds, such as the natural system points out; and boys were set, and *are* set, in solitary corners, with grammar and dictionary in hand, painfully to feel and finger their way through classical darkness by erudite commentary made visible: and there they sit with most commendable diligence certainly—(poor fellows!)—through much tribulation of pen, ink, and paper, tallow candles and blinking eyes, acquiring to themselves the name of scholars with the small solatium of bursaries and fellowships glimmering indistinctly in the distance. No wonder that out of twenty hopeful youths that set out on this classical progress, nineteen stick fast for a while in the slough of despond, and then make their best way back again, from Cæsar and Cicero to the profane and pleasant paths of the circulating library and the last new novel. No wonder that learning is hated in this country, and classicality odious, when you give an ingenuous youth literally stones to eat for bread; and, tying his feet up in a pair of scholastic skates, send him off pitifully to hash his way through snow and slush, while the Queen's highway is at hand, and one may walk to better purpose there with a pair of common shoes. Oh, that Milton would stand up now from the grave, and preach loudly against these things, as he did two hundred years ago!*

The perversity of the present system of teaching the dead languages—by the eye only, that is to say, and not by the ear—will be made more abundantly manifest by an example from the detail of modern practice. The reader knows that one main characteristic of these languages, as distinguished from the modern, lies in the intimate connexion in which they stand to music; insomuch that, while the most sublime and solemn passages in Shakspeare must, according to the laws of English speech, be pronounced with something of the rapid run which belongs to familiar colloquy, the most common and conversational parts of Æschylus have something in them of that measured and stately character which belongs to the highest genus of cathedral chant. In other words, the quantity of syllables, as long or short, and the structure of poetical rhythm in strict and marked accordance therewith, is a main matter in ancient poetry; in modern poetry only secondary.—Now, what follows from this as a necessary difference in the methods of teaching the ancient and modern languages? Plainly this—that if it would mar the effect of many a good verse and many a good rhyme to teach an English boy to pronounce *press* short, as if it were written *press*, it must substantially annihilate the rhythmical principle on which all ancient poetry is constructed, if we allow a boy to say *cáinăss*, or *cáwnăss*, instead of *cánnaws*, which is unquestionably the true pronunciation of the Latin *canas*, the accent being on the first syllable, but the quantitative extension on the second, as in the English word *empire*. Nevertheless, the classical masters of this country (many of them at least) teach Latin in this way, making no perceptible difference of pronunciation between *ŏvis*—of a sheep,—and *ōvis*, with eggs,—though the one has the quantity of two quavers, and the other that of two crotchets. But the absurdity does not stop here: this rather is merely a bad habit: the perversity is yet to be mentioned. Will it be believed?—after allowing the ear to educate itself altogether to a false habit, (for the English analogy will almost universally lead to a mispronunciation of Latin,) they force the eye and the understanding by a system of painfully barbarous grammar rules to take up the right habit; and thus, instead of helping the one sense to assist the other, (as the Greeks did so admirably when they invented a different character for the long O) they set the eye to undo daily what the ear is daily, and hourly, and yearly doing; and after fighting this most unnatural of all battles stoutly for several years the combatant becomes a learned PROSODIAN! Was anything so monstrous ever heard? Every boy hates Prosody; and, in hating it heartily, shows a great deal more sense than his master does in teaching it. For the pronunciation of a language is not to be learned by dry abstract rules, but by the living habit of sound; and it is one of the main uses of a master of language to watch narrowly, and never to allow a false pronunciation

* See his letter to *Hartlib*.

ence made to be repeated, and thus grow up into a practice which it will be difficult to unlearn. Where the pronunciation of a language can be reduced to rules, it is a profitable thing, certainly, for the teacher to make a system of such rules; but it is most impertinent in him to give these merely written rules to the learner, instead of his own living example, which ought to be much more vivid and effectual; and which, if he knows his trade, will, in fact, be sufficient of itself to form the ear of the common scholar, leaving the whole cumbrous lore of the Prosodians from Hephaestion down to the last edition of Carey, as a matter of occasional reference merely to the classical laity, and of curious and recondite study to the academical clergy. Most certain it is, that as our best English speakers are often those who have made the least use of Walker, who have acquired a correct pronunciation, by practice merely,—so Prosody, which is now the most difficult, might be made the most easy department of scholarship, if the classical master would merely act upon that simplest proposition with which we set out—viz., that the learning of a language is an art to be acquired by the training of the ear, not a science to be understood by the indoctrination of the understanding.

So much for the ancient languages. We shall now make some remarks on the conduct of linguistical study, with a view to show how the general system which we have pointed out may be best carried out in practical detail. First then, it is clear, that pronunciation is a leading thing in the natural method of acquiring languages; and that, accordingly, if a fellow goes through the country with sounding advertisements and letters of recommendation, boasting to give a complete course of German instruction in six lessons, that man is a quack. He may, indeed, in six lessons, or in three, if he please, raise up a complete scaffolding of the principal abstract schemes and rules of grammar: but practically he will do almost nothing; for in attending to rules, neither he nor his scholars will have any leisure left for that continuous and long continued practice, by which alone the living sounds of language can be made familiar to the ear. Let the teacher, therefore, on the very first day, commence reading before his scholars, and teaching them even the shape and power of the letters of the alphabet *by living example;* for he is not entitled (as is too often done) to throw all the labour off his own shoulders, and say at once to the scholar, "Go to your grammar, at such and such a page, and get such and such a rule by heart, and then come and repeat it to me." The master must act, in the first place, exegetically as a living, speaking, and incarnated grammar; and the scholar must not be discouraged in the outset, by being sent into a corner to learn from a dumb book in an abstract shape, what it is the very proper business of the master to present to him in the totality of its living completeness, and clad with all the freshness of its natural hues. The master must speak and read from the very first—and not only so, but cause what he speaks and reads (beginning, of course, with the most short, easy, and familiar sentences) to be got by heart on the spot, and boldly reëchoed back by his scholars,—so that they shall learn the art of *using* the language in some measure the very first day; *even before they are perfectly familiar with the written characters*, if these be different from those used in their native tongue. We say the scholar must be taught boldly and without hesitation to echo back *on the spot* what he hears; for if he does not begin at first with a certain broad, bold, blundering confidence, he may twirl grammar rules about his fingers for months, and make no satisfactory progress. Mark well the words—a broad, bold, *blundering* confidence. BLUNDERING; for in the urgent practical movements of the human being, the man who begins with being too proud to stumble, will end in being too stiff to move. And this is a point on which we insist with peculiar emphasis—from having found in practice no greater impediment to the speedy acquirement of a foreign language, than that want of confidence, which may be nervousness or an ingenuous timidity in many cases; but in as many, certainly, is only a specious name for pride. You will not begin by speaking the language, because you are afraid of making a blunder, and committing an unpardonable sin against some solemn grammar rule, with whose requirements you are not yet acquainted. And then you are afraid some skilful person may laugh at your incompetency. Pshaw!—Who expects you to march like an old Roman senator, when you are only learning to stand, and must help yourself by creeping? And if impudent people will laugh at you, learn you to laugh at them again. It is one of the most useful and necessary lessons of life. It is, in fact, with the element of speech, as with that of water; not weight, but fear, sinks the swimmer. Blunder on, therefore, we repeat it, with a broad confidence; and learn to stand as the child does practically, by learning not to fall. And to encourage your early attempts, we would prescribe an exercise from the first, in which you cannot possibly blunder. Let your master read to you every day some pretty rhyme or other, containing a striking image, a beautiful sentiment, or a profound thought; and let him, at the same time, tell you the meaning of the whole and of every word: then repeat it yourself after him, once and again, till you have perfectly mastered its pronunciation and cadence. Then get the stanza by heart to-day, and repeat it to-morrow, reciting it with as much fulness of tone and propriety of emphasis as you can manage. And so on for six months at least without remission; for without great and continuous labour Jove gave nothing to mortals, least of all, the knowledge of languages.

But where have we left the grammar and the dictionary all this while? Are we really so insane as to dream that doctor or disciple can get on without them? or are we, perhaps, Hamiltonian in our notions, and would advise the use of an interlinear translation? No!—neither Hamiltonian nor Oxonian, nor any other name of any pedantic or empirical extreme, which, with one half of a great truth, runs away and rides to the devil, while the

other half is left behind, like the poor Samaritan, where no Pharisee will help it, in the ditch. Honour be to all makers of grammars and dictionaries, (the most laborious species of much-labouring men,) if they would only make the one in some cases more concise, and the other in all cases more complete! Let us state, therefore, shortly here, how the master and scholar are to use them. Now, in regard to these great implements of language-learning it will be evident, from the scope of the preceding remarks, that we consider the two great practical blunders in the use of them to be, FIRST, the substitution of these dead repositories altogether, as of primary importance, into the place of that of which they are merely the imperfect and stereotyped echo; and, SECOND, the sending the unaided pupil to grope and grabble his way by the help of them only, at a period of his progress when he can use them but with small profit and with much tribulation. We would say, therefore, let only the most necessary forms and paradigms of noun, verb, and pronoun be learned by heart from the grammar in the outset; and let the pupil not be left (as is too often the case, by the indolence or perversity of the master) to impress these necessary forms upon his memory from the grammar only, as an independent and separate business; but let the master commence with the reading of the first lessons, and, along with a correct pronunciation, take special care to bring before the pupil, in living examples, as they occur, the most common forms of noun and verb and pronoun; and, while he does this, let him never remit, according to a hint already given, to cause the pupil to repeat some short sentence, involving some single grammatical form, with a clear voice, on the spot. By pursuing this system for some time, *the grammar will in fact be practically educed by the teacher from the living body of the language, and forced upon the scholar by the daily echoing of living sounds*, differing from the body of sounds with which the spoken intercourse of life brings us into connexion, only in this,—that the sounds are made to bear upon the memory of the scholar in a certain convenient succession wisely calculated by a scientific teacher. With regard to the other matters which grammars usually contain beyond the most necessary forms of declension and conjugation, they ought certainly to be let alone, till a period when the scholar has attained considerable progress both in reading the language, and in understanding it when read; and then, haply, he will find that he has now learned, insensibly, by practice, all that is essentially useful of that which the most laborious systematic study *previous to the practice* would have failed to hammer into his mind.

Let us illustrate this by an example:—It is a common thing to hear students of German complain of the exceeding difficulty of what, according to the common arrangement of the grammar certainly, are some of the most elementary parts of that language. They complain that there is no rule for the gender of the nouns, that Noehden's four declensions bring only an *apparent* order into the multifarious perplexity of the variations of case and number, and that the four forms of the adjective, as standing singly, coupled with a noun, with a definite, or with an indefinite article (a thing unheard of in any other language) are, to say the least of them, extremely tantalising to a beginner. Let this be so. All these things are very tantalizing to a *beginner*. But what necessity is there that a beginner should have anything to do with them at all? They stand there, indeed, in front of the grammar, most formidable, seeming to speak to the trembling disciple in the language of sheer despair, like the inscription which Dante read on Hell-gate—*Lasciate ogni speranza voi che intrate!* —and many boys at famous classical schools have, no doubt, at an early period despaired of Latinity, by having been prematurely plagued with things of a like nature. But the learner of the language, under the direction of a sensible teacher, has nothing whatever to do cramming himself in an abstract shape with a preparatory doze of matters, which the smooth and agreeable course of practice will afterwards shuffle into his hands abundantly, whether he will or no. If you know, for example, that *Band* in German means a volume, you have got the main thing, you have got the word for the idea; get as many of these radical words as you can, and as speedily as possible; but don't encumber your first outset with the anxious concern whether it be DER *Band* or DAS *Band*, masculine or neuter in gender, and whether the plural be *Die Bände*, or *die Bänder*. You can use a master, and use a dictionary, and use your tongue also, in a manner, without having previously learned a minute accuracy, in all points, of gender and declension. Don't vex yourselves with grammar rules, but blunder on, as we said before. *Ox. Oxes?* Well, that is an error! it should be *Oxen!*—but you don't require to learn this *before* reading or speaking the language; but *by* reading it.

Thus much for the use of the grammar. A word now on dictionaries, and private reading, and on the Hamiltonian system—for all these things hang together. As for dictionaries, though we have all along protested against a lazy or pedantic teacher leaving his scholar to quarry out his stock of vocables from them merely or mainly; yet there is no doubt they are of infinite use in the very first motions of the scholar, and for the prosecution of private reading altogether indispensable. The master, therefore, so soon as he perceives that the memory has got a substantial hold of the main forms of noun and verb, should instruct the pupil minutely in the art of using the dictionary; that is to say, should make him familiar with the common forms of prefix and affix, whereby the root is modified; and at the same time put in his hand, for frequent private repetition, a convenient list of such irregular forms of flection as the dictionary does not present in alphabetical order. So instructed, let the student gird himself lustily to the task (for a task it will be at first) of private reading; and for this purpose let him choose a book that he can read with interest and pleasure; and read, day after day, without intermission, two or three hours at least, continuously. The more the

oung scholar reads, and the more incessantly the etter. Every day intermitted is two days lost. n the study of language, as in many other studies,) halt is to go backward. Why do the boys who udy Latin and Greek in our schools and colleges ake such pitiful progress? Not only because, s we have already shown, they are not made to ceive those languages by the natural inlet of the ar by means of speech and discourse, but because, t that early age, they are incapable of carrying n a continued course of attractive reading in the nguages which they are set to acquire. And this ads us to conclude, that the present system of aching Greek and Latin to mere BOYS, as prac-ised in the English schools, and in the Scottish hools and universities, is altogether a mistake. oung people of a very tender age may take up a reign language very readily, when they have a erson near them continually to repeat the foreign hrase, and to help them on with some pleasing ading suited to their capacity; but boys who re set to learn Latin and Greek according to the resent system, both want a master that can so ach, and a book that can so be read. We are f opinion, therefore, that the study of the learned nguages ought (except in a few peculiar cases) ot to be commenced till the higher functions of ncy and feeling begin to stir, and a taste for terature and reading begins to bud in the soul. uch a stimulus only will spur a man on cheer-ully to encounter and manfully to overcome those bstacles, which, as pedagogy is at present consti-uted, stands in the way of all knowledge of the ead languages which is not mere spelling of ords and poising of syllables.

On the Hamiltonian system, and the method of nterlinear translations, much need not be said. f it could be proved that the interlinear transla-ions enabled the student, within a certain time, o master a greater number of words thoroughly, hen of course the use of such translations were to e recommended. But it is plain, that the mean-ng of many words cannot be fully learned from he sense in which they occur in one particular lace of a writing. Some explanation will, in most ases, be necessary to bring before the student the rimary idea of the word, of which idea its use in ny particular passage is a mere modification. ow, if this explanation must be given, why should ou prefer giving it in a note which only serves ne special passage, to giving it in a book of con-enient reference, which contains that word in all ts varieties, and every other word of the language —is in fact a collected system of notes for all the ooks in the language?—It must not be forgotten, noreover, that the consulting of the dictionary is continual and most useful practical exercise in he forms and flections of all words, but especially f the numerous sort of derivative and compound ords that make up the bulk of a language. Be-ides, does not the human mind require to stir p its energy, and formally gird itself to any reat undertaking? And is the Hamiltonian sys-em not rather apt to set the student asleep?—On he other hand, it is plain, that boys in grammar chools, are often set to handle dictionaries from which it is practically impossible for their capacity to fish out the proper meaning of words. For persons of a tender age a special vocabulary for each book, and a set of wisely selected notes, seem absolutely necessary.

We say, therefore, that to talk of dispensing with a dictionary is a dream, and the dream of a very superficial person. But in order that the pupil may, in as speedy a way as possible, get the command of a fair number of vocables, we go back to our living machinery of an ECHO-CHAMBER, and suggest that the master should, at an early period of the course, commence reading to his pupils a series of short discourses or lectures in the language to be acquired. Of these it will be necessary for the teacher, for the first week or two, to give a previous explanation in English to the student: but afterwards it will be sufficient to furnish him with a list of the more difficult words and their meanings on the day previous to the lecture; and the student having carefully committed these to memory, will find himself in a condition to follow the whole discourse, at first with difficulty, but after a few trials, with the most perfect ease. This plan, viewed as a means of lightening the labour of consulting the dictionary, will be found infinitely more natural and efficacious than the Hamiltonian system; for while it puts into the hand of the student directly (without the necessity of laborious quarrying and pioneering on his part) a number of the most common words of the language in their most common acceptation, it at the same time exercises his ear in the art of following the spoken tongue; a matter of the first practical importance, though in scholastic methods of teaching often the last thing attended to, and in not a few cases altogether neglected.

We have said nothing hitherto of written exercises; and we have placed them last for a plain reason, (not always sufficiently considered, however,) that *in the natural acquisition of language* FLUENCY *comes first and* ACCURACY *afterwards.*—Now, it is manifest that the end proposed to be achieved by written exercises is the attainment of accuracy; and if so, it is equally manifest that the nails must be there to pare before a man can pare them. To commence with written exercises, therefore, seems altogether a preposterous method, and tends merely to produce prematurely in the mind of the student a minute and nice anxiety about grammatical points more likely to hinder his progress than to advance it. It is a gross waste of time, moreover, to make a separate and distinct business of learning by the painful tentative iteration of the pen, those things which will flow into the ear spontaneously, by the assiduous use of a practical course such as we have recommended. Let the main thing, therefore, be, for six months to read as much of the written, and to hear as much of the spoken language as possible; and then writing will have some materials to work on, some model on which it may be formed; for to set boys to write Latin themes or "versions" by the help of grammars and dictionaries merely, is the most fruitless of all scholastic laboriosities. The only proper way to write a language is from direct imitation of a

written model, as we learn to speak by imitation of a speaking model. The master may accordingly proceed, as his pupils advance, after the delivery of a short lecture, to request them to put into their own language, and read or speak on the spot an epitome of what they have heard; and this practice, if wisely superintended by an assiduous teacher, will in a very short time be observed to have produced miracles,—not accuracy merely in the scholar, but what is of much greater importance, a firm practical hold, and a dexterous command of the tongue. Of course, in all these observations we premise, both that the pupil is determined to learn, and that the master is one who has learned the practical art of swimming in the language which he professes; for if he can only set stones with much preparation, and cross the stream at shallow places, the student must even betake himself to the toilsome but sure method of private study. READ! READ! READ! there is nothing else for it—read whatever your appetite affects, but especially poetry; for ancient verse, besides the meaning, teaches the quantity, as modern rhyme does both the accentuation and the pronunciation of a language.

We now conclude. If the reader has recognised any truth in the above remarks, he will be disposed to think with the writer, that the learning even of the most difficult languages is, or may be made, a much more easy and ready matter than many are apt to suppose. It requires no peculiar bump of the cranium, or intellectual idiosyncrasy, as some persons imagine. Any man who is not incurably lazy, or morbidly timid, may be taught to learn a foreign tongue just as he has learned his own. At the same time, let no mere talker deceive himself. Language is something more than a game: it is a building of words; and to build requires labour. No man can expect to make himself at home in a strange tongue without setting himself seriously to work; taking the outposts of the position by storm, so to speak. The road being clearly known, and the purpose seriously taken to make a journey, three things are necessary to achieve it: Confidence to begin, perseverance to go on, and determination to finish. Have these three: and while the most obvious language will not be learned without considerable labour, the most remote will present nothing that, to a man of ordinary diligence, shall appear a DIFFICULTY.

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. XI.—THE SONG OF NOVEMBER.

I.

ALONE, alone, through cold and plashy fields,
Weeping where none ask why; with soft concern,
Moaning with sadness which no pity shields,
And feeling love that never knows return,
I chant my song, and feather still the sheaves
Of Winter's arrows with my withered leaves,
Lone, withered leaves!
The song, alas! a mournful dirge must be,
Whose solemn burden is an elegy,
Leaves! withered leaves!

II.

Gone are the roses from the cottage walls,
Gone are the wild flowers from the rural way,
Gone fruit and perfume, gone the sun that calls
The whispering coppice to their peeping play:
My merry brothers, and my sisters fair,
Have only left me dreary fog to wear,
And withered leaves.
The robe I don—sad Melancholy's child—
Hung with the berries of the night-shade wild,
And withered leaves.

III.

In vain the gentle stock-dove comes to me,
In vain the buck and roe may wind my horn,
In vain the robin greets me cheerfully,
In vain I wake to life the buried corn;
The royston crow, decked in his plumage drear,
Wheels round the couch of the bed-ridden Year:
And withered leaves,
Borne on the eddies of the mourning wind,
Depress the spirits of all human kind;
Those withered leaves!

IV.

Yea; such men are: 'tis but a little while
Since these now blooming were but babies small;
And those then men, with haughty form and smile,
Are now all borne to earth, strength, pride, and all!
I, sad November, recollect them well
As buds—as blossoms—fruit:—and when they fell,
Poor withered leaves!
The living multitude danced careless by,
And left them rotting where they rotting lie;
Lone, withered leaves!

J. A. C.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Life in the West: Backwood Leaves and Prairie Flowers, &c. &c., ***and Sketches from the Note-Book of Morleigh in search of an Estate.*** Post 8vo, cloth. Pp. 363, with Lithographs. Saunders & Otley.

WE have here a clever harum-scarum account of a visit to the United States, which possesses the rare merit of brevity, and of a rapid and brilliant touch; and tells and indicates a great deal more of sense and nonsense than is sometimes found in three times the compass. The author, however, in his dread of wearying his readers, like some facetious companions, becomes occasionally tiresome from an excessive and unabating vivacity. A few papers, which have appeared in one of the periodicals, are somewhat violently thrust into the *Western* narrative; but as they help to beguile the tedium of the outward voyage, they must be forgiven. The author seems to have roughed it out among Squatters and Indians with great spirit and hardihood; and his adventures among the Lakes and prairies, while in search, real or pretended, of land—a *clearing*—an estate—exhibit as real a picture of "Life in the West" as we have yet seen. Without following him to the farthest bourne, we

select a specimen of his travels which will have some interest at home, as it paints the condition of different groupes of emigrants whom he encountered in Upper Canada. At Kingston, he relates,—

Fell in with a lot of Irish and Scotch emigrants; they had just completed some bright deal-board houses. The men were employed by the Government, and the women were washing their clothes and children. I asked several of them if they had bought any land; they said they had not, and betrayed most lamentable ignorance, not one of the lot knowing the name of the vast lake before them. But this did not surprise me much, as we have a wealthy Yorkshireman and his wife at our hôtel, as ignorant of the country as the babes in the wood. They bore us to death with stupid and unmeaning questions. They expect to find shingle palaces in the woods, and sugar trees, and apple trees, and peaches, and all sorts of fruit trees, and Indian corn, growing wild; and wild turkeys as easily caught as tame ones; and I verily believe, if a Yankee told them it rained "striped pig" in the back settlements, they would believe him—voyons, voyons.

In sailing on Lake Erie, our sketcher was the fellow-passenger of a westward-bound groupe, consisting of persons of different nations.

The boiler-deck is occupied by Dutch emigrants from the old country; they carry their beds and bedding along—pots, pans, and kettles—genuine campers out. The women, round and strong, dressed in good homespun linsey-woolsey, as happy as the day is long. Not so the English emigrants forward; they have neither beds nor bedding, nor cooking apparatus, nor utensils; to be sure they seem to have some heavy chests and trunks, but their baggage is all roped and nailed down as if they were never to be opened again; while the women, in tight printed-calico dresses and tight stays, looked washy and discontented. One young couple, from Lincolnshire, said they did not fear the ague, as they had both of them had the "hager" at home in the fens; another poor woman, from Somersetshire, had actually brought out her seven children, the eldest of them a girl of fourteen or fifteen, the rest young and feeble. She said she was going to join her husband, who was a stone-mason in good business at Madison, in Wisconsin. I asked her if she knew whereabouts Madison was; she answered, "Close to Lake Michigan, and near Chicago." Having purchased a map of Wisconsin, I soon undeceived her, and pointed out the nearest road to Madison, which is at least seventy miles inland from Lake Michigan. I was glad to find this poor woman profited by the hint, as I afterwards met her with her family at Madison.

The unlucky speculators whom our traveller encountered, far exceeded in number those who had prospered; though the prosperous men are not those who seek to sell their farms. The real or pretended quest of land brought him into contact with many strange characters. While at Chatham on the Thames, his host informed him of a famous farm for sale. He had already been frequently disappointed; but off again he set upon the hunt.

I started on foot, through the New Wood road, full of stumps, and logs, and other little impediments. The air was oppressively close, and the dense woods on either side echoed with the buzzing of musquitoes and flies; the occasional shrill note of a woodpecker varying at intervals the dull hum-drum of the insects. By the time I had walked about four miles, I felt as weary and depressed as if I had marched thirty; and, allured "by the smoke that so gracefully curled," deviated from the rough-hewn track, and entered the brush and stumps of a new settler.

A short distance from the road, I found a tall, gaunt, wild-looking man, presiding over or feeding a huge fire of logs and brushwood. Exposed alike to the heat of the fire and the rays of the sun, the man's face seemed half baked; but it was easy to see he had not been always a labourer. There was an energy almost amounting to impatience in his movements, and firm and contemptuous curling of the upper lip, which spoke the rage of the inward man, at the purgatorial state it was doomed to before its time.

"You seem to have a fatiguing job, my friend," said I, sitting down on a log, *sans ceremonie*.

The burner muttered some reply, which was lost in the hissing and crackling of the flames, as with half-averted face he continued his labours. Again I opened my fire, and inquired if he knew where the H——'s lived; this drew a more reasonable reply, and I soon learned the history of the man before me.

He was an Old Country man, of course; had been in affluent circumstances, married, outrun the constable—bankrupt. Creditors and friends raised a fund from the residue of his shattered fortunes, which enabled him to emigrate with his wife and six children—a disastrous voyage—delays at Quebec and Montreal—illness of his wife and children—arrival in the land of promise—capital all expended *en route*. Rented a house in the town; went into the woods to look for his lot, got fever and ague, and finally got into the hands of a speculator, who rented or let him the same wood lot for four years—conditions hard enough, clearing land for another man in the midst of a wilderness, with permission to sell fire-wood to his neighbours; to mend the matter, his log-house was burnt one night, and one of his children injured.

He pointed to a hovel which had escaped my notice; he said his family lay there at night—at present they were "out in the woods, looking for berries to satisfy their hunger," and concluded a chapter of accidents by revealing a deep ulcer in one of his legs. A tree had fallen upon him when he first began to wield the axe; he was alone in the woods, and was jammed down under the tree for the best part of a day, his leg miserably crushed; sores and ulcers formed, which he could not heal."

"By my sole exertions I have built up another log-house," said the poor fellow; "the rude walls are standing, but the most difficult part of the job, the roofing-in, I despair of completing before the winter."

Pondering upon the hapless lot of this unhappy man I wended my way across a rough corduroy road and rude attempt at a log-bridge, over a vile, stinking pond or slough, redolent in marsh miasma, and putrid air, and swarms of flies. A little beyond this romantic piece of ornamental water, I found my farm, or the sixty acres of clearing in woods, which I had walked so far to see. This farm had been cleared by the united exertions of three brothers—Old Country men, of course; they had expended, according to their own showing, about one thousand pounds already; they had oxen, and farm-servants, and horses, and cows, and a loggery and small frame-house; in short, it was easy to see how they had expended their money. As yet the ground was as full of stumps as ever it could stick—beech, butter-nut, oak, hemlock, and some pine. They thought they had done wonders; for my own part, when I looked at the dense wall of forest which surrounded their little clearing, I thought by the time they had cleared the half of their five hundred acres, they would sink, sore and sorry old men. They dug wells for water once a-week at least, and let their cattle live on browse in the woods.

All they asked for their land, cleared and uncleared, was six hundred pounds, with which they said they would move into the home district. They were bachelors to boot, and wanted wives.

"Why don't ye go into Chatham," said I, "and take wives from that flourishing little town?"

"The Chatham girls look very high, and give themselves so many airs," said one.

"And they have no fortunes," said another.

"And the girls think they are fortunes in themselves in the country," said a third.

I wished these fortune-hunters good evening, and wished they might find young ladies with fortunes, romantic enough to prefer the solitude of their log-cabin, and log road, stump fields, and sweet piece of water, to the busy "hum of life," and a chance of sometimes see-

ing a new face, even in that outskirt of civilisation—Chatham.

The next survey was sixteen miles from Chatham, and he still had no better luck.

We halted upon the banks of the river, and forthwith walked through some well-cleared fields, backed by heavily timbered woods of black walnut and white oak. The fields of grass and weeds told a tale of misery and woe: the proprietor of the farm had been compromised in the late troubles; had fled into Michigan. His farm lay neglected, and he wanted to sell it. As the property was not actually confiscated, I thought it worth looking at. There were two good log-houses on the premises, one of which had been very unceremoniously taken possession of by an Irish family, who, in the plenitude of laziness and power, were using up the adjacent barn for fuel; besides the frontage to the Thames, this farm was well watered by a small creek running into the Thames through masses of fallen timber. The banks of the river were covered with wild gooseberry trees, laden with fruit, of which we ate, together with wild currants, strawberries, and chokecherries.

"This is the spot for a man with some capital," said my whip, waxing eloquent as he satisfied his appetite with wild fruit. "This is the wholesome place—far better than Chatham," continued he; "and if you really want a farm, you may speed farther and fare worse. I would advise you, Sir," said he, "to lose no time about concluding the bargain; for, after all, who knows but the owner may put it up to auction, and then it will bring twice as much as he asks."

Instead of taking this kind advice, the purchaser started for *London* by the "London Mail," which just then came in sight; a lumbering spring-wagon, laden with featherbeds and boxes.

"Do you call this lumbering wagon the mail?" said I, same time pointing to a grand placard upon a barn door, announcing the fares and hours of departure of the royal mail, headed with a woodcut of a fine open coach full of ladies and gentlemen, and drawn by horses at full gallop.

"Mail's ready to start," said the coachee, tucking up his long blouse; and, pulling out a tin trumpet, he favoured us with a whine, groan, and squeak, swinish enough to have roused all the pigs in the parish.

The host asked us into his parlour, and while his wife prepared dinner, he served up a dish of personal adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes, not unfrequently met with in the backwoods. He was an American born, of an enterprising turn; had travelled far—been to the western country—the far west; spoke loudly about the flat-foot Indians, the Crows, Sauks, and Foxes; passed lightly over that part of his eventful history that wafted him from the far side of the Mississippi, with his wife and daughter, to his present location as tavern-keeper in Upper Canada. He merely rented the tavern and a few acres; the situation was picturesque, and he had improved the place: his garden, his melon patch, his Indian corn, his onions, his beans—everything seemed flourishing.

"Have you seen Prince since you arrived?" he inquired of my whip.

"Noa," replied the whip; "but I hopes he 's well."

"Come and see him," replied the host, as he led the way into a small yard, and, lifting up his voice, hallooed, 'Prince, Prince, my Prince! come out, come out! and, smile upon your humble visiters."

A grunt was the response; and presently forth marched a round corn-fed Berkshire boar, turning up his snout most disdainfully, while the host presented his majesty with a handful of green-corn cobs.

Notwithstanding the favourable appearance, considerable elevation above the Thames, and some old cleared farms in the vicinity, the host assured me the country was far from being healthy. "We have suffered more sickness since we have been here," said he, "than I ever experienced in the States. We have had fevers of all sorts; my eldest boy is only just recovering from a congestive fever. My wife and daughter have had fever and ague here; I myself, with all my partiality to this place," continued he, "have almost resolved to quit it. Every summer I am attacked with a fever, which hangs about me; and even now I am not free from it; the slightest scratch on the skin festers and becomes a sore immediately. Look at my foot: my great toe, chafed a little by a tight shoe, has swollen as big as my fist, and I am forced to limp about in this old slipper. You saw that young woman who attended you at dinner: I brought her here in rude health from Detroit; now she is sickly enough to be a burden, instead of a help. Ho! Matildiana; how is your head, gal?"

"Better, sir," responded the maid.

"What are you doing, gal?"

"Lying down on the bed; I felt pretty ugly just now."

"Well, stay quiet, gal, and I'll give you oil by and by; that will make you pretty smartish, I guess."

This dialogue between master and maid did not restore my confidence in the salubrity of the country.

The following piece of good advice to emigrants may not be wholly thrown away:—

The town of Goderich stands on a high bank, above the lake; it has a bleak and exposed appearance; and, as at Chatham, I felt inclined to exclaim against the building mania that seems to possess Old Country people. Instead of establishing themselves in the woods, they expend their capital upon houses and stones in the town, and, so far from improving their condition by emigration, they are frequently worse off in those new colonial towns, than in the old established towns at home. For my own part, I cannot conceive what the people would be at—huddling together, bag and baggage, into every bit of cleared swamp, cut up, gridiron-wise, into streets and lanes, in which the poor devils purchasing lots are invited to build houses, and establish another thriving new town. If people must, and will live together like a swarm of bees in a hive, they ought to thrust themselves into the midst of Manchester, Birmingham, or London, where they may enjoy all the bustle of life, and be fooled to the top of their bent, without running the risk of crossing the Atlantic in a rotten vessel, and seeking society in the back woods of North America. The winters are said to be very severe here, especially when the winds sweep over the half-frozen lake.

Our traveller chanced to be at Detroit when the Erie steamer was burnt on Lake Erie on her passage up the lake. One of the few survivors of that dreadful accident gave an account of the catastrophe. There were many German and Swiss emigrants on board; of whom he told, that "they began to jump overboard like sheep; and as fast as they got into the water, the paddle-wheels made mash of them."

He described the most heart-rending scenes—women tying children round them—young men and girls jumping overboard, hand-in-hand. Finally, he scrambled upon part of the paddle-box, and jumped into the water, so as to escape from the wheel. Fortunately, he could swim; struck out from the burning mass, and got hold of a floating bench, on which he rested, while he saw the Erie, like a floating volcano, wheel round in her mad career, and return in his direction. This he described as being the most horrible part of the affair. To avoid being run down and crushed, he was forced to abandon his plank, and swim, for a long time, till he found the boat keel, with several people clinging to it; he held on also, and saw the Erie sweep past, like a mass of fire, while shrieks, and groans, and yells, told that some miserable wretches were still alive. It is said, two hundred souls, men, women, and children, perished in this dreadful manner. The poor Swiss little calculated upon such a sad catastrophe, when they left their own wild hills and lovely lakes, enduring all the hardship and fatigue of a long sea voyage, to perish thus so miserably, in sight of their land of promise.

Wisconsin had attracted the fancy of the farm or land-

hunter; and on his search, he arrived at Chicago, boasted of as "the capital of the Western world;" where he was immediately attacked by a genuine land-agent.

Sundry maps, plans, and prospectuses, having caught my eye in a flashy store window, I halted, and a smart man, in a tight brown frock, black satin stock, and sandy whiskers, invited me to enter his office and inspect his maps, &c., at leisure. He introduced himself as Captain ——, land-agent, &c., wished he could induce me to settle in the country, expatiated upon the beauty, the fertility, and rising prospects of Illinois—"the garden of America, which rivals, as one of our poets says, the garden of Eden," said the captain, jocosely, turning over the leaves of an old account-book.

I thanked the captain for his attention, assured him that I had enough of the old Adam in me to create a hankering after the garden of Eden; assured him it was my intention to devote the residue of my days upon a farm, be it in Illinois or Tongataboo.

The captain proceeded with much gravity to examine his books, papers, and old newspapers.

"The fact is," said he, "there is such a run—such a rush of emigrants, New Englanders, and foreigners, seeking for good locations, that all the land is bought up round this district, with the exception of this quarter section on the north branch, and this one on the lake shore, north of the city by twenty-five miles. But, ha! ay, here I fix it at last—the colonel has a property, an estate, a park, a residence fit for a nobleman or gentleman to reside on, but, most unhappily, I believe he has already disposed of his estate," said the captain. "Excuse me, sir," said he, seizing his hat, "I'll run and ask the colonel to step this way."

The captain disappeared, and presently returned, followed by a tall, severe, and yellow-visaged gentleman, loosely attired in dingy white, or whitey-brown linen shooting-jacket and pants. The captain introduced this gentleman to me, hoping we would become sworn brothers.

The colonel extended his brawny sinewy fist, and clutched mine. Compliments being passed, the colonel declared he would as soon part with the apple of his eye, his right hand, or any other indispensable member of his outward man as his prairie-farm and wood-lots belonging thereto; but dire necessity compelling, he was regularly tree'd, and would surrender to fate, and fate alone. He had chosen this farm while in command of some troops, assisting the Indians to evacuate the premises. Smitten with the beauty of the spot, he built a house thereon, bought the land at government price, improved it, inclosed it; and all that he asked for it was, three dollars and one-half per acre. He calculated the timber lots would pay the purchase-money, seeing that timber was only four dollars a cord in Chicago, and his lot was not more than twenty miles from town.

I resolved to see the colonel's farm at once. He would have put off the visit for a day or two, but I was anxious to see it.

The farm was examined; but, notwithstanding the *mansion*, the traveller would not come to terms. The intending purchaser was accompanied by a son of the Colonel's, and accompanied over the grounds by a Squire, his neighbour.

"Pray where is the house, squire?" said I, jumping into his buggy, and leaving the young gentleman to follow at leisure.

"The house," said the squire, "ought to be down here. We'll soon find it, I calculate." Then, whipping his horse, we drove right through some thick brush and underwood for some rods, and pulled up at a low railing in front of a deserted log-hut. The door was unlatched, and creaked to and fro as the wind sighed through the broken windows; wild flowers and briers grew over the threshold. At the rear of this little edifice a patch of potatoes and some Indian corn had been trampled down by cattle, decayed and withered; a deep hole, where water might have been discovered once, was called the well, by the colonel's son, who vapoured a great deal because the hall-door was open; but, as the squire coolly remarked, "It was of no consequence whether the door was open or shut, for, save and excepting three or four shelves, the house could lose nothing by the entry of thieves, or, peradventure, a prairie wolf, seeking a night's lodging."

This latter animal, the squire declared to be the scourge of the prairie, killing his lambs and sheep, his hens and pigs, in spite of all his dogs and vigilance. We drove on through the brush, and entered the prairie; the colonel's farm seemed strangely cramped and cornered in by square fields and the worm-fences of his neighbours; in fact, this garden of Illinois seemed to me the least picturesque bit of dreary flat I had ever seen. "What the deuce can a man gain by confining himself in a corner of Illinois, upon a prairie surrounded with fences?" thought I. The prairie I had pictured to myself—a vast and almost boundless plain, broken only by wild ravines and clumps of trees; but fences, and rail-fences, and squares, and blocks, and sections, and quarter-sections—such gridiron improvements may be found everywhere at home; and I have felt as much in the country on Chalk Farm or Hampstead heath as on this prairie, in the wilds of Illinois.

Our friend, we suspect, left America landless. He put himself a good deal out of his way, and to considerable personal trouble and some peril, to be present at the annual payment of the Indians by the agents of the United States Government. The most remarkable circumstance of this tumultuary if picturesque affair, was the eloquent declamation of a famous chief named Osh Cosh against whisky; though, notwithstanding his exhortations, a good deal of the fire-water was afterwards consumed. After surveying the Colonel's farm, the traveller still pushed westward, and reached a place named Racine in Wisconsin, which, it is prophesied, will become a town of note, rivalling Chicago or Milwakee. His sketches on the way tell a great deal. He travelled by the mail-wagon: his fellow-passengers, a carpenter with a huge tool-chest, and two young ladies of the country.

One of them, a pretty dark-eyed girl, was glib and pert of speech; she bandied jests with the carpenter and driver, silenced them by her volubility, and drove the carpenter to commit himself so far as to sing, or make some abortive effort to squall and groan forth, "I see them on their winding way."

Mount Pleasant Post-office: here we stop to deliver the mail; and the postmaster being out, his wife asks us to enter her house, and eat some wild plums while the letter-bag is emptied on the floor, and the good woman, assisted by the carrier and the carpenter, proceeds to select and sort the letters, two children playing with the same.

"Clara, miss! what are you doing? Take your blackberry-stained fingers off the letters. Do, that's a dear! Give me that letter with the red seal."

"No, I wont, ma.'

"Give it to me for this plum, dear."

"No, I wont, miss—I'll keep it."

"There! lift up the infant; don't you see the state the floor, and the letters, and the newspapers are in?" exclaimed the carrier, as the post-mistress caught up her child, and the young ladies eating plums held up their hands and exclaimed, "My!"

We have got rid of the carpenter and his box, and proceed gaily over the prairie; but the young ladies have grown very reserved, and the driver's jests fall "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The best part of the prairie lands in this district are settled on or taken up by speculators.

Halt at the house or cabin of a New Englander: he owns about one thousand acres of the prairie, and seems well to do. His wife soon spread out her store of good things before us—fried pork, savoury stew of chicken, prairie-hen, potatoes, &c., tea, coffeee, rich cream, pickles, cheese, cheesecakes, cherry-pie, and excellent bread and butter. Our host regulated our seats at his

table with great ceremony :—" Miss Eola Jemima Flatwash—be seated, miss, at my right hand ; Aristibia Mariana Dido—take your stool, miss, to my left ; stranger—sit down, Sir, beside my wife," &c. ; and thus the post-boy and others being adjusted at the table, we fell upon the savoury viands like prairie wolves. Here I met one of my Yankee acquaintances, Abimelech Boels, so altered in his outward man, that I only recognised his guessing voice. Last time I had seen him, he was dressed up full fig, in Buffalo, a regular swell, puffing cigars, and talking like a magnate of the land ; now he was clothed in fustian, sported a vagabond old chip hat, two inches of dismal beard, and drove a team of blind horses in a creaking wagon, laden with a winnowing machine, for cleaning corn.

" I have made a pretty decent speculation," said he, pointing to ' that ar wagon.' " I hired that consarn, horses and yoke, for six York shillings a-day, at Milwakee ; took along the machines, set them a-working for the farmers as was hurried to get their wheat into the market; worked some, and sold some, and now I'm going right back with the wagon."

" I thought you were in the fur trade," said I.

" Well, captain, I'm in the fur trade every winter; but in the spring and fall I fly round a bit, and in summer go loafing north-east, like the best of ye."

Mr. Boels then informed me he had fixed his eye upon a good location near a small lake—a rolling prairie, and some wood lots. He had fixed it, he said, and meant to call in at the Land Office at Milwakee, when he had disposed of his winnowing machine ; and the postman calling out that he was all right, I left my quondam companion in earnest discussion with the host, the beauties and perfections of the winnowing machine being " the one loved theme " and topic of conversation.

Halt for the night beside the Fox river, at the tavern kept by the father of one of our lady passengers. This man has not prospered in the West—the cause of his misfortunes stands close by his humble log-house in the gigantic skeleton of a frame-house, through which the wind groans lugubriously. Instead of buying stock, farming utensils, &c., this unhappy individual has expended his all upon the carpenters and blacksmiths who have erected yon unsightly fabric. He intended to have set up a hôtel in the midst of this rising city of five houses, called Burlington ; a dam was built across the river, a mill set up by speculators, and anon, half the population swept off with congestive fever—the sure and invariable attendant upon new mill-dams in the West.

Both ladies were now dropt, and our traveller and his guide drove onward.

Dined at the house of a thriving New Englander, who, from small beginnings, is now the proprietor of five thousand acres of prairie land ; he has enclosed several fields of Indian corn with ditches instead of rails—more permanent work—answering the double purpose of staying the prairie fire and keeping off cattle ; he has sunk a well, and built stables, barn, and hog-pen, on a large scale; and, like a wise man, lived, up to this, in a simple log and mud cabin. I am really at a loss to know where the good people in this country—this out of the way place—find all the good things they set before travellers, especially the New Englanders ; they seem to live better here than they do at home, and riot in pumpkin pies and all sorts of cakes and meats, savoury stews, &c. ; and, to be sure, wine and strong drink is not to be found on the table, but rich cream, and excellent tea and coffee, fill up the vacuum, and invariably conclude a meal fit for an alderman.

The trifling sum of twenty-five cents, or two York shillings a-head, is the moderate demand for all this—and more, for some travellers smoke the landlord's pipe, and others take gum-ticklers and gin-slings by way of a " *chasse café*."

Near Black Hawke Grove we discovered a flight of sand-hill cranes ; about thirty of them alighted on the prairie, and went stalking about like grenadiers : they are said to be very good eating. Black Hawke Grove, or the oak opening, situate on a little hill, was the rendezvous of that celebrated Indian chief, when he carried fire and sword through the regions of his forefathers. Near this place he was taken prisoner by stratagem and the treachery, saith my postman, of the Pottawattomers, and sold to General Dodge. Certes, Dodge and his men have dodged the poor Indians out of the land, and we have passed over land enough this day to have maintained all the whites and Indians in the whole territory.

Janesville : here we arrived at last, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain. The hôtel was crowded with wayfaring men ; some were very noisy, talking politics at the bar ; others, gravely discussing the late example that had been made of the horse thieves and gamblers down the river. Twenty had been Lynched into the flood—and if twenty more had been thrown after them it would have been no great loss, say they, for society will purge and purify itself even in a new country.

Not a man spoke in favour of the unfortunate men who had met with such an untimely end ; and a stranger upon the banks of Rock River had better think twice before he declaims against Lynch law. For my own part, I believe some such law is absolutely necessary in a country where the executive moves so slowly that the guilty may easily evade the grasp of justice, seated upon that clumsy and complicated vehicle, yclept the law of the land. Here I am happy to secure a single bed, in the midst of upwards of twenty beds, ranged in the attics of the hôtel—bless the mark !—and slept like a watchman, notwithstanding the deep bass, and shrill treble snorers on every side.

He reached *Madison*, the infant capital of Wisconsin, and had several adventures, as characteristic of the country as the above, before getting to Milwakee, a right miscellaneous town, with a very good hôtel; of which he says—

Many of the store-keepers, clerks, and single-men lodgers, editors of newspapers, and clericos, board at our house : certes, the charge for bed-room, board, breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper is not very exorbitant —only six York shillings a-day, and everthing in very good style. . . . The rival editors of the Whig and Loco-foco papers board in the house, and lash one another daily in the columns of their papers. One has inserted a paragraph, saying, " that his rival has not paid his board bills ;" the other demands the author of that base calumny, and openly declares his intention to shoot the author of it on the spot, whenever he finds him, and goes about armed for this purpose. Matters in this position, it is somewhat amusing to see the editors sitting balanced on their chairs in the bar, grinning defiance at each other ; one picking his teeth and squirting tobacco-juice and blood on the floor ; the other, fiercely whiffing a cigar, with his heels in the air ; while mutual friends and admirers lounge round, reading their lucubrations and red-hot articles aloud, from the columns of their favourite papers.

There are many Germans and Norwegians at this place; and the servants at the hôtel were German girls. The national songs and hymns of these exiles now mingle with those of the Scottish Highlanders in the air of the *Far West*, as they march through the Forest in search of a new home.

The *tenacity* of the true Yankee is proverbial ; and Mr. Lebanon Slope is, we presume, a good specimen. There is, besides, a touch of comedy about him.

This morning all the sportsmen are out shooting wild pigeons ; amongst the rest, my shadow, Lebanon Slope, a young gentleman from Massachusets, who is waiting for a consignment of goods, from New York, for his new store, in which he intends to make a rapid fortune in Whitewater. He heard me speak in praises of the rising little village of Whitewater, the home of his choice, and from that moment we were inseparable. In the woods, I found Mr. Slope at my heels, bleating about Whitewater ; on the lake-shore his shadow was seen in

the water. I clambered up the steepest and most impracticable part of the banks, and now, thought I, Mr. Slope must slope at least a mile round before he finds me out again;—not at all; for, lo and behold! Mr. Slope glides up the bank after me, and sitting down, pulls out his knife and whittles away, while he persists there is no place like Whitewater.

"We are all young fellows there, growing up together in the bands of harmony; and in a few years, when the territory becomes a state, we shall be men of weight and consequence; men respected—the patriarchs of the republic. Our names will be engraven upon the tablets of history; it will be recorded that we were the first who dared to establish our free institutions in the wilderness. Come, sir, you are at present little better than a disjointed member of society; join our enterprising gallant band. Go it while you are young, for when you are old you can't."

This was the favourite, and not very elegant finale of Lebanon Slope's harangue. He was a shrewd, clever fellow, and will, I am sure, succeed wherever he is.

The pigeons flew very low, whole flocks skimming over the tops of the bushes, as fast as they arrived from their long flight across Lake Michigan. The townsmen kept up a perpetual fusilade; whenever I fired, Mr. Lebanon Slope fired also, with a pocket pistol, with which he pretended to shoot birds on the wing, and as often as a pigeon fell, he would run forward and grasp it, exclaiming, "There was a shot for you! Go it, while you're young! How slick my ball went through his eye." At one period we had exhausted our wadding, so hot had been the battle, and I was fain to wad down my powder and shot with dried leaves. But Slope was ready to keep up the play, without being beholden to the trees; tearing off his shirt sleeves, he soon made wadding enough for his pistol, and pulling out his shirt bosom and collar, he threw the residue of his shirt to me, exclaiming, "Go it, while you're young!" &c. The poor pigeons are fair game everywhere, but it is when they roost at night they are killed in cart loads, even with poles.

Our readers have by this time perceived that the *Far West* merits the character which we gave of it at the outset. Its lively style does not one whit impair its usefulness as a guide.

Spiridion: from the French of George Sand. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 320. London: Charles Fox.

This is a spirited translation of the celebrated philosophic, or rather psychological romance, of its remarkable and versatile author. Spiridion, so far as we know, has never before appeared in an English dress. As it contains none of George Sand's ordinary faults, it can offend no one, unless it be those who denounce free inquiry, however dispassionate. Even these may console themselves. Abstract imagination, and metaphysics in romance, are not likely to attract many English readers.

Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany.

A neat little book of selected popular poetry of the serious kind, embellished with pretty portraits of English houses, cottages, parsonages, and churches, such as one meets with in ladies' pocket-books. In short, this is an appropriate and cheap gift-book.

Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore, with an Account of Truxillo. By Thomas Young. Smith and Elder.

This book, besides giving a description of the fatal coast, contains, to all European emigrants, a silent warning off it, though such is not the author's intention. The Narrative gives a full, and rather curious account of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the native tribes of Indians on these shores.

SERIAL WORKS.

Recreations of Christopher North. Volume II.—In this volume of the Fun and Philosophy, the Wisdom and the Wit, of Christopher, we have *The Moors:* the Moors of the Highlands of course; a theme as varied and expansive as their wide, ocean-like surface, and as variously treated as the fantastic shadows that flit over them in a breezy day. *A Highland snow-storm* is part and parcel of the Moors; and what is *Our Parish* but a lowland moorland, improved and peopled.

An Essay on Sacred Poetry, which many of our readers must remember as the genial criticism of a poet upon the highest uses of Poetry, one indeed of its author's rarest compositions, finds a place in the same volume. These uses, we are eloquently told, are "pleasure, delight, instruction, expansion, elevation, honour, glory, happiness here and hereafter." This is the use and end of all poetry, or it is nothing. By way of extract, we can find nothing more pithy in the volume than the dissection of the vulgar idea of the end of poetry being merely to please. "Is the end of Paradise Lost to please? Is the end of Dante's Divine Comedy to please?" inquires our critic. "Is the end of the Psalms of David to please, or of the Songs of Isaiah? Yet it is probable that poetry has often been injured or vitiated by being written in the spirit of this creed. It relieved poets from the burden of their duty—from the responsibility of their endowments—from the conscience that is in genius. We suspect that this doctrine has borne especially hard on all sacred poetry, disinclined poets to devoting their genius to it—and consigned, if not to oblivion, to night, much of what is great in that magnificent walk. For if the Masters of the Holy Harp are to strike it but to please—if their high aspirations are to be deadened and dragged down by the prevalent power of such a mean and unworthy aim—they will either be contented to awaken a few touching notes of 'those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide'—unwilling to prolong and deepen them into the diapason of praise—or they will deposit their lyre within the gloom of the sanctuary, and leave, unawakened, the soul of music sleeping on its strings.'"

Having demolished Johnson's heresy, that sacred subjects are unfit for poetry, the converse of this chilling canon of criticism is eloquently maintained in a noble passage, of which this is the conclusion, "Christian poetry will outlive every other; for the time will come when Christian poetry will be deeper and higher far than any that has ever yet been known among men. Indeed the sovereign songs hitherto have been either religious or superstitious; and 'as the day spring from on high hath visited us' spreads wider and wider over the earth, 'the soul of the world dreaming of things to come' shall assuredly see more glorified visions than have yet been submitted to her ken. That poetry has so seldom satisfied the utmost longings and aspirations of human nature, can only have been because poetry has so seldom dealt in its power with the only mysteries worth knowing—the greater mysteries of religion, into which the Christian is initiated only through faith, an angel sent from heaven to spirits struggling, by supplications and sacrifices, to escape from sin and death."——After this we cannot, without pause, enter into Christopher's gaieties, however innocent these may be.

Selby's History of British Forest Trees, Indigenous and Introduced. Part XI. This Part finishes the volume and the work, with the history of the common *Larch* and the *Cedar of Lebanon*. Of both species there

are finely engraved specimens, and the usual embellishments of pretty and appropriate vignettes. In the preface Mr. Selby states, that his work is intended to supply a want which is generally felt, between the high-priced and voluminous "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum" of Loudon, and the more practical and limited treatises of Nicol, Menteith, Sang, &c. This object he has endeavoured to accomplish in as concise a manner as was consistent with the design of not only giving a history or description of every species and its varieties, but of forming a useful manual for the planter and all interested in the culture of trees. How far the author may have accomplished the last of these objects it is not for us to say, though the presumption is strongly in favour of an intelligent country gentleman practically engaged in planting; but we confidently affirm that the more popular department forms of itself an interesting and entertaining book, and a desirable addition to an English gentleman's library.

YARRELL'S HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS. Parts XXXII. and XXXIII.—In these Parts we find the different varieties of *Grebes*, *Divers*, *Guillemots*, and *Auks*, with the *Cormorant* and the Gannet or *Soland Goose*. The *personal anecdotes* are numerous; and the engravings of the different birds possess the same lively truth and fidelity which have distinguished the previous portions of this beautiful series.

SUSAN HOPLEY, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A MAID-SERVANT. Part V. and last.—This interesting story has been so warmly welcomed and highly praised by the press, that not a new word is left for us to say, save that, among its other good qualities, with great cheapness, it combines good paper, and very neat and clear typography, so as to make a very handsome book, at less than one-tenth of the original price.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. Part XXII. BRITISH COSTUMES, TIME-KEEPERS, PRINTING, ENGRAVING, &c.—This useful work (in many of its articles very useful) is getting so miscellaneous in character, that we presume it is about drawing to a close.

THE ANNALS OF CHEMISTRY AND PRACTICAL PHARMACY. No. I. Longman and Co.—This promises to be a valuable periodical. It is to be published in weekly numbers; the rapid strides making in Chemical science, both at home and on the Continent, requiring an organ which shall, in some measure, keep pace with the pace of discovery. It is hardly fair, nor yet easy, to pronounce upon any work of this nature from a first number, but if future numbers keep up to the same mark, the work must at once command attention. Of the Articles, which are sixteen in number, some are communicated by eminent chemists of different countries. They are generally of a practical character, and short. Some of them, as a paper on the *Nourishment of Plants*, by M. Th. de Saussure, are to be continued.

THE GARDENER AND PRACTICAL FLORIST. Part I. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.

BLAND'S LATIN HEXAMETERS AND PENTAMETERS. Simpkin and Marshall.—This *Sixteenth Edition* has, with the Key, been accurately revised by Mr. J. A. Giles of Windlesham, who pronounces it now immaculate.

PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, ACCORDING TO THE SYSTEM OF Dr. By Heinrich Apel, late Assistant in King's College, London. Simpkin and Marshall.—This new Grammar written by a practical teacher of his native language in a good English school, ought to have some claims upon the attention of teachers of the German language. Mr. Apel has tested the superiority of the system he adopts by an experience of six years in King's College School.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

EDINBURGH GRADUATION ADDRESS FOR 1842. ON THE CONDUCT AND DUTIES OF YOUNG PHYSICIANS. By Professor Simpson.—An admirable *Sermon* this is, not only for the young physician, but for all young men entering upon life in any liberal profession; enforcing upon them the importance of continually adding to their stores of professional knowledge; of forming good and regular habits of study and of business, economizing their time, and methodizing their studies; setting before themselves objects of elevated and generous ambition, eschewing indolence and frivolous pursuits, and resting their hopes of advancement on the only sure foundation, the extent of their professional abilities, and their general good conduct. The following counsel, inculcating independence, prudence, gentlemanly self-respect, and manly self-reliance, is quite as applicable to the young lawyer, author, or artist, as to the young physician. "Rather walk by the steady light of your own lamp, than by the more dazzling, but to you more uncertain lustre borrowed from that of others. The patronage of power and wealth may advance your prospects to some extent; but, without genuine professional talents, they never can advance you far, and they never can advance you with certainty. Let me strongly forewarn you against one frequent error. Young physicians often dream, that by extending the circle of their private acquaintances, they thus afford themselves the best chance of extending their private patients. In following out this chimerical view, much invaluable time is frequently lost; and, what is worse, habits of pleasure and indolence are often, with fatal effect, substituted for those habits of study and exertion that are above all price. No man will, in any case of doubt or danger, intrust to your professional care the guardianship of his own life, or of the lives of those who are near and dear to his heart, merely because you happen to be on terms of intimacy with him. The self-interest of human nature forbids it. To have professional faith and confidence in you, he must respect you in your calling as a physician, and not merely in your character as a social friend and acquaintance. . . . . I repeat, therefore, that if you dream of making patients by making friends, you will utterly delude yourselves, and damage your own prospects. By your undivided devotion to your profession, labour to create for yourselves a sound and just medical reputation; and that reputation will create for you patients."

THE DUTY OF FREE STATES. By Dr. W. E. Channing of Boston. Second Part. Glasgow: Hedderwick.—An Essay worthy of its author.

NINE LETTERS ON THE CORN-LAWS. London: Hooper.—These Letters originally appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Sun*, and the Manchester Prints. They take the right side of the question, and maintain it ably.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1842.

THE SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

NO. XII.—THE SONG OF DECEMBER.

I.

KEEN hoary frost, and chill sleet, unfold
December, King Death, and Christmas bold;
For close leagued with ye,
I ween are we,
So stern, so jolly, and so cold.
A subtle game for a month we play,
The fools we dupe to the last are gay;
Nor youth, nor manhood, nor age, retain
One thought of the thousands we have slain.
With fierce delight we come once more,
To catch them as we caught before,
And, kicking Autumn o'er the moon,
Whistle the North Wind's wintry tune;
Whistle a tune with the cold, cold breath
Of December, Christmas, and King Death:
Scattering berries red and rare,
So rare, and so red, for Christmas folly;
Finding and filling churchyards bare,
While mirth laughs under the bunch of holly,
Ha! ha!
And the parasite misletoe, ripe and jolly.

II.

Oho! the midnight waits:—do you hear?
King Death in the tempest's breath is near;
And a little mound
Shall hem them round,
Before the daffodils appear.
And they who list to the music's play,
As cosy and warm in bed they lay,
Hearing each note through the snow-storm's hush,
Then losing all in the terrible rush
Of the wind, shall come from their lair,
Forgetful what their musings were;
Then will I change the ruby hue
The feast creates, to ghastly blue;
And while their hot blood is boiling o'er,
Will hurry Death's chill through ev'ry pore;
Scattering fevers red and rare,
So rare, and so red, for Christmas folly,
Finding and filling churchyards bare,
Laughing—we three—'neath the bunch of holly,
Ha! ha!
And the parasite misletoe, ripe and jolly.

III.

The groaning board, and the piled-up fire,
Shall welcome Health to the grave to tyre—
Brave mattock and spade!
They help your trade—
For thousands so expire.
Old Christmas, and I, and Death, return,
To fill with tears the funeral urn,
And leave command for the passing bell,
The Year's decease, with his hopes, to tell:
Proud sires shall wring their hands and sigh,
Fond mothers watch their loved ones die;
Fair daughters weep, and sons deplore
That home, for them, is home no more.
In a masking time we just put on
The fair false visage that others don,
Scatt'ring merriment loud and rare,
So rare, and so loud, for Christmas folly;
Finding for churchyards famous fare,
In those who laughed 'neath the bunch of holly,
Ha! ha!
And the parasite misletoe, ripe and jolly.

IV.

Old friends will gather, as gathered they have,
From distant land and treacherous wave;
In the graceful dance,
Bright eyes will glance,
Loud Glee will chant his stave;
And merry all, as merry can be,
They will drink and joke in company,
Telling old tales, while my storms without,
Pass with an ominous, angry shout;
Yet will they laugh! Another year,
Gayest and fairest disappear:
The circle now so free from pain,
Shall never meet complete again.
Mark, Death!—We meet them by the way,
When their hearts are full—their spirits gay,
Scattering torment hard to bear,
So hard to bear for their Christmas folly;
Finding and filling churchyards bare,
With eyeless skulls from under the holly,
Ha! ha!
And the parasite misletoe, ripe and jolly. J. A. O.

ABEDNEGO THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Concluded from page 704 of our November No.*)

CHAPTER XVII.

"For five years or more I abided in the East—in splendour and enjoyment a very satrap!—Meanwhile, great revolutions were accomplishing in Europe. Thrones were flung down,—dynasties extinguished. The consequences of the French Revolution had made themselves felt even in the country so belaboured into subordination by the rattan of sceptre and crosier;—and England still trembled to her centre!

"It was not in England, however, I was minded to abide. I hated her hypocritical institutions. I despised her pretended zeal for Christianizing the forms of the world; yet ever gainsaying, by her practices, the spirit of Christianity: persecuting, on pretence of resenting persecution, the wretched remnant of the children of Israel; yet faithless to the holy doctrines of the Cross whenever they traverse her vices or reprove her hardness of heart!

"France, if more a sinner, was at least candid and explicit in her sins; and indifferent, as a naturalized subject of Spain, to the war at that moment proceeding between the Directory and Great Britain, I hurried to Paris, to reap the fruitful harvest of pleasure of my golden sowing.

"At that epoch, society, disorganized by the still recent Revolution, was vibrating with those irregular oscillations which precede the restoration of order. It was the very moment for a man, intent, like myself, upon the lawless pursuit of pleasure, to purchase, at an easy cost, a variety of cumbrous spoils which the recent political convulsions had left masterless.—A princely hôtel in the capital,—a noble country residence, once royal, situated on the wooded shores of the Seine, enabled me to establish myself with a degree of magnificence more than rivalling that of the *Fermiers Généraux* flourishing under the auspices of monarchical corruption. All that was left of aristocracy in Paris crowded to my fêtes, to luxuriate in a renewal of sensual pleasures long withheld from their enjoyment. Half of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, Basil, was composed upon the strength of experiments made in my kitchen;—and the last effective notes of Garat were uttered in my *Salle de Concert!*

"No need to corrupt your unsullied imagination, boy, by the description of my effeminate pleasures! They were such as Sardanapalus might have envied;—they were such as the ghost of the Maréchal de Richelieu should have risen to share;—they were such, that (experience having instructed me in the finite and transient nature of physical enjoyment, and the *ennui* that follows it like a spectral shadow) I have since discerned a charm in privation and abstinence, as a contrast to the wearisome repletion of former days.

"Still, while it lasted, that bewilderment of tumultuous pleasures was indeed intoxicating!—The first artists, wits, and men of letters of the day, crowded into my gilded saloons; even as, before and since, they beset the antechambers of royalty. Among others, Talleyrand, the cynical ex-bishop, and high-bred, future prince, was my frequent companion; and in our luxurious seclusion, what epigrams did we not vent upon the servilities of the human race,—what blasphemies against all creeds and faiths, save that of—the Golden Calf!

"Amid this chaos of political and moral disorganization arose the Consulate and Napoleon!—I took little heed of politics. An avowed Epicurean, I cared only for peace or war as an obstacle or facilitation to my pleasures; and though war becomes a bitter penalty in barren England,—compelled to seek from the Continent all her accessories of sensual enjoyment,—self-sufficing, fertile, joyous France, looks upon the closing of her ports without anxiety. I rejoiced among the rest, however, when Consular negotiation brought about a cessation of hostilities between the rival countries; for it filled me with glorious hopes to witness the arrival of those shoals of English travellers who never fail to rush to Paris, when occasion serves, for flinging aside their pall of national gloom.

"What triumph to deny them access to my house!—What delight to tantalize them with exclusion from the brilliant hospitalities of the wealthy Spaniard; for I was now redeemed from one species of obloquy.—In Paris, religion had ceased to obtain mention from lips polite. Osalez the Jew would have been neither more nor less to them than Osalez the Gheber; and whether I worshipped the God of Christians, or the god Fo, was a matter of indifference to those who quaffed my Sillery and tasted my Salmis.—Even the name of Osalez had, however, become so distasteful to me, from its connexion with my misfortunes, that, from the moment of settling in Paris, I assumed that of Clerval, derived from the estate I had purchased on my naturalization.

"Even as I had predicted, scarcely were the fêtes given for the celebration of the Peace of Amiens (of which those of the Hôtel de Clerval were by far the most gorgeous) at an end, when I was beset with applications from English aristocrats aspiring to the honour of my acquaintance, and access to my gallery and table. Having visited Paris to amuse themselves, they seemed to care little at whose cost they were amused.

"I had no fear of recognition. The burning sun of the East, and the habits of a luxurious satrap, had so thoroughly effaced from my feature

all trace of the boy-member, whom their levity had formerly coughed down, as to place an irreconcileable incongruity between the presumptuous Jew of Cadiz and Clerval the Millionary.—I was accounted in Paris the finest of fine gentlemen.—Having formed an intimacy in the East with the beautiful Mrs. Grant, now the graceful and popular wife of Talleyrand, Monsieur de Clerval was considered to occupy, in the fashionable circles of Neuilly, Raincy, and Rambouillet, the posts engrossed by the libertine Duc de Lauzun prior to the Revolution.

"On the other hand, my enormous wealth constituted a rock against which innumerable shallow vessels, launched upon the deceptious sea of Pleasure by fool-hardy London, were successively split to pieces. Wherever they attempted competition with the opulent Clerval, whether as regarded financial speculation, or the briefer madness of the gaming-table, ruin ensued. I retained my prodigious funds in a floating and tangible form: nor was it by means of mortgages or annuities I had to meet the pretensions of the enervate lordlings who presumed to confront me in my path, instead of treading at an humble distance in my footsteps. What chance, therefore, I entreat you, had the empty fops of White's, whose capital was contained in the embroidered note-book in their waistcoat pockets, against one who, in the days when Rothschilds were not, was able to influence, by his financial operations, half the money-markets in Europe?

"Among the first who fell a prey to my strength of courage and purse at the gambling-table, was the husband of the elder of those insolent sisters of the object of my affection, by whose malice my early hopes had been so cruelly blighted.—Lord Willesden, (suffer me to conceal under that designation the title of my victim,) was one of those self-sufficient profligates who, on the pavement of St. James's Street, acquire the authority of a potentate. Arriving in Paris with Charles Fox, flushed by his previous triumphs at White's, and insolent with the favour of Carlton House, the London puppy affected, in the first instance, the same air of defiance, when dining at Legacq's or the Pavillon de Hanovre, to which his recognised position in his own country lent at least some colour.—For a time he affected to brave the man he could not aspire to surpass;—nor was it till he had lost five thousand livres to me on parole, that he was forced to recognise my superiority.

"Heartbroken by his system of profligacy, Lady Willesden was now a confirmed invalid, and rarely quitted her hôtel. We had, consequently, never met; but her lord (launched in the full career of dissipation, affording hope to the Parisians that a new Phœnix was arising from the ashes of their former dissoluteness) was my constant associate.

"Six weeks after his arrival in Paris, Lord Willesden was a ruined man,—ruined beyond hope,—beyond redemption! His estates, his houses, his plate, his jewels, were pledged to those to whom I furnished the funds, destined to flow back, a refluent Pactolus, into my golden coffers.—Hazard and roulette had made the haughty aristocrat my slave!—My foot was upon his neck, and upon the neck of his children's children!—At that period, Basil, I was stern of heart as some devastating monster of antiquity!—Cruelty was my luxury,—revenge my pride!—But *that* cruelty had been engendered by evil entreatment; and it was perforce of scourging and torture that my nature waxed so hard!

"I now possessed a thousand advantages over the people by whom I had been persecuted into wickedness, and not one of them was neglected.—Every night, when I retired to my luxurious couch, and ground my teeth in ecstasy over the recollection of the day's pleasures, it was, indeed, an enhancement to them to reflect, that not a mischief I was working but conveyed anguish to the bosom of the countrymen by whom I had been so unjustly reviled.—Those who had 'spat upon my Jewish gaberdine' were making heavy atonement for the fault. I now trampled upon them in my turn. Talk of a bed of roses, Basil Annesley!—Commend *me* to the couch whose pillows are inflated by the swelling sighs of a prostrate enemy;—to the slumbers soothed by the murmurs of ——"

He paused!—An involuntary shudder betraying the disgust of his companion had startled him into silence. But it was too late. The innate prejudice, long dormant in the soul of Basil, involuntarily retraced these workings of malice to the Jewish origin of Osalez.—For the first time, the young man beheld in his companion a legitimate descendant of the tribe who drove nails into the hands and feet, and pierced the side of the meek Jesus of Nazareth!

So forcibly was this feeling of estrangement depicted in the countenance of the young man, that, in resuming his narrative, Abednego hazarded no further reference to the animosities by which his vengeance had been actuated.

"Suffice it," he resumed, in a milder tone of voice, "that, while realizing in the more refined West the warm imaginings of a luxurious Oriental, I did not lose sight of those still profounder passions, and keener anticipations, engendered by the cold-blooded persecutions of English pride.

"Lord Willesden had become my puppet. The fastidious London coxcomb moved only at my beck and bidding. But though he was my daily guest,—sometimes at my brilliant hôtel, sometimes at my princely country seat,—I scrupulously abstained from entering his doors. My pretext for declining his invitation was the infirm health of Lady Willesden, and a disinclination to intrude upon the sober domesticities of an invalid fireside; by which means I contrived to excite an interest in my favour in the mind of the afflicted wife.—My indulgence as a creditor, and liberality as an associate, as yet prevented all rumours of her husband's new follies and prodigalities from reaching her ears; and hearing of Monsieur de Clerval only as a hospitable host, a paragon of refinement courted in the best society, she felt grateful for the deference which kept him aloof from her impoverished seclusion.

"Though vain and dissolute, Willesden was fond of his wife,—that is, fond of her after the self-

ish fashion of the mere egotist. It would have been a relief to him, had he left her behind him in England, to have suddenly received tidings of her decease. But he could not bear to *see* her suffer. Conscious of the injuries he was inflicting upon her and her children, he shrunk from the spectacle of her altered countenance.—The more ill and enfeebled she became, the deeper he plunged into excesses that banished all recollection of his embittered home.

"One morning, he entered my breakfast-room earlier than usual, and throwing himself into a *causeuse*, began to execrate, in his ordinary strain, his ill-luck of the night before.

"'It is all Maria's fault,' cried he. 'The foolish woman fancies it disturbs her to hear the *porte cochère* open in the dead of night; and protests she lies awake awaiting the signal of my return home. By these means, she has exacted a promise from me not to remain out after three; and the consequence is that, last night, just as the luck began to turn in my favour, I was forced to quit the table.'

"'You were quite right,' said I, adhering to my system of deference towards his wife's exactions. 'No occasion to become a brute because you are a *roué*. What are a few thousand livres more or less compared with an additional pang, inflicted on a suffering woman, already more than sufficiently injured?'

"Willesden never liked his wife less than when I affected to defend her cause. 'Confound the whole sex and their united injuries!' was his brutal rejoinder. 'It becomes *you*, forsooth, Clerval, to advocate the cause of these charming martyrs. Unshackled by the iron fetters of lawful wedlock, *you* behold in them a bevy of angels. My dear fellow, the mere saunterer in a garden beholds the roses in their bloom, worships their beauty and sweetness; but the proprietor, who is fated to see the leaves fall one by one, leaving only a thorny, useless haw behind, is apt to find his enthusiasm evaporate. *N'importe!* my matrimonial prospects are brightening! Next week, I shall be at liberty to observe the sun rise where and how I please.—My wife's sister is coming over from England to nurse her. Maria has been despatching, I suspect, such doleful accounts of my neglects, that her family consider it necessary she should be better cared for!'

"Judge, Basil, how the blood, which for a moment had receded to my heart, leaving my guilty cheeks colourless, rushed anew to my face when Lord Willesden, in answer to my almost breathless inquiries, acquainted me with the *name* of his expected visitant. Yes! It was herself,—it was the object of my first and only attachment! The husband, I thanked Heaven, was not to bear her company: his military duties rendering it impossible for him to leave England.—She was to come alone, as the affectionate attendant of her dying sister.

"Never shall I forget the tumultuous nature of my feelings during the remain[illegible] of the day on which this intelligence was comm[illegible] as a [illegible] The ground appeared unsteady under [illegible]e atmosphere too light to satisfy my respiration.—I scarcely knew how to meet the singular occasion that presented itself for the gratification of the hungry vengeance I had been cherishing like some beast of prey in the darksome depths of my soul.

"A few more days, and she arrived. With assumed carelessness did I proceed to question Lord Willesden concerning his sister-in-law; and with apparent indifference I heard that she had been wedded against her will, and was a repining wife and unexulting mother.

"'Thank Heaven,' was Willesden's concluding phrase, 'she will be content to devote herself to the sick-room.—Though still in the prime of life, poor soul, the world has ceased to attract her.—So long as she can be induced to remain here, therefore, I am at liberty to divert myself to my heart's content.'

"From that moment, my influence over Willesden was exercised with wholly different views. Affecting deep compassion for the position in which he had placed his children, I was constantly preaching reformation. Aware of the feebleness of his nature, I was certain that every time his fair sister-in-law pleaded the cause of his injured family, or implored him to renounce his fatal propensity for play, he would exclaim, 'You are almost as great a bore as Clerval!—Just such are the arguments which my friend is perpetually using! Clerval protests that a husband and father has no pretext for indulging in vulgar libertinism.'

"I was careful, nevertheless, while figuring in the novel character of a Mentor, not to neglect the care of my reputation as a man of gallantry.—The sick-room of Lady Willesden was frequented by the Duchess of Gordon, and half-a-dozen other Englishwomen of rank, who glittered in the gay world of Paris during the brief cessation of hostilities between the two countries; and I spared no pains to render my name a constant topic of discussion in their fastidious circle. Never had fêtes excited so supreme a sensation as those which I devised to dazzle the eyes of my unsuspecting countrywomen,—never was exclusiveness so insolent as that which I affected concerning their admittance within my gates.—Sometimes, those gates unclosed for the diversion of hundreds of guests, who were fêted with the prodigality and fancifulness of some Arabian tale. Sometimes, the number of the favoured was limited to a single fortunate group,—and not a syllable allowed to transpire of the nature of the entertainment, of which the amount of the cost was alone cited by the envious; till, like Louis XIV., I was honoured by the frivolous beauties of the day with the name of 'The Enchanter.'

"My object was speedily accomplished. I learnt from Willesden that my peculiarities excited considerable curiosity in his family circle.

"'Lady Willesden seems revived as by a miracle, by her sister's arrival!' said he one day as we were dashing back to Paris from the Château de Clerval, at the utmost speed of a set of fine English horses, to be in time for the opera; 'and the first symptom of her reviving health is her inquisitiveness about yourself. These wo-

men want to make your acquaintance, Clerval. When will you come and dine with me?'

"With sudden reserve, I pleaded old-standing engagements for a fortnight to come; and Willesden being perfectly aware that many of these were of my own creation, the sensitiveness of an embarrassed man attributed my reluctance to join his little circle to the distress of his fireside, and the defects of an unaccomplished cook.

"'I am aware,' he retorted, 'that I have nothing to attract an Amphytrion like yourself. Nor should I have presumed to invite Monsieur de Clerval, the gastronome, to fast at my humble board, but for the importunity of my sister-in-law, who is eager to make your acquaintance. Your munificence as a patron of the arts (of which she has taken it into her flighty head to become a votary, to console herself, I suppose, for the disappointments of defeated affections) have strangely excited her interest in your favour.'

"I bowed and smiled, but made no move towards conciliating the wish thus intimated. On the contrary, the plainer his hints the more resolutely I kept aloof. At length, alarmed lest he might estrange me from himself by further pertinacity, Lord Willesden ceased to importune me to visit his house; and my firmness served only to augment the restless curiosity of those against whose peace my manœuvres were concocted. But I had seen her again. From my box at the opera, in the public promenades, I had beheld the object still and ever dearest to my heart; and the sight of her did but still further stimulate my projects of vengeance. She had now attained the full maturity of womanly charms. The lovely girl of eighteen had become the beautiful and commanding woman of thirty. *How* beautiful, the admiration she attracted, whenever seen by glimpses in the society of Paris, sufficiently attested; *how* beautiful, the tumults of my own distracted heart, as I hurried on such occasions from her presence, afforded a far more painful proof. Unrestrained in all other pursuits and inclinations, the caution and self-control I was forced to observe in *this*, served only to augment the force of my passion. I was becoming madly and desperately in love,—far more desperately than when, with the purer fervour of boyhood, I wooed her to become my bride.

"I appreciated too highly, Basil, the gentle nature of that beloved being, to suppose it possible the mere dazzlements of vanity would suffice for her captivation. I knew that she must respect the man, as well as admire the patron, before the brilliant Clerval created any serious impression on her feelings. To effect this, I contrived that, in all her little acts of charity, my name should reach her as beforehand with her in the duties of benevolence. She could not extend her hand to the orphan or the widow, but she encountered mine already outstretched in mercy. Many of these instances were mere clap-traps, got up to attract her notice. By the aid of money, Basil, *anything* may be manufactured to order,—even 'Cases of extreme distress;'—and little did that humane woman suspect that the wants she fancied herself to be relieving were as much an effort of art as the scenery of the Grand Opera."

"I scarcely conceive, Sir," suddenly interrupted Basil Annesley, "the advantage likely to arise to either of us from these confidences. If an effusion of penitence, it is not for me to grant you absolution; if a matter of vaunt, as I would fain retain some respect for my benefactor, I entreat you to refrain from avowals which are gradually exciting my disgust."

"Hear me to an end," cried Abednego. "I address you neither in a tone of boastfulness nor of whining remorse; but as a man, having wrestled hand to hand with the sorest temptations and trials of life, willing to impart to one he dearly loves the fatally-earned fruits of his experience!—All I can do to favour your squeamish tenderheartedness, is to pass over briefly the snares with which I encompassed the path of my destined victim,—sometimes hoping, but oftener despairing of success. But if unable a second time to conquer her affections, I was resolved at least to humble her pride.

"Spring was in its prime, when I announced one of those gorgeous entertainments which, once in every month, used to set the fashionable world of Paris into commotion. It was to be a daylight fête at my château on the Seine; and a flotilla of Venetian barges, long in preparation, was launched for the purpose of conveying my guests to the landing stairs. It was speedily rumoured among the invited, that not a single English person was to be included among the guests of Monsieur de Clerval; and though Willesden, my constant companion, flattered himself that, as a matter of course, an exception would be made in *his* favour, I took an early opportunity to inform him that, having an especial object for my *Fête des Lilacs*, I was forced to exclude him among the rest of the English pretendants.

"Though evidently nettled by my communication, Willesden was too deeply my debtor to hazard a syllable of remonstrance. Attributing the word 'object' to some reigning lady of my thoughts, he ventured to banter me concerning the mysterious *liaison* demanding such vast concessions; and I replied in terms of romantic gallantry, which, I justly surmised, would be repeated by his fireside, and serve only to excite a new interest in my favour.

"Without intending it, Willesden was constantly betraying to me the fruition of my schemes. I found that I was a perpetual subject of discussion at his house. While informing me how often he was forced to become my champion with his wife and sister, his silly vanity exposed far more than he intended. He did not disguise from me how grievously his lovely guest was mortified to find herself excluded from the only house in Paris she had the slightest curiosity to enter.

"I looked grave; and when Lord Willesden again approached the subject, abstained wholly from his society—and even issued orders for his non-admission to my house;—nay, if we met, by chance, in the Bois de Boulogne, I assumed so cold and [illegible] countenance, that the poor man was [illegible] the wrath he had provoked.

"Though [illegible]

"The amount of I O U's, and bonds, bearing his signature, in my strong-box, rendered it unsafe for him to give offence to one so potential. Had I not reason for self-gratulation?—Abednego the Jew had reduced the insolent English peer to the most abject subservience!

"By degrees, he was compelled to assume a still viler attitude. The embarrassment of his affairs rendered a further levy of money indispensable; and not a banker could be found to assist him. Thus circumstanced, in a foreign country, the straits to which he was reduced became alarming: but I had so often obliged him, and had of late assumed so forbidding a countenance, that to *me* he dared not apply. Little suspecting that the whole affair was of my contrivance, he met me in the world as though nothing had occurred;—nor was it till the humiliation of finding his wife and guest on the eve of becoming homeless, drove him to the application, he once more addressed me in the subdued tone of a suppliant.

"Before the request had half escaped his lips, it was granted: nay, the amount of the loan he desired was trebled, and forced upon him; till, in the exuberance of his gratitude, Lord Willesden would, I verily believe, have subscribed to *any* terms his creditor saw fit to propose.

"'Do not perplex yourself about such a mere trifle!' said I,—'I am only too happy to assist you. If you wish, my dear Willesden, to oblige me in your turn, all I have to ask is, that you will admit me, as a friend, into your family circle, in spite of any remonstrances that may be addressed to you by Lady Willesden and her sister.'

"'Remonstrances?' repeated the astonished Willesden. 'Why, I have been hinting to you for the last six weeks the earnest desire of the latter to make your acquaintance.'

"'The lady's good intentions may subside after she has seen me. Besides, I shall not be satisfied with the concessions of mere acquaintanceship. The object of my ambition is, to stand preëminent in her favour.'

"'In that case, my dear Clerval, I cannot flatter you with much prospect of success,' replied Willesden, somewhat embarrassed. 'Though unhappy in her marriage, she is incapable of losing sight of her duties as a wife and mother.'

"'Of course!—*All* your English ladies are so rigid in their principles—so correct in their conduct,—that one cannot but wonder how such libels as divorce bills are suffered to go unpunished.'

"'I am not vaunting the virtue of my sister-in-law,' replied Lord Willesden; the blood mantling in his sallow cheek, convincing me that nothing but his obligations towards me prevented him from knocking me down. 'She has no heart to bestow. In early life, she formed a low connexion, the effects of which, my poor wife assures me, she has never been able to throw off.'

"It was now my turn to flush with anger; and the insolence of the noble insolvent confirmed me in my evil projects.

"'No one is able to calculate upon the caprices and fantasticalities of woman's nature,' said I. 'All I ask of you is a solemn promise that, whatever ungraciousness may be testified towards me by Lady Willesden and her sister, you will not deny me access to your house.'

"'Deny you access?' cried his lordship. 'You,—my best friend,—my benefactor!—You, who throughout the winter I have been courting as a guest?—Absurd!'

"'Absurd perhaps. But having hitherto resisted your pressing invitations, I will not even now accept them, unless under a written guarantee that my welcome is secured.'

"After the numberless obligations he had signed in my favour, this appeared a trifling concession; and laughing heartily at my squeamishness, Lord Willesden entered readily into what appeared to be a joke, by drawing up a paper ensuring me access to his house at all hours, and under all possible circumstances.

"I conclude that, with certain modifications, he announced my sudden caprice to his wife; for I had reason to know that my visit was now hourly expected and prepared for. I chose, however, to be expected in vain!—Nearly a month passed; and Willesden must have attributed the wayward conditions I had dictated to some momentary whim; for, so far from availing myself of the permission I had extorted, I abstained from associating even with himself. Curiosity and interest were, accordingly, excited to the strongest in his family circle, concerning the man whose movements were erratic as those of a meteor; and on my announcing a second summer entertainment at my château, *La fête des Roses*, with similar restrictions as to the English, with the single exception of Lord Willesden's family, I rightly conjectured that my invitation would be accepted with gratitude.

"Money constitutes the magic of our epoch. But Paris, above all other places, affords an auspicious field for the exercise of the fairy wand endowed by prodigality. Resolved that the last fête of the mysterious Clerval should excel all his previous efforts, I was ably seconded by the genius of that new *Renaissance des arts*, fostered under the auspices of the Consulate. But the enormous outlay (rumours of the amount of which afforded ample occupation to the wonderers of the great world) was produced less by the splendour of the entertainment, than by my conceit of producing, on the banks of the Seine, an exact reduplication of those well-remembered gardens of Cadiz, the scene of the happiest moments of my life. The illusion was complete. Tree for tree, arbour for arbour, the spot which had witnessed my midnight interviews with *her*, was reproduced for the occasion.

"It was *there*, Basil, I received her!—It was *there* I advanced to welcome that repining wife, when, in all the exuberance of matronly beauty, and leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law, she beheld before her the injured lover of her youth."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"In the perversity of my heart, Basil Annesley, I anticipated with confidence the success of my projects. The humiliations of former days were

effaced by a series of triumphs. Everything, of late, had prospered with me; and long accustomed to the adoration of the vain and interested, I doubted not that the woman described to me as a 'repining wife,' would be content to atone for all I had undergone for her sake.

"But while triumphing in the strength of our own vices, we are apt to calculate too largely on the weakness of others.—Whether as the arbitrary voluptuary of the East, or the corrupt Epicurean of Paris, my experience had not prepared me for the integrity of heart,—the self-respect,—the purity,—the feminine pride arrayed against my pretensions.—She not only resented the manœuvres by which she had been betrayed into my presence, but rejected, as an insult, my protestations of unaltered attachment.

"Had I approached her in a less presumptuous guise, had I appeared before her poor,—humble,—friendless, the promptings of her heart might have stood my friend.—But she despised the proud and ostentatious man who stood before her as a conqueror. Her clear understanding, her upright purposes were not to be baffled by my shallow intrigues; and the net in whose meshes my subtlety had entangled her shallow brother-in-law was unable to enfold her in its meshes. I have not courage to recite the opprobrious terms in which she manifested her insight into my views and character.

"'My father and family judged wisely!' said she; 'and I now admit that I was blinded to your real character by my partial affections!—The penalty invoked by the blaspheming Jews upon themselves and their children's children has converted even you, Osalez, into a worshipper of Mammon. You have attempted to dazzle, by your gorgeous prodigality, the heart that might have been moved to seek you out in penury or affliction. My father was right. There exists no real sympathy between us.'

"Judge of my indignation,—judge of my despair, on hearing from her own lips this bitter condemnation!—Alternately disposed to cast myself at her feet and admit the justice of her sentence, and to turn upon herself the vengeance that had already manifested itself towards her family, I felt, when she withdrew in all the dignity of wounded pride from my presence, that the whole aim of my existence was frustrated!—For two following days I shut myself up in surly desperation. On the third, I emerged from my solitude, with the amended purpose of imploring forgiveness, and offering atonement.—She was gone!—She had quitted Paris!—Mistrusting the protection of her brother-in-law, she was on her road to England,—to the safe-keeping of an honourable husband!

"'My unfortunate sister is the companion of my inauspicious journey,' said the letter she addressed to me from Dover.—'Should the effort prove too much for her declining health, it is *you* who will have sentenced her to death. Apprized by Lord Willesden of his insolvency and the ruin of her innocent children, she had not courage to abide, in a strange land, the penalty likely to be enforced by a nature ruthless as your own.—Her husband remains behind to answer you with his person.—Do your worst!—If you dare, render Lord Willesden your prisoner—as he is already your dupe!'"

"But you did not dare!"—interrupted Basil Annesley,—whose mind appeared suddenly relieved from some terrible apprehension. "You had not courage to inflict a further injury on this noble-minded woman!"

"You say truly!—I had not!—But others were more relentless. Some months after her return to England, slanderous tongues announced to her husband that my flagitious scheming had prospered. As I live and breathe, Basil, I had no share in the tale of scandal. It was the diabolical invention of some enemy!—Yet groundless as it was, it drove the unhappy man into the grave. He perished, Basil Annesley, at the head of his regiment, on the field of honour; but it was with the cruel conviction that his wife was an adulteress, and his unborn child the offspring of shame! Unhappy woman!—To be cursed with a husband and a lover alike incapable of appreciating the virtue of her soul!

"The poor atonement in my power to offer, was not withheld. But far more contumeliously than ever her proud father had rejected me, did she decline the offer of my hand.—Regarding me as the assassin of her brother, the murderer of her husband, she spurned me from her presence. She spoke of her duty towards her children!—*Her children!*—The girl had been, by its father's will, already withdrawn from her protection, as unworthy to preside over its education. The boy—the innocent boy now nestling in her bosom—had been rejected by him as the offspring of a crime.—Basil—Basil! Why did not your little hands upraise themselves to intercede in my behalf?"

"My presentiments, then, have not deceived me!" cried the young man, starting from his seat. "It is, indeed, my dear and unfortunate mother who has been through life your victim!"

"My *victim?*—There was not an earthly sacrifice I would not have made but to obtain permission to become the humblest of her household servants! My *victim?*—No, no!—I was hers!—Maddened by her indifference, her abhorrence, I now rushed into the most frantic excesses.—I flew to the gaming-table. The cold, calculating Clerval played, for once, like a child.

"My lucky star deserted me. My long-boasted opulence was gradually melting away. Even the securities I held in pledge from Willesden, were at length staked and lost,—lost to those who did not hesitate to expose him to reprisals, attributed by his unfortunate wife and family to myself.

"On the brink of ruin, I looked around me for some desperate chance whereby to retrieve my fortunes, or achieve an honourable death. War was raging in Germany, and I joined the army of the Sambre and Meuse as a volunteer. By degrees my heart warmed to the standard under which I had enlisted. All other pains and pleasures exhausted, the excitement arising from a military career under an able and dauntless commander was a bewildering novelty; and as a means of in-

flicting humiliation on a country allied with my natural enemies, I embarked all the energies of my nature in the cause of the Eagle of France.

"Like all other men in earnest in their profession, during the supremacy of Napoleon, advancement followed. I was speedily rewarded by a commission. I was promised further advancement. But my military career was destined to a cruel and unexpected interruption.

"In traversing Heidelberg, in the course of my campaign, remembering it to be the birth-place and abiding place of Verelst, I took occasion to make such inquiries respecting the condition of my sister as proved that her letters addressed to my father, which had fallen into my hands, intimating her miserable destitution, conveyed no exaggerated picture of poor Rachael's fallen fortunes. Pampered by prosperity, the stubbornness of cruelty was still rampant within me; for the evil practised against myself had taken root in my soul, and was bringing forth bitter fruits. Having sworn never to behold her more, I made it a virtue to adhere to my oath, and though moved to alleviate her misfortunes, bestowed my humble gift upon her in the shape of alms from a stranger, rather than as an offering of brotherly love.

"The jealous feelings of Verelst took alarm. He pursued the Capitaine de Clerval who had presumed to send a gift of money to his lovely wife. But the artist's application for an audience having been answered by an insult, the indignant man waylaid my coming forth, and rewarded my insolence with a blow. I drew upon him, rushed upon him,—would fain have fought him, fain have killed him! But no more than a slight wound had signalized my frenzy; I was seized and placed in arrest. Imperial discipline was rigorous on such points; and I, so lately the man of millions, might possibly have been shot like a dog, after a hasty court-martial, had not Verelst come forward with attestations of—— Guess on what plea the fool pretended to preserve my life!—Guess!"

Basil Annesley shrugged his shoulders in intimation of ignorance.

"Insanity!—And his wife being my nearest of kin, his attestations were received with deference! While I stood by, in custody, and listened, the fellow presumed to swear before my face that, for some years past, my conduct had been indicative of aberration of intellect! It is true his absurd depositions saved my life. But at what a cost!—to be sent back to Paris under escort, as a lunatic! To be deposited in Charenton, till the physicians decided on my case!—In the irritation of all I had to undergo, I accused Verelst and my sister of malicious and interested views,—of getting me shut up for life with a view to obtain the administration of my remaining property."

"Verelst is as incapable of such an act of baseness as the first noble of the land!" cried Basil, with warm indignation.

"I agree with you,—now that I judge the case dispassionately. But wait, young gentleman, till you have been seized and manacled,—till you have had your head shaved, and been starved and douched at the caprice of an experimentalizing apothecary,—to judge equitably of the motives of your incarcerator," said Osalez with a shudder. "Had my poor brother-in-law entered my cell at Charenton, I am convinced I should have throttled him on the spot!

"There, however, Basil, there, as elsewhere, gold proved my sword and my buckler! One of the visiting surgeons was a shrewd worldly man, who soon saw through the nature of my malady and position. Trust me, that when he proposed confederacy, I drove no hard bargain with him in assigning the sum for which he was to get me placed in a Maison de Santé, as partly convalescent; and, in process of time, pronounce me cured and obtain my enlargement!

"It was during that gloomy interval of imprisonment, Basil, that my nature became thoroughly desophisticated. I learnt, by hard authority, with how many of the so-styled necessaries of human life human nature is able to dispense. I soon found myself the happier for lacking menial attendance. Under such circumstances, my greatest luxury was to be alone. Within the four bare walls of my cell, the expansion of my own glowing mind supplied all the splendours of the East. I carried my Paradise within me. My dreams were now as glowing of the gardens of Sulistan, or the white walls of Cadiz, as my waking impressions had been of yore; and lo! I said unto my soul, what need of costly tapestries,—what need of vessels of gold or vessels of silver,—what need of the toys of art, the marble of the sculptor, the canvas of the painter, since, abiding here in solitary self-contemplation, I am as much in enjoyment of these things as when long use and habit rendered them inostensible and unnoticed under the roof of my stately Spanish palace or Parisian villa! Compulsory starvation, compulsory vigils, compulsory self-attendance, soon rendered my penance habitual, and blunted the edge of the most cutting hardship. From that period I became master of myself, and, consequently, doubly the master of other people.

"Not to weary you with details, suffice it that I was eventually restored to freedom. But instead of profiting by my liberty to resume the enervate habits of life which those four years of thraldom had rendered irksome, I thenceforward devoted myself, solely and exclusively, to the worship of Mammon. Solitary reflection had convinced me that Money was the omnipotent instrument by which I might still work out my projects of vengeance. I resolved to punish my insolent brother-in-law by all the tortures of poverty, while millions were amassing in my coffers; and eventually bequeath them to some public charity or national foundation, while my kindred were begging their bread, and the woman who had twice cast me from her was exposed to all the bitterness of want! There was ecstasy to me *then*, Basil, in these projects of vengeance! Yes—ecstasy!—If God have reserved to Himself the dealing of Vengeance, is it not because a pleasure worthy the Immortal?"

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Osalez!"—remon-

strated Basil;—"or you would deceive *me*. Deal frankly with both,—and you will own that you experienced dearer delight last night, in your reconciliation with those nearest to you in blood, than ever presented itself to your enjoyment in the course of your projects of retribution."

The silence of Abednego seemed to concede tacit assent to this proposition. But he contented himself with replying evasively, "If I resorted to the joys of revenge to keep alive the lazy current of my blood, what else had they left me?—England had closed the lists of fair and honourable ambition to my approach,—and through *them*, access to the joys of domestic life. Society had driven me like a dog from its gates. What wonder, then, that the hapless brute, thus spurned, should become rabid, and snarl, and turn upon his persecutors? No matter! I am not here to advocate my own virtues with a view to canonization! Enough that I soon found abundant and increasing joy in the procreation of wealth.—To me it superseded all human instincts.—GOLD was my wife, my child, my kith, my kin!—No labour was too great,—no humiliation too abject for its acquirement. The filthiest mud seemed not to defile my fingers, in which I discerned a single glittering particle!—Perhaps you will accuse these instincts as characteristic of my Jewish origin?—No, Basil! They were not *in* me when I wandered with *her* among the orange-groves of Cadiz;—they were not in me when howled by fools and bigots out of the House of Commons!—They were cravings—morbid cravings,—engendered by that gnawing famine of the soul to which I was scornfully condemned by my fellow-men!

"The pursuit of wealth became a pastime rather than a toil. I delighted in the cunning disguises by which I attempted to penetrate the motives, and overmaster the destinies of my clients.—Most men are fond of stage-playing, if they would but own it;—some in their amateur theatres,—some on the velvet foot-cloths of a court,—some in the pulpit,—some in the rostrum,—some on the woolsack,—some on the Bench of Bishops;—I, in Paulet Street, St. Agnes le Clare!—I was, at times, as proud of the dramatic genius, which enabled me to go, like the wind, hither and thither where I listed, as a Judge after delivering a pathetic charge, or the Rector or Chancellor of a University when playing the bigwig for the bewonderment of dunces!—I had my rat-holes in which to chaffer with my Jewish confraternity.—I had my compting-houses, and tables of the money-changers, for those having a fairer footing in the Temple of Mammon;—and, lastly, I had a decent home wherein to treat with the great capitalists of the day, so as to induce their belief in my non-exemption from the ordinary tastes and appetites of mortal nature.—I saw that, by standing too far aloof from the sinful lusts of the flesh,—the pomps and vanities of life,—I must pass for either saint or—devil!

"These motley vicissitudes served to redeem human existence from its monotony.—I was alternately king and beggar,—Richard in the tragedy, Abel Drugger in the farce.—Gods! how have I laughed in my sleeve, at the dupehood of the world!—What puppets were the great in my hands—what tools the powerful!—Exquisite, indeed, was the triumph of watching the manœuvres of those who treated me as an engine, and who, the while, were mere engines for machinations of my own!

"Such were still my sentiments and occupations, Basil Annesley, up to the moment of our first encounter!—But the moment a hand so young and stainless as yours poured oil into my wounds, a new life was enkindled within me. I seemed to espy noble and undreamed-of purposes in MONEY.—I began to suspect that it might be converted into a means of human happiness as well as of transitory pleasure. Your interest in behalf of Verelst brought the exile of my sister to my knowledge.—Mercy was dawning within me. Peace brooded in my heart over her dove-like couplets.

"I visited the family in disguise. I learnt to love their virtues, to admire their graces. I have less compunction, Basil, for having abandoned those lovely girls to the rough schooling of adversity; for it has left them good, true, generous, tender,—all that the gilding of luxury disguises in the courtly bred, if it do not destroy. For worlds, I would not have their honest natures resemble the frippery do-nothingness of your friends, the Maitlands!—Nor would I have had them heartless and proud—like—*like* HER,—for all the happiness I trust my old age may yet derive from their gentle companionship!

"And now, Basil Annesley, (lest I see you again place your hand on your waistcoat pocket in search of the trumpery toy by which your useless moments are admeasured,) I release you! I ask no opinion, no sentence, on what I have related!—I see, by your altered countenance towards me, that a revolution hath been effected in your mind. Be not over-hasty. Ponder over these things in your heart, and maturely weigh them ere we meet again."

Relieved by this intimation, the young soldier rose calmly and coldly from his seat, and glanced towards the panel by which he had accomplished his entrance.

"No need to sneak out *there!*" cried the old man, assuming a more cheerful tone. "I shall be proud to introduce you into another of my households." Then, throwing open the door of a dining-room, hung with masterpieces of the old masters, he conducted him through a handsome library, into a snug dressing-room, where his well-brushed coat and hat, his handkerchief and gloves, formally set out, were awaiting him, beside a commodious toilet-table, preparatory to quitting the house. Involuntarily young Annesley shrugged his shoulders.

"You are thinking of Delahaye Street, eh?" observed Osalez, with a smile. "To me both places are of the same account. My heart and soul are not empty enough to find room for petty wants or repinings.—

When the mind's free, the body's delicate.

Should you ever acquire objects in life of the en-

grossing nature of those that absorb the attention of a great capitalist, you will cease to take thought of the softness of your couch, or the flavour of your dishes. Yet why not do myself fuller justice in your eyes, by avowing that half the privations to which you have seen me expose myself, were acts of voluntary penance? Alas! Basil, if not a Jew, I merit, I own, the charge made by St. Paul, of being 'in all things too superstitious.' I incline much to sacrifices of atonement. That you sought me, Basil, and befriended me amid the wretchedness which appeared so real, seems intended by the Almighty as repayment for all my self-inflicted tortures."

While buttoning on his coat, Osalez intimated to his visiter a desire to transport him in his carriage to the West end of the town.

"Still harping on your horse?" cried he, when his young visiter again excused himself. "Fear nothing!—By my orders, Zebedee conveyed the beast back to your stables half an hour ago."

"Why, you do not even know my stables!" cried Basil, almost with indignation. "Pardon me!—I know all and everything that concerns you. And now, will you come back and dine with me quietly in Bernard Street?"

Already Basil had excused himself, while Osalez was about to step into a chariot awaiting him at the door of the handsome mansion from the spacious hall of which they were emerging together, when an intimation, that the Verelsts were already installed the inmates of their wealthy kinsman, induced him to pause. His scarcely audible mutterings about a change of dress were instantly scouted by Abednego!

"How long have you been such a coxcomb?" cried he. "The last time you dined with me, you had not changed your dress! Why so much respect for the Verelsts?—Have you not been the child of their house—the friend of their fireside? At all events, come with me, and I will drop you when we reach Temple-Bar."

"You have persuaded Verelst, then, to give up his engagements to the Marquis?" inquired Basil, as they drove at a rapid pace through the city.

"On the contrary, I never even attempted it!—I appreciate too highly an artist's independence of mind! Let him distinguish himself,—immortalize himself, if he can!—So much the better and happier for them all. The girls and their mother will reside with me during his absence in the North."

On arriving in Bernard Street (for, once installed in the carriage, Basil found it impossible to resist the old man's solicitations) young Annesley was as cheerfully welcomed by Mrs. Verelst and her daughters as ever he had been to their humble fireside, either at Heidelberg or in London.

"Ungrateful girl!"—mused the young soldier, as he contemplated the open, radiant countenance of his beloved Esther. "Not a sympathizing care has she bestowed on the wretchedness she must know her present views and prospects to be creating."

And, sooth to say, Esther and Salome accosted their young friend as amiably and frankly as if there had been no Duca di San Catalda in the world.

"You have already officiated as my valet, let me now act as yours," cried Osalez, addressing Basil, and motioning to his pompous butler to lead the way to his dressing-room. "Dine with us, Basil, you must and shall. I have some Neckar wine that Verelst swears is superior to Hockheimn —(Lord Maitland, no doubt, has made you a judge of Hock!)—that will open your heart and his, and carry you both back to your cordial German days of old!"

It was when their hearts WERE open and back in the past, that Basil, turning towards Esther, who sat beside him, suddenly whispered an inquiry whether the Branzinis were not sadly disappointed at having lost their expected guest.

"Sadly, indeed!" she replied, with an unembarrassed face. "But my uncle has given us a carriage and horses; and, having no further engagements of tuition to take up our time, we shall now be able to visit every day either Madame Branzini, or Madame di San Catalda."

"Madame di San Catalda!"—exclaimed the astonished Basil. "The *mother* of the Duke?"

"His wife,—Madame Branzini's sister. Do you not know her?" inquired Esther. "It is true that, being nearly as great an invalid as poor mamma, she rarely goes out."

Basil now began to be entirely of the opinion of Verelst, that the Neckar wine of Osalez was equal to Hock. But for a single, terrible apprehension, —an apprehension he dared not confront, yet could not dismiss from his mind,—he would have felt that he was enjoying the happiest day of his life! Welcomed on all sides as a friend,—benefactor,—idol,—Osalez seemed to fix his eyes upon him as though he were worth a million a carat; while the Verelsts could scarcely refrain from folding him to their hearts, as the origin of all their prosperity and peace.

It stung him to the soul when the reflection glanced into his mind how much more these people loved and prized him than his mother! How seldom in the course of his life had Lady Annesley testified towards him a thousandth part of the sympathy he was now exciting! For what other human being, however, did she display more?—Was she tender even of herself?—Did she not rather, like Osalez, render her existence a species of voluntary penance?

For the first time Basil Annesley reflected on all this with a degree of pity amounting almost to awe. He dreaded to reflect on what she might have undergone to imbue a soul so lofty with such repellent austerity of sternness. He knew that, after his father's death in the Peninsula, his sister had been premptorily withdrawn by the Annesley family from her protection; and connecting this circumstance with the narrative of Osalez, the ravings of old Nicholas, and the discovery of a volume in her possession bearing the hateful initials of A. O.,—trembled to consider what might have been the direful vicissitudes of her troubled life. It was almost impossible to him to remain seated at the board of Abednego!

By degrees every vestige of colour forsook his cheek; and his emotion was so manifest, that not one of the party attempted to detain him when he rose from table and pleaded indisposition as a pretext for quitting the house.

"Fain would I have enjoyed one happy evening in their society," mused Basil, as he hurried homewards. "But the indulgence had only been too dangerously dear!—No! We will meet no more till I have had a full explanation with my dear mother.—If unsatisfactory, I will never see them again!"

Next night he was at Barlingham. It was through the twilight of a glorious evening in May, that he *now* traversed the fields; a glorious evening fragrant with the breath of thyme and hawthorns,—the springy thymy herbage buoyant beneath his feet,—and the woodlands quivering with that tenderer foliage of early spring, whose beauty is as of an hour's duration.

On reaching the small platform in which the surly old mansion stood isolated, his heart sunk within him. The dread of his mother's mournful voice and aspect overpowered his spirits. The embarrassment,—the chill invariably benumbing his feelings in the only spot on earth where he was entitled to feel at ease, exercised their usual distressing spell over his heart.

On entering the sitting-room he found Lady Annesley seated in her high-backed ebony chair, at her writing-table beside the open casement; enjoying, in solitary meditation, the balmy sweetness of that delicious night. The dews were rising,—the birds at rest. All was stillness, and holiness, and peace. But though she must have seen him traverse the little bridge across the moat in order to reach the old portal, she had not stirred a step to greet her only son! Nevertheless Basil flattered himself that he discerned in her countenance tokens of more than ordinary sociability and good will.

"You are welcome, my dear son!" was as much from the lips of that austere recluse, as the most impassioned caresses from a more demonstrative parent.

It was always difficult to enter into conversation with one who took so little interest in worldly events, the frivolities with which ordinary women are amusable. Anecdotes of the day,—accounts of a new opera or forthcoming ballet,—a brilliant debate or the last new novel,—provoked from *her* a listless monosyllable, nay sometimes the most reproving severity of countenance. On the present occasion; to his utter surprise, she was the first to question him concerning the dissipations of London.

"With whom have you been living lately?" said she, in a more than usually cheerful voice. "The breaking up of the establishment at Rochester House must have been a loss to you,—frequenting it as you did! The Maitlands too, I find, are about to quit London. You used to speak of their society as a resource.—How will you be able to part with the pretty fair-haired Lucy, who is said to regard you with such partiality?"

"The Maitlands are the sort of girls to regard with partiality any disengaged young man disposed to trifle away his time at their house," replied Basil, becoming grave in his turn, as he reflected with what horror Lady Annesley was likely to listen to an avowal of the *motive* of his ingratitude for Lucy's predilection!

"Knowing which, you should have been on your guard against any entanglement of the poor girl's affections," retorted his mother.—"In such matters, a woman's peace of mind is the last thing considered;—though, Heaven knows, no holier trust is confided to man by the hands of his Maker, than the happiness and wellbeing of the woman with whom through life he is connected!"

"I heartily agree with you!"—cried her son; "and should hate myself were I capable of dealing lightly or cruelly with any woman to whom I believed myself an object of genuine attachment.—Lucy Maitland, on the contrary, has trifled with *me*,—since, while indulging in what London calls flirtation, she was prepared to accept the first elder son, with good prospects, who came in her way."

"In short, you are devoid of grace and sympathy!—And yet," resumed Lady Annesley, "I was desired to sound your affections by those who are anxious, humble as your fortunes are, to encumber them with a wife, and who seem to have apprehended, in Miss Maitland, an obstacle to their projects!"

"Projects of a marriage with *me*?"—cried Basil, in great surprise and some indignation.—"I am exceedingly obliged to their officiousness!—But I have neither the means nor the inclination to marry!—How absurd,—how impertinent!"

"Your affections *are* engaged then, though not to Miss Maitland, or you would not be thus resentful!" observed Lady Annesley.—"This is precisely the point which Vardyn, my solicitor, has written to me to ascertain. He charged me, I must admit, not to betray his mission to yourself. But I am getting weary of mysteries!—As we approach the grave, Basil, the claims of those we love to our entire confidence, acquire stronger force.—A few short years, and all that can be known of all of us, will be known *to* all!—To what purpose then the petty disguises and hypocrisies with which, through life, we conceal them from each other?"

Basil Annesley was more amazed to hear such a sentence issue from his mother's lips, than by all her previous amenity.

"Vardyn assures me," continued her ladyship, "that the lady whose family is eager to make you an offer of her hand, is young, lovely, accomplished, amiable, virtuous, a great heiress, warmly attached to you—"

"Warmly attached to *me*?" interrupted young Annesley;—"are you certain he said that she was warmly attached to me?"

"Quite certain!—But your interest in the fair unknown, whom just now you treated so cavalierly, seems to be suddenly increasing?"

"I am sure I know not why!"—replied Basil, with a heavy sigh, (for already the flattering whispers of his heart assured him that the desire of Osalez to unite him with one of his lovely nieces must be the origin of these singular overtures,) "for were the person referred to a thousand times

more attractive and more richly endowed, the match were impossible!"

"You *know* the parties then?"

"I fear so!—and am unhappily certain, dearest mother, that a less welcome daughter-in-law could not have been presented to your acceptance!"

"Nevertheless," persisted Lady Annesley, "Vardyn, who is a man of the highest respectability,—a man of sense, probity, feeling, though a man of the world, assures me that a more auspicious connexion could not have presented itself. The uncle of the young lady is prepared to bring you into parliament and settle upon you an estate of fifteen thousand a-year!"

"Were it fifteen thousand times as much, my dear mother, suffice it that you would in the end refuse your consent!"

"You excite my curiosity beyond measure!" cried Lady Annesley. "You must indeed give me credit for unworldliness, to suppose me unbiassed by such powerful considerations!"

"I believe you to be biassed by considerations still MORE powerful," replied Basil, in a subdued voice,—dreading lest she should push her inquiries to a fuller explanation.

"Alas! at the end of my career, I am come to the conclusion that no worldly interest is comparable with opulence for those we love!"—replied the recluse; "money, my dear Basil, is the source of all human influences!"

"Nevertheless there are prejudices,—there are resentments, which it is insufficient to overcome!"—observed her son, almost trembling, as he saw the secret on the point of being extorted from his lips.

"There can be *none*, I should imagine, to bear upon the case in point," resumed the lady.—"Vardyn expressly mentions that the young heiress in question is the daughter of exemplary people of unblemished character.—As regards mere ancestral distinctions, I have ceased to put my trust in coronets!"

"But if she were of *Jewish* origin?"—faltered Basil, almost encouraged by her moderation.

"Even then, if by faith and profession a Christian, I should not presume to raise objections,"—replied Lady Annesley, in a voice whose mildness was as balm to the ears of her son!—"Listen to me, Basil!—Even such a prejudice as you have supposed on this occasion, was the means of disuniting your mother from the object of her earliest affections,—the noblest and best of human kind.—A long life of affliction has not sufficed to expiate the weakness with which I suffered myself to be forced by my family into renouncing him, and bestowing my hand upon another—an honourable man—whom I did not love.—But that he whose generous heart I perverted by my evil-dealing disgraced himself in his turn, by retaliations which proved the means of steeping my days in anguish and remorse, and inflicting on others an injury still greater than that I had inflicted on himself,—I should go to the grave with the weight upon my soul of a deep and inexpiable offence!—His vengeance seems to have wrought atonement for me.—But pardon me, Basil!"—she continued, shuddering from head to foot with strong emotion—"it is not to *you* I must speak of this!"

"It is—*it is!*"—cried the young man, casting himself at her feet and taking her trembling hands fondly in his own.—"To whom but your son,—your loving and submissive son,—can you unfold your griefs?—*Who* can sympathize in them like myself?—Talk to me of that early love, mother,—talk to me of Cadiz,—of him to whom you pledged your heart—"

"You know all, then?"—interrupted Lady Annesley, turning deathly pale, yet without attempting to withdraw from his endearments.—"I foresaw that the day would come when some officious voice would interpose between us with the tale!"

"That voice, mother, was his own!"

Lady Annesley gently waved her head. "The man I speak of fell, like your fa—— like his happier victim,—in battle!—Enrolled in the Imperial army, at the battle of Austerlitz he was slain.—This, *this* is all the trace that remains of him on earth!"—pursued the lady, in a scarcely audible tone, taking from the desk beside her the portrait opened by her son on a former occasion,—"How dear,—still and ever how dear,—it becomes me not to say!—Look upon that face, Basil,—examine that noble—that intellectual countenance, and tell me whether it pleads nothing for the weakness of your mother."

As a pretext for averting his eyes from her own, young Annesley gazed for some moments in silence, on the picture,—tracing unmistakeably in every lineament the altered features of Osalez.

"After the warm and unaltered interest you have avowed, mother, in the original of this portrait,"—said he, at length, in as firm a voice as his beating heart would allow,—"I have scarcely courage to reiterate my assertion that he lives;—that but yesterday, my hand was grasped in his,—that he has been my friend,—my benefactor. Next to yourself, Osalez is the person who has exercised the strongest influence over the mind and conduct of your son."

Lady Annesley clasped her hands together in unspeakable emotion.

"Do not deceive me, Basil!" cried she. "Speak—speak.—Let me hear those words again! He lives?—He loves you?"

"He lives,—is rich, prosperous, powerful!—It is the daughter of his only sister he has offered you to become my wife!"

So overpowering was the revolution created in Lady Annesley's mind by the startling intelligence thus communicated, that for a time the prospects of the two families were cruelly overclouded by the danger of one who had loved much, and suffered in proportion to the strength of her affections.—The sorrows of a long series of years,—the vain and fruitless sorrows seemed to have exercised less influence over her stern and powerful nature than this unlooked-for dawn of brighter days.—The tender nursing of her son,—the assiduities of those who hurried down to Barlingham at his summons to receive what she believed to be a last farewell, at length restored her to herself.—But it was not

possible to disavow in health the fond avowals of that parting hour.

Not that Lady Annesley evinced an ungenerous desire to recall the concessions she had accorded. The marriage of Basil with his beloved Esther was sanctioned by her presence and benediction; and immediately after the ceremony, the young couple took possession of a beautiful estate in Berkshire, settled on them by the munificence of Mrs. Annesley's generous kinsman. It was the earnest desire of both that the man to whom they were indebted for their happiness should become their honoured inmate. But immediately after witnessing the solemnization of their marriage, Abednego Osalez abruptly quitted England, without fixing any definite period for his return.

Basil Annesley, satisfied that his unexpected departure was the result of a long and painful interview with the object of his early affection, in which, with all the firmness and dignity peculiar to her character, Lady Annesley intimated the impossibility of a nearer connexion between those whom the decrees of Providence appeared expressly to have kept asunder, entertains little expectation of his friend's return to England. Esther, on the contrary, attributes his absence to the desire of extricating her father from the political feuds in which the rashness of poor Verelst had involved him in his native province, previous to negotiating a marriage between Salome and her plighted lover the young Count von Ehrenstein, at present debarred by the opposition of his family from claiming her hand.

Lady Annesley, who, though a frequent visiter to her son, persists in retaining her gloomy residence at Barlingham, listens without comment to the surmises of the family. With the discernment generated by a more intimate insight into his character, she is probably aware that the absence of Osalez will be prolonged only till he has been enabled to break off all ties that connect him with his past calling and interests. Active and trustworthy agents are, in fact, already charged with powers to concentrate and realize his singularly scattered property, with a view to the reinvestment of the enormous capital in a landed estate; and should time and reflection avail to soften the obduracy of one, through life the ruling influence of his conduct, a change of name, connected with this proprietorship, may possibly still further tend to obliterate, in the accomplished country-gentleman, all trace of the Money-lender, A. O.

THE PRAYER OF RAM-MOHUN-ROY.*

BY MRS. THOMAS WOODFORDE.

In a park where bounds the fallow-deer,
As he scents the fragrant thyme,
There is a spot where weeping trees
Drench earth with dewy rime.

Stranger! 'tis not a hermit's cell,
Or grot, or mimic toy;—
It is a grave, where sleepeth well,
The Brahmin—Ram-Mohun-Roy.

A Hindoo brother resteth there,
Far from his caste and home;
No mausoleum riseth near,
No overshadowing dome!

Alone, his form evanisheth
Into the dust around!—
The faithful soul, that loved so well,
Companionship hath found!

To him dark Superstition's wand
Could not its hate impart;
It had no power to fuse his brain,
Or petrify his heart.

The mystic Shaster's ancient page
He learned,—and stood dismayed;
He turned his prayer within his breast,
And *thus* the Brahmin prayed:—

"Oh, God! thou know'st—for from thine eye
No thought can be concealed—
The cumbrous book on which I look
Still leaves Thee unrevealed!

"My God above, yea! far above,
Whate'er thy creature sees,
My heart must hope thy voice ne'er spoke
Such fearful threats as these!

"Forgive me if I dare not think
To scan Infinity;
Though trembling, driven from Thee in Heaven,
In earth I worship Thee!

"My human heart all tenderly
With earthly love o'erflows;—
Hence come my fears, my hopes, joys, tears,
And hence my crimes and woes!

"A breathing atom of thine earth,
Me Nature's laws oppress;—
My spirit weak doth ever seek
Its kindred earthiness.

"But thou! oh! lovely, living Earth,
And I, a part of thee,
In boundless space have destined place
For dread Eternity!

"Yes, God doth love his own fair Earth,—
Blest Hope! I cling to thee;
And the soul He hath sent from Heav'n is lent
That His Earth may perfect be.

"O! Light Divine, that invests my clay,
Radiance from Him above,
So burn thy fire that my one desire
And mission on Earth be—Love!"

Taunton.

* The remains of Ram-Mohun-Roy were interred in the Park of Miss Castles, at Stapylton, near Bristol.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN ROMANCE.

NO. IV.—THE DOMESTIC-CLASSICAL.

THE CONVIVIUM AT GORBELLIUS CÆSAR'S.

A CHAPTER FROM "THE LAST DAYS OF AUGUSTUS."

"You dine with Gorbellius to-day; and not dressed, I declare, though the clepsydra is now upon the stroke of two. *Super anima mea*, this is too bad, Lucilius, when you know he is as punctual as Chronos, and will swear like a Briton at us, if we are the cause of the sow's udders getting one turn at the fire too many. Come, O my Lucilius! bestir yourself, and let us be off. My *biga* is at the door, and we may yet be in time for the first course, *si spectas acutus*."

Thus spoke Fabullus, as he flung open the door of his friend Lucilius' cubiculum, and found him dozing upon a *torus* of rich Tyrian purple over a libellus, which he held listlessly in his hand.

"Aw—aw—two o'clock—*super honore*—I had no idea. This last publication of Catullus' has been really most seductive—a delightful dog;" and here he yawned violently, and shook himself like a Newfoundland dog newly out of the water. "Such a divine little poem about Lugubrius' wife—you know her—*valde bella*—d—— fine woman. He calls her Lesbia; but we *scientes canes* know who it is he means."

"Oh, confound his Lesbia!—get ready, and let us be moving. Gorbellius has the best lampreys in Rome; but they will be all gone before we are within a mile of that box of his on the Via Appia, if you lie yawning there in place of dressing."

"Well, well—I shall be ready *in scintillatione lecti columnæ*. I have merely to put on a clean *Ricardulus*,* brush my toga, and then you may command me."

While Lucilius retired to make these necessary sacrifices at his toilet, Fabullus, who was a leading sporting character, and well known on the Campus Martius for his knowledge of stable literature, amused himself with picking down the flies from the walls with the lash of his horse-whip, an accomplishment which he had brought nearly to perfection by a steady practice of years. He had sent the souls of about three hundred muscæ to Hades, before Lucilius reappeared, followed by his British slave, Faber Ferrarius, a scion of the ancient English house of Smith. They entered the *biga*, and Faber Ferrarius having got up behind, the vehicle dashed across the Forum, upsetting two apple-stalls and a prætor, and, turning sharp round by the Tribunes Coffee-house, pursued its course along the Via Appia with a speed that electrified even the hackney coachmen at the foot of the Capitoline hill.

"We shall have a pleasant afternoon of it," said Fabullus, "I have no doubt. Gorbellius told me he had invited Mæcenas, Pollio, and Trebonius, besides the little Mantuan, and that glorious fellow Flaccus, who takes his glass and his joke as well as any man in town."

"Is the divine Virgil to be of the party?" inquired Lucilius, who was not aware that by the free-and-easy epithet of "the little Mantuan" was meant the author of the Æneid.

"*Ecquid viride prope oculos meos vides?* Do you see anything green here?" replied Fabullus, with playful imaginativeness, rubbing his index finger up and down the right side of his nose as he spoke. "Didn't I say he was? and a precious bore he is, I promise you. However, the emperor has taken a fancy to him lately, and so we are forced to put up with him. Indeed, you will have a feast of the poets to-day; for, besides Horace, who is really a trump, *et nullus error*, Catullus, I believe, is likely to look in about the second amphora. He has gone down the river with my nephew, Varrus, to eat white-bait; but they were to break up early."

"Whose *taberna* do they patronise?—Lovegrove's?"

"Of course! Don't you know Horace's line? *Scriptorum chorus* AMAT NEMUS—

> With all your scribblers light and airy,
> Love-Grove's is the ordinary."

"Ah, ha, ha!—*Non malum, super hon.*," faintly tittered the foppish Lucilius, afraid of deranging a simper which he had adjusted before his mirror, and was treasuring up for the party that awaited them at Gorbellius' box in the suburbs.

"Hooroar, *id sors vestra est*—that's your sort. *Ite capellæ*, go it, ye cripples, as the lame duck said to the Chelsea pensioners," shouted Faber Ferrarius, who had heard the pun, and with that relish of fun, so characteristic of his nation, was firing off a small park of laughing artillery at the back of the *biga*.

"*Mens ocellos tuos, scurra*,—mind your eyes, sirrah! or, by Pollux! I'll make you laugh on the wrong side of your head," exclaimed Fabullus, bristling up with all that hauteur which marked the masters of the world. "Lucilius, I think that varlet would be all the better for a taste of the *fasces*. Where did you pick him up?"

"He is a Trinobant, from the city of Londinium," replied Lucilius. "An old and faithful slave of my father's, who avails himself of the license which I give him to laugh at my friends' jokes, when I find I can't gratify them by doing so myself."

"*Mehercle*, a sturdy knave," responded Fabullus, affecting not to notice the sarcasm. "With a little training, methinks, he would make no bad figure in the arena. Lucilius, my boy, I'll give you forty—fifty sestertia for him. Say the word, and the cash is yours."

* A dicky, we presume.—ED.

"*Mustelam dormientem non capias!* Catch a weasel asleep," answered Lucilius, adopting the figurative style which was then fashionable among the young Romans in the higher circles. "No, no, I know his value too well. Besides, he would make but a sorry gladiator. He fights capitally with his bare fists, after the manner of his countrymen, but has a mortal antipathy to the cestus."

"Oh, if he can't operate with the irons, *non res est pro pecunia mea*—he's not the thing for my money. But here we are; and by the steam that salutes my nostrils, I should say they were carrying up the cœna."

With that he alighted from the *biga*, followed by Lucilius, and the slave; while the vehicle was led off to the stables by one of Gorbellius' negro grooms.

The vestibulum of Gorbellius' house, which received them, was a noble apartment, decorated after the manner of the ancients, with statues of bronzed stucco, and a handsome umbrella-stand of British manufacture, and floored with a tesselated pavement of Parian marble, disposed in alternate squares of green and red. Passing through this, they entered the triclinium, where the guests were already assembled, and where everything was prepared for the banquet.

"*Salvete vobis*," said an elderly gentleman in a Brutus wig, advancing towards them, as they entered—"I was afraid that the fair Lydia might have been too seductive this forenoon, my Lucilius, to allow of your joining our party."

"Oh, oh—*super hon.* The fair Lydia does not smile for me," said Lucilius, with that deprecating tone, which means exactly the reverse of what it says.

"And you, my Fabullus, I feared you had been *crux rus detergens*, (scouring across the country,) and broken your neck in a steeple chase, or been spilt from your *biga* by a collision with an omnibus."

"*Omnibus hoc vitium est;* they're infernal things these omnibuses," said a pudgy little gentleman, with weak-looking eyes, stepping up and accosting our friends.

"Ha, my Flaccus! my beatific nightingale, my Philomel of the Tibur—thou lookest fresh after last night's commessatio. Confess, my friend, wert thou not *vinosus*, when we parted?"

"Confiteor—I was *magnopere scissus*, cursedly cut!" replied the poet. "The Falernian of our friend Varius seduced my senses infamously."

"Vy, if that ain't the kiddy ve picked out of the gutter last night, vere he lay hitting out at the lamp-post, and fancying himself knocking down kids at the fountain of Bandusia," whispered Faber Ferrarius to his master.

"Silence, sirrah!" said Lucilius, with a frown. "Even the frailties of genius should be revered."

"That's vat they calls justice, I s'pose," muttered the Trinobant. "Ven a poor devil like me gets swipy, the cat-o'-nine is too good for him; but let one of them rhyming shepherds make a beast of himself, and it's only the frailties of genius!"

"Your presence, O illustrious Pollio," said Gorbellius, bowing to a gentlemanly Roman, who now entered the apartment with an air and presence that betokened the finished courtier, "your presence sheds a lustre on my poor house."

Pollio bowed, and taking a perfumed *sudarium* from the folds of his toga virilis, blew his nose.

"Virgil, my honoured friend, how are you?" continued Gorbellius, addressing a sallow-visaged, slightly-formed young man, who had entered with Pollio—"and how is your aunt?"

"She sleeps," replied the distinguished bard, with a voice of the most moving pathos. "She sleeps within the dark and silent grave, and over her the cypress' dismal branches wave. Upon the nones of August—luckless day!—the venerated dame was swept away, by Hermes' rod, into grim Charon's bark, and now she moans where flows Cocytus dark. Peace to her manes,—and may Minos judge, with mercy, all the old lady's failings——"

"Fudge!" audibly exclaimed Faber Ferrarius, from a corner of the room. The bard stared wildly round him at the unexpected clinch thus given to his rhymes.

"You afflict me much," answered Gorbellius, at the same time elevating his cheek by a slight pressure of his tongue. "She was a most exemplary woman."

"A mother for the Gracchi!" exclaimed Trebonius.

"Or an aunt for Virgil!" said Pollio, with a graceful inclination of his person, which sent that part of it, which is peculiarly the residence of honour, into the paunch of a stout and jolly-looking Eques, with a shining bald head, who stood behind him, whispering to Horace. "So the old hag is gone to Phlegethon at last: she was the veriest bore in Rome—as ignorant as a monkey, and ten times as malicious. Would to Jupiter her nephew had gone with her!" he muttered, as the slight accident above alluded to nearly deprived him of his breath.

"Yes, O my patron Mæcenas—*saltitavit vimen*—it is a blessing she has hopped the twig, at last; and it would be a general relief to society, if that ponderous jackass were to follow her, like his own Æneas, to the shades of Orcus. He a poet! Barring Bathyllus, I don't know a more pitiful dabbler in the dactyls."

It was thus that Horace, the great lyrist, the lively observer of character, the acute moralist, could speak of the author of the Æneid, that immortal bard, who may in a manner be said to have been the Robert Montgomery of his age and nation. Strange, that amidst all the changes, which sweep, like clouds upon the azure cerulean of the sky, across the surface of the dædal earth, giving us warnings and glimpses of the eternal inane, the mind of mind should alone have undergone no revolution—that the heart of "him that did but yesterday suspire" should throb with the same sensibilities, burn with the same passions, and be distracted with the same jealousies, which perplexed the bosom of our common parents! Time flows on, but we are standing still! Empires rise and fall—but year by year, and century by century, man is found laving himself in the purple soap

of his own abominations; and all-erring as we are, it is comfortable to know that our ancestors were touched with the same frailties as ourselves. Let us, then, in the beautiful words of Achilles Tatius, gather wisdom from the past; and when any future poet finds himself undervaluing the pretensions of a successful rival, as poets sometimes will do, let him turn to this history, and while he laments that the jealousy of Horace should so far have warped his better judgment as to allow him to apply the epithet of "ponderous jackass" to the brightest ornament of the Augustan literary circles, let him blush for his own fault, and pay the just tribute to genius, which is never more graceful than when it is accorded by the lips of a kindred spirit.

The entrance of the slaves with the preliminaries of the banquet now put an end to further conversation. Each guest, with the greatest alacrity, unbuckled his girdle after the agreeable fashion of the Greeks, who permitted no impediment to the appetite save a full and luxurious satiety. Water in basins of porphyry and silver was handed round to the guests, and each, having laved his fingers and his brow, dried them with a mappa of the softest damask. This custom seemed a little strange to our friend, Faber Ferrarius, who, while presenting the basin to his master, said, with a grin as broad as Colman's broadest,—the effect of which was not lost upon Lucilius—"*Quomodo ex es pro sapone?* How are you off for soap?" Wicker baskets filled with the most fragrant flowers were then produced, and each of the company exercised his fancy in selecting the most graceful tribute of the spring to form a garland for his head.

A curious observer of character might have formed his own conclusions as to the habits of those distinguished individuals from the selections which they made. Mæcenas, who was chairman of the *Societas Agrestis Romana*, or Roman Agricultural Society, adopted a wreath of the intermingled foliage of the flowering bean, the carrot, and the tare. The more courtly Pollio selected the kiss-me-quickly and dandelion. Virgil contented himself with a garland of the simple beech, while the vivacious Horace crowned himself with a luxuriant chaplet of the vine leaf and the rose. Fabullus, true to his equestrian character, wreathed his temples with the horse-gowan; while Lucilius, to whom the image of Lydia was ever present, and who had chosen the narcissus and love-lies-bleeding, was presented by his servant, (who, as he offered the garland, hummed the old English air of "*Omne circa petasum*," or "All round my hat,") with a coronal of the most verdant willow. The young Roman acknowledged with a smile the aptness of the present, and adopted it forthwith.

Eggs, hashed with Sardinian lard, pumpkins from the islands of the Antipodes, Calabrian fungi, and delicious pies of diseased goose-livers, manufactured at Salernum, the ancient Strasbourg, were now placed upon the table. Falernian and Syracusan wine in vessels of the finest cut crystal sparkled upon the board in graceful propinquity, and the guests, laying themselves at length upon their couches, set in seriously to the work of necessary refection.

"O Silenus, be propitious!" said the host, bowing to a statue of that most respectable deity which stood upon a conspicuous pedestal; and having poured out the usual libation, he placed the calix to his own lips, where it remained, till with pious fervour he had drained it of its contents.

"What a splendid pumpkin! And O what exuberant figs!" said Pollio, stowing pound after pound of the esculents under his belt. "This day shall I mark with a white stone."

"I am sorry, O my Mæcenas," said Gorbellius, "that I cannot offer you any oysters,—but if you will allow me to recommend these Trinacrian mussels, I think you will find them no bad substitute for the natives."

"Admirable!" exclaimed the luxurious equestrian, helping himself to half-a-dozen spoonsful. "Horace, my son, you seem off your feed. Have some of these shellfish?"

"Gratias!" sputtered Horace, with his mouth full of fungus.

Non omne mare est generosæ fertile terræ.
It is not everywhere one sees
Shellfish so excellent as these.

"As usual," whispered Virgil to his patron; "always showing off his own verses."

Pollio, who at the moment was deep in the mysteries of a chicken pie, either did not hear the invidious remark, or did not think it advisable to take notice of it. Lucilius, however, overheard the words, and burning with anxiety to recommend himself to the favourable notice of the poet, said somewhat incautiously across the table, "I agree with you, O most accomplished Maro—a great mind, like the sensitive plant, should shun observation, and not protrude its flowers to court the passing glances of the viator."

"You being the viator, I presume," said Horace, snappishly. "Tell me, young man, do you write verses yourself?"

"I bring no votive offering to the Muses."

"I thought as much," answered the lyrist: "then let me advise you in future never to make remarks on those who do. Since the gods have not made you poetical, masticate your murænæ, and make better use of your teeth than you do of your tongue. *Poeta nascitur non fit.*"

"Which means, I suppose, that it is not fit for a poet to be nasty," whispered Faber Ferrarius to an attendant slave, somewhat incensed at the tone of the remarks levelled against his master, and not a little scandalized at the unseemly manner in which Horace clawed up the mussels with his fingers from the oleaginous stew.

Lucilius would have replied, but Gorbellius aptly interposed. "You do injustice, O my Flaccus, to my young friend, who, I assure you, is a great admirer of yours. Often have I heard him say, that, if he were to choose a patron in Rome, he should seek the atrium of the all-accomplished Horace."

"Say you so," said the bard, much mollified. "Phœbus is my witness, I meant not to offend; and if Lucilius will pay me a visit at my little

place on the Anio, I shall be glad to crack a bottle of *Vile Sabinum* with him, and perhaps open his eyes to the beauty of my verses by immortalizing him in an ode."

Lucilius bowed a gratified assent. Virgil snorted—and the second course was brought in.

It is not our intention to enumerate the various delicacies which graced that festive board. The peacock in full feather, garnished with a delicate condiment of garlic and onions; the sturgeon stuffed with nightingale's tongues stewed in cod's liver oil,

The swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Cooked with an exquisite and poignant sauce,

as "rare old Ben" has it; and many other unspeakable triumphs of the Roman *cuisine* were all there. These the classical reader must be familiar with; and the unclassical reader who has read The Last Days of Pompeii—and who has not?—can be no stranger to them.

"Ho!" cried Gorbellius, after the cloth had been removed, and an elegant dessert of apples and filberts placed upon the table. "Ho, bring in the goblets, and let us begin seriously to the business of the symposium. I fill this cup to the emperor."

"I do exactly the reverse," said Pollio.

"Aedepol! How?"

"You fill your cup, O my excellent Gorbellius, and I empty mine. Now, which of us is the better philosopher?"

Much more of this excellent species of wit passed, and so the roseate hours flew swiftly on; and Orion displayed his glittering belt in the heavens, and Charles the starry waggoner was seen driving his celestial wain along the milky way, and the harvest moon looked serenely and beautifully down from the pearly, yet unfathomable, depths of ether,—and the wide expanse of the sea, and the crests of the eternal mountains, and the broad vine-covered valleys that undulated beneath, and the spires, and pinnacles, and domes of the imperial city, shone and glittered, and rejoiced in her presence. Nature was hushed into quietude; yet still from the portals of that magnificent mansion came the burst of joyous merriment, and the burden of inspiring song. And oh, not unharmoniously, nor ungratefully, did those sounds invade the regions of the placid night; for, whilst the balmy dews of evening were bathing with strength, with beauty, and with fragrance, the fruitful children of the soil, the ruby nectar, the dew of life, was kindling at the hearts of the happy train, emancipating their thoughts from the dull realities of existence, and exalting each to the intellectual proportions of a Titan!

"A song! a song from Horace!" cried the host, and gracefully did the poet touch the strings of the cithera, and raising his vine-crowned head, which, had Phidias transferred it to marble, would have been worshipped as the very incarnation of Lyæus, burst forth into the following

CARMEN BACCHANALE.

Life 's too short for care and sorrow,
Grief's a dull and weary thing;
We'll be grave enough to-morrow,
But to-day let 's drink and sing.

Joyous be our happy meeting!
Dash all sullen thought aside;
There is nothing that can sweeten
Care, except the ruddy tide
Poculi—poculorum;
Help yourself and push the jorum!

Drink, and let all toil and trouble
Vanish from your kindling soul;
Life itself is but a bubble
Sparkling in the sparkling bowl.
If the sage be melancholy,
What a sorry sage is he!
Better if he drowned his folly
In the liquor mantling free
Poculi—poculorum;
Help yourself and push the jorum!

Edile, tribune, flamen, prætor,
In this just devotion join;
All confess their true dictator
Is the jolly god of wine.
Water is a goodly fluid
When no better drink is by;
But did ever priest or Druid
Scorn for it the sweet supply
Poculi—poculorum;
Help yourself and push the jorum!

Join we in the lusty chorus!
Fill the emptied goblet up!
Bacchus' choicest gifts before us
Sparkle in the rosy cup.
Joyous be our happy meeting!
Dash all sullen thought aside;
There is nothing that can sweeten
Care, except the ruddy tide
Poculi—poculorum;
Help yourself and push the jorum!

"Heavenly!"—"exquisite!"—"gorgeous!"—"good!"—"pretty well!" cried Lucilius, Trebonius, Fabullus, and Gorbellius, in a breath. Mæcenas said nothing; but, squeezing affectionately the hand of his *protegé*, deposited in it an order for a hundred sestertia upon the banking-house of Lollius, Spurœna, & Co.

"What did you think of that song?" whispered Pollio to the Mantuan bard.

"Coarse and vulgar," answered Virgil; "the sentiments mean and undignified, and the language below contempt. I wonder how any man with common pretensions to education, can listen to such pitiful drivel. But see! by Phœbus! he is at it again!"

And in truth, Horace, animated by the generosity of his patron, caught up the lyre from his side, and after a short and lively prelude, sang that exquisite extempore panegyric which Scaliger has preserved, and which may be thus translated:

IN LAUDEM MÆCENATIS.

O, have you not heard of the noble Mæcenas,
Who keeps a great pond full of splendid murænas,
And hands out his slaves
To find lodgings and graves,
By scores, in the maws of the hungry hyænas!

Last Ides of September, when Pansa was prætor,
Six lions he showed, and a fine gladiator.
'Twas his pride and his boast
That they gave up the ghost
At the feet of Augustus and Jupiter Stator.

Thou son of a line of old monarchs Etruscan,
There's some in the chariot-race kick up a dust can,
Some glory in war,
But you, wiser far,
Patronise the belles lettres, and talk Della Cruscan.

Mæcenas, we thank thee for manifold mercies,
We crown thee with laurels, and greet thee with verses,
And by night and by day
Shall thy Horace still pray,
That thy pockets may always be stuffed with sesterces.

The whole apartment rang with acclamations. Mæcenas, who was no great orator, returned thanks in a short and neat speech; while Virgil, whose patron was by no means so liberal as his more fortunate rival's, growled his contempt of what he was pleased to call the coarse flattery of a base parasite.

Meanwhile the night wore on, the cups were circulated with accelerated velocity, until the senses of most of the company were considerably mystified; and the last objects which swam before the eyes of Lucilius, ere he dropt into the arms of his slave, were a race round the table by Mæcenas and Pollio, each mounted on the back of his respective poet, with Fabullus urging them to the top of their speed, and Gorbellius standing upon the table, stripped to the buff, exhibiting, with surprising fidelity, the attitudes of "The Fighting Gladiator in Six Positions," in imitation of Ducro, a Dacian acrobat, whose imitations of statuary drew thousands nightly to the Colosseum.

WRITTEN AFTER READING
"THE PRESENT AGE," A LECTURE BY DR. CHANNING.

Hail! thou whose hoary brow is deck'd
With laurels, greener far
Than warrior's fresh from battle-field
And spirit-stirring war.
'Tis thine to call the human race
From sensual aims, ignoble, base.
'Tis thine, with tongue of fire,
To form one mighty brotherhood,
And bid them to the Great, the Good,
Continually aspire.

Real and unfading shall thy fame
Illume wherever known;
No entail'd honours gild thy name,
Thy deeds are all thine own.
'Tis thine with matchless eloquence
To sway o'er all intelligence
An empire far and wide;
To dig the intellectual mine,
This is thy work—the triumph thine,
The glory and the pride.

'Tis thine to hail the glorious dawn
Of truth and moral light;
Of freedom bursting all the bonds
Of ignorance and might;
That breaks the fetters of the slave,
To snatch him from his living grave
And ceaseless misery.
Blest hope—he spurns the galling yoke
And with'ring lash—for thou hast spoke
The doom of tyranny.

No superstitious rev'rence checks
Thy course of thought or speech;
The truth alone the prize that thou
Wouldst bid the world to reach.
This arms with intellectual might,
That shuns ambition's fatal blight—
That hollow, gaudy thing—
A riband, or a tinsel star—
For MAN, say'st thou, is nobler far
Than emperor or king.

'Twas thine from off Napoleon's brow
Th' illusive wreath to tear,
And show what bitter blackness lurk'd
Beneath a form so fair.
He would the world's dominion gain,
Of myriads shed the blood in vain
To gain an empty crown—
Thou hast a nobler conquest made,
Which shall, when his proud laurels fade,
Live glorious in renown.

The page that thine own hand hath writ
Shall live and grow for aye,
When the great names of Greece and Rome
Have sunk into decay.
And all the hardy sons of toil,
No longer wretched—brutish—vile—
Shall bless the just, the true.
Him who undaunted led the van,
And taught, that humble, unknown man,
Might yet be noble too.

The dormant virtues then shall own
Religion's peaceful sway;
Not cold sectarian selfishness,
The offspring of a day,
That brings Infinite holiness
Down to the doctrine's littleness,
Nor sees the way bestrew'd
With flowers that cheer our weary state,
Nor deems the Infinitely Great
As Infinitely Good.

Great is the truth, its spread shall turn
The millions from their doom,
Of slavish ignorance—the death
That courts a living tomb.
'Tis this that fills the patriot's soul
With hopes and aims, whose high control
Subserves all-powerful Fate;
And here may vain ambition learn
Oft classic statue, marble urn,
No *good* commemorate.

No painted canvass, chisel'd bust,
No sculpture needest thou:
Thy intellectual monument
Shall ever be as *now*,
In that undying love which glows
For all, the light of heav'n that shows
Our humble dignity,
That blends in one all humankind,
And fills the universal mind
With warmest sympathy.

Land of the setting sun, how fair
A lot hath fall'n to thee!
Once holy patriotism—and now
Sublime philanthropy.
How bright a galaxy of names
Thy brief historic page contains,
Begun by Washington:
And now *his* name claims high repute,
Whose voice inspir'd shall ne'er be mute,
New England's noblest son!

W.

NEW NOVELS.

THE NEIGHBOURS,*—EVELYN HOWARD.

For once, an English translator of foreign novels has made a hit; a circumstance which does not occur above once in one hundred times. The fortunate, or, rather, the wise and tasteful individual is Mary Howitt, who, guided by her own true English heart, knows what should and what will be found congenial to the better heart of her country; what must ameliorate, while it fascinates and entertains. In her preface to *The Neighbours*, Mrs. Howitt tells us that there is a rich treasure of intellect and literature in Sweden, of which little or nothing is known to England. However this may be, she has undoubtedly fallen upon a small vein of pure gold, and, in faith and hope, we bid her work it out. The English cannot have too many of the domestic novels of a kindred people, if they shall be found to resemble *The Neighbours* of Frederika Bremer. Of this story of every-day life, the Germans, a brother-people, have already had three editions. The work is also highly adapted to the United States; and the entire undegenerate portion of the British nation must give it a cordial welcome. It is just such a novel as might have been written in England a century ago, had Fielding had any female counterpart, and if French literature and French models had not corrupted or biassed the natural genius of our insular light literature. Somewhat of this bias is visible in the popular modern literature of every northern people; nor has the authoress of *The Neighbours* wholly escaped the foreign taint, though it is neutralized by her genuine purity, and her heartiness and geniality. The authoress of *The Neighbours*, Frederika Bremer, *spinster*, is styled by Mrs. Howitt the Miss Austin of Sweden; and undoubtedly she is, if in one sense not quite equal, in another, superior to Miss Austin. If less subtle and delicately sagacious in the analysis of the everyday men and women of her story—her vivacity is more sparkling; and she possesses, or, at all events, gives freer rein to high imagination. Though quite as delicate as is compatible with a genuine and unpretending modesty, the Swedish single lady also assumes more freedom in delineating "the chaste mysteries of Hymen,"—the inner conjugal life, than any English spinster would have dared to do, and which not every married English authoress would consider herself safe in exhibiting. This freedom sits, however, with excellent grace upon Frederika Bremer, and wonderfully heightens the charm of her narrative.

In point of execution, or, as a whole, the novel (which is the author's first work) is certainly not without faults. We have too much of a certain *Ma chère mère*, admirable as she is, and far too much of her son, *Bruno*, and his coal-black steed. A good deal of the second volume might have been spared, with manifest advantage to the interest of the mere story, which drags at last; but we can understand and sympathize with some of the vulgar, or paper-and-print, necessities of authorship, and overlook the tedious or repetitive, for the sake of the true, the natural, the glowing, the tender, and really beautiful delineations of everyday middle life with which we are presented in these delightful volumes. The entire scenes are laid in a rather remote province of Sweden; and the manners and customs in the leading house would, we presume, be considered old-fashioned, even in that country. The book opens where most other novels end, with a marriage just past—and not at all a romantic one—and the bride on her way to her husband's house, her future home, in the country. He has lived a bachelor for nearly fifty years, with many of a bachelor's habits; and, though the son of a distinguished family, he is a physician, living at a short distance from the market-town, where he in general practises. His bride is a very lively little lady, of at least twenty-seven, reduced by family distress to become a teacher of music, and one who brings to her new condition, if not passionate love, yet grateful affection, and a high and warm sense of duty. It is in her letters, the letters of Dr. Werner's "little wife," to a female friend, that the story is told; with certain incidental aids and connecting pieces, which come in like the chorus in a Greek drama.

And thus she opens with herself and her husband, who, though the most humble, modest, and unobtrusive couple in the world, are silently adopted by the reader as the real hero and heroine of the story:—

Rosenvik, 1st June, 18—. Here I am now, my dear Maria, under my own roof, at my own writing-table, and sitting by my own Bear. And who is Bear? you ask: who should it be but my own husband, whom I call Bear because the name suits him so well.

Here then I am, sitting by the window; the sun is setting; two swans swim in the lake and make furrows in its clear mirror; three cows, *my* cows, stand on the green shore, quite sleek and reflective, thinking certainly upon nothing. How handsome they are! Now comes the maid with her milk-pail; how rich and good is country-milk! but what, in fact, is not good in the country! air and rain, food and feeling, heaven and earth, all is fresh and animated.

But now I must conduct you into my dwelling—no, I will begin yet further off. There, on that hill, in Smaland, several miles off, whence I first looked into the valley where Rosenvik lies, behold a dust-covered carriage, within which sits the Bear and his little wife. That little wife looks forth with curiosity, for before her lies a valley beautiful in the light of evening. Green woods stretch out below, and surround crystal lakes; corn-fields in silken waves encircle grey mountains, and white buildings gleam out with friendly aspects among the trees. Here and there, from the wood-covered heights, pillars of smoke ascend to the clear evening heaven; they might have been mistaken for volcanoes, but they were only peaceful svedjen.* Truly it was beautiful, and I was charmed;

* "The Neighbours; a Story of Everyday Life." Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

* Svedjen, the burning of turf, &c., in the fields, used for dressing the land.

I bent myself forward, and was thinking on a certain happy natural family in Paradise, one Adam and Eve, when suddenly the Bear laid his great paws upon me, and held me so tight that I was nearly giving up the ghost, while he kissed me and besought me to find pleasure in what was here. I was the least in the world angry; but, as I knew the heart impulse of this embrace, I made myself tolerably contented.——Here then, in this valley, lay my stationary home, here lived my new family, here lay Rosenvik, here should I and my husband live together. We descended the hill and the carriage rolled rapidly along the level road, while as we advanced he told whose property was this and whose was that, whether near or remote. All was to me like a dream, out of which I was suddenly awoke by his saying with a peculiar accent, "Here lives Ma chère mère," and at the same moment the carriage drove into a court-yard, and drew up at the door of a large handsome stone house.

"What, must we alight here?" I asked.

"Yes, my love," was his reply.

This was to me by no means an agreeable surprise; I would much rather have gone on to my own house; much rather have made some preparation for this first meeting with my husband's step-mother, of whom I stood in great awe from the anecdotes I had heard of her, and the respect which her step-son had for her. This visit seemed to me quite mal-à-propos, but my husband had his own ideas, and as I glanced at him I saw that it was no time for opposition.

It was Sunday, and as the carriage drew up I heard the sound of a violin.

"Aha," said Lars Anders, for such is my husband's christian name, "so much the better!" leaped heavily from the carriage, and helped me out also. There was no time to think about boxes or packages; he took my hand and led me up the steps, along the entrance-hall, and drew me towards the door, whence proceeded the sounds of music and dancing.

"Only see," thought I, "how is it possible for me to dance in this costume?"

O if I could only have gone in somewhere, just to wipe the dust from my face and my bonnet, where at the very least I could just have seen myself in a looking-glass! . . . . . "Now," exclaimed I, in a kind of lively despair, "if you take me to a ball, you Bear, I'll make you dance with me."

"With a world of pleasure!" cried he, and in the same moment we two stood in the hall, when my terror was considerably abated by finding that the great room contained merely a number of cleanly dressed servants, men and women, who leapt about lustily with one another, and who were so occupied with their dancing as scarcely to perceive us. Lars Anders led me to the upper end of the room, where I saw sitting upon a high seat, a very tall and strong-built gentlewoman, who was playing with remarkable fervour upon a violin, and beating time to her music with great power. Upon her head was a tall and extraordinary cap, which I may as well call a helmet, because this idea came into my head at the first glance; and after all I can find no better name for it. This was the Generalin (wife of the General) Mansfeld, step-mother of my husband, Ma chère mère, of whom I had heard so much.

She turned instantly her large dark brown eyes upon us, ceased playing, laid down her violin, and arose with a proud bearing, but with, at the same time, a happy and open countenance. I trembled a little, made a deep curtsey, and kissed her hand; in return she kissed my forehead, and for a moment looked on me so keenly as compelled me to cast down my eyes, whereupon she kissed me most cordially on mouth and forehead, and embraced me as warmly as her step-son. And now came his turn; he kissed her hand most reverentially, but she presented her cheek; they regarded each other with the most friendly expression of countenance, she saying in a loud manly voice the moment afterwards: "You are welcome, my dear friends; it is very handsome of you to come here to me before you have been to your own house; I thank you for it. I might, it is true, have received you better, if I could have made preparations; but at all events, this I know, that 'a welcome is the best dish.' I hope, my friends, that you will remain over the evening with me."

My husband excused us, saying that we wished to reach home soon; that I was fatigued with the journey; but that we could not pass Carlsfors without paying our respects to Ma chère mère.

"Nay, good, good!" said she, apparently satisfied; "we will soon have more talk within, but first I must speak a few words with these people here. Listen, good friends!" and Ma chère mère struck the back of the violin with the bow till a general silence prevailed through the hall. "My children," continued she, in a solemn tone, "I have something to say to you,—the hangman! wilt thou not be quiet there below,—I have to tell you that my beloved son Lars Anders Werner takes home his wife, this Franziska Burén whom you see standing by his side. Marriages are determined in heaven, my children, and we will now pray heaven to bless its work in the persons of this couple. This evening we will drink together a skäl to their wellbeing. So now you can dance, my children! Olof, come here and play thy very best."

While a murmur of exultation and good wishes ran through the assembly, Ma chère mère took me by the hand and led me, together with my husband, into another room, into which she ordered punch and glasses to be brought; then placing both her elbows firmly upon the table and supporting her chin on her closed fists, she looked at me with a gaze which was rather dark than friendly. Lars Anders, who saw that this review was rather embarrassing to me began to speak of the harvest, and other country affairs; Ma chère mère, however, sighed several times so deeply, that her sighs rather resembled groans, and then, as it were constraining herself, answered to his observations.

The punch came, and then filling the glass, she said, with earnestness in tone and countenance, "Son and son's wife, your health!"

After this she became more friendly, and said in a jesting tone, which by the bye suited her extremely well, "Lars Anders, I suppose we must not say 'you have bought the calf in the sack.' Your wife does not look amiss, and she 'has a pair of eyes fit to buy fish with.' She is little, very little, one must confess; but 'little and bold often push the great ones aside.'"

I laughed, Ma chère mère did the same, and I began to talk and act quite at my ease.

This is a picture of manners beginning to be antiquated, even in Sweden; the Generalin herself being probably coeval with the age of our own Baron Bradwardine, or Magnus Troil. To complete the picture, we must now presume the lively conversation between the new relatives ended, and an invitation to dine with Madame Mansfeld, after a day of rest at home, given and accepted, ere that lady said—

"Now fill your glasses, and come and drink with the people. Trouble man may keep to himself, but pleasure he must enjoy in company." We followed Ma chère mère, who had gone as herald into the dancing-room; they were all standing as we entered with filled glasses, and she spoke something after this manner: "One must never triumph before one is over the brook; but if people sail in the ship of matrimony with prudence and in the fear of God, there is a proverb which says, 'well begun is half won,' and therefore, my friends, we will drink a skäl to the new-married couple whom you see before you, and wish, not only for them, but for those who come after them, that they may for ever have place in the garden of the Lord!"

"Skäl! skäl!" resounded on all sides. Lars Anders and I drank, and then went round and shook hands with so many people that my head was quite dizzy.

All this over, we prepared for our departure, and then came Ma chère mère to me on the steps with a packet, or rather a bundle in her hand, saying, in the most friendly manner, "Take these veal cutlets with

you, children, for breakfast to-morrow morning. In a while you will fatten and eat your own veal; but daughter-in-law, don't forget one thing—let me have my napkin back again! Nay, you shall not carry it, dear child, you have quite enough to do with your bag (pirat) and your cloak. Lars Anders must carry the veal cutlets;" and then, as if he were a little boy still, she gave him the bundle and showed him how he must carry it, all which he did as she bade him, and still her last words were "Don't forget now, that I have my napkin back!"

I glanced full of amazement at my husband, but he only smiled and helped me into the carriage. As to the veal cutlets, I could not but rejoice over them, for I could not tell in what state I might find the provision-room at Rosenvik. Right glad also was I to arrive "at home," and to see a maid-servant and a ready-prepared bed, for we had travelled that day ten miles, (Swedish,) and I was greatly fatigued. I had slept a little on the quarter-of-a-mile way between Carlsfors and Rosenvik, and the twilight had come on so rapidly that, as about eleven o'clock at night we arrived at home, I was unable to see what my Eden resembled. The house seemed, however, to me, somewhat grey and small in comparison of the one we had just left; but that was of no consequence, Lars Anders was so cordially kind, and I was so cordially sleepy. But all at once I was wide awake, for as I entered it seemed to me like a fairy tale. I stepped into a handsome well-lighted room, in the middle of which stood a nicely arranged tea-table glittering with silver and china, whilst beside the tea-table stood the very neatest of maid-servants, in that pretty holiday dress which is peculiar to the peasant girls of this country.

I uttered an exclamation of delight, and all sleep at once was gone. In a quarter of an hour I was quite ready, and sat down as hostess at the tea-table, admiring the beautiful tablecloth, the teacups, the teapot, the teaspoons, upon which were engraved our joint initials, and served tea to my husband, who seemed happy to his heart's core.

And thus the morning and the evening were the first day.

The next morning, as I opened my eyes, I saw that my Adam was directing his eyes with an expression of great devotion towards the window, where a ray of sunshine streamed in through a hole in the blue striped window-curtains, whilst at the same time the mewing of a cat might be heard.

"My beloved husband!" began I solemnly, "I thank you for the beautiful music which you have prepared for my welcome. I conjecture you have a troop of country girls all dressed in white to scatter twigs of fir before my feet. I will soon be ready to receive them."

"I have arranged something much better than this old-fashioned pageantry," said he merrily. "In association with a great artist, I have prepared a panorama which will show you how it looks in Arabia Deserta. You need only to lift up these curtains."

You may imagine, Maria, that I was soon at the window,—with a sort of sacred awe drew aside the curtains. Ah, Maria! there lay before me, in the full glory of the morning, a crystal lake; green meadows, and groves lay around, and in the middle of the lake a small island, upon which grew a magnificent oak; over all the sun shone brightly, and all was so peaceful, so paradisiacal in its beauty, that I was enchanted, and for the first moment could not speak, I could only fold my hands whilst tears filled my eyes.

"May you be happy here!" whispered Lars Anders, and clasped me to his heart.—"I am happy, too happy!" said I, deeply moved, "and grateful."—"Do you see the island, that little Svanö?" asked he, "I will row you often there on a summer's evening; we will take our evening meal with us, and eat it there."—"Why not breakfast?" inquired I, suddenly fired with the idea, "why not to-day, in this beautiful morning, go and drink our coffee? I will immediately"—"No, not this morning," interrupted he, laughing at my earnestness, "I must go into the city and visit my patients."—"Ah!" exclaimed I, in a tone of vexation, "what a thing it is that people cannot remain in health!"—"What then should I do?" asked he, in a sort of comic terror. "Row me over to Svanö," was my reply.—"I shall be back," said he, "for dinner about three o'clock, and then we can—that cursed hole there above," said he; "I could not have believed that the curtains had been so tor—"

"That hole shall remain as long as I am here," exclaimed I with enthusiasm, interrupting him; "never would I forget that through that hole I first saw sunshine at Rosenvik!"

And now the husband is off in his cabriolet to visit his patients, and his little wife is left to examine her new household, and look after her housekeeping; for housewifery is still the main business of the ladies of Sweden, and its homely details are seriously and frequently brought forward in *The Neighbours*, in a manner which few English writers would have risked; though a dinner might have been described for the purpose of covering, with utter ridicule, the attempt to give one's friends a dinner, without the appliances of first-rate means and first-rate artists. The personages, many of them, are quite as natural and homely as the veal cutlets and the napkin.——Thus the bride describes her most worthy husband, for whom her affections deepen and warm by beautiful gradations, until the union of prudence and good sense becomes "the marriage of true hearts," the tenderest and most cordial and confiding attachment. Every old bachelor meditating the daring step of marrying a woman twenty years younger than himself, should first put *The Neighbours* into her hands. Thus the wife begins her household sketches:—

First of all for my husband—for my own Bear—here then you shall have his portrait. Of a middle size, but proportionably, not disagreeably, stout and broad; a handsome, well-curled peruke, made by the Creator's own hand; large countenance, *couleur de rose;* small, clear grey eyes, with a certain penetrating glance, under large, bushy, yellow-grey eyebrows; the nose good, though somewhat thick; the mouth large, with good teeth—but brown, alas! from tobacco smoking; large hands, but well made and well kept; large feet, the gait like a bear: but this gives no idea of his exterior, if you do not take into account an expression of open-hearted goodness and cheerfulness, which inspires a joyful confidence in the beholder. This speaks when the mouth is silent, as is most frequently the case; the forehead is serene, and the bearing of the head such as reminds one of an astronomer; the voice is a deep bass, which is not at all amiss in singing. Here then you have his exterior. His inward self, best Maria, I have not yet myself studied. Betrothed to him only within two months, wife since fourteen days, I have not had great opportunity to become acquainted with a man who is generally silent, and whom I have not known more than half a year. But I trust and hope all for good! You ask whether I feel love, actual love for him; and give, half in jest, half in earnest, extraordinary signs by which I may be able to prove this. . . . . In the first place he is much older than I am; he is nearly fifty, and I want yet three years of thirty; further, he has been so long an old bachelor, has his good and his bad habits, and these last I do not find at all agreeable; but they shall not destroy our domestic happiness, of that I am determined. Thus, in the first place, he has a habit of spitting about everywhere, on handsome matting just the same as on bare boards,—that habit he must leave off.

After going over her friend's infallible signs, Madame Werner finds that she is not in love; for she perceives, that what are faults in anybody else, are also, in her eyes, faults in her husband; and she acknowledges that he has many bad habits: "But

understand," she adds, "that I can very well endure him. I must have found him excellent, otherwise I should not have married him. But love!—hem!" The faults are,—

Secondly, he smokes a great deal; to this I shall accustom myself, because I know how necessary and agreeable a pipe is to those who have made it for long the companion of their way through life; but we will have a contract between us thus: "I am quite willing to see the lighted pipe, yet it shall only seldom be introduced into the parlour, and never into our bed-room; he may puff away as much as he likes in his own room, and in the hall, where the fumes pass away freely." Thirdly, he has an extraordinary habit of making most horrible faces, often to his own thoughts, and often during the conversation of others; but here we will have an understanding between us,—sometimes I shall say to him, "Bear, don't make such horrible faces!" but most frequently I shall leave him quietly to himself, because I know how painful it would be, how almost impossible for him to counteract such a long-accustomed working of the features; more especially as it often furnishes a mode of speech which is very expressive, and appears more merry than disagreeable. Fourthly, he has a kind of carpenter mania, and would very willingly sit of an evening and chisel and glue, and make dirty work over table, and chair, and floor; to this I will accustom myself with my whole heart, and merely every morning make all carefully clean again. It always gives me pleasure when a gentleman has some little favourite occupation; and after Bear has been occupying himself all day till he is weary with his medical profession, this is a cheerful diversion of mind to him. Fifthly, he has a habit of using certain coarse words; this I will patiently, and by little and little, get him to leave off; but that to which I am most fully determined above all things to accustom him is, to feel himself happy, and to find contentment and pleasure in his own house;—for, Maria, I was poor, was obliged to get my bread in the sweat of my own brow—for teaching music is no light labour. I was not young any longer, had no beauty, nor talent beyond that little bit of music,—and he, from a family of consequence, of a respectable station in life, and universally esteemed on account of his character, his knowledge, his qualifications, selected me from among many richer, handsomer, and better than I. He attended me during my severe fever with the utmost kindness, and when my mother would have recompensed his trouble with the remains of our hoarded-up money, he put it aside, and requested—my hand. Then he was kind to all who belonged to me, gave presents to my brothers, and through him prosperity entered into our formerly needy house. Should I not be grateful? should I not like him? should I not endeavour with all my power, with my utmost ability, to make him happy? Ah yes! that will I; with all his virtues and his defects, in jest and in earnest, in good and in evil, will I make him happy; and a voice within me says that I shall succeed.

This is setting out well. And she did succeed—even beyond all expectation.

The first quarrel is related with great truth and lively humour, and contains one of those lessons of social wisdom of which Mrs. Howitt gives us promise in her preface:—one given by a spinster to all married women. The contract about smoking had been made and formally signed. When the day came for the new-married couple to pay their visit to the tremendous *Generalin*, "Ma chère mère," the young wife had a headache; was out of spirits and out of looks, and would fain have pleaded the bad weather as an excuse to remain at home.

But when I gave the slightest hint of that, he made such terrible grimaces that I gave up all attempts of the kind. So we mounted the cabriolet, and in drizzling rain drove off under an umbrella. Ma chère mère received us friendly, but she did not seem to be in good humour herself. There were several old ladies and gentlemen to dine, all strangers to me; it was a heavy affair; and though the dinner was magnificent, spite of all my attempts, I could eat nothing.

In the afternoon, immediately after coffee, Bear went with the gentlemen down into the billiard-room, leaving me with Ma chère mère, the old ladies, who kept talking to themselves, and a certain Lagman Hök, an old and tried friend of Ma chère mère, who sate near her and took snuff. Ma chère mère was silent, played patience and looked grave. I said now and then a word, but every moment grew stiller, for my head ached sadly; the rain beat against the window, and to tell the truth I was out of humour with Lars Anders, who it seemed to me might have come, at least once during that long afternoon, to look after his little wife, and not have gone thus indulging his old bachelor habits of playing billiards, drinking and smoking; and in this ill-humour the afternoon wore by.

Towards evening Ma chère mère requested me to play something; I sate down to the piano, made a prelude, and began to sing that beautiful little thing, "Youth;" but the heat, my headache, and my chagrin together, put me quite out of voice. I sung at first tremulously, then false, and at last out of time, although I had sung that piece a hundred times before. All was as still as death in the room, and I really could have cried, only that at my age one cannot be so affected. I struck a few closing notes and left the piano, with an apology and a few words on my headache. Notwithstanding all this, Ma chère mère seemed really kind towards me; she seated herself by me on the sofa, gave me a great cup of strong tea, and treated me as people treat a sick child. I was now really come to the crying point; for all this, together with the good Lagman Hök's politeness, overcame me. I thought now truly this was the completion of the deplorable part I had been playing the whole day, and that Ma chère mère would think to herself, Lars Anders has made but a bad choice; he has brought home a wife, who is at the same time old and childish, sickly and full of affectation! I was downright miserable.

At last Lars Anders came, and then it was time to leave; the weather had become fine, and the tea had done me good, but the mischief had taken possession of my soul. I was out of humour with myself, with my husband, with the whole world; and more than this, Bear sate all the time silent, and never seemed to trouble himself about my headache, for after he had just asked how I was, and I had answered "better," he did not speak another word.

When I came home I had something in the kitchen to see after, and when I returned to the parlour, there had Lars Anders settled himself into the sofa, and was blowing the tobacco-smoke in long wreaths before him while he read the newspaper. He had not indeed chosen a suitable time for the breach of our compact. I made a remonstrance, and that truly in a lively tone, but in reality I was angry. I took, as it were, a bad pleasure in making him pay for the annoying day I had passed.

"Pardon!" exclaimed he in a cheerful voice, and still continued to sit with the pipe in his mouth. I would not allow that, for I thought the old bachelor might have indulged himself freely enough the whole afternoon.

He prayed for permission only this once to smoke in the parlour; but I would admit of no negotiation, and threatened that if the pipe was not immediately taken away, I would go and sit for the whole evening in the hall. In the beginning, he besought me jokingly to grant him quiet; then he became graver, and prayed earnestly, beseechingly; prayed me at last "out of regard to him." I saw that he wanted to try me; saw that truly from his heart that he wished I would yield—and I, detestable creature, would not. I remained steadfastly, although always cheerfully, by my determination, and at last took up my work in order to go out. Then Lars Anders laid down his pipe;—oh, if he had

been only angry and spiteful; if he only would not have laid down his pipe, but would have marched out as proud as a nabob, banged the door violently after him, and never come back again the whole evening, then there would have been some "come off" for me, some comfort, something paid for and done with; and then I could have touched over this fatal history so finely and so superficially. But he did none of all these; he laid the pipe aside, and remained sitting silently; and with that I began immediately to endure the gnawings of conscience: neither did he make any of his grimaces, but remained looking on his newspaper, with a certain grave and quiet mien that went to my very heart. I asked him to read aloud; he did so, but there was a something in his voice that I was in no condition to hear; still, in a sort of stifled bitterness against myself, I must yet tyrannise over him. I snatched the newspaper away from him—understand, this was in joke—and said I would read it myself; he looked at me, and let me have my way. I read, in a tolerably cheerful voice, of a debate in the English House of Commons; but I could not hold out long. I burst into tears, flew to him, threw my arms round his neck, and prayed him to forgive my bad humour and my folly. Without answering, he held me close to his breast so tenderly, so forgivingly, whilst a tear slowly ran down his cheek. Never did I love him so much as in this moment; in this moment I felt for him real love!

I would have begun an explanation, but he would not permit it; and now it was my turn to beg of him, if he loved me, to relight his pipe, and to smoke directly at my very side. He refused; but I besought him so long and earnestly, besought it as a token of continued forgiveness, that he at last yielded. I held my face as much as possible over the smoke—it was to me the incense of reconciliation; once I was nearly coughing, but I changed this into a sigh, and said, "Ah, my own Bear, your wife would not have been so angry if you had not forgotten her for the whole afternoon; she lost all patience while she was longing after you."

"I had not forgotten you, Fanny," said he, taking the pipe from his mouth, and looking half reproachfully on me; "but I was beside a peasant's painful deathbed in the next hamlet: this prevented me from being with you."

Ashamed to the very soul, I covered my face with my hands—I, I who had been fostering such wicked and false mistrusts against him, and now in my vanity had been revenging myself—I, unworthy one—I who wished to make him so happy, what sweet refreshment had I prepared for the weary, troubled man!

The thought of my folly distresses me even at this very moment; and the only thing that can give me any comfort, is the feeling that he and I love one another better since this occurrence than before.

Beloved, good Lars Anders! before I will occasion you another disagreeable moment, you may smoke every day in parlour, sleeping-room, yes, even in bed itself, if you will; only I pray God that the desire to do so may not possess you.

So ends this charming matrimonial lesson. The next visit to Ma chère mère was a voluntary one, proposed by the young wife, who longed to atone for her behaviour on the former day; and Thursday proved as cheerful and cordial as Tuesday had been dull and disagreeable. The Generalin was on this day occupied, to the finger-ends, with her house-thrift. She was preparing to receive two more step-sons, the half-brothers of Bear, with their young wives, who were to reside with her for some time.

Ma chère mère received us in the kindest manner: Bear she provided with newspapers and Virginia tobacco, and me she bespoke as assistant for the whole afternoon. I was cheerful and willing, and succeeded perfectly in pleasing her. Furniture was removed, curtains rehung, and all went quickly and well under her commands and with my assistance. We despatched a world of work, and were right merry over it; many were the bon mots which I made, greatly to Ma chère mère's amusement. She slapped me, pinched my ears, laughed and replied merrily, and altogether afforded me a deal of pleasure.

There is something quite original and fresh in her disposition and manners, and mode of thought; and she has, without doubt, good understanding and great natural wit. The mode of managing her household appears to me strange; it is by union of severity and tenderness; they are at one and the same time, her slaves and her children, and they on their part appear at once to surrender themselves, and obey her slightest hint.

One only time she and I were near coming to a misunderstanding; it was about the toilet tables of the young wives, which I wished to have a little more luxuriously supplied; but Ma chère mère grew angry, excited herself over "the cursed luxury" of our times, and over the pretensions of young women; declaring that the toilet tables should stand exactly as she had placed them, with the same covers and the same looking-glasses, as they were quite good enough. To all this I remained silent, and therefore all was soon right again; yet after all I am not sure whether the toilet covers were not changed, as, soon after, Ma chère mère betook herself to her linen-press.

To the arrangement of the chambers, succeeded several rougher pieces of house business in which I was invited to take part; "for," said Ma chère mère, "it will do you good, little friend, to see how things are managed in a well-ordered household. It will be necessary for you to learn this and the other in domestic economy. 'Roasted pigeons do not fly down people's throats; and one must look if there be anything in the cellar, if one expect anything on the table.'"

I followed Ma chère mère therefore into the cellar, where, with a large piece of red chalk in her hand, she made various, and to me cabalistical, signs and strokes upon herring and salmon tubs, all which she explained to me; and then led me into every corner of these subterraneous and well-superintended vaults. After this we came above ground, where I assisted in the examination of bread-safes; delivered anathemas over rats and mice, and weighed several flour sacks. Last of all I must be weighed myself; and as I proved not to weigh quite five pounds (Swedish) Ma chère mère laughed at me in the most extraordinary manner, asserting that a woman had been burnt as a witch in the time of Charles XI. because she was under five pounds weight. All this I endured in the most philosophical manner—but no philosophy whatever would prevent my admiration of her housekeeping and domestic arrangements. . . . . When all this rummaging about, and this thorough house-inspection was brought to an end, we sate down on a sofa to rest, and Ma chère mère addressed me in the following manner: "It is only now and then, my dear Franziska, that I make such a house review, but it keeps everything in order, and fills the domestics with respect. Set the clock only to the right time, and it will go right of itself, and thus one need not go about tick-tacking like a pendulum. Keep this in mind, my Franziska. Many ladies affect a great deal, and make themselves very important with their bunch of keys, running for ever into the kitchen and store-room;—all unnecessary labour, Franziska; much better is it for a lady to govern her house with her head than with her heels; the husband likes that best, or if he do not he is a stupid fellow, and the wife ought then in heaven's name to box him on the ears with her bunch of keys! Many ladies will have their servants for ever on their feet: that does no good; servants must have their liberty and rest sometimes; one must not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn. Let your people be answerable for all they do; it is good for them as well as the mistress. Have a hold upon them either by the heart or by honour, and give them ungrudgingly whatever by right is theirs, for the labourer is worthy of his hire. But then, three or four times a-year, but not at any regular time, come down upon them like the day of judgment; turn every stone and see into every corner, storm like a

thunder tempest, and strike down here and there at the right time ; it will purify the house for many weeks.

This was Ma chère mère's housekeeping doctrine. She next turned the conversation on my husband, and said, "Yes, you can say justly, my dear Franziska, that you are married to a man who through the whole day will be husband ; but still in his own way he is very wilful, and you will have to manage him pretty much in the same way as I managed my husband. Come, we shall see how you will do ! You are little, but you can bestir yourself ; and I will now tell you how you must conduct yourself towards your husband. You will always find him an honourable man, therefore I give you this one especial piece of advice—never have recourse to untruths with him, be it ever so small, or to help yourself out of ever so great a difficulty; for untruth leads ever into still greater difficulty, and besides this it drives confidence out of the house." . . . . After supper, as we took leave, Ma chère mère slapped me heavily on the shoulder, kissed me and thanked me for a cheerful day. The weather was so fine when we came out on the steps that we determined to walk part of the way, and to send the cabriolet before us. Our walk was very lively, and after many mischievous pranks, I had the luck to see Bear arrive at the bottom of a ditch. I cannot help laughing when I think of it ; he looked so like a real Bear lying there on four feet (between us two I am not quite sure whether he did not allow himself to be rolled over). The good Bear !

We are aware that this is not story, not romance ;—though there is much fine romance in the book—but it is of the essence of real life among a people whom we, in past times, more closely resembled, and by whose example we might, perhaps, in some things profit still. If the sunshine of England's prosperity is really on the decline; if every class is waxing poorer; and if many, once comfortable, are *uneasy*, or actually impoverished, lessons of economy, of prudence and order in domestic affairs, were never more required than now. Those given in this story, show, among other useful things, that a lady who looked sharply after her domestics, and even after the coarse napkin which wrapped up a homely, but useful and well-timed present, was capable of the highest generosity; of that wise generosity whose only sure foundation is economy, order, and self-denial. Ma chère mère is, indeed, a kind of female W ł-ington, in the great as in the minute points of her character. But we must first have the key to that singular character:—

General Mansfeld married to his first wife a widow lady named Werner, with two sons, the eldest of whom was my husband ; the second, Adolf, who has been dead some years. By this wife the General had two sons who yet live, Jean Jacques and Peter Mansfeld. The mother of these two died whilst they were yet children. A year afterwards the General married a rich and proud Miss Barbara B——, our present Ma chère mère. Lars Anders, who was then thirteen years old, was but little satisfied to receive a stepmother twenty years of age. She however conducted herself most exemplarily, and made an excellent although stern stepmother for the four boys, from whom she won both reverence and love, notwithstanding a certain rigour and economy which she practised towards them. There was, however, reason for the practice of this latter virtue ; for the General, who was himself a man of lavish expenditure, had brought his affairs into great disorder, and his wife only succeeded in preserving her own property by her deed of settlement. From her own income she provided the cost of the four step-sons' education, in which she spared nothing.

The boys were made to observe the most punctilious respect in the paternal house ; they were taught a certain precise politeness, and a French style of manner. Every morning at a stated hour they presented themselves before their parents, kissed their hands, and said, "Bon jour, Mon cher père ; bon jour, Ma chère mère !" and every evening in the same manner, at the appointed time, came the hand-kiss and the "Bon soir, Mon cher père ; bon soir, Ma chère mère !" (thus arose the appellation, Ma chère mère, which the sons always apply to her). This kissing of the hand still remains whenever the sons and mother meet, although the French greeting is discontinued. For the rest, the stern stepmother allowed to her sons a deal of time and freedom for games and bodily exercises, and the enjoyment of the fresh air, for she thought to strengthen at the same time both body and mind by these means ; and they had on the whole a happy youth.

General Mansfeld was a handsome man and a brave soldier, but at the same time extravagant, domineering and wilful. He inquired but little after his children, and lavished away his property. Ma chère mère's marriage with him was not happy, and when he died, he left his sons nothing. Since his death her behaviour to them has, without any ostentation, been the most generous ; for, without making any difference between the sons and stepsons of her husband, she bound herself to allow each one of them, as soon as they came of age, a certain annual sum, whilst she herself held the stewardship of her large but debt-burdened estate. My husband, who had chosen his own path in life, and who by his own ability and industry had won for himself an honourable position in society, declined this allowance as soon as he was able, because it was his wish to be dependent on no one, and least of all on Ma chère mère, whose despotic will did not always square with his independent feelings. This, together with some weighty disclosures which various opportunities have brought about, has occasioned them to be towards each other on an independent and very good understanding ; whilst the other sons more or less are obliged to accommodate their wills to hers. Lars Anders and she stand as it were in fear of each other, but have at the same time the highest mutual esteem ; yet she declares that she will never see him beside her as physician. She sends all medicines and all doctors whatever to the hangman ; will have nothing to do with any of them ; and supports her opinion by the proverb, that "nobody can be a good physician till he has filled a churchyard."

Since I have undertaken to write the history of Ma chère mère, I will also sketch her portrait. See, then, a tall lady, of a large but handsome growth, whose figure in youth must have possessed both symmetry and strength ; very straight, somewhat stiff, and with the mien and bearing of a General. The countenance would be handsome, were not the features so strongly marked and the complexion so grey ; the chin, also, is somewhat too large and projecting. Round the mouth, which is furnished with large, white teeth, a very friendly, pleasant smile often plays ; but when the sentiment is less friendly, the under lip closes over the upper, and gives a character of such stern determination as is not pleasing in a woman. But Ma chère mère is a peculiar person. Her hair is quite grey, and streams sometimes, but not in curls, forth from the helmet ; which head-dress thrones itself solitarily on the stern, high, often cloudy forehead. No ornament nor jewel appears upon her attire ; but instead, the greatest cleanliness is attended to, and a something strikingly accordant and appropriate. Ma chère mère never is tight-laced. (In parenthes is let it be remarked, that I should not wonder if lacing up tight may not have something to do with our often being less agreeable in company—the soul never can move freely when the body is in fetters). Her dress generally is of brown or grey silk ; in the morning the yet handsome neck is covered by a white handkerchief, which towards noon is exchanged for a standing collar. The hands are well made, though large, and though not always used, as we must confess, in the most pacific work. Ma chère mère has a rough voice, speaks loud and distinctly, makes use sometimes of extraordinary words, and has a vast many proverbs at her tongue's end. She walks with great strides, often in boots, and swings her arms about ; still,

whenever it is her will to do so, she can assume a style of the highest and most perfect breeding. People accuse her of being avaricious, of mixing herself in the affairs of others, and with disregard of consequences; many, indeed, are the histories which are related of her; nevertheless, every one throughout the whole country has the highest respect for her, and her word is worth as much as a king's, for the universal opinion respecting her is, that she is prudent, a person to be relied upon, and a steadfast friend. This appears to me beautiful in her. She reminds me of Götz von Berlechingen; and it sometimes appears to me as if deep and tender feeling were hidden under this stern exterior, and then I feel as if I might love her.

Hitherto, she has been the steward of her own estate, and has managed her affairs admirably; now, however, she wishes that Jean Jacques should take part with her. This son has studied agriculture abroad, has lately married, and will now come and settle down at Carlsfors. Lars Anders shakes his head over this partnership—Ma chère mère and Jean 'Jaques!

It is impossible to speak fully of Ma chère mère without mentioning her maid Elsa. These two have lived together forty years, and appear as if it were impossible for the one to live without the other. Elsa is towards her mistress at once a slave and a tyrant. She is so avaricious that she almost begrudges her mistress the wear of her own clothes, and grumbles over every clean pocket-handkerchief she gives her. But in fidelity, order, and cleanliness, she has not her equal; and on this account her mistress regards her with a certain respect, and yields in many a little strife between them the mastery to her. When there is occasion, Elsa will work for her mistress night and day: Ma chère mère is her fate. Ma chère mère is her sphere of action; Ma chère mère's word is her law; Ma chère mère's person her proper self; without her lady, Elsa is nothing. Once she received permission to visit her family, and to be away eight days; but Elsa was back with her mistress before two days were over.

Such is Madam Mansfeld and her prime maid. We have, as we have intimated, fully enough of her peculiarities at last; though she afterwards comes out in quite a new and majestic aspect—with all the grandeur and sternness of a Spartan mother. She is the most devoted mother of one son, of Bruno, the romantic and mysterious hero of the tale, whom her over-strained notions of honour, and rigour of early discipline, had long since banished for ever from her presence, loaded with the maternal curse, which ate as corrodingly into her own large and passionate heart, as into that of her victim. But of all this the young wife yet knows nothing.

It seems to be the custom of Sweden, that newmarried folks, instead of sitting in state to receive the homage and congratulations of their acquaintances and friends, wait upon as many of their neighbours as they choose, who only then return their visits. These observances bring the Bear and his lively Franziska into contact with *The Neighbours*, and cause many characters and groups to pass before the reader. But first their own small household is arranged—and a wise and comfortable arrangement it was; and so happy and bright a home did Rosenvik become, that wherever Franziska went, she quickly, like a bird for its nest, longed to return to her own dear little Rosenvik, as a good and happy wife should. Here is the domicile: it is to us more attractive than *The Neighbours*.

Rosenvik belongs to the estate of Carlsfors, and lies a good half mile from W., where my husband is the principal and most beloved physician. He rents this little place from Ma chère mère, because he, as well as I, are so fond of the country. It is to us a source of pleasure rather than profit, although I have my own speculations about the garden, out of which I think something may be made, though as yet it is no more than a wilderness. The garden, a birch grove, and a meadow in which three cows and a horse have their living, is the whole demesne of Rosenvik. Why it has this name of Rosenvik or Rose-Creek, I cannot imagine, as, although it lies on a creek of the Helga Lake, no rose-bushes are to be found near it; nothing but a quantity of hyssop and elder. This we may preserve, and not throw the other away; but I hope that Rosenvik may yet do honour to its name; and in the meantime, that the beautiful may not supplant the useful, I shall plant currants, peas, and beans, in plenty. On the whole, I rejoice to find myself in a place where there is yet something to do, and where all is not ready and complete. My disposition and my temperament require much employment, and I know how dear that is for which one has worked. The house is small, but comfortably furnished; we have four rooms and a kitchen on the ground-floor. Lars Anders has had them all very prettily furnished; especially the company parlour, with its blue-chintz covered furniture and white muslin curtains, is a sweetly pretty room. In the second story are two handsome guest chambers. The kitchen and store-room were, I must acknowledge, but indifferently supplied, but that is a need, thank God! soon remedied.

In respect to money, my husband has made a regulation which, at the same time that it gives me pleasure, has occasioned me some little uneasiness. He puts all his money into a strong box, to which he has had two keys made, the one he keeps and I the other, with full permission to take out as much money as I will, and when I will, without rendering any account to him. This proof of his perfect confidence in my prudence delights me, and at the same time this his confidence in me is a far stronger bond than any avarice on his part could be. I always fear to take out too much, and not to economize as I ought; constantly avoiding to indulge my heart or even my thoughts in any little extraordinary expenditure, because I myself brought not a penny into that coffer; all that I find there belongs to him, and is the wages of his labour. It seems to me as if I should be more free, and that it would be better if he would allow me monthly a stated sum. One day I made this proposal to him, confessing all my scruples to him with tears in my eyes, but he would not hear a word of it. "Are we not one?" said he, "and I have seen already that you are a skilful manager!" With respect to the scruples, he assured me that I should lose them as we came to know each other better, for that then I should find that there would be no *mine* and *thine* between us two. I am greatly disposed to believe in the good man's prophecy; but yet I intend, not only for the peace of my own conscience, but for the sake of good order, to keep an exact account of all my expenditure.

I am greatly pleased with the little maiden that Lars Anders has provided for me, and who is to be my own maid: she is a young peasant girl, with such a happy, innocent, pretty appearance, as does one good even to see. She is quiet and industrious, has understanding and a good heart, so that it will be a pleasure to me to instruct her. If God give me children, Sissa shall take care of them. I will model her into a real Bonne for them, so that I may be easy on their account when they are not in my own arms. The recollection of my own childhood tells me how important first impressions are; therefore purity, goodness, and good sense shall watch over the cradle of my child; shall even then begin to establish themselves in the soul; and one does not soon become indifferent to the friends of one's childhood. I am speaking all this time of modelling my maid to her duties; but believe me, my Maria, that I will not forget also to model myself. How is it that the flame is so soon extinguished on the altar of love? Because the married pair forget to supply materials for the fire. One must unfold, and cultivate, and perfect one's self in

one's progress through life, and then life will become an unfolding of love and happiness.

My first employment will be to arrange my house so that contentment and peace may dwell in it.

We are certain that we have inspired at least our fair readers with a longing desire to see how Madam Werner succeeds in her virtuous schemes; and now—

Everything in the house and in the whole household arrangement is in order. Little pâtés are baking in the kitchen; the weather is oppressively hot; and every leaf and bird seem as if deprived of motion. The hens lie outside in the sand before the window; the cock stands solitarily on one leg, and looks upon his harem with the countenance of a sleepy sultan: Bear sits in his room writing letters—I hear him yawn, that infects me—oh! oh!—I must go and have a little quarrel with him on purpose to awaken us both.

I want at this moment a quire of writing paper on which to drop sugar-cakes. He is terribly miserly of his writing paper, and on that very account I must have some now.

The quarrel is charmingly got over, the paper obtained, and this other lesson given. The wife had been saucy; and, says her Bear—

"Nay—I'll pardon you. But now, no sour faces, dear wife, but throw your arms round my neck and kiss me."

I gave him—a little box on the ear, stole a quire of paper, and ran off with loud exultation. Bear followed into the kitchen, growling horribly; but then I turned round upon him armed with two delicious little pâtés, which I aimed at his mouth, and there they vanished. Bear all at once was quite still, the paper was forgotten, and reconciliation concluded.

There is, Maria, no better way of stopping the mouths of these lords of the creation than by putting into them something good to eat.

Visits of ceremony are, we learn, made in Sweden in the afternoon, and after dinner, too; for in the rude countries of the North, as in Germany and the United States of America, people still dine before supper-time; and the women devote their mornings to their households, their children, or their own pursuits. Madame Werner put on a pretty straw bonnet, with flowers, to make her first appearance among "The Neighbours;" and the gardener lad, clad in a grey jacket, with a green velvet collar, was transformed into a footman. But Madame Werner had another—a bride's bonnet, of white crape—in which her Bear thought she looked "lovely;" and Ma chère mère must see her in it: so on it went, though the roads were dusty, and the rain threatening. The festival-bonnet was consequently sacrificed; but what did that signify, compared with pleasing the Bearish husband, who said his little wife "looked lovely" in it?

The first afternoon's round among the neighbours, is amusing enough, and the persons visited are well worth knowing. The second and third are better; but the fire-side conversation over the persons seen, and Bear's reflections, are best of all:—

Yesterday afternoon we were at home, and rejoiced on that account. Lars Anders worked like a regular joiner, and I read to him what I had written about our visiting days. It gave him pleasure; he laughed, and yet he blamed me at the same time for having spoken with so much severity of some persons; neither was he quite satisfied with the judgment I had passed on the Von P.'s.

"You call them," said he, "a collection of unfortunate pretensions, and yet you have seen them only once. It is very difficult, my dear Fanny, to pass judgment on men after a long acquaintance, and quite impossible to do so after one visit. Beyond this, many persons under different circumstances exhibit such different sides of their character. I have seen people affected and ridiculous in society, whom I have admired by a sick bed; many, in one case wearisome and assuming, who in another have been discreet and agreeable. Others, again, have eccentricities at one time which they lose later in life; many turn their best side inward, and perform the noblest actions, whilst the world is laughing at the fool's cap which they seem to exhibit. It may be so with this family."

"Granted, granted, dear Bear," said I; "and I promise you, that as soon as I become aware of the fair side, I'll paint it in my best colours."

"But were it not better till then," argued he, "to place the faults more in the shadow? It is exactly by such over-hasty judgments that man injures his neighbour, for nobody reflects that one fault does not spoil the whole person."

"What would you have?" asked I, "you distress me: do you wish that I should throw all I have written into the fire?"

"No, let it be as it is," said he; "the mind of your reader will probably suggest what I have said."

"But for greater security, Bear, and to ease my own conscience, I will make her partaker of our little conversation."

And this, my best Maria, I have now done. Ah, I shall always remain an over-hasty person, who judges by first impressions!

Another visit remained to be made. It was to the family of Mr. Dahl, particular friends of the Bear, in which dwelt a *Serena*, of whom all men, and all women too, spoke well. When Bear was asked by his wife where this wondrous Serena lived, he only replied, "Yes, she is lovely!" She was, at last, seen. We select this group from *The Neighbours*, as, besides skilful delineation, it is more Swedish, more strictly national, than the pretending Von P.'s and the lively Miss Hausgiebel, a little, cultivated old maid, quick as a bird, who exhibits, with kindness and pride, a wonderful museum which she has collected. But she is not a Serena of whom we are told by Madame Werner—

I come from—a better world; I have been in the kingdom of heaven! Do you wish to know how it looks there?

There was a patriarch and wife; and only to see that ancient, venerable couple, made the heart rejoice. Tranquillity was upon their brows, cheerful wisdom on their lips, and in their glance one read love and peace. A band of angels surrounded them: some little children; others blooming maidens, of whom one particularly fixed my attention, because she so perfectly answered my idea of a seraph; not because all the other angels surrounded her, not because she was so beautiful—for she was not beautiful—but because she looked so pure and loving, and because she seemed to be there for the happiness of all.

Now she was with the patriarchs, and mutual love beamed from glance and gesture; then she lifted angel-children in her arms, and kissed and embraced them; and then she spoke joyous, graceful words with the angel-maidens. She was a kind, heavenly being, whose happiness seemed to consist in love. She gave a sign, and nectar and delicious fruits were carried around, whilst she herself took care that the children had as much as their little hands could grasp.

The beauty of innocence seemed throned upon her white and gracefully moulded forehead, which affected me as if by the foresight of a heavenly vision. The expression of her beautiful blue eyes was clear and holy, and had that quiet bashfulness, that candour, which delights us in children. I never saw a glance which expressed so much inward goodness, which spoke so plainly

that her whole world was pure blessedness. The light-brown hair was of wonderful beauty and brightness, and the skin white and transparent; in short, I never saw a form so much resembling a beautiful soul, nor a manner which so much reminded me of music.

I learned that this affectionate maiden was called Serena, and that the children had assembled to celebrate her birth-day. All gathered themselves around her, all stood in need of her, all listened to her, and all were listened to by her.

"Ah, Serena!" said the angel-maidens, "sing us 'The Flower Gatherer,' that lovely, sweet song."

"O Serena!" besought the angel-children, "play to us that we may dance."

"I will do what you wish," said the kind Serena; "but what shall I do first? I fancy I must first play for the children, and then we will ask the stranger lady to sing us that beautiful song, because she sings it better certainly than I do."

Serena sate down and played, whilst the young danced and the old smiled, so that it was a pleasure to see. After the dance the fruit-basket was again carried round, and then Serena asked me in the name of all, to sing "The Flower Gatherer." I sate down to the piano, and the little band with oranges in their hands thronged around me; their rosy cheeks and joyful glances animating my song.

"Ah, once more! once more!" burst forth from all sides when I had ended; so I sang it, yet once and twice again, the little angels seeming as if they could not be satisfied. The patriarchs thanked me for my song even as heartily as the children, and I thanked—the poet.

Serena then introduced games of various kinds, and all was laughter and fun during these games. . . . . So passed the whole evening, with games, dance, song, and laughter. At one time the angel-band, conducted by Serena, came and danced round the patriarchs, enclosing us in the joyful circle, till again breaking loose, in the midst of song, they dispersed to form new groups.

However beautiful and joyous it might be in the kingdom of heaven, still we must think of returning to our little earthly home; so, after we had supped with the angels, we set out on our way. . . . . On the way home I could talk of nothing but Serena, and went to sleep with her lovely image in my soul. . . . . Away from home may be good, but at home is best! So have I often thought during the two pleasant days I have passed quietly in looking after my own affairs, in taming my Bear and my little animals. All goes on quite well: six hens, three ducks, and two turkeys, are now my intimate acquaintance. I have caressed and fed the cows to-day—the fine creatures; the largest and handsomest of which I have christened Audumbla, in memory of the beautiful northern mythology, of which I have read in the symbolical lore of the Edda.

What of my husband? Since he has given up his little vices, he has acquired—God knows how!—continually a greater influence over me. This however is certain, that he is good and reasonable. Yesterday evening he came into our best sitting-room with the pipe in his mouth, but stood at the doorway looking at me, and made such roguish, questioning grimaces, that I sprang up, embraced both him and his pipe, and drew them both into the room. I was so happy that the pipe did not hate the room—but really too much friendship.

The prosaic description of the Dahls, of the Patriarchs, and their lovely granddaughter, Serena, is even more fascinating than these raptures of the first sight. Bear dropt his little wife at their house one morning, much against her will; for, though longing to see them again, she had a wholesome dread of an unbidden stranger obtruding herself upon them for a whole day. This was over in a moment:—

Scarcely had I entered the door when I was ready to believe that I must be either "the cream to the coffee," or some much-longed for present, so was I rejoiced over, and welcomed, and embraced; all which I felt in my grateful soul to be on account of my husband. I arrived just as they sate down to coffee; ate, drank, talked, and felt myself, in short, like a child of the house.

And now I will send you in prose a description of the family which I have already drawn in poetical colours. They bear the same relation to each other as an every-day and a holiday—but both are of the kingdom of heaven. I speak not now of my own impressions, but from information which I have had from Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel and Ma chère mère.

THE HOME.

For above half a century this ancient couple have inhabited the same house and the same rooms. There were they married, and there they will celebrate their golden nuptials in the course of the next winter. The rooms are unchanged, the furniture the same as for fifty years; yet everything is clean, comfortable, and friendly, as in a one-year-old dwelling, but much more simple than the houses of our times. I know not what spirit of peace and grace it is which blows upon me in this house. Ah! in this house fifty years have passed as a beautiful day—here a virtuous couple have lived, loved, and worked together.

The portraits of the venerable father, the mother, and their fair ministering spirit—Serena, the orphan child of their youngest daughter, their Benjamina—are delicately and truthfully traced, and look like real resemblances.

In this quiet family, as over all the neighbourhood, there was, at this time, much speculation and ardent curiosity about a foreign gentleman, who had lately taken the mansion of Ramm; once the magnificent residence of the Generalin, which she had sold, for reasons which still remained a secret to the vivacious little wife of the Bear, great favourite as she was become with Ma chère mère. At the Birds'-Nest, the residence of Miss Hausgiebel of the museum, at the grand dwelling of the vain and aspiring Von P.'s, in the hugger-mugger household of a third neighbour, where a large brood of troublesome and unruly children did as they pleased, and tormented every one—even with the Dahls, there was nothing talked about save the mysterious Mr. Romulus, or Romilly, or something of the sort, who was establishing himself in princely splendour at Ramm. That fine, but now desolate demesne, like Rosenvik, lay on the shores of the Helga Sea, and across the bay, in the centre of which was the *Svanö*, the lovely islet to which Madame Werner delighted to row her friends, to sup and to enjoy music, or some harmless and elegant pleasure. In the woods and glades of Ramm, though it was a long walk to reach it, she had sometimes wandered with her Bear, who delighted in them, as the haunts of his own happy childhood and boyhood, and that of his half-brothers. One evening, when he was driving home his little wife, he took the route by Ramm, which had never to her seemed so dismal. It looked like an old castle haunted by ghosts. "And yet," said Dr Werner, "there has been great joy here, and great sorrow also." They alighted, walked down an alley like a church-vault, crossed the dilapidated court, and entered the desolate dwelling. The apartments were noble, the views gloriously beautiful; and the dislike of Franziska was at once changed to rapturous admiration. They met one of the workmen preparing the house for Mr

Romilly, who was described as a very wealthy Portuguese.

"He was attached to Don Miguel's party; inherited afterwards the property of an uncle in the West Indies, and will now come and enjoy his great wealth in our country, because it is the quietest and most secure in the world. . . . . I could not resist trying the organ, which was of a magnificent, although somewhat too strong a tone for my taste; yet at the same time it enchanted me; and I know not how long I should have sate before it, had not Lars Anders reminded me that it was already evening.

"Now the only agreeable things in this house," said I, "are the organ and the prospect towards Rosenvik. I would not live here for all the wealth in this world; still, on an autumn evening I would gladly come here by moonlight, if you would only come with me, Bear, and wander about to see whether it be not here, as in old castles of which I have read. Whether there be not moving walls, ghost-like shadows, blood-stains which can never be effaced, balls of thread which roll after one's heels, and at last transform themselves into bloody daggers——," here I suddenly paused, for my husband sighed, and glancing at him I saw that his unusually friendly, good-natured countenance had become so dark that I shuddered, and turned round involuntarily to see whether a ball of thread were not following us, but thank God, I saw nothing; and then with secret haste followed him out of the house; and the moment we descended the steps a flight of jackdaws from the tower flew over our heads into the wood.

"And here it was so joyful, so beautiful!" sighed Lars Anders; "it was a home for youth, for joy, and love!"

"But how is it so different now?" asked I, "and why did Ma chère mère leave a dwelling which is far finer than Carlsfors, and which had once, you say, far more lively guests than jackdaws?"

"Because, because," hesitated he, "she experienced a great sorrow here. Do not speak to her of Ramm, Fanny; do not tell her that you have been here; another time I will tell you why."

Meanwhile the two brothers arrived at Carlsfors, with their young wives. Peter, a lawyer of eminence, who had been captivated by a beautiful, wayward, and terribly-spoiled child, Ebba, who, in her girlish senselessness, and the consciousness of great beauty and power over her elderly husband, made the good Lars Anders—the astonished witness of her caprices—sigh out, a thousand times—"Ah, poor Peter!" Jean Jacques, the younger brother, brought his accomplished, too sensible, and not over-well-tempered spouse, the very pattern of elegant dress, elegant manners, and all the proprieties. Lars Anders, with his little music-mistress, had, in the matrimonial lottery, been the most fortunate of the brothers; yet Jean Jacques, and his well-behaved Jane Maria, had the sense and grace to keep their differences, if they had any, to themselves; while the infantile partner of the adoring lawyer, by her caprices, tormented him all day long, and affronted Ma chère mère, and every one else. The presentation of these sisters-in-law is characteristic—

A servant announced "Baron Jean Jacques and his lady!"

A silken dress rustled, and a lady entered, probably of my age, but taller, conducted by a gentleman. She looked altogether comme il faut, stepped quickly, but with great self-possession, through the room towards Ma chère mère, who raised herself majestically, and advancing a few paces to meet her, looked highly imposing. The young lady curtesied very deeply, and kissed the offered hands as I had done, whilst Ma chère mère in return kissed her, but only on the forehead; embraced her and bade her welcome, hoping she would find herself agreeably at home in this house. . . . . The new-comer and I sate down near each other; at first we were a little excited, but soon calming ourselves, became most friendly, and engaged in an agreeable conversation, in short I greatly admired this first-seen sister-in-law, by name Jane Maria. She is not handsome, but has something superior in her appearance, whilst her form is exquisite. Her remarks and demeanour show both gentleness and understanding; her toilet also is very pleasing and appropriate.

Yet Jane Maria has her faults, as is afterwards found. She is exacting, dictating, jealous; apt to take offence, and has, nevertheless, many fine qualities, when they are properly brought out by a little flattery. Many fine natural qualities, obscured by defective education, and the ignorance of extreme youth, also remained to be developed in Ebba, the next specimen of Ma chère mère's daughters-in-law:—

A slight little figure floated in petulantly, but gracefully; the eyes half shut; a little straw hat hanging on the arm; a little cap with rose-coloured ribbons inclined to one ear, and kissing, as it were, on the other side, several locks of dark brown hair which flowed negligently forth. Her husband followed her with his eyes, whilst he was stopped in the door-way by a second embrace from his brother.

Ma chère mère raised herself majestically, as on the first occasion, and advanced three steps towards the little sylph, but she, to our great astonishment, floated past without looking up to her, and throwing herself negligently into the armed chair from which Ma chère mère had the moment before risen, exclaimed, "Ah, I am so fatigued, so fatigued, so warm that I must die; ah!" whilst the silken robe which she wore, falling open, showed a fine cambric dress; and, still further, the very prettiest of all little feet.

O that you could have seen Ma chère mère! She stood as if thunderstruck! whilst Peter, rushing forward, seized Ebba's hand, and endeavouring to raise her from the chair, whispered, "Ebba, in heaven's name, bethink thee! Ebba, it is Ma chère mère."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Ebba, like one wakened out of a dream, and looked up with a pair of beautiful brown eyes to the great lady, just as people look up to a church steeple. Ma chère mère, on her side, approached her with a countenance that seemed to express, "What sort of an extraordinary little creature are you?"

As the two were about to meet, Ebba snatched her hand suddenly from her husband's, and springing upon a chair, threw both her arms round Ma chère mère's neck, and kissed her with all the grace and freedom of a child. This seemed to make a peculiar impression on the elder lady, who, grasping her little person in both her large hands, placed her like a child in her arms, and carried her under the chandelier, which was then lit up with the beams of the setting sun, and examined what seemed like a cherub's head surrounded with light. Ebba laughed, and we all were obliged to laugh too, whilst Ma chère mère's loud 'ha! ha! ha!' resounded above all. She patted and pinched the cheeks of the ill-trained but lovely young creature, till her fine dark eyebrows contracted themselves, and she exclaimed again and again, "Let me go!" But Ma chère mère, who wished somewhat to punish her, jested still with her as people jest with a child; but at length, as tears filled her eyes, she shook her friendly by the hand, kissed her forehead, and saluted Peter with the words:

"Chastise your wife, my dear son, otherwise she will chastise you." . . . . . Peter, to all appearance, is desperately in love with his little humoursome wife, who, on her part, does not appear to trouble herself particularly about him; nor does it seem extraordinary that he has not inspired love in such a young, childish creature. Peter is singularly plain in person; has a very large nose, and his yellow-grey hair stands towards all points of the compass. In manner, he is quiet and introverted; yet his eyes, which are handsome, have an

expression which is speaking, and full of soul. He sate the whole evening as if sunk into himself; pressed Lars Anders' hand sometimes, and glanced often at his wife, who lay on the sofa and slept. . . . . On the announcement of supper we all turned towards Ebba, who, indescribably pretty, lay asleep on the sofa, like a rosebud folded in leaves. I said something of the kind as we stood round her, and was thanked by her husband with one of his fine glances; then bending over her, he kissed her in order to wake her, saying, "Ebba, my angel, rise!"

Why cannot you let me rest in quiet? How unbearable you are!" was her loving reply; and she would have composed herself anew to sleep had not Ma chère mère elevated her strong voice.

"My dear child," said she, "hear! if you are not ready to come with us to table this moment you will have nothing to eat. Don't imagine that anybody will give themselves trouble on your account."

The little one opened her eyes in the greatest astonishment, raised herself, and without another word Ma chère mère took her hand and led her into the eating-room. Ebba allowed herself to be led, but with a look of indescribable ill-humour.

After supper, the hostess ordered a steaming bowl of punch, filled every one's glass, and delivered a long and sensible homily on the relative duties of the married state; which ended, she said—

"For the remainder, do your best! I have done mine. God help and bless you altogether!" With these words she extended her arms as if to bless us, made a solemn greeting with the head, and emptied her glass to the bottom.

Ebba was insolent enough to let a very genteel yawn be audible, nor did she even raise her glass, but reclining backward in her chair, closed her eyes, whilst Jane Maria emptied hers with a very becoming air. For myself, I must acknowledge that I thought the beginning of the speech heavy, and could hardly refrain from smiling, but by degrees the earnestness and energy of Ma chère mère's words took hold of me; and by the time the speech was ended Lars Anders and I heartily drank to each other and to Ma chère mère.

Next day there was a grand dinner given to the assembled family and their friends, among whom was the never absent Lagman Hök. He is a personage in his way; but we have no time for him. The elders of the party were preparing for their customary game at Boston, and a young servant was handing about coffee, when Jean Jacques accidentally exclaimed—"Heavens! how like he is to Bruno!" These simple words produced the most extraordinary effect:—

All at once Ma chère mère's patience-table received a blow which sent it with the blockade of Copenhagen spinning to the floor; yet no one looked at anything but Ma chère mère, who had become deadly pale. The nose was contracted, the lips blue, and the breath emitted with a strong, heavy sound. Then raising herself, like a fermenting billow, she shook her clenched fist at Jean Jacques, while the eyes seemed starting from the head. It was a figure to excite a shudder; and Jean Jacques, growing pale likewise, drew himself back. It was terrible to see her; and I awaited, almost breathless, some fearful catastrophe. But she stood as if stiffened into that threatening attitude, immoveable and speechless as if under the spell of a terrible enchantment, or as if some horror-exciting ghost had passed before her. For a long time she stood thus, and only the wild, audible breathing gave evidence of the strong inward emotion.

Whilst I gazed upon her thus, my terror changed into anguish of heart, and I was about to hasten to her when Lars Anders held me back; and whilst he threw his arm round my waist to detain me, he himself sat still and attentively observed her. No one approached her; and after a few moments, the fearful emotion passed by of itself. The clenched hand sunk; colour returned to her countenance, and her eyes grew milder; she breathed deeply several times, always lower, as if she sighed, and then, without speaking a word, or even looking round on any one, passed with slow steps, from the room, closing the door after her. Notwithstanding this I would have followed, had Lars Anders not restrained me; but seeing me restless and excited, he took me aside, and in a few words gave an explanation of this extraordinary and painful scene.

"Ma chère mère," said he, "had herself one son, called Bruno." . . . . . "It is a long history; I will tell you another time, Fanny."

"Another time is a villain!" said I. "I hate another time! I can wait no longer than this evening."

"Well then," said he, "this evening;—but we must not longer stand whispering here."

As we returned to the company, we found Lagman Hök sitting on the sofa at the patience-table, endeavouring to re-arrange the pieces exactly as they were before they were upset, that Ma chère mère, on her return, might not, by any circumstance, be reminded of the scene which had just occurred. When he had succeeded in arranging the pieces, he took snuff, and sneezed nine times successively, which convulsed Ebba with laughter. His solicitude for Ma chère mère affected me; such attention is amiable;—so ought friends to have care one for another.

A walk was proposed, after every one had been teased by the childish folly and monkey-tricks of Ebba; and, in a lovely wood-path by the mill, an object was seen which made Franziska pause in her conversation with Jane Maria, and pluck her husband by the sleeve, to make him observe what had fixed her attention.

All stood still, and looked to the left, where the sun shone upon an open green space. A man of a strong, almost athletic figure, in a dark handsome riding-dress, was passing under the oaks which grew there. He passed slowly, his arms crossed over his breast, and his head depressed, as if in deep thought; near, or more correctly speaking, behind him, went a handsome, glossy black horse, whose bridle was richly set with studs of silver; the rein hung loose, and the beautiful head now bent itself to the grass, and now caressingly raised itself to the shoulder of its master, who appeared accustomed to this, and left his faithful attendant at full liberty.

We had only a glimpse of the man's profile, since he was passing from us, but it gave us the augury of a dark, gloomy countenance. Thus went man and horse onward in friendly understanding with each other, deeper into the wood, and vanished at last from our view; but our conjectures followed him, and we came to the fixed and unanimous conclusion that this was no other than our so-much-spoken-of mysterious neighbour at Ramm. And now, whether he be called Romulus, or Romanus, whether he may justify Mrs. Von P.'s romance or not, this is certain, that his appearance before us, and his exterior, had a truly romantic air. I confess that I am quite curious to see more of him, for I am convinced that if I could only see him face to face, I should immediately know whether he be a Don Miguel or a Howard, as the account we heard of him at the Dahls might lead me to suspect.

When we returned to the house, after about an hour's wandering, we found Ma chère mère sitting in the anteroom by her patience-table, and Lagman Hök beside her, all looking as if nothing remarkable had happened, excepting that Ma chère mère's countenance was unusually pale and earnest. She motioned to us kindly on our entrance, but spoke with no one.

She, however, played that night as usual, though she stormed at her partner. Upon an appeal from an upper servant, she set off for the stables to lay down the law and enforce discipline. This agreeable domestic exercise wonderfully composed her spirits; and at supper she was, as usual, the most

polite and attentive of hosts. That night Franziska, who was half afraid to love so tremendous a person, learned deeply to pity the most unhappy of mothers. Thus the good Lars Anders, by their own tranquil fireside, told his wife the story:—

"Ma chère mère had, by General Mansfeld, one only son, who was called Bruno, after his father. His birth nearly cost the life of the mother; and that which she had bought so dearly was more precious to her than life itself. Many a time has she been seen on her knees by his cradle, as if worshipping him;—many a time, when a slight indisposition has made his nights restless, she sate and watched by him. She suckled him herself;—scarcely would permit any one beside herself to nurse him, scarcely to touch him. He slept in her bosom, he rested on her knee; her arms were his world, and they encircled him with undying love: and he, on his side, wild and despotic as he then was, hung on her neck with the utmost tenderness, and seemed to find rest nowhere but upon her bosom. It was beautiful to see them together: they were the lioness and her cub, who, in a union of savage strength and deep tenderness, combat together and caress at the same time. . . . . When they met, even after a short separation, it was ever an outbreak of the warmest love; still the next moment, perhaps, they would be at strife with each other. This state of feeling increased with years, for both were of the same powerful, determined character. They seemed unable to live either together or apart.

"It would have been impossible to find anywhere a handsomer boy than Bruno was; and yet, although the mother worshipped him in her heart, her sense of justice was so strict that she never, not even in the slightest instance, favoured him to his step-brothers' disadvantage. Never, if he deserved punishment, was he spared before them; never had a preference shown to him in regard of pleasure or reward; in no way had he the advantage of them, excepting in the caresses of his mother.

"We were all brought up with severity; and as regards money, were too scantily supplied. For myself I always had an inclination towards economy; nevertheless I was compelled to have recourse to my own innocent industry to supply myself with postage-money, or the means to obtain any little outlay which Ma chère mère considered superfluous,—hence I became, in secret, a carpenter.

"Bruno was naturally extravagant, and prone to dissipation, and very early, in order to gratify his palate, or to appease his thirst for pleasure, resorted to less innocent means. He purloined what he could not obtain voluntarily, first from his brothers, then from the domestics; but no one dared to punish him for this, or to represent it to his mother, for the fiery-tempered boy, gifted with almost herculean strength, had obtained power over his brothers, and was feared not only by them, but by all the household. He was beloved by none, excepting by me; I cannot exactly say what it was in him that was so captivating to me; I admired, it is true, his great natural abilities. His wild and witty tricks often decoyed me to smile, at the same time that I was compelled to blame; but what operated most upon me was the simple fact, that I really think he liked me."

Lars Anders said this with an agitated voice, remained silent a few moments, and then continued.

"I must do him the justice, however, to say, that he never was disobedient to those who spoke to him with mildness and reason. . . . . The influence which a child, a little girl, had over Bruno from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year was very extraordinary. This was Serena Lövfen, with whom you were so greatly pleased the other day in the city. She was at that time a lovely, quiet, but sickly child; and Ma chère mère, who had always a great esteem for Madame Dahl, prevailed upon her for three years to bring her during the summer months to Ramm, in order, partly by the water of a mineral spring, and partly by the fresh country air, to improve Serena's health. The little angel-like child interested the wild Bruno, and it was wonderful to see what constraint he had over himself, and of what self-denial he was capable on her account. He left all, to carry her out into the woods about Ramm—to caress her, or to sit quietly by and watch her while she slept. . . . . If this better part of Bruno's nature had been cultivated—the violent repressed, and the gentle yielded to—I am convinced that he would have become a good and distinguished man; but his tutor, a person of rigid, unbending character, and still more his mother, seemed to have resolved only to make use of power in the subjection of his undisciplined will.

"All this time Ma chère mère forboded not how perilous was the course which Bruno was pursuing, and I myself knew nothing which I should have feared so much as her making the discovery—she, so proud, so sensitive on every point of honour, so rigid in her principles and her whole moral conduct! Bruno's great beauty, his remarkable abilities and natural talents; his expertness in all bodily exercises, his courage, nay, even his overbearing strength, constituted her pride, and made her eyes sparkle with delight at his approach, or even at the very speaking of his name. To have heard anything dishonourable of him must have been a death-blow to her. Bruno too had pride, and sense of honour, and the approbation of his mother was necessary to him; but his violent passions, and his inability to govern them, drew him perpetually into guilty conduct."

Lars Anders was unfortunately absent about this time, pursuing his own studies, and he was, besides, unable to afford the impetuous youth so much money as he required. One day Bruno asked for a very large sum, which Lars Anders could not supply, and he reproved his brother's extravagance. The boy ground his teeth in anger, but went off to the town to take leave of the old Dahls and his little bride, as he now called Serena; for next day he was to set off for the university. And now occurs one of the most powerful scenes in the story. We have hitherto more regarded its beauty than its strength.——Lars Anders related circumstantially how the crime of theft had been brought home to the youth, by the rigid scrutiny of his own mother, maddened by the taunt of a domestic, whom she had unjustly suspected:—

"'Your honour may perhaps find nearer home what you seek!' said the servant.

"'What do you mean!' demanded she with an awful glance.

"'That your honour,' replied the irritated man, 'may find with your own flesh and blood, that for which you have cast suspicions on innocent men!'

"'Man, you lie!' exclaimed Ma chère mère, pale with rage, seizing him and shaking him by the arm.

"'I will be a liar!' returned he, almost beside himself with passion, 'if one of your own sons be not a thief!'

"'Follow me!' said she; and with flashing eyes and pale cheeks, accompanied by the book-keeper and the two old servants, she went into our chamber.

"I had been out, and had only just returned and been informed of what had occurred, as Ma chère mère with her attendants entered. I cannot describe the sensation which I felt at that moment: a foreboding of the true fact passed through me; I became pale, and involuntarily seated myself on Bruno's travelling-chest, which together with mine stood ready packed for the journey. Ma chère mère looked at me with a penetrating glance, started, and became yet paler."

Lars Anders saw that he was suspected; but the rigid justice of the feudal matron admitted of no partiality. She persisted in going on with the search. He says:—

"When all had been examined, Ma chère mère cast upon me a glance full of maternal love and joy. Alas! she had had suspicions of me—of the thoughtful man, rather

than the wild youth! and now she raised her head, and one could read, in her strong expressive countenance, 'Thank God! now I am easy.'

"'Now then, there are only the things of the young Baron left,' said one of the old servants, respectfully; 'but the chest is locked; and besides this, it is not necessary.'

"'That may be,' said Ma chère mère, 'but he must fare like the rest; the box shall be broken open.'

"'But the young Baron—is not at home,' said the servant anxiously; 'we cannot—'

"'His mother commands it,' said she, warmly.

"It was done.

"With her own hand the mother took out books and clothes which had been thrown in in great disorder. Presently the hand was withdrawn, as if it had been burnt by red-hot iron; she had stumbled upon a bundle of notes. It was the missing money. She took it out; turned it about in her hand; examined it, as if she could not believe her own eyes; grew paler and paler; and then exclaiming in a voice of inexpressible anguish, 'My blood! my own flesh and blood!' sank as if lifeless to the floor.

"We carried her out; and our exertions at length recalled her to consciousness. Terrible was her awaking. But she shed no tear, uttered no word of anger or complaint. She appeared strong and determined.

"She sent immediately to Pastor Rhen, the clergyman of the district. He was a man of iron; stern, strong, and one ready to combat with word or deed, in support of what he considered right; and more than this, he was an honest and faithful friend of Ma chère mère. To him she confided this painful circumstance, and they too decided the steps which should be taken in consequence. I anticipated what was designed, and made use of the influence I had frequently found myself to possess with Ma chère mère, to induce her, but in vain, to resort to less severe, or, at all events, less violent measures. But all my representations were useless; she merely answered, 'Unpunished crime only induces to still further crime. Bitter must be atoned for by bitter.'

"In the evening, about the time when Bruno was expected to return—myself, my three brothers, the old servants, and the book-keeper, were ordered into Ma chère mère's apartment. The room was dimly lighted; and there, in its gloomy half-light, sat, in a tall armed chair, Bruno's mother, with Pastor Rhen beside her; her countenance bearing traces of the sorrow which she bore in her heart. But over sorrow, and shame, and anger, there prevailed such an expression of stern determination as I never saw before in a human countenance.

"Thus then was assembled that small but fearful court of judgment before which Bruno was to be cited. Here we awaited him—a terrible hour! during which no one spoke; but I saw, in that dull light, the drops of cold sweat stand like beads on the brow of that unhappy mother.

"It was towards the end of September—a stormy evening, and a gusty wind shook the casements. One moment it was still, and then we heard the fiery clatter of a horse's hoofs on the court pavement. Ma chère mère trembled as I had never seen her before. I heard a dismal rattling—not of the casements—but of her teeth, as they chattered together. My brothers wept; the old servants stood dumb, and with downcast glances: an expression of remorse was on the countenance of the book-keeper, and even the iron-souled pastor seemed gasping for breath.

"The door was quickly opened, and Bruno stepped in. I see him this moment, as if he stood before me, as he was then—warm from riding, and from the storm; full of health and spirit; I never saw him handsomer than then! He came to his mother, longing, as he always did, even after only a day's absence, to throw himself into her arms; but, as he reached the door he paused, started, and threw a terrified glance on his mother, who covered her face with her hands. Bruno grew pale, looked round upon us, and then again upon her; she cast a flashing glance upon him, and his countenance fell; he became yet paler, and stood there a criminal.

"At that moment her voice was heard, hollow and stern, to accuse him of theft; and pointing to his rifled chest and to the money which had been found in it, she demanded his confession.

"Bruno acknowledged himself guilty, with an inconceivably bold haughtiness.

"'Fall upon your knees and receive your punishment!' said the stern judge. But Bruno bent not. A consciousness which, after his haughty confession, seemed to have deprived him of all volition, overwhelmed him; he stood pale as death, his head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes riveted to the ground.

"Pastor Rhen approached him. 'Young man,' said he in a low voice, 'you have grievously sinned against the commands of God, and against your mother—acknowledge your guilt, and submit to your punishment!'"

We cannot give all of this highly wrought scene. The maddened youth, with the strength of an infuriated animal, struck down all who ventured to touch him, until his mother interfered.

"Fall upon your knees, sinner! exclaimed Ma chère mère, raising herself, and in an awful voice.

"Bruno cast a dark and threatening glance upon her, which she returned, and then he replied proudly, 'I will not! What,' demanded he, 'has this priest to do with me? I have not desired him. If he be here about confessions of guilt, others may come in question as well as I! Exasperate me not—or—'

"'Silence!' said Ma chère mère, gloomily, 'and answer only to my demands. Acknowledge, are you alone guilty in this theft?'

"Bruno answered only by a dark glance.

"'Answer!' said she, hastily, 'answer! Is there any partner with you in this guilt?'

"Bruno cast another long look on his mother; and then, with a firm voice, said, 'No! I alone am guilty.'

"'Bow down your knee, then, unhappy one!' said she. 'Your mother, whom you have covered with shame, commands you to endure the dishonour which you have deserved. Fall down!'

"Bruno stamped his foot in wild rage, clenched his fist, and darted a furious glance at her.

"'Compel him down, you people!' cried Ma chère mère, in terrible anger: 'Priest, if thou art a man, bow the disobedient, degenerate son to the earth. Make him humble himself before the commands of the Lord.'

"I was about to step between them; but the moment the Pastor laid his strong hands on Bruno's shoulders, they were flung off again with a violence which whirled the Pastor completely round.

"'Layest thou hands on the servant of the Lord!' exclaimed the Pastor in a frenzy of rage, forgetting himself, and seizing Bruno with a sinewy grasp. But Bruno had the strength and elasticity of the lion; and, after a strong struggle, the Pastor lay stretched on the ground.

"'Seize him! hold him!' exclaimed Ma chère mère, beside herself.

"The book-keeper and one of my brothers, who attempted to hold him, soon lay by the Pastor; and then Bruno, starting back a few paces, seized a staff which stood in a corner of the room, and swinging it over his head, threatened, with the expression of mad frenzy, to strike it upon the face of any one who should dare to approach him.

"No one dared to do so, except his mother, 'Remain where you are,' said she to the others; and then, with firm steps and quiet mien, she approached him, laid her hand upon his head, bowed him down before her, and asked, in a voice which made the blood freeze in my veins, whether he would submit himself to her will, or receive her curse.

"Mother and son looked at each other with eyes of flame and defiance. They stood so, long. Again she repeated the question; and then followed terrible words on both sides. Again all was still; the curse-speaking lips became stiff, the haughty glance dimmed, and mother and son sank fainting together.

"Both were carried to their separate chambers ——"

Lars Anders paused here; and I, shuddering, laid my head upon his shoulder, exclaiming, "Oh, horrible! horrible!"

"They returned to consciousness," continued he, after a silence of some moments, "but did not see each other again that evening. I sought to speak with him; but he affected to be sleeping, and I returned to my chamber.

"In the night, when all was dark and still, we heard a wild, prolonged, and thrilling cry from his room. I sprang up and hastened there. Bruno's mother was standing there alone, with a wild and agitated look; he was gone.

That night Bruno fled, leaving a letter for Lars Anders, stating that the money was not for himself, but for an unfortunate friend, and would in a few days have been replaced; and that he only took what must soon be all his own. He had sworn that this was to be his last theft. The Baroness tore the paper from the hands of her step-son—

"'He has stolen more than once, then,' said she, passionately; 'I have brought a thief into the world!' added she, rending the letter into a thousand pieces.

"From this moment she spoke not one word for three years. She shut herself in her own room, which was darkened; would endure neither light nor the sight of man; ate and drank but little; slept scarcely at all; spake with none; and no one, with the exception of Elsa, ventured to speak with her.

At the end of three years Lars Anders called a family meeting, to consult what should be done about the Baroness.

The next act in the drama of her life, is as striking as the previous one—

"This family meeting took place at Ramm, in October 18—, three years after Bruno's flight. One day, as we sate together in the great hall, busily occupied by our council, the door was suddenly opened, and Ma chère mère entered; lofty, quiet, collected, and more respect-inspiring than ever. She addressed the assembly in her customary strong, solemn manner; saying that she knew the object of their meeting; justified it on account of her long sickness; but declared the Congress to be now dissolved, because she felt herself again in perfect health, and again in a condition to regulate, as before, her family and her property. She returned thanks to all her friends with an earnestness that affected all, for the patience which they had shown towards her, whom the Lord had so severely afflicted. Next she bade her relations all kindly welcome, prayed them to remain yet longer, and to be as cheerful and happy at Ramm as formerly.

"It would be difficult to describe the effect which this scene produced upon the assembly; admiration, esteem, and sympathy, were the feelings of most: for myself, I felt sincere joy, for I really loved her.

"To gratify her wishes, the family remained there a few days; but all gaiety had vanished from Ramm. Ma chère mère, though strong and domineering as ever, went about like the shadow of what she had formerly been.

She left Ramm for Carlsfors, and discharged all her servants, save Elsa. No word ever betrayed her state of mind; but her complexion faded, her hair became perfectly grey; she laid aside every ornament, wore a dark penitential dress, and was liable to deep attacks of melancholy. Time, however, had its usual soothing influence, and, save when some rash allusion was made which recalled past events, she was able to control the outward expression of her feelings. The real cause of Bruno's disappearance was never known in the neighbourhood, and was generally attributed to the incompatibility of the tempers of the mother and son.

The Sunday's dance was again celebrated at Carlsfors; the *skäl* was drank, and speeches made upon every occasion demanding such honour, and the duties of hospitality were rigidly observed; though, for many years, Madame Mansfeld had given up visiting. This made her decline an invitation to a great entertainment which was to be given by the mysterious Mr. Romilly, who, though little known, had become exceedingly popular in the neighbourhood, from his munificence to the poor, and liberal donations to schools, of which he made the patriarch Dhal administrator. He had, moreover, gained the good will of the Generalin, by attentive politeness to her wishes (accidentally learned) about haunches of the Ramm venison, and its breed of roebucks. Mr. Romilly had also insinuated himself into the dwelling of Lars Anders, now brightened by the presence of the lovely Serena, whose health required country air, and who was the more readily spared by her fond grand-parents, as at Rosenvik she might have the advantage of Dr. Werner's ever-friendly care, and of his kind little wife's musical talents; most warmly at the service of her beloved Serena, whose sweet voice only required cultivation to be that of an angel. One evening, while the brothers and their wives chanced to be at Rosenvik, in stalked Mr. Romilly; and Madame Werner exclaims to her correspondent—"I have seen him! The Beneficent one!—the Mystery!—the New Neighbour at Ramm! I have seen him; and, if I live fifty years, and never see him again, I shall never forget him." The conversation was long and interesting, and brought out some peculiar points of character. At its close, Mr. Romilly declined going with the family party to take supper on the island. When there, Franziska could think of nothing, save Romilly—whose character she described as giving a sense of power that was oppressive—who reminded her of a beautiful thunder-cloud. Among the many topics of her confidential conversation with Serena, was Bruno, of whom Madame Werner was curious to hear her friend speak. Serena had declined four excellent offers of marriage that she might remain, as Lars Anders believed, with her grand-parents; but his shrewd little wife had an idea that some tender recollection of Bruno still lurked in her heart.

"She sighed at the mention of his name; and when I questioned if she thought he had a bad heart, she replied warmly, "No, certainly not! His heart, indeed, must have been good and tender, or how otherwise would he have been so kind towards me who was only a weak and sickly child, and must have been burdensome to others. Is not that Ramm on the other side of the lake?" asked she.

I replied in the affirmative.

"I remember yet so well," resumed she, "how Bruno led me about in the woods or drew me in my little carriage. The first impressions which I received of the beauty of life and of nature, were from this time. . .

. . "Ah, depend upon it," continued she after a moment's pause, "that he was not wisely treated. They certainly had not sufficient regard to his ability of loving. Had they, he would not have caused his mother so much anxiety, and not have fled from his home and his fatherland!"

"Do you remember his appearance?" I inquired.

"Not clearly;" she said. "It seems to me as if I saw, through a mist, a handsome, rosy-cheeked boy, with large, beautiful eyes; but if I try to make the image more distinct, it fades."

"And what do you suppose occasioned his flight from home?" I inquired.

"I have been told," said Serena, "that dissension with his mother, and severe treatment on her side, occasioned it. There was great similarity in their tempers. They opposed obstinacy to obstinacy—force against force. Bruno must have died in his exile. Poor Bruno! I have truly lamented his fate, he was so good to me!" said she, with a mournful countenance; whilst a sentiment of deep sadness filled my heart also.

I changed the conversation then to other persons, spoke of her grand-parents, and as I praised them she became cheerful and joyous. The sentiment of gratitude seemed to prevail in her heart to an uncommon degree; it seems as if she clung to every recollection which incited to love. If she spoke of a book also, it was with an acknowledgment of the good she had derived from it; and then how natural and graceful is every word, in short her whole being! I loved her, she did me good, and I wished that I also could be inscribed on a leaf of her remembrance-book.

At dinner we had—Lars Anders—good humour, good appetite, and—without boasting—good eating. In the afternoon came back Cousin Stellan in the condition which I generally expect after a shooting excursion, namely, savagely hungry and without game.

When we had sate and talked pleasantly for an hour after coffee, we determined to make an excursion to Svanö, there to eat our evening meal. Serena and I cut bread and butter; filled some bottles with cold schale, and laid these, together with a piece of cold roast meat, in a basket; and with this our cheerful little company wandered down to the shore, where a prettily painted green boat received us. Stellan rowed, a light wind cooled us and curled the water, and whilst Serena and I sang "La Biondina," we reached the appointed place. We threw ourselves down on a grassy mound, in the red and white clover, under the great oak tree. I between my husband and the basket of provisions, and Stellan by Serena; and as I saw them sitting there in the green grass, so lovely and so cheerful, weaving flower garlands for each other, the transient, perhaps sinful, thought rose in my heart of a possible union between those two.

Bear, lying on the fresh, odorous turf, smoked his pipe, and slowly puffed out the volumes of smoke towards the blue heaven, whilst he listened to, God knows what! foolish nonsense about the Great Mogul which his wife told him.

Anon, the air seemed suddenly tremulous, and a rush as of a far-off tempest of melody reached our ears. This tone—solemn, gloomy, but beautiful—made an extraordinary impression upon us. All were still in a moment, a breeze passed by, and upon this breeze came again a tremulous, mournful, but inexpressibly harmonious tone, which oppressed me to the heart.

"It is the organ at Ramm!" I exclaimed, "the wind bears the sound to us. O that we could hear it nearer! Hush! hush! it comes nearer."

We listened; the melodious, panting sound came again and again, with every flying wind that came towards us from Ramm, but we could not connect together a whole. The trembling tones mounted and died away like the sighings of a sorrowful spirit, and as I listened to them I felt as many an inquirer of the old times must have felt, when he pondered on the broken and incomprehensible melodies of Being, and believed that the wind of Fate played upon the strings of the Æolian harp of life. A longing took possession of me, almost an agony; which those only can understand who experience like me, a passion for music.

"I must hear this near;" exclaimed I with decision. "Serena, we two will row towards Ramm, and obtain a clear idea of this music, for I shall become mad if I hear these tones without their intelligence. Remain lying there, dear Bear; and smoke your pipe in peace. Pray let us go; and you remain there, Cousin Stellan; we would be alone, Serena and I; we shall soon be back again."

Bear growled as he continued to lie on the grass. Serena and I were quite joyous and ardent. I rowed the little boat easily. The little voyage was enchanting, for the nearer we approached the more significant became the music. I could have fancied that the boat sped of itself, as if drawn onward by the invisible might of that wonderful music. The evening was calm; the sunbeams trembled into ever darker gold through the wood; higher ever rose the melodious tempest. Serena and I both experienced an elevated delight, although in a different manner. My heart beat violently, and tears of rapture filled my eyes. Serena was calmer; her white hand played with the waves, whilst an expression of pure delight and child-like piety gleamed in her clear beautiful eyes.

Both of us remained silent, eager more distinctly to hear that captivating music. The boat approached nearer and nearer to the black walls of Ramm, and at last lay still as smugglers-craft, in the shadow of the alder bushes close under an open window.

There we heard, in tones that seemed to come from no human hand, the beloved melody of the Neck,* Polika, an interweaving of rich melodies which for beauty and powers surpassed all that I had ever heard or imagined before. They were the children of a mighty inspiration. Enraptured, and carried away as it were, I bowed my head in my hand, and dreamed that the king of the sea, inspired by the beauty of the evening and of nature, made known to us himself, his wonderful life; that life which he leads in the mysterious depths, and in the crystal castles of the ocean. But all at once the tones ceased, and I woke out of my dream to a consciousness of the present. I seized the oar involuntarily, and with one little stroke turned the boat away from the shore; at the same moment both Serena and I turned our eyes to the open window above, but turned them hastily away again, for there stood the dark Romilly, in his own gloomy person, with his eyes fixed upon us. We blushed, took each an oar, and returned in much shorter time, I fancy, than we went, although our oars had now to keep time without the accompaniment of the music.

In the meanwhile, as we had been absent nearly two hours, we found Bear not quite as good-tempered as we had left him, which did not astonish me; but, however, he was soon perfectly right again on my heartily praying for forgiveness. I feel at times a certain degree of pleasure in sinning, quarter or no quarter, and then in obtaining dispensation by flattery.

Baron Stellan is a courtier, a fine gentleman, consumed by ennui, and the former ward of Dr. Werner. He possesses many agreeable talents, but very lax morals; and his indirect attempts, by sophistry and flattery, to undermine the virtuous principles of his hostess and the happiness of his former guardian, though they serve to bring out the ready wit and fine character of Franziska, are, on the whole, felt as a blemish in the book, while they say little for Swedish morality. Ma chère mère had early given Franziska advice how she was to conduct herself in the supposed circumstances; but when the hour came, without exactly acting upon that counsel, she extricated her self with honour and delicacy—her greatest safeguard and best counsellor being her warmly-devoted affection for her Bear. Repulsed by Franziska, the gay Baron, who had railed against marriage, and who was, on a calculating principle of selfishness, opposed to the "honourable state," was so deeply captivated by the beautiful Serena, that he actually proposed for her, and was rejected. In the meanwhile, Ma chère mère, though she would not ac-

* A water-spirit.

cept of any invitation for herself, considered herself bound in honour to show hospitality to her gloomy neighbour at Ramm; so she summoned her family and friends to a grand banquet, to which he was invited. In due time, the lofty, black-apparelled figure, appeared, knitting his dark brows; a gesture peculiar to him, which made him look tenfold more fierce—

Ma chère mère, who was *en grande toilette*, and really looked very well, approached him majestically, and made an oration to him in French, which was equally polite and stately; but which, however, the stranger seemed to understand no more than if it had been Laplandish. He stood immoveable, with downcast eyes; and when Ma chère mère had ended, returned, in a low voice, a few words which were inaudible to me, bowed very low, and left her. I fancy Ma chère mère was but little edified by the foreign politeness which she had praised so much before; and, as if she had been infected by Mr. de Romilly's mood, she too contracted her eyebrows, and returned to her seat.

The next moment an extraordinary commotion took place at the end of the room. The gentlemen rushed together; and as the group opened itself again, De Romilly was seen pale as death and almost insensible, supported by two persons, and about to leave the room. Lars Anders attended him out, and Ma chère mère ordered whatever the house contained to be at his service, and after a few minutes, taking me with her, she went out to him herself.

Mr. de Romilly, who sate in a corner of the sofa, seemed then to have recovered himself, but his face was concealed by his pocket-handkerchief. Ma chère mère questioned him most kindly of his health. He replied, in a hollow voice, that he found himself compelled to leave the house, since the violent headache from which he was suffering would render him unfit for company.

The sagacious reader need not be told who this was, nor yet, perhaps, Lars Anders. The next meeting, at all events, left him in no doubt. Madame Werner thus begins the narration of it:—

Oh, the violent, hideous, cruel, detestable!—you shall hear whom.

Cousin Stellan was gone yesterday afternoon into the city to pay a visit to the Dahls, and Lars Anders and I rejoiced to be alone. He had brought out his work-bench; I had drawn my little work-table to the sofa, and just opened the third part of the "Watch Tower in Keatven," which I was reading aloud. That book is to me horrible: the only good lesson which it seems to me people can derive from it is—I have skimmed it through to the end—to feel what a moral extravagance the life of many people and many things in this world would present, if we did not cast one glance to the solving of the great riddle, to the sequel of the history on the other side of the grave. For my part, I would gladly throw the book into the fire, but my husband insists on it that we should finish it. I fancy all the grislinesses of the book gave him pleasure.

At the very moment, however, when I was about to begin reading, I glanced through the window. The leaves of the alder bushes whispered in the wind, the swans moved their white wings, clouds collected softly towards the west, and it seemed to me as if all beckoned and whispered, "Come out! come out!" impelling me with an indescribable desire into the fresh air and greenness. I seized Bear by the ear, and whispered my wishes. He grumbled a little, stretched himself, and then after a few moments, stood up and took his hat. The good Bear!

I soon put on my bonnet and shawl, and was ready to take his arm, but the moment we were about to pass through the door, he looked around with a peculiar long glance as if he had forgotten something, and I, for I know now very well the meaning of his looks, sprang in immediately, took his pipe, filled it, struck fire and lighted it myself, to his great delight.

He had a wish to go and look about in the park at Ramm. We procured a rower; and very cool and pleasant was the sail across that peaceful lake. Bear puffed the long volumes of smoke from his pipe, I sang little barcaroles; and never noticing where we went, about a quarter of a mile on our backward way struck upon the land by the shadowy shore of Ramm. We landed tolerably far from the house, and then arm and arm went into the beautiful, gloomy park. I felt myself happy, happy to be wandering on Bear's arm in the still wood; to feel how the fresh delicious air played on my cheek; to know my husband to be so good, and the heaven above us so clear. Also he was happy, to be wandering with his wife amid the remembrances of his childhood. He looked around him, breathed deeply, and said in a low voice, while he pressed my arm to him, "How glorious!" And know, my Maria, if he says one word, it has more weight than a hundred out of the mouth of another.

So wandered we deeper and deeper into the wood. The high thick-leaved trees; the shade, the silence, the recollections which seemed to abide under these shades, the loneliness, and the image of the gloomy hermit of Ramm; and Ramm itself, which stood there like the Genius of the place,—all combined to produce in us a solemnity of mood. But as we slowly wandered onward we heard, at first dull, then more distinctly, a treading and stamping as of a wild horse which some one was endeavouring, but in vain, to master. I for my part have no great fancy for unbroken horses; but Lars Anders, on the contrary, must have had, for he hastened his steps towards the place from whence the noise proceeded. We advanced to an open space, and there making halt, were fascinated, as it were, by the wild but fine spectacle.

The same man and the same horse which we had seen once before wandering together in such Idyllian peace, we here beheld again; but now in violent contest. The man sate commandingly on the back of the horse, which he would compel to leap over a broad ditch. The beautiful creature trembled and backed. It threw itself to the left and to the right; it pawed, it would not take the leap; and the foam fell from its black and shining body. But like an intrepid, despotic will, the man sate firm, admonishing, punishing, compelling.

The noble animal developed in this wild strife the whole beauty of his race. His eyes sparkled, his wide outspread nostrils seemed to dart forth fire, while he struck the earth with his hoofs, and with a hundred leaps sought to escape that one leap which he was urged to. The rider sate with unexampled skill, moved himself to the motions of the horse, and ever again was the refractory animal brought to the same spot. The same demand was made, and ever again began the same contest. Thus certainly for a whole hour did the two strive together. The horse then appeared weary, became still, but made no attempt to obey the will of his master. The blood ran down his spur-fretted sides; the man dismounted and threw the bridle loose; the horse stood quiet and looked at him; he took something from his breast-pocket, held it to the forehead of the horse. "It is the third time we have striven," said he sullenly; "farewell!"

There was a flash before the horse, a shot was fired, and he fell at the feet of his master. We saw it stretch forth its head when dying, as if for a caress; we heard a dull groan, and then all was still.

My husband pressed my arm to him with a violence which I had never seen before, struck his clenched fist to his brow, and drawing back, exclaimed to himself, "It is Bruno! Lord, my God! yes, it is he!"

"It is Satan, Satan himself!" cried I, greatly excited. "Oh let us go, Lars Anders, far from this horrible man; I will not see him again!"

By this time the interest of the reader is tolerably deep, we should imagine, in the fortunes of the personages of this story. We dare only tell, that after many exciting scenes, and fiery trials, all ends well, and without any great violation of probability; though we should say the sternness and rigour of the Baroness, in her maternal char-

acter, did violence to nature, if we did not remember the history of Byron and his mother, of Mirabeau and his father, and the high-strained notions of paternal authority which belonged to feudal usages.——Leaving the romance of the work, we regret that we cannot follow, to the close, the union of the Bear and his Bearess. Dr Werner loses, by a bankruptcy, all the bachelor savings which had placed his mind above care for after-life, and entitled him prudently to marry. But this season of adversity and impending ruin only tends to give deeper tenderness to mutual wedded affection. These scenes, with equal beauty with those which ushered in the married life of Dr. and Mrs. Werner, have a more delicious tenderness. The Baron Stellan genus, if possessed of any remaining heart or candour, need but witness them to renounce their cold creed.

We can give but a part of one of these scenes.—— Dr. Werner and his wife, when they had paid all their debts, had very little left; and they had abandoned their beloved Rosenvik for a dull, small house in the town; but the best was made of everything, and all met by a kind and strong spirit in the husband, and with cheerfulness and activity by the wife. She resolved to begin to give music lessons without telling her Bear; but she first set her house in order—

Our three rooms are neat and comfortable, but do not lie on the sunny side, which I regret. Farewell, my flowers! Well, we can live without them. I have during three days rummaged about greatly. Yesterday I put up curtains myself in our chamber. Serena was here, and helped me. How interesting the conversation over this was you can imagine. "My angel, give me that piece of muslin!"—"Have you the scissors?"—"Where are the needles?"—"Here!"—"The hammer!"—"There!"—"This nail is blunted."—"Here, here is another;" and so on. And there was some joke, some laughter. With Serena work becomes pleasure; she does all easily and well. Towards noon we had all in order, and when Bear came home I led him with some pride into my room, which he had never before seen so adorned. "Ah! the d——l!" he exclaimed, gaping and grimacing with all his might.

Serena dined with us. She was merry, and joked with Bear. The dinner was good; it was a pleasant little meal. When Serena, after dinner, had left us, Bear fell into a sort of ecstasy over her, and exclaimed, "She is an actual angel!"

"Yes, Bear; and on that account she would be not in the least suitable as a wife for thee."

"Not in the least; even as little as I am fit for a husband for her. For me there is only one that is suitable, and that is——my wife."

"Ah! she suits you admirably."

All is now in order in my little house; had I only a little sun. But, thank God, I have the best sunshine of the house. I have peace!

Franziska was about to become a mother. In their half-bantering conversations, the Baron Stellan had, in picturing the discomforts and pains of matrimony, spoken of the chance of ten daughters!—one lame, another with a spine complaint; and the ludicrous idea had taken serious hold of her imagination. Besides, she dreaded that her Bear would be more than averse to her girls, and feared to communicate her condition:—

Bear is no longer young; he loves undisturbed quiet at home; and it is not to be wondered at that he should dislike the crying and noise of children, and all the trouble which they occasion. And then—after the loss of his property, it must be oppressive to him to have new expenses, new cares to support, which, instead of decreasing, continually increase. And if I should have two girls at once, and then, according to Stellan's prophecy, eight in addition, what will he think? How will he be satisfied with it? You cannot tell, Maria, how these thoughts weighed me down!

My poor little maiden! It is not enough that many a suffering, many a bitter experience must be thy lot in the world, but probably thy father will not once welcome thee into life with a smile; perhaps he will press thee with a secret sigh to his bosom. And if thou shouldest lose thy mother early, perhaps even at thy birth—for how many women die in giving life to their children, and I am not strong—who then, my little maiden, will sit fondly by thy cradle? Who will soothe thy disquiet into peace? Who will, later, comfort thee in difficulties? Who will love thee, and teach thee to conduct thyself? Where wilt thou find ever-open arms? My tears flow, and I must conclude.

5th.—But now I dry up my tears, and proceed. Last evening I sate alone, and worked at a little child's cap. My heart was heavy, and my unshed tears choked me. Bear was not come home. The wind blew strongly without, and sounded disagreeably to me. It also occasioned that I did not hear Bear's arrival before he opened, as usual, abruptly the door of the room where I sate. I hastily threw my work under a shawl, blushed, and had scarcely time to bid him good evening. Bear looked unwontedly cheerful, and exclaimed, loudly: "Good evening, my little wife, how is it with thee?"

"Very well," answered I; and, in order to ward off further questions, asked myself—"What hast thou in thy hand there?"

"Only an ugly pasteboard box. An old woman bothered me to buy it. We will see if thou canst make it of any use to hold thy combs, hair-pins, and so on. He set the great pretended box on the table, loosened the cloth in which it was wrapped with a horrible grimace, and before my eyes lay a picture in a costly gold frame. Two figures, as it were, stood living before me in it. The most beautiful Mother-of-God hovered on the clouds, with the Child-God on her arm. It was a copy of Raphael's Madonna Sistina, in black chalk, by the clever Miss Röhl. I saw the heavenly peace in Maria's countenance; I saw the divine, all-illuminating glance of the child, and I became so comfortable, so heavenly comfortable in my mind, I could not speak, and, without being aware of it, ran sweet happy tears on the glass of the picture. I had forgotten all around me; I knew not whether I was on earth or in heaven, when I found myself encircled by Bear's arms, and heard him say with a tender, but affectionately upbraiding voice—"Fanny, why should I not know that I am a father?"

In this moment I became violently affected. I hid my head on his shoulder, and could scarcely stammer forth—"O Bear! I was afraid that you would not be pleased!"

My Maria! how did I feel as I saw Bear drop on his knees before me, as he kissed my hands, my dress, while with great tears in his eyes, and with a faltering voice, he exclaimed—"I not pleased! I not happy! I am delighted! My Fanny, my wife, my child!" In such emotion I had never seen him, and my heart dissolved itself in inexpressible love and joy.

This hour was beautiful, was divine! But one such in this earthly life, and one may be contented; one has understood what heaven is.

After our first extreme agitation had subsided, Bear seated himself by me, and lectured me, half in a tender and sportive, and half in a serious tone, on my strange secresy. My heart was open; I let him read it; I let him see all which of late had been working there. At first he smiled, then he became more serious, and at last he said, somewhat out of humour—"But that is very silly, Fanny! Where has been thy reliance on the Most High? Does this miserable fear become those who believe in Him and his Goodness?"

"Ah!" I said, sighing, "I believe firmly on Him, and yet children fall down stairs, or out of the window, and become cripples or idiots for life."

"Well, and what then?" said Bear, and looked me in the face with a glance which at once was firm and clear; I did not imagine he could have made his eyes so large. I cast my eyes down, and answered, softly—"And children may also become unfortunate."

"Well, and what then?" exclaimed Bear, and looked at me as before.

"And what then! and what then!" I cried, impatiently, and was very near getting angry; but Bear's look again struck me, and penetrated into my inmost soul. I understood him now—understood his manly strength, his love, and piety. "Bear," said I, with contrition, "I will trust, with thee; come what will, I will not murmur, nor despair; but hold fast my faith in the everlasting Goodness."

Bear clasped me to his heart.

I was somewhat anxious to avoid going further into the fears which I had entertained; but he had laid himself out to question me, and he would not desist till he had drawn all forth. When I alluded to my doubt regarding himself, he became angry and said—"How couldst thou think so ill of me, Fanny! How couldst thou imagine me to be so pitiful, so unnatural a wretch! This only can excuse thee, that thou wert unwell."

"But, Bear——now that we are become poor, it will, indeed, be a matter of great anxiety to bring up and educate children, especially if we have many—if we actually have ten girls!" I laughed as I said this, but it was with tearful eyes.

"That will be done even. We shall find means, never fear. Children that are received in love, bring a blessing with them. The more children, the more paternosters."

"But the education—the education!" sighed I; "what burdens this brings with it, when we consider the demands of the present day."

"I ask the d——l after the demands of the time, in many respects," muttered Bear; and added, with serious and cordial kindness—"We will love our children, Fanny! We will bring them up in a clear and steady fear of God. We will teach them order and diligence. What relates to talent and a finer accomplishment, they shall receive that too if we have the means; if we have them not, then do not let us trouble ourselves about them. The chief thing is, that they become good and useful men; they will then find their way both here and hereafter. Thou, my Fanny, wilt early teach them what is in the hymn which thou art so fond of singing—

He who can read his paternoster right,
Fears neither witch nor devil.

Bear's words and mild and manly expression, took hold on and elevated my heart. "No!" I exclaimed, "I will no longer be anxious and fearful. I cannot be so with thee, my Bear. And thou little exiled prophet"—I took up the little cap—"come forth to the light, and speak openly of the mystery!"

How delighted was Bear with the little cap! He had never yet seen anything so neat and pretty. I now sewed on the small lace round it. Bear held it on his great fist, and smiled at it, as if he already saw it adorn the head of his child. The whole evening was a succession of the most joyful feelings and scenes.

And now we tear ourselves away from a work which it is really a delight to tell the world about; congratulating Mrs Howitt upon her useful labours, and firmly believing that there is taste, and nature, and goodness enough left among us to appreciate *The Neighbours*.

EVELYN HOWARD.*

This is a novel of considerable merit, though its movement is too slow for the dash and glitter of these latter times of light literature. The principal hero, the immaculate Revil Sydney, flies above common sympathies; and the reader is fairly worn out with mistakes, misunderstandings, and cross-purposes. There is an episode—a subordinate story, of Douglas Howard, the brother of the heroine, a mean and selfish, but very handsome and fascinating young soldier, who gains the light heart of a wild and wilful heiress, and breaks it—which is more effective than the main story, because much more true to nature. Douglas Howard is disappointed of his wife's fortune, which, by a condition in the will of the relative who bequeathed it, was forfeited by her marrying, without the approbation of her guardian, the all-perfect Revil Sydney. From this part of the novel we extract a scene or two which are not unfavourable specimens of its execution—

Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed, since Catherine cast behind her friends and kindred to unite her fortunes with him she loved; but that fortnight had strangely sobered the high spirit of the wild and thoughtless girl. The bridal chaplet yet bound her brows, but the roses were faded. With more sorrow in her heart than she had even dreamt of before, she sat in one of the smallest rooms of the Ship Hôtel at Dover, listening for her husband's step; and when it came, far from going to welcome him with the timid yet beaming tenderness, which marks the demeanour of the young wife, she remained where she was, her tearful eyes fixed on the letter that lay before her.

And why was this? Because she was afraid of him who had vowed "to love and cherish her"—vowed to share her sorrow, as well as her gladness, at that altar where the promise of the lip alone is a mockery that will be registered against the offender. She feared unkindness, whose chilling touch will wither life and soul—the branch and root, as well as the leaf and bud, and was soon to learn the feeble influence of the oath which is lightly spoken; that, like characters traced in sand, it is easily obliterated.

With her hand she had given her heart, with all its sacred affections, and an undoubting confidence. In launching her bark of happiness upon the shores of matrimony, she had made Douglas her pilot and her guiding star; nor ever thought it could be wrecked by him, who ought to steer her through the troubled waves as well as through the peaceful waters. But clouds soon gathered over the life of joy she had expected to lead. The first intimation to Douglas, that her fortune might be withheld, by destroying the delusion that she had been loved for herself alone, gave her the first knowledge of the meaning of "bitterness of heart."

With vindictive malice, Alexander Bruce, having first perilled his life to gratify his intemperate anger, made the certain loss of Catherine's property a subject of open triumph; and Catherine, sure of her brother's opposition, had begun to feel her confidence that Mr. Sydney's regard for her would withhold him from testifying disapprobation of her marriage, considerably shaken.

She wrote to him, and put forth her case with all the eloquence of which she was mistress; but in vain: the answer had just arrived, and though far from unkind, it crushed entirely her ill-founded hopes. Wishing to break her disappointment gradually to Douglas, as soon as she heard his step, she hastily dried her eyes, and had just time to fold up the letter, and throw her handkerchief

* "Evelyn Howard; or, Mistaken Policy." A Domestic Tale. In 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

over it, when Douglas entered the room. It was evening, and more for cheerfulness than warmth, a fire burnt in the grate. Douglas sat down by the fire, and Catherine knelt on the footstool by his side.

"I have not seen you all day," murmured Catherine, with an accent of sorrow rather than reproach.

"M'Naughten and I have been engaged elsewhere," replied Douglas, coolly.

"I detest M'Naughten," said Catherine, pettishly.

"Very possibly," said Douglas, resuming the whistling which the pronunciation of those two words interrupted, and then proceeded to arrange his hair and cravat by the glass over the mantel-piece. "That Pepys knows no more of cutting hair than an ass; he has shorn my locks as completely as ever Samson's were, though I expressly told him not to cut the curls. He has so transformed me, that I no longer think I am my mother's son, but changed at my birth, as was a transatlantic neighbour, who was so persuaded he was a changling that he spent a whole life seeking his original self. By the bye, I forgot to say that M'Naughten dines with us to-day."

"Is he always to be at our fireside? Can you never dispense with his society!" asked Catherine.

"Not easily; for I find him both useful and agreeable. I suppose you have not yet heard from Mr. Sydney."

"Speak kindly to me, Douglas; remember what I have forsaken for your sake—friends, wealth——"

"I hope not, or I shall find it difficult to testify my gratitude. I never asked you to forsake wealth for me—on the contrary; but where is the letter? I see you have received one."

"Do not break my heart with unkindness, Douglas; it is cruel to blame, for had I the wealth of India I would gladly resign it to you."

Without replying, Douglas snatched the letter from her hand, and began to read; but had scarcely perused half-a-dozen lines when, throwing it down with an exclamation that made her shudder, he paced the room like one distracted.

Affection, as well as a sense of duty, prompted Catherine to soothe and lull the violence she witnessed; and, laying her hand gently on his arm, she said, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume—

"Let us not be cast down; darkest clouds will sometimes pass over without breaking. People are not the less happy for being less rich. I shall soon learn to be poor, if that is my fate; and you will never hear me mourn departed luxuries."

"Away!" said Douglas, roughly shaking her off; "you deceived me, and have consequently ruined yourself, and me also. Had you dealt with me fairly and candidly, as you ought, and revealed the particulars of your uncle's will, neither you nor I would have been placed in the situation in which we now stand."

"It appears that I have deceived myself," said Catherine, bitterly. "I neither suspected you of interested motives, nor believed my guardian could be inexorable. You said then that you loved me—say so again, Douglas; do not let me think you so base and cruel as to have lured me from a home where I *was* happy, from no other motive than to possess my gold. Say that you had other feelings—that you did not deceive me—and that I have not been the victim of cupidity."

"My *gold!*" repeated Douglas, with a laugh that congealed the blood in her heart—"my gold! Where is it? There seems little chance of handling that; but produce it, and I will tell you again that I love you."

"Heaven forgive you, Douglas!" said the heart-stricken wife, and rushed out of the room.

The young bride saw and felt her position in all its misery; and the blast of desolation, sweeping over her heart, roughly laid low all the flowery hopes which in fancy she had seen blooming on her path. . . . .

Half an hour after Catherine had left him, with the cry of an anguished heart upon her lips, Douglas knocked at her door, and receiving no answer, he called her several times by name. Instead of any reply, he heard at intervals the convulsive sob of one who had no power to vent or to suppress her sorrow.

"Catherine, open the door, and do not make a fool of yourself, or of me, by keeping me here for every one that passes by to see."

A slow, reluctant step crossed the room. Catherine unturned the lock, and, without speaking, walked back to the seat she had quitted. Douglas entered—he said nothing, but passed his arm round her shoulders and kissed her cheek.

Selfishness had not, then, so completely encrusted his heart as to render it impenetrable to compunction—he was capable of remorse, but neither noble nor generous enough to make much concession. A sullen look or a reproachful word would have changed his superficial penitence into anger and enmity. But Catherine was too justly and heavily aggrieved, and her heart was too crushed for upbraiding. Douglas had been enthusiastically loved, and according to her views, esteemed; he had just evinced disregard, if not contempt, of her affection, and centring all his anxiety in the possession of her wealth, had added insult to disrespect, as the expectation of obtaining it vanished. With all her wildness and thoughtlessness, she was not devoid of that sort of sensibility which renders its possessor peculiarly vulnerable to the shafts of unkindness; but Douglas's conduct deserved a harsher name, and was well calculated to arouse her resentment.

Reflection was not one of the powers of her mind; habitually guided by feeling and impulse, she knew nothing of the principle which, in obedience to the Divine command, and to the dethronement of human passion, "suffereth long, and is kind." Constantly following the promptings of her natural disposition, Catherine's actions had no certain regulator, and being consequently the sport of every feeling which swept by, it was fortunate for her that those feelings were generally kind and amiable.

At first she turned away her head; but when Douglas repeated the caress, her reply, though an indirect, was a more certain proof of his pardon than anything she could have said, and plainly evidenced that her tenderness might be bleeding from the blow it had just received, but was not weakened. Without mentioning his unkindness, or alluding to the past, she gently replaced his arm in the sling, observing, with affectionate solicitude, that it could not get well without care. Douglas was touched, for unexpected forbearance often unlocks the heart, and draws thence a torrent of generous feelings which would otherwise have remained congealed. Pride, which would have led him to resent reproach, and have rendered him callous to the suffering he had inflicted, now gave way; throwing himself on his knees, he execrated the hastiness of his temper, and, clasping her hands within his own, entreated for forgiveness.

"You must not mind these gusts of rage; I cannot prevent them—they are natural to me," said Douglas; as if their being natural was sufficient excuse for their indulgence.

"But when they lacerate the feelings of others, they ought to be controlled," replied Catherine, for the first time betrayed into declamation upon a moral duty.

"And for the future I will make the attempt," said Douglas; "but come into the next room—see what you can devise to meet my present exigencies, for if Mr. Sydney is resolved upon withholding your fortune, I am ruined."

"Perhaps he will relent; I cannot believe him so unjust and cruel as to deprive me of it, when by a word he can secure it me."

"Look there!" said Douglas, pointing to a large pile of papers, some folded in the suspicious shape of bills, others lying open, bearing similar symptoms in the ledger lines and various figures, ranged in columns, on one side of the paper; "look there, Catherine—and when I tell you that these are not half of what will come in when my affairs are known, and that, far from being able to support you, I have not a shilling which is not owing twenty times over—can you wonder at the intemperate expressions despair has forced from me. Oppressed with debts which I have now no means of discharging, blasted in name, with the disgrace of ar-

rest before me, I have no refuge but an ounce of lead."

"Oh! Douglas, Douglas, do not talk so recklessly!" said Catherine, shuddering with horror at what he had said. "I at least, need not be an encumbrance to you; I can go back to Alexander. He will not easily forgive me; but he will not leave his sister in starvation."

The last word almost choked Catherine. She, who from childhood had known only wealth, and squandered it in idle profusion, was now obliged to cast in her mind how she should get her daily bread.

To send her away did not suit Douglas.

Catherine's friends provided for her, and for the reasonable wants of her husband; but her fate is sealed. The story is wound up—the heroine, Evelyn Howard, after her endless trials and tiresome agonies, is the happy wife of Revil Sydney—now Lord Ravenshaw. Catherine had gone abroad with her husband, and gradually declined in health. Her character is moralized over; but we leave the moral for the tale:—

For some time after her return to England, the endearments of her little girl, and the caresses universally bestowed upon her, infused fresh energy into her mind; but that did not last long, and the spirit which might have enabled her to struggle against sorrow and isolation was wanting. Silently, and almost imperceptibly, she was fading away like a neglected flower.

Douglas' indifference had alienated her affection; he was no longer loved as when she was content to share cheerfully his poverty and disgrace; but the secrecy of wedded sorrow she was not now willing to violate. She had found complaint useless, and sympathy unavailing; and no longer made the one nor sought the other. Evelyn's character she had learned to admire, and to wish it had been her own, yet was too feeble-minded to make the exertions necessary in the imitation of it.

"It is too late, I cannot alter now," would Catherine often say, when comparing herself with Evelyn. . . .

It was autumn, and Lord and Lady Ravenshaw were about to start on a tour through the western counties, intending afterwards to pay the long-promised visit to Corvyn. Catherine had latterly evinced a restless desire for change; but Douglas, a keen sportsman, was little inclined to forego his favourite pastime, and willingly consented to her accompanying his sister in her tour.

The carriage was at the door, but Catherine still lingered, regarding again and again every object eloquent of happier days, and endeared by former associations.

"Ready at last!" said Douglas, as she entered the room, slightly turning his head from the glass, where he was arranging his handsome curls; and, glancing at his watch, added, "I shall be late for my engagement as it is."

"When shall you join us?" asked Catherine, as he led her from the room, after a farewell, solemn enough to have startled any less determinedly thoughtless than he.

"Oh! when I have nothing else to do. Travelling is not much to my taste."

"Will you come if I send for you?" asked Catherine.

"I cannot promise," was the careless reply.

Catherine was then seated in the carriage; she said no more; and as Douglas then immediately walked away, she followed him for one half instant with her eye, and then raised her attenuated hand to wipe away a solitary tear. The carriage drove off, and, as it whirled along, she turned her head, and fixed an earnest gaze on the windows of the home she was leaving, and then pressed her arm round the little prattler at her side.

Catherine remained at a cottage in Devonshire, while her friends pursued their tour.

Having left Catherine to all appearance improving, Evelyn was surprised at the change she found in her on her return; but Catherine owned to no increase of indisposition, and the next day they were again *en route* to Ilfracombe, where Douglas was expected to join them. On arriving there, they found not Douglas, but a letter describing his engagements, and excusing himself from keeping the appointment.

Catherine took the letter, and, fatigued with her journey, retired to rest. Some time afterwards, Evelyn found her kneeling by her infant's crib, pale and calm as the sleeping child before her. At her entrance, Catherine looked up, and beckoning her to approach, for some time rested her head in silence upon her shoulder. Her breathing soon became gradually thicker, and she broke forth into rapid convulsive sobs.

"Evelyn, I have not much longer to remain here. I have felt it for some time past; but not till now did I think my end was so near. I owe you for years of kindness—add more to the many. When I am gone, become the mother of my child—watch over her, rear her as your own—and neither in destiny nor character may she resemble me," said Catherine, pressing her hand tightly upon her heart, as if to control by force the emotion which almost choked her.

Evelyn, for the first time aware of Catherine's opinion of herself, was shocked and distressed; but considering her illness more in spirit than in body, she strove to argue her into a more cheerful train of thinking.

"I shall never be better, nor ever see my home again," said Catherine. "Do not grieve for me, Evelyn; I am not now sorry to die. Time was when I feared death; but it is not so now. I was not cut down in my thoughtless days, but spared to sorrow and repent. I am young in years, but old here," said Catherine, again pressing her heart, and, leaning down, covered her face with her hands. When she removed them, her countenance appeared calm and serene.

"Good night, Evelyn; I am too tired to talk more this evening."

Evelyn left her without participating Catherine's impression to its fullest extent, and communicated all that had passed to Lord Ravenshaw, who immediately despatched an express for Douglas, whose whereabouts, however, was not accurately known.

"I hope nothing was kept back—he does not require it," said Catherine, bitterly, when informed the following morning of what had been done; then added, in a gentler tone, "If he comes at all, he will come too late; I feel that I shall not see him again. Tell him—but no, he will not care to hear it; say only that if, in memory of all he once promised, he would grant my last request—it is to leave Julia to be educated and brought up by you. Promise—promise to undertake the charge. . . . . .

"I could not perform the duty as well as you will. Untaught myself, how am I fit to instruct others? The wisdom I have now hived, tastes too much of the bitterness of regret for me to wish to impart that to Julia. No, you will be a better teacher for her than her mother could have been! All is well, but there is anguish in parting past all revealing."

At that moment, Julia made her appearance, caressing and fondling her doll. Catherine called her, and in answer to the long fervent kiss the mother imprinted on her darling's cheek, Julia wreathed her soft round arms about her neck, lisping out some childish tale, little dreaming that the ears then eagerly drinking in every word would shortly hear no more—that not the voice of any charmer could invade the stillness of that dwelling to which every passing hour brought her nearer and nearer.

"I have not done as many do," said Catherine, when talking to Evelyn, a few days afterwards,—"I seldom upbraided Douglas; I never voluntarily vexed him. My faults have been committed against myself. Seeing that my remonstrances angered without altering him, I was silent, and thought I did my whole duty; it never occurred to me to seek a submissive spirit, or strength to bear my trials. With a heart formed for affection, I could neither receive nor bestow it. My marriage alienated my brother, and I would have clung the more to Douglas if he would have let me—but—it matters not now, all is forgiven and will soon be forgotten, for such sorrows go not beyond the grave."

Catherine's illness soon assumed an alarming appearance: she sunk rapidly, and grew weaker almost every hour. Her disorder baffled every effort of human skill, and it soon became evident that the last pulses of life

were beating. Douglas had not arrived, and though Catherine appeared calm, and said but little, every sound of carriage wheels brought a faint flush upon her wasted cheek.

One afternoon, her sofa at her desire having been placed near the window, she had rested as if asleep for several hours, when she suddenly started from her apparent slumber at the noise of a post-chaise galloping up to the door.

"Is it Douglas, Evelyn!—quick, tell me!" said Catherine eagerly; but ere Evelyn could speak, the last effort of Catherine's expiring strength was exerted to raise herself to the window. The attempt failed, and she fell back senseless on her pillow.

It was Douglas.—But his wife was dead.

His grief and remorse were frantic for the moment; but he was not one long to harbour thoughts that disturbed his own repose. We think this episode no unfavourable specimen of the powers of the authoress of Evelyn Howard; a romance which will delight those who relish delicate embarrassments and innocent manœuvring.

A REVOLUTIONARY ODE.*

"I will overturn, overturn, overturn it."—EZEKIEL.

I DID dream a bodeful dreaming;
Thunders rolled, red fires were gleaming;
Earth did quake.
And I saw God's angel winging
Earthward, earnest message bringing;
Fearful in my ears 'tis wringing:
Thus he spake:

"Rouse thee, Wrath, and be a giant!
People's will that has been pliant
Long, too long,
Up! and snap thy rusty chaining,
Brittle bond for thy restraining;
Know the hour; the weak are reigning;
Thou art strong.

"Rise, and right the wrongs of ages,
Balance Time's unequal pages
With the sword!
Velvet-cushioned fools have slumbered,
Wanton weeds my garden cumbered,
Now their barren days are numbered,
Saith the Lord.

"Hear, ye loveless narrow-hearted,
Few for whom the many smarted,
Hear my word!
I have heard the people's moaning,
I have known the poor man's groaning,
I have vowed a sad atoning,
Saith the Lord!

"Who have lived in pillowed pleasure,
Ye shall now, in righteous measure,
Eat the dust.
Who beheld the bondman sallow
Pine, that ye in lust might wallow,
Ye shall fat young Freedom's fallow;
So 'tis just.

"People's heroes, mountain-breasted,
Looking lightnings, tempest-crested,
Seize the sword!
Bellow with a vengeful thunder,
Turn each topmast over under,
Let Pride's purple minions wonder,
Saith the Lord!

"For their hopes a strong delusion,
For their plans a dark confusion,
I have stored.
Pride with folly shall be mated,
Wisdom still shall come belated,
Mercy shall not find the fated,
Saith the Lord!

"Iron men and unrelenting,
Who shall do, without repenting,
Deeds abhorred,
For my vengeance I have chosen;
Them no wheedling words shall cozen,
They are hard, their tears are frozen,
Saith the Lord!

"Sudden fear shall seize the palace;
Every wile of witless malice
Shall be tried.
Things despised, the weak, the nameless,
I will fire with fury tameless,
They shall smite, themselves not blameless,
Blameful pride.

"Kings shall meet and band together,
Despot spread for despot brother
Solemn beard.
What they vow they shall pursue it,
I will spur and goad them to it;
They shall do; I will undo it,†
Saith the Lord!

"March, mine elect iron warriors!
Strike! and old Pride's jealous barriers
Stand no more.
Ye shall judge the kings with rigour,
Ope the lists to strength and vigour;
Earth her increase to the digger
Shall restore.

"Tear the patch-work, rend the rotten,
Let the useless be forgotten,
Earth the dead!
Time 'tis none for square and bevel,
Those I send shall rage and level;
Terror through the courtly revel
They shall spread.

"Wit I sent—the fools did spoff it;
Love they knew not; now my prophet
Is the Sweun.
With stern hate I have begun it;
When strong Love hath bravely won it,
They shall know that I have done it,
Saith the LORD!"

Spake the God-sent, thunder-knelling
Feeble hearts of men compelling,
And up soared.
I with salved sight awaking,
In swift ruin's overtaking,
In the fast Earth's fearful quaking,
Knew the Lord.

J. S. B.

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* It has been attempted, in the following verses, to epitomise the principal phases of the French Revolution; only, however, in so far as these appeared to be the necessary phases of every great national convulsion under the present constitution of society.

† Compare 1688 in England, and 1830 in France. A RESTORATION never can succeed. What the body politic throws off as foreign to its healthy nature, may be stuck on again for a season, but will never grow.

CRACKNELS FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY BON GAULTIER.

A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and a merry party of friends! Mrs. Battle, undying Mrs. Battle, gave "the rigour of the game" the preference to the third of the *agrèmens* we have just named; and, undoubtedly, a well-fought game of whist to a person of a calmly ferocious disposition, who, like her, loves the conflicts which give "time to form rooted friendships, and to cultivate steady enmities," is a great luxury. But commend us to the merry party, especially when, like that now beside us, nobody monopolises the conversation—nobody talks out of place. For our friends are all mutely eloquent,—paper-stainers, valiant wielders of the quill,—poets who have "penned their inspiration," and romancers who have given an inky cloak to the phantoms of their brain. There they are—ranged round our table. Miss Lætitia Jones, authoress of "The Love Spell, and other Poems," presents herself in yonder ream of post-wove; Mr. Vernon Smawker pleads in the most moving Iambics from yonder page of banker's post. Others in the same way,—all silent till we give them leave, and speaking no longer than we allow. Our soirées are admirably contrived. In place of inviting our literary acquaintances to visit us in the body, we ask them to throw off a proof impression of their souls upon paper; and thus we have the full enjoyment of "an æsthetical tea," as the Germans call their conglomerations of bohea and blueism, without being deafened by the Babylonish jabber of small litterateurs, or ruined by their insatiable demands upon our sherry and sandwiches.

The results of our last circular are before us, and we shall have half an hour's recreation among them. Mr. Frederick Chumley, a pale Werther-faced young gentleman, at the end of the table, has been labouring with the throes of composition for the last hour. We shall give him relief, for he seems as if his thoughts, Minerva-like, were ready to leap forth from his pericranium,—

LINES.

Can I e'er cease to love thee?
Forget thee? Ah, no!
I think of thy beauties,
Wherever I go.

The sky's dewy azure
Shall speak of thine eyes;
The evening's soft zephyr
Shall murmur thy sighs.

When the calm of the twilight
Shall lap me in bliss,
I will think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

I may roam 'mong the daughters
Of beautiful Spain;
Or the darkly-eyed maids of
The gay State of Maine.

But in hall or in greenwood,
Afar from my home,
My footsteps may stray, but
My heart cannot roam.

Worthy of Mr. Frederick Chumley,—or Lord Anybody, author of "Thoughts on Michaelmas—Geese, and any other Poems." One remark, for Mr. Chumley's behoof. If the lady, to whom his verses are addressed, did not take the very first offer she got from another (eligible) party, the more's the pity. Depend upon it, the man who writes in this way is never constant for less than a week—or more.

Oh! this love, this love! It has given rise to more rhymes than any other reason in the world. Here is a lay of common life, for which everybody can find a parallel in his own experience, though it is not everybody who can paint with such skill the sorrows of

THE BITER BIT.

BY MISS JULIA PELTIROGUS.

The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with me!

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear the marriage bell,—
It rises o'er the upland,—it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And she clings closer to his side, she does, the demirep!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,—
The stile beside the thorn at the corner of the wood;
The boughs that oft have echoed the words that won my ear,
Now bend their blossoms o'er him, as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he pressed;
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows, where we've strayed again and yet again;
Yet he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother, he said I looked for gold;
He said I did not love him, that my words were few and cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game,
And it may be that I did, mother,—but who hasn't done the same!

I did not know my heart, mother, I know it now too late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me, and he has gone elsewhere,
And my heart is gone, and I am left to wither in despair.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is throbbing sore;
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before;
And, if you would do pleasure to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild!

This reminds us of a valued friend of ours, Sarah Briggs. Sarah had many amiable qualities, among others a partiality for porter, which she prized beyond nectar. A pint a-day was her al-

lowance. Sarah fell in love. Appetite, as usual in these cases, forsook her,—even Guinness was forsworn. But the object of her affections did not propose. The *res angusta domi*, it was understood, prevented him,—and, one day, after the lovers had had a long walk together, Sarah's agitation was visible. Explanations had passed, and her hopes had vanished. With an air of serene despair, she took forth a pint of Guinness's best from her long-neglected stores, and drank it with a lingering satisfaction. We rallied her upon this symptom of returning reason, and she,—she was a merry soul,—calmly observed, that she was forced to fall back upon her *beer*, as her beloved could not *sup-port 'er*.

At lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs; and if we are to believe poets and romancers, "the beautiful sex," as Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli calls them, are daily contributing not a little to the merriment of the facetious Thunderer. According to his own showing, your true verse-spinner is the most luckless of swains that ever split his unmentionables in prostrating himself at the feet of beauty; and the number of refusals he receives would be enough to break the heart of the most stoical tax-gatherer that ever handled bell-pull. Ianthe, Medora, Claribel, Madeline, Adeline, and Marguerite, (the latter, by the bye, we believe, on our soul, to keep a cigar-shop in Oxford Street,) are all equally fair and false. This is in the course of nature, and the legitimate exercise of feminine caprice. We have suffered in this way ourselves, at least half-a-dozen times, till our heart has attained the callosity of a rhinoceros' hide, and we, therefore, pity no man, who allows himself to be similarly befooled. But there is a peculiar atrocity in the circumstances which gave rise to the following poem, that stirs even the Dead Sea of our sensibilities. The lady, in this instance, appears to have carried on a furious flirtation with the bard,—a cousin of her own,—which she, naturally, perhaps, but, certainly, cruelly terminated, by marrying an old East Indian nabob, with a complexion like currie powder, innumerable lacs of rupees, and a woful lack of liver. A refusal by one's cousin is a domestic treason of the most ruthless kind; and, assuming the author's statement to be substantially correct, we must say, that the lady's conduct was disgraceful. What her sensations may be, on reading the following passionate appeal, we cannot of course divine: but, if one spark of feeling lingers in her bosom, she must, for four-and-twenty hours at least, have little appetite for mulligatawny.

THE JILTED GENT.

BY THEODORE SMIFZER.

Comrades, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair,
I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.
Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger beer,
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.
Let me go. Now, Chuckster, blow me, 'pon my soul, this is too bad!
When you want me, ask the waiter, he knows where I'm to be had.
Whew! This is a great relief now! Let me but undo my stock,
Resting, here beneath the porch, my nerves will steady like a rock.
In my ears I hear the singing of a lot of favourite tunes—
Bless my heart, how very odd! Why, surely, there's a brace of moons!
See, the stars, how bright they twinkle, winking with a frosty glare,
Like my faithless cousin Amy, when she drove me to despair.
Oh, my cousin, spider-hearted! Oh, my Amy! No, confound it!
I must wear the mournful willow,—all round my hat I've bound it.
Falser than the Bank of Fancy,—frailer than a shilling glove,—
Puppet to a father's anger,—minion to a nabob's love!
Is it well to wish thee happy! Having known me, could you ever
Stoop to marry half a heart, and little more than half a liver!
Happy! D——! Thou shalt lower, day by day, to suit thy lot,—
Thy china clay all turning to the common kind of gallipot.
As the husband is, the wife is,—he is stomach-plagued and old;
And his curry soups will make thy cheek the colour of his gold.
When his feeble love is sated, he will hold thee surely, then,
Something lower than his hookah,—something less than his cayenne.
What is this! His eyes are pinky. Was't the claret! Oh, no, no,—
Bless your soul it was the salmon,—salmon always makes him so.
Better thou wert dead before me,—better, better that I stood
Looking on thy murdered body, like the injured Daniel Good!
Better, thou and I were lying, cold and timber-stiff and dead,
With a pan of burning charcoal underneath the nuptial bed!
Cursed be the Bank of England's notes, that tempt the soul to sin!
Cursed be the want of acres,—doubly cursed the want of tin!
Cursed be the marriage contract, that enslaved thy soul to greed!
Cursed be the sallow lawyer, that prepared and drew the deed!
Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome fees did earn!
Cursed be the clerk and parson,—cursed be the whole concern!

And so on through a general commination, which extends to half a dozen stanzas more. This sweeping system of anathema may be consonant to what the philosophers call a high and imaginative mood of passion, but it is surely as unjust as any fulminations that ever emanated from the Papal chair. No doubt cousin Amy behaved shockingly; but why, on that account, should the Bank of England, incorporated by royal charter, or the most respectable practitioner who prepared the settlements, along with his innocent clerk, be handed over to the uncovenanted mercies of the foul fiend? No, no, Smifzer, this will never do! In a more manly strain is what follows:—

Oh, 'tis well, that I should bluster,—much I'm like to make of that;
Better comfort have I found in singing, "All around My Hat."
But that song, so wildly plaintive, palls upon my British ears.
'Twill not do to pine for ever,—I am getting up in years.
Can't I turn the honest penny, scribbling for the weekly press,
And in writing Sunday libels drown my private wretchedness?
Oh, to feel the wild pulsation, that in manhood's dawn I knew,
When my days were all before me, and my years were twenty-two.
When I smoked my independent pipe along the Quadrant wide,
With the many larks of London flaring up on every side.
When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might come,
Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted thumb.
Felt the exquisite enjoyment, tossing nightly off, oh heavens!
Brandy at the Cider Cellars, kidneys smoking hot at Evans'!
Or in the Adelphi sitting, half in rapture, half in tears,
Saw the glorious melo-drama, conjure up the shades of years!
Saw Jack Sheppard, noble stripling, act his wondrous feats again,
Snapping Newgate's bars of iron, like an infant's daisy-chain.
Might was right, and all the terrors which had held the world in awe,
Were despised, and prigging prospered, spite of Lawrie, spite of law.
In such scenes as these I triumphed, ere my passion's edge was rusted,
And my cousin's cold refusal left me very much disgusted!
Since my heart is sere and withered, and I do not care a pin,
Whether worse shall be the better, who shall lose or who shall win.
Hark, my merry comrades call me, bawling for another jorum,
They would mock me in derision, should I thus appear before 'em;
Womankind no more shall vex me, such at least as go arrayed
In the most expensive satins and the newest silk brocade.
I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest yields,
Rarer robes and finer tissue than are sold at Spitalfields.
Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self aside,
I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primæval pride;
Feeding on the luscious berries and the rich cassava root,
Lots of dates and lots of guavas, clusters of forbidden fruit.
Never comes the trader thither, never o'er the purple main
Sounds the oath of British commerce, or the accents of Cockaigne.
There, methinks, would be enjoyment where no envious rule prevents,
Sink the steam-boats! cuss the railways! rot, O rot, the three per cents!
There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space to breathe, my cousin!
I will take some savage woman—nay, I'll take at least a dozen.
They shall rear my young mulattoes, as no Bond Street brats are reared,
They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild-goats by the beard—
Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced baboon,
Worship mighty Mumbo-Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.
I myself, in far Timbuctoo, leopard's blood will daily quaff,
Ride a-tiger-hunting, mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe.
Fiercely shall I shout the war-whoop, as some sullen stream he crosses,
Startling from their noon-day slumbers iron-bound rhinoceroses.
Fool! again the dream, the fancy! But I know my words are mad,
For I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Christian cad.
I the swell—the city dandy! I to seek such horrid places,—
I to haunt with squalid negroes, blubber-lips and monkey faces!
I to wed with Coromantees! I, who managed—very near—
To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shillibeer.
Stuff and nonsense! let me never fling a single chance away:
Maids ere now, I know, have loved me, and another maiden may.
Morning Post (*The Times* won't trust me) help me, as I know you can;
I will pen an advertisement,—that's a never-failing plan.
"Wanted. By a bard, in wedlock, some young interesting woman:
Looks are not so much an object, if the shiners be forthcoming.
"Hymen's chains the advertiser vows shall be but silken fetters.
Please address to T. S., Chelsea. N. B. You must pay the letters."
That's the sort of thing to do it. Now I'll go, and taste the balmy,—
Rest thee with thy yellow nabob, spider-hearted cousin Amy!

Bravo, Smifzer! That is the sort of thing—no wishy-washy snivelling about a wounded heart and all that kind of stuff—but savage sarcasm, the lava of a volcanic spirit. In a fine prophetic strain is that vision of Amy's feelings, as the inebriated nawaub stumbles boskily into the drawing-room, steaming fulsomely of chilma! And that picture of the African jungle, with Smifzer *in puris* mounted on a high trotting giraffe, with his twelve dusky brides around him! Cruikshank alone could do it justice. But the triumph of the poem is in the high-toned sentiment of civilisation and moral duty, which, esteeming "the grey barbarian" lower than "the Christian cad"—and that is low enough in all conscience—tears the captivating delusions of freedom and polygamy from the poet's eyes, even while his pulse is throbbing at the wildest, and sends him from the shades of the palm and the orange tree to the advertising columns of *The Morning Post*. This is indeed a great poem, and we need only add, that the reader will find something like it in Mr. Alfred Tennyson's Locksley Hall. There has been pilfering somewhere: but Messieurs Smifzer and Tennyson must settle it between them.

Apropos of this latter gentleman, we think we can recognise some of his playful peculiarities in the following lines :—

TO ISAAC TOMKINS' CHILD.

Lovely, airy, fairy creature,
Life is in thy every feature,
To and fro for ever flitting,
Never standing, never sitting
Three whole minutes in a place,
Keeping up an idle chase,
Jumping, stumping, thumping, squalling,
Over chairs and sofas sprawling,
Making such a din and pother,
Lobbies, rooms, and garrets through,—
Sweetest, fleetest, has your mother,
Tell me, any more of you?
All thy artifices simple,
That thy cheeks so chubby dimple,
All thy sly coquetting airs,
Wheedling from me nuts and pears,
To prophetic eyes discover
How thou'lt rule thy future lover,
Make him madly near thee linger,
Turn him round thy little finger;
And thy lips, my little lamb,
Sweetly pout in mirthful flashes,
Especially when bread and jam
Have fringed them with superb moustaches.
Sunny, funny Caroline,
What a merry life is thine!
Ever eating, day and night,
With prodigious appetite;
Life, to most so drear and sandy,
Is to thee all sugar candy:
No perplexing thoughts hast thou,
Seaming furrows on thy brow.
Friendships riven, and loves untrue,
Pride and griping lust of Mammon,
By Philosophy and you
Are considered merest gammon.
Wisdom's type, my little dove,
Come, live with me, and be my love!
Come, close my lips up with thy kisses!
See, what a pretty orange this is—
And you shall have it, if to me
You come, and sit upon my knee.
There! that 's a dear! But where, my sweet,
Have you been dirtying your feet?
You little filthy monkey, look,
The mess that you have made my breeches,
If you were mine, I'd make the cook
Whip you to death, like pigs, with switches!

Decidedly that child is, what Cornelia remarked of the elder of the Gracchi, "a young varmint." But as decidedly the poet made a mistake in expressing himself so warmly as he has done. Off goes Missey to her mamma, whimpering and howling, tells what the cross old gentleman said of "the mother's pride;" and the cross old gentleman is never again flattered with the hope that Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins may have the pleasure of his company to dinner. We reverence the memory of King Herod; but we have refrained, on many an occasion, when an incursion of young Vandals let loose upon us after dinner, along with the grapes and walnuts, has suggested horrible promptings of infanticide, because the experience of a high-principled world has taught us never to allow our feelings to interfere with our interest. Of this first principle of civilized life it is pitiable to see so accomplished a writer as the author of these lines ignorant.

After all this verse, a dash of prose would not be amiss, like the *soupçon* of brandy which people have been known to mingle with their soda-water. What to choose is the difficulty. *Richard Rasp, or the Sentimental Ruffian*, by Mr. Whitehead, is enlivened with a liberal sprinkling of expletives and demoniac laughter, and pervaded by an airy ferocity, that are all very pleasant and stimulating to the admirers of the British-brandy-school of literature. But as we are not of that number, we must look for entertainment elsewhere. *A Rough Ride through Russia*, by the *Marquis di Cockagna*, is very lively and amusing. As it says nothing of the country, however, and a great deal about the personal miseries of the author, which are very heart-rending, we can afford to pass it over, more especially as we have our eye upon a delicious *novella*. Here it is :—

LA MARCHESA DI BELLADENTE.

BY MISS LÆTITIA JONES.

* * * * * *

"Thou wilt go, and wilt forget me, as others have done!" The gitarrho dropped from her long sylph-like fingers; her voice, trembling into silence like the faint leaves of the aspen, was hushed; her eyes glistened with moisture; and dropping her head upon her hands, she burst into a passion of tears.

"*Juliana, ah mia Juliana! Che ni dite?* Do not weep, *mia bella*. I will not forget thee. No, dearest, no! Thou art the fairest portion of my life—my vision by day, my dream by night. Thou, thou only," and he folded her gently to his bosom, "fillest all my thoughts. I move among beauty,—it passes like a shadow before me. To all the world beside I am dead as yonder cold marble; but to thee my bosom kindles into life, like the sculptured Venus beneath the glowing touch of Pygmalion."

"Teodoro!" she faintly exclaimed, and buried her face upon his bosom.

"Yes, my own Juliana, yes. Eyes, senses, heart—all, all are gone, and you alone fill up my sum of being. Rob me of thee, strip me of the glowing fancies that throng around thy image in my brain, and the hollow skull, jerked from the grave by the rude shovel of the sexton, is not more void of soul, of feeling, than am I."

"But you are going to your own bright land—will see others fairer, wealthier than I!"

"Fairer, wealthier—*Anch Io son sospetto! Ah, cruda*," and, as he spoke, he pressed back her long dark ringlets from her snowy forehead—"*Ah, cruda*, to wrong me by these doubts. Fairer cheek than thine, the sun of my own glorious land never gazed on. Wealthier! Think'st thou that all the dross that e'er was gathered by the hands of grovelling man, could dim or weaken that love for thee which is the cherished vestal fire of my existence! Kiss me, kiss me, dear girl, that I may take the heresy from thy lips!"

* * * * * *

And so they sat locked in each other's arms—mute in the ecstasy of transcendent joy—and a sense of beauty, and purity, and holy calm, fanned their gentle spirits, like the beating of seraphs' wings. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, but left upon the sky, like the crimson track of a mighty conqueror, soft streaks of ruddy gold. And they were *so* happy! Beneath them, under the foliage of the Boulevards, rose the hum of the joyous multitude, abandoned to all the gaieties which are congenial to the sunny clime and spirits of *la Belle France*. The stirring notes of the Apollonicon and Hebrew lyre, or Jew's harp, rose here and there from many a dancing group, and, save the excitement occasioned by the passage every few minutes of a corpse, borne from the waters of the Seine by the officers of the Morgue, all, all was harmony, and all was joy.

"*Addio!*" exclaimed Teodoro Visconti, waking out of a reverie of two hours' duration.

"*Ah, mon chèr!*" exclaimed the Marchesa, clinging agonizedly to his neck.

"*Andiam, andiam, mio bene!* I must go; la Diligenza starts at three to-morrow morning, and I shall have little enough sleep as it is."

"*Et vous, vous pouvez donc dormir!*"

"*Per chè non, bel idol mio!* when it is to dream of thee! I must see M. le Notaire about the settlements, that when I return in a month there may be no obstruction to our happiness! Till then, once more *addio!*"

The agony of that parting! Crushing his chapeau upon his fevered brows, he rushed from the Hôtel Beauxdents, to a neighbouring cafè, to nerve himself for the conflict by maddening draughts of *eau sucrè*. The Marchesa for hours defied the efforts of *sal volatile* and burnt feathers.

* * * * * *

"*Julie, ma chère*, you don't take your coffee this morning! *Ah, je vois, l'amour, l'amour! C'est une grand folie, vraiment!* What stupid things it makes girls do! *Soupir, soupir, tous les jours*, and neither dinner nor *souper* will they touch! Ha, ha! Bah, bah, 'tis a great nonsense!"

These fathers are *so* heartless! Poor Juliana, too much cause had she for sighs and indigestion. Each succeeding letter of her lover had grown colder than its predecessor, and they came only like angel's visits. But when was man sincere? Faithless, unideal man—the heart of woman lavishes its deep devotion upon thee, turning evermore its soul-fraught glances to thy hollow smiles, like, &c. &c.—

We can't afford room for this apostrophe.

"It came—it fell, that fatal thunderbolt!"

The reader must not be alarmed. Miss Jones means simply to announce the morning delivery of letters by the postman.

A glance served to reveal the contents of the letter. "*Cara Juliana*," it bore, "we have both been mistaken—at least I have. I thought I loved you. Fancy, all fancy! I found this out when I met the fair Contessa di Parmesano. She is beautiful as the day, and has, without exception, the finest estates in Lombardy, of which another fortnight will see me in possession. Good bye, charming Juliana; I hope to hear shortly that you have followed my example. Thine, TEODORO VISCONTI."

"Tutto è sciolto
Giu per me non v'ha conforto,
Il mio cor per semprè è morto
Alla gioja ed all 'amor!"

exclaimed the Marchesa, in the notes of Elvino's beautiful scena from La Sonnambula, and dropped like lead upon the floor, dying like a swan in music.

* * * * * *

"*Mon pauvre enfant! Sacre! ventre bleu! Que diable! diantre! Ventre St. Gris! Coquin, faquin, belitre! Il faut que j'aie vengeance! terrible vengeance!*" exclaimed the old Marquis, lounging, with desperate ferocity, at an imaginary Visconti, whom, in his frenzy, he thought he saw before him. "Ha, ha, ha! blood, blood, blood! The honour of Belladente is avenged!" and the poor old man sank upon the floor, firmly satisfied that a bottle of claret which he had upset was the life-blood of his daughter's betrayer.

* * * * * *

"Midnight, at the Piazza del Popolo!"

"Ay, ay, your honour," said the sturdier of the ruffians; "never fear, but we shall give you full value for your ten zecchini."

"Ten zecchini, said you! I thought your price was eight!"

"Ten—not a *scudo* less, upon the honour of a gentleman. Would you have us sin our souls for nothing?"

"Ay, would you have us sin our souls for nothing?" struck in the other ruffian, who had hitherto been silent, playfully stabbing, as he spoke, at a variety of mental victims.

"Well, ten zecchini be it; and remember to strike home."

"Leave us alone for that. We didn't learn our craft yesterday, or the day before, either. Did we, Truculento?"

"I should rayther say not," said the other, with a strong American snivel.

"I shall be with him—on his left-hand side. You will not forget?"

"Oh, never fear!" and they separated; the Marquis to a *casino* at the Contessa di Parmesano's—the bravoes to a carousal at a neighbouring *vassoio*, or gin-palace.

It is within a few minutes of midnight, and Omicidio and Truculento are upon the Piazza del Popolo.

"Which side did the old fellow say our man was to be on?"

"The left, I think."

"I'll be hanged, if I think so! I'm certain it was the right."

"But I'm positive it was the left."

"Take your own way of it; but, look you, I'll take mine. I know it was the right, and I shall strike accordingly."

"Just as you please; but I shall do exactly the reverse. I'm not going to lose my zecchini for your stupidity."

"*Corpo di Venere*, we shall see who's right. Back, back—here they are!"

At this moment, two figures were seen approaching, in earnest conversation.

"And so, my dear Marquis, Juliana was not angry. Really, do you know, I was afraid that I was not altogether right about that business?"

"*Quelle sottise!* young folks never know their own minds. I was in love half-a-dozen times myself; but it was all nonsense."

"You'll tell her I was asking for her. La Contessa and myself shall always be glad to see her."

"*Beaucoup obligè*," said the Marquis, stepping back, and making a low *congè*; at which moment a blow from the poniard of Truculento laid him senseless on the pavement. Visconti fell bleeding at his side, struck to the heart by the stiletto of Omicidio.

"*Cents diavoli!*" exclaimed Omicidio and Truculento, in a breath. "Here's a nice business! This all comes of your infernal obstinacy, Truculento."

"*Santa Vergine!* what does it matter?" replied Truculento, savagely.

"Matter—Santo Sebastiano del Piombo! Matter, you low ruffian! Who is to pay us the *zecchini?*" responded Omicidio, as he concluded an unsuccessful foray into the Marquis's pockets. The Marquis had lost all his money at the casino.

"Corpo di Caravaggio, is it so? Then there's no more than will pay for one of us in that brooch," said Truculento, making a dash at the pearl brooch which bound the Marquis's feather to his hat.

"Is that your game? Why, then, take that!" And, as he spoke, Omicidio buried his still reeking stilette in his companion's neck.

Wounded as he was, Truculento sprang upon his throat, like a tiger on his prey. The struggle was but for a moment, and they both fell lifeless across the bodies of their murdered victims.

* * * * * *

There is a tomb in Padua—and on it the simple words,

TEODORO VISCONTI IMPLORA PACE.

Beside it, on the long summer nights, may be seen a highborn female, beautiful as the skies above her. Flowers, freshly gathered, are breathing fragrance from the tomb, and the last prayer of the brave youth that sleeps below is seconded by the vestal supplications of the Contessa di Parmesano.

"Bless our old eyes!" as the boatswains say in the nautical dramas, that last paragraph has set

them running like the conduits at the Versaille's. Lovely Lætitia Jones, for lovely you must be, don't write any more in that moving style! It must wear out your sensibilities—it must, indeed. Leave it to the M.P.'s, who contribute tales of love and murder to *The Keepsake* and *The Book of Beauty*.

Turn we now to a tale of The Middle Ages,—a tale of love, and high emprize and chivalry. We have read Minnesingers and Troubadours by the bushel; but none of them, in our apprehension, have blended domestic interest with glowing romance more happily than has been done in

THE KNIGHT AND THE TAYLZEOUR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MR. ALFRED SNEIDER.

Did you ever hear the story—
  Old the legend is and true—
How a knight of fame and glory
  All aside his armour threw;
Spouted spear and pawned habergeon,
  Pledged his sword and surcoat gay,
Sate down cross-legg'd on the shop-board,
  Sate and stitched the live long day!

"Taylzeour! Not one single shilling
  Does my breeches pocket hold.
I to pay am really willing,
  If I truly had the gold.
Farmers none can I encounter,
  Graziers there are none to kill;
Therefore, prithee, gentle taylzeour,
  Bother not about thy bill!"

"Good Sir knyghte, just once too often
  Have you tried that slippery trick;
Hearts like mine you cannot soften,
  Vainly do you ask for tick.
Christmas and its bills are coming,
  Soon will they be showering in,
Therefore, once for all, my rum 'un,
  I expect you'll post the tin!

"Mark, Sir knyghte, that gloomy bayliffe,
  In the palmer's amice brown;
He shall lead you unto jail, if
  You don't instantly stump down!"
Deeply swore the young crusader,
  But the taylzeour would not hear,
And the gloomy, bearded bayliffe
  Evermore kept sneaking near.

"Neither groat, nor maravedi,
  Have I got my soul to bless;
And I'd feel extremely seedy
  Languishing in vile duresse.
Therefore, listen, ruthless taylzeour,
  Take my steed and armour free,
Pawn them at thy Hebrew uncle's,
  And I'll work the rest for thee!"

Lightly leaped he on the shop-board,
  Lightly crooked his manly limb,
Lightly drove the glancing needle
  Through the growing doublet's rim.
Gaberdines in countless number,
  Did the taylzeour knyghte repair;
And entirely on cucumber,
  And on cabbage lived he there.

Once his weary task beguiling,
  With a melancholy song,
That good knight o'er miles of broadcloth
  Drove the hissing goose along.
From her lofty lattice window,
  Looked the taylzeour's daughter down,
And she instantly discovered,
  That her heart was not her own.

"Canst thou love me, gentle stranger!"
  Blushing like a rose she stood—
And the knyghte at once admitted,
  That he rather thought he could.
"He who weds me shall have riches,
  Gold, and lands, and houses free."
"For a single pair of—*small-clothes*,
  I would roam the world with thee."

Then she flung him down the tickets—
  Well the knyghte their import knew—
"Take this gold, and win thy armour
  From the unbelieving Jew.
Though in garments mean and lowly,
  Thou wouldst roam the world with me,
Only as a belted warrior,
  Stranger, will I wed with thee!"

At the feast of good Saint Alban,
  In the middle of the Spring,
There was some superior jousting
  By the order of the king.
"Valiant knights!" exclaimed the monarch,
  "You will please to understand,
He who bears himself most bravely,
  Shall obtain my daughter's hand."

Well and bravely did they bear them,
  Bravely battled, one and all;
But the bravest in the tourney
  Was a warrior stout and tall.
None could tell his name or lineage,
  None could meet him in the field,
And a goose regardant proper
  Hissed upon his azure shield.

"Warrior, thou hast won my daughter!"
  But the champion bowed his knee,
"Princely blood may not be wasted
  On a simple knyghte like me.
She I love is meek and lowly;
  But her heart is frank and free;
And there must be tin forthcoming,
  Though she is of low degree."

Slowly rose that nameless warrior,
  Slowly turned his steps aside,
Passed the lattice where the princess
  Sate in beauty and in pride;
Passed the row of noble ladies,
  Hied him to an humbler seat,
And in silence laid the chaplet
  At the taylzeour's daughter's feet.

If Mr. S. C. Hall does not include this in his Book of British Ballads, he does his subscribers an injustice. What a theme for the graphic pencil of Franklin or Scott! That scene of the bankrupt crusader trying to soften—vain task—the flint of his Stultz's heart, with "the gloomy, bearded bayliffe" sneaking in the back-ground, would do for plate first. "The Hebrew Uncle" is suggestive of a charming sketch. The knight, careering with needle and cotton twist through the Field of the Cloth of Taffeta—the Taylzeour's Daughter watering her cab——we mean jonquils, at the lattice—the joust—the offering of the chaplet; why, there never was such a set of subjects! Mr. Sneider—we presume you are connected with the respectable artist in wearing apparel, whose advertisements, with the genteel pickpocket with a glass in his eye in one corner, and the lady in the riding-habit in the other, assail us in every periodical. If so, we are much obliged to you. You have won our hearts, and we shall allow you to make a coat for us, and charge the price to your profit and loss account. Can we do more?

To descend from the pure empyrean of Romance, which breathes in the poem just quoted, to that which we are about to quote, is to quit a balloon for a canal boat. But as some might prefer the safe, though tedious drawl of the latter to the exhilarating sweep of the former, so there may be readers to whom not even the loves of the Knight and the Tailor's Daughter are so interesting as the following record of a pic-nic excursion to—

CORA LINN, ON THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

The time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends,
And calmer hours of pleasure past
My memory seldom lends.

It was as sweet a summer day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And some of us were in a shay,
And some of us did ride.

Five miles an hour along the road,
Full blythely we did scamper;
For well we knew a pleasant load
Was lurking in our hamper.

We reach the linn, its waters see
Sweep down with roar incessant,
And thought a tumble in would be
Exceedingly unpleasant.

Awhile our wondering eyes, we stood,
The lovely scene to glut on;
Then, having walked into the wood,
We walked into the mutton.

And, lying on the grassy slopes,
We took our bread and salt;
While he, that Pleasures sang of Hopes,
Presided o'er the malt.

And Moore in ecstasy declared,
That bards might rave in vain,
Of champaign countries;—he preferred
The country and champagne.

He sang of love and beauty bright,
And woman's vows so brittle;
And, though his voice had tones of might,
His words were only Little.

We heeded not; and soon, uncheer'd,
All vocal ardour sickens:
So Tommy quickly disappear'd
Into a pie of chickens.

And when, upon our dainty fare,
We'd plied our knives and forks,
Some took to drawing sketches there,
But most to drawing corks.

The wine flew round; and when our cranks
And merriment went fleetest,
All own'd that draughts on country banks,
Of all draughts were the sweetest.

Some took to singing, some to prayers,
And some grew blind as bats;
Some wander'd off to shoot for hares,
A few were shooting cats.

Some call'd for brandy, some for gin,
And some for toddy bowls;
Some spoke of jumping o'er the linn,
And all were drunk as owls.

And, for the hour, life's dreary lot
Lost all its rankling sting;
For everybody was forgot,
And also everything.

Delightful hours of jollity,
And mirth-inspiring din!
They've made thee ever dear to me,
Romantic Cora Linn.

Now, this is what may truly be called giving a human interest to a landscape. The bard indulges in no nonsense about waving birches, and roaring cataracts, and the usual et ceteras of poetic landscape painting, but confesses, candidly and at once, that it was the fun and the good things that made the memory of Cora Linn so pleasant. The poet is quite right. But for the flirting, the veal pasties, and the champagne, pic-nics would be intolerable. Here there is no flirting, indeed. The party was one of gentlemen, rather on the shady side of forty; and at that age gentlemen find smiles and kisses rather thin and unsubstantial as a regular diet. But for the high authority of the writer, however, we could hardly have supposed that the "congenial friends" would have become so very jolly as he describes them, seeing what great names they numbered among them. Being under the seal of secrecy, we cannot mention the writer's name; but we are satisfied that we violate no confidence, when we say it is not Mr Campbell.

A good deal of interest was recently excited by the desolation that spoke in a simple advertisement in *The Times*, to this effect:—"Why does Frederick come no more to Saint John's Wood?" There was a plaintiveness in these words that went to the heart of every banker's clerk and stockbroker in the city. A new relay of omnibuses was started between the Mansion-House and St. John's Wood, and these were filled with the élite of London's youth, eager to catch a glimpse of the deserted fair one. What the result was,—whether Frederick came back, or the lady sought comfort in the arms of another, we don't know; but our friend, Mr. Vincent Stubbins, has sent us the following graceful lines upon the subject, which we gladly insert:—

THE MOURNER OF SAINT JOHN'S WOOD.

He said that he would meet me there—
The old familiar place—
I went, I waited—oh, despair!
Of him was ne'er a trace.
The autumn leaves fall fast and thick,
The dusk is come and gone;
Oh, why comes not my Frederick
To the wood of good Saint John!

Again, again I sought the spot,
I lingered by the tree,
And still I sang, he cometh not,
He cometh not, ah me!
At every sound my heart beats quick,
And still I linger on,
Oh, why comes not my Frederick
To the wood of good Saint John!

Oh, cruel, thus to wring my breast!
Loves he another maid,
Has death on him her fell arrest,
Or else his tailor, laid!
Oh, leave me not to wander, sick
At heart, and make my moan,
But come, oh come, my Frederick,
To the wood of good Saint John!

Sweetly plaintive, indeed—and Frederick's heart must have been as hard as a money-lender's if he resisted the appeal. With the melancholy cadence of this poemett ringing in our ears, let us turn to a sketch, for which it will form no bad symphony.

THE SUICIDE.

BY ALDERMAN CRUNCHLEIGH.

"I am engaged to wed another!"

Such were the words that withered the soul of Edward Progsley. Not the red levin-bolt of the thunder in its overwhelming career could have paralyzed his frame and electrified his being more than that simple phrase—Wedded to another. There was misery in the idea—destruction in the thought—death, in short, in the pot! He was regularly dished.

Edward Progsley went home—so calmly, that an unobservant beholder might have deemed him a careless man. But into his bosom—into his marrow, deep, deep beyond the power of human surgery to probe, had sped the fatal shaft. There was a fire in his brain, a craving in his vitals, which no rare condiments could assuage.

He returned home, and sat down silently to the wonted social meal. His mother did not mark his disturbed air. Possibly—because age is hungry—the necessity of ministering to her own wants might have dulled her ordinary acuteness; but the eye of a sister is sharper. Jemima Progsley remarked, not without alarm, that her brother had absorbed four platesful of peas-soup without uttering one monosyllable; but when the tureen was removed, and the fish substituted in its place, she could keep silence no longer.

"Edward!" she said—"Dear Edward! Gracious, that is your third haddock!"

"Peace, girl!" was the moody reply. "I am sick at heart."

There was a roast pig that day for dinner—a yeanling of the sty. Edward devoured it all—all save a minute portion of the crackling, and that would have gone too, but his mother wished it, and he yielded: Casting the cheese-parings from him, he left his seat, rushed to his own still apartment, secured the door, and brooded over his ruined hopes in sullen silence till the hour of midnight pealed. Then a strange feeling of utter desolation came over the mind of the unfortunate young man. Early hopes blighted—the smile of love turned to the scowl of hate—the honey of love overrun with its bitterest gall! Cautiously he opened the door and listened. There was no sound except the heavy breathing of his respected parent. All the inmates of the house were locked in deep repose. Furtively and noiselessly he stole down stairs, opened the door of the pantry, threw a hurried glance around, and selecting from the nourishing stores a leg of cold mutton and the torso of a chicken pie, he conveyed them to his own apartment.

"Oh, Julia!" he exclaimed, "without thee what is life? I had tasted its sweets, I had eaten my fill of joy, and now what is it but a gloomy banquet, a wreck of broken victuals! Better," he continued, "striking his fork into a chicken—"better that I were, like this poor silly fowl, beneath the monumental crust, with the wild parsley waving above my unconscious head!"

He finished it—that pie—jelly and all. Not a fragment of the crust remained. But there was yet work to do.

From a corner of his study he drew out a strange implement known to sportsmen by the necromantic name of *Conjuror*, and poured into it some portion of dark liquid from a phial. The name that phial bore was HARVEY! Horrible delusion! He had no knife, but with a razor, keener than the pangs of conscience, he cut the cold hard mutton to the bone, and, piling slice upon slice, till the utensil could contain no more, he placed it on the glowing fire. Then with desperate calmness he lay down upon his bed, and crunched apples, until the savoury smell of the stew pervaded the apartment with something of Elysian freshness.

Three times during that night was the Conjuror refilled! Three times he rose, and there, like a ghastly Ghool, held his lone repast in the midst of dust and darkness and desolation. At length the bone had yielded up its flesh. Not one morsel of all the mutton remained.

Terrible then was it to behold the countenance of the exhausted Progsley. His eyes started from their sockets,—his face was flushed to a deep purple hue, a sound like the ringing of a thousand bells was in his ears, the weight as of a leaden statue hung beneath his heart, and threatened to pull him down. A thick sob issued from his lips.

"Now, Julia, thou art avenged, and I am food for——"

He dropped lifeless on the floor.

Next morning the servants found him dead, cold, and extended on the carpet, with a bare bone clenched firmly in his right hand. They laid him with his fathers.

After a sketch so original and so powerful as this, it would be folly to go further. Therefore, good reader, we bid thee adieu; wishing thee, in the words of our revered master in fun, Dr. Francis Rabelais, "all ease of your body, and comfort of your reins!"

The Feast of Turkeys.
EDINBURGH, 1842.

MOSS-TROOPER WILL.

A LEGEND OF AVONDALE.

[The Castle of Strathaven, or Avondale, stands upon a rocky eminence on the banks of the Pomealing or Pomillion. It was formerly surrounded by a strong wall, with turrets at certain distances, and the entrance secured by a drawbridge.

During the period of the Commonwealth, this castle was a favourite residence of Duchess Anne of Hamilton, who held Cromwell in utter detestation for the rigour with which he acted towards her. While the Duchess was residing at the castle, one of Cromwell's generals, with a body of troops, passed on his way to Ayrshire; but no sooner had he come near the castle than the Duchess ordered the guns on the ramparts to be opened on him. Surprised, and enraged at so unexpected a salute, the General demanded—"Who holds that castle?"—"Duchess Anne of Hamilton," was the answer.—"She must be a bold and fearless woman indeed!" exclaimed the General, as another volley of shot whistled about his ears, and compelled him to lead his troops another way.

This castle was unroofed in 1740 in a violent storm, and has gradually gone to decay ever since. It is one of the most picturesque ruins in Scotland, and beautifully situated. Part of one of the remaining turrets was formerly used as a prison, but was shut up in consequence of a drunken prisoner tumbling through an old window, which he mistook for a door. The Pomealing or Pomillion is celebrated for a delicious species of trout.]

THE folks about Straven oft tell a strange tale
Of Will the Moss-trooper of old Avondale,
Who, merry and free,
With a hundred and three
Bold men at his back,
Armed with spear and with jack,
Rode dauntlessly through all the low countrie;
A rattling, rollicking Reiver was he,
Around the Pomealing,
He carried on stealing
The cattle from farmers and graziers—whose feeling
Was strongly opposed to this system of dealing!
On the banks of Pomealing, commanding the vale,
Stood the dark frowning castle of old Avondale;

And there an old Baron lived quite at his ease,
Building dry dykes and planting young trees.

It seems this old Baron had sworn by Saint Paul,
That he would hang Will and his followers all,
If they did not allow
Every sheep, horse, and cow
They had carried away—
Forgetting to pay—
To be sent back instanter to old Avonhall,
And that Will and his troopers should come at his call.

Now, Will thought the Baron's request most unfair,
And swore that no cow, horse, nor sheep, he would spare:
So that very night—
It was fine clear moonlight—
Bold Will and his band
Rode over the land,
And stole all the cattle that they could find there,
Cut down the crops, and laid the land bare.

Oh! how the old Baron cursed and he swore;
He danced in his rage, and his beard he tore;
And he vowed a hundred times o'er and o'er,
That Will and his band should that night's work deplore!
So he called up each vassal
Who lived near the cas'le,
And all sallied out,
To hunt round about
For the rascally reivers who'd harried the *nowt!*
Now Will and his men
Lay concealed in a glen,
Watching the Baron's manœuvring then:
So quietly they lay
Till he rode far away
Along with the whole of his vassals so true;
Then what does the rascally Moss-trooper do?

He boldly walked up to the old castle walls,
And loudly upon the stanch Warder he calls
To come quickly down and open the gate:
He had word from the Baron, and no time to wait.

The old Warder growled, and wasn't quite sure
Whether or not he should open the door;
For the vassals and all,
At the old Baron's call,
Had all sallied out, thus leaving the hall
Without any protection from any bold foemen,
Except the old Warder and certain old women.

But while the old Warder was blinking and thinking,
The gallant Moss-trooper as quickly as winking,
Sprang light as a goat
Right over the moat,
And catching the poor Warder firm by the throat,
Threw him down on his knees,
And quickly did seize,
From the old fellow's pocket, a large bunch of keys.

Then his good sword he drew, and his bugle he blew,
And swift to his aid the Moss-troopers flew;
And they rummaged the old castle all through and through,
While the women kicked up such a hulla-baloo,
The like of it old Straven's towers never knew.
And thus was the Castle of Avondale ta'en,
And it's pleasing to think there was nobody slain.

After taking the castle, the impudent sinner
Caused the women to cook up a capital dinner,
And, inviting his troopers to sit down and dine,
Made free with the old Baron's viands and wine.

While Will and his troopers sat feasting with glee,
And the old hall rang loud with their wild revelrie,
The honest old Baron—oh! where was he?—
Riding about with his companie.

They hunted far, and they hunted about,
They searched the whole country all in and out;
And the vassals oft wished, in a manner uncivil,
That Will and his followers were all at the d——l;
For hungry and tired they rode onward, but still
They could never get tidings of Moss-trooper Will.

Tired at length of such work,
While he swore like a Turk,
The old Baron cried to his followers "Come—
I think it is time we were turning for home;
For it now must appear
To you all very clear,
That Will and his rascals have taken leg bail,
And made their escape out of old Avondale."

So homewards they rode, and the turrets they saw:
But the vassals were struck with amazement and awe;
For while the old castle they eagerly scanned,
They saw that the walls were completely manned.

The old Baron gazed, and he rubbed his eyes,
He gaped, and he stared with the utmost surprise,
For he certainly thought, amid his confusion,
The men on the wall seemed an optic delusion:
But no! there stood they,
All in battle array.
And a shout of defiance rung loud on his ear—
"Ho—ho! can you catch the bold moss-troopers here!"

Well! here was *a go!*
And the Baron thought so;
While the vassals all swore 'twas an infamous sin,
That they should march out, to let the rogues in;
And the Baron, with rueful visage, confest,
"Well now—if I am not *diddled* I'm *blest!*"

Now, thinking the matter would painfully end,
The Baron saluted bold Will as a friend—
And said he might keep
Every cow, horse, and sheep,
As well as the grain he happened to reap,
And ne'er be molested by any again,
If he'd only come out of the Keep with his men.

But Will the Moss-trooper was rather too sly—
He firmly declared "it was all in *his eye;*"
And that the old Baron "*might trundle to pot,*"
For he—Will—was resolved to keep all he had got.

So the Baron, as nothing was made of this parley,
Bivouacked near the castle on some ricks of barley;
Resolving that he next morning, sans doubt,
Would drive Moss-trooper Will and his followers out.

Now, under the ground,
The Moss-troopers found
A long subterranean passage, that wound
Far away from the castle—'tis said good miles three,
And led to the country so open and free.
So they plundered the castle, and through this long den,
Fled back to their old fav'rite haunt in the glen,
And carried away all the good Baron's cattle,
While he was preparing to give them tough battle.

Early next morning, 'twas just about dawn,
The vassals in order of battle were drawn,
And boldly advanced the old castle to take,
Before the Moss-troopers should all be awake.
They scrambled o'er walls, and they scrambled through ditches,
With scratching of hands, and tearing of breeches,
They entered the court with a thrilling "hurrah!"
But, to their amazement, *no foemen they saw.*
They searched from the tower-tops down to the ground,
But Will and his troopers they never yet found.
And thus the old castle was quickly reta'en,
While—just as before—there was nobody slain.

MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.*

THE Northern is degenerate who does not, to his heart's core, relish National Ballad poetry. Indeed, we should augur unfavourably of the poetical sensibilities of any one who did not enjoy those inspiring if rude strains which rouse the soul "like a battle-trumpet." In every language in which these spontaneous bardic effusions are found—and they have a place in the earliest literature, the literature "before the letters," of every warlike people that are at all advanced from the savage state—they breathe the fire of passion; while, by small incidental natural touches, they often embody the most thrilling tenderness, and the deepest pathos. Neither the genius of its early population, nor the credible annals of Ancient Rome, were peculiarly adapted to ballad poetry, whose cradle and elements were found in the East and in the North; and which, after the Homeric period, so far as is authentically known, first flourished in the chivalrous and romantic times of the Middle Ages. Yet, in the unpromising field of the Roman annals, Mr. Macaulay has found rich materials, apt for his purpose, which he has fashioned and moulded with a skill and felicity which almost borders upon creative genius. These materials are found in the early Books of Livy, which narrate, if not as literal facts, yet without dull imagination-freezing scepticism, the wild tales and legends of the origin of the Republic; the Rape of the Sabine women; the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph; and those other fanciful or heroic traditions familiar to every schoolboy, which, in the opinion of Mr. Macaulay, are far more poetical than anything else in Roman literature. And, indeed, it may be generally affirmed, that the early age of every nation is its most poetical age. Among those heroic tales which, whether authentic or not, imagination longs to adopt with entire faith, are the gallant adventures of Horatius Cocles, the defender of the Bridge; the Battle of the Lake Regillus, when, to succour the Romans, Castor and Pollux, mixed *personally* in the mêlée, and turned the fate of the day. These two brave legends Mr. Macaulay has adopted, as of sufficient verity for his purpose of imitating or personating the earliest poets of Rome. The story of Virginia may have been recommended to him by its exquisite pathos, as well as the political importance of its consequences; and in the Fourth Lay, *The Prophecy of Capys*, which is supposed to be "sung at the banquet in the capitol, on the day when Manius Curius Dentatus, a second time Consul, triumphed over King Pyrrhus and the Tarentines, in the year of the City CCCCLXXIX," he has chosen no legend or tradition, but invented a medium suited to his design. The above, and many other wild and exalting tales, which find a place in the fabulous history of ancient Rome, have, by modern critics, been ascribed to an earlier Roman literature, of which every trace had perished long before the classic writers were born. Upon this idea, countenanced, if not absolutely confirmed, by the learned and acute Niebuhr, Mr. Macaulay has acted in the magnanimous attempt to make the dry bones live—to render back into animated ballad poetry those stirring and heroic incidents recorded in chronicles presumed to be wholly derived from poetical sources. In accomplishing this task—and personating not one ancient Roman poet but four, living at different periods—he throws himself back into the times when the deeds sung by the bards were freshly remembered by their countrymen; and with, as we think, if not absolute verisimilitude—which would not, to modern readers, be desirable although it were possible—yet with very marked effect. For the secondary, the merely learned or classical part of his undertaking, Mr. Macaulay must be, if not eminently yet sufficiently qualified, by ample knowledge of the history, usages, manners, superstitions and religion of the Roman people; of their national *genius*, and all that may be included under that sweeping word costume. He has, in brief, assumed the part of the Macpherson of the Romans; though, in those fragments of poetry, and floating traditions of bards, which were certainly to be found in the Highlands of Scotland, the translator of Ossian possessed more materials ready prepared.

It must be left to some future Niebuhr to settle when Mr. Macaulay actually wrote these Lays. They are, however, closely allied in genius, mode, and metre to those kindling early ballads of his, which gave so fair a promise of poetic power; but whether they have slumbered in his desk for twenty years, to be polished and produced during his temporary [?] retreat from public life, or are the production of that brief period of leisure, we receive no hint. Nor is the question of any great importance.——If the Lays are not of the solid or utilitarian kind of literature expected from a modern Statesman and Jurist, they are in nothing incompatible with the higher part of the nature of such grave characters. At all events there they are, a free-will offering to refined literature, and as such, as well as from their intrinsic worth, deserving admiration. The Lays of Ancient Rome differ from the Spanish ballads of Mr. Lockhart in this, that Mr. Macaulay is himself the poet, the creator; and Lockhart merely the translator, though an admirable one.

The first lay, *Horatius*, is our favourite, probably from having been the first read. The ballad opens with great animation,—with Lars Porsena, in the attempt to restore the House of Tarquin, summoning his array to march upon Rome, his messengers speeding through Tuscany in every direction. The final muster reminds one of the Scottish army, as seen by Marmion, in the Borough Moor of Edinburgh, before the battle of Flodden, though in the one case the wild levy is brought vividly before us, and in the other the representation is less dramatic.

* Longmans & Co.

The preparations made in Rome to resist this formidable array, the panic of the citizens, the alarm and hasty consultations of the senators, and the anxious watch of the burghers, have grace, truth, and life. Yet the description of the preparations for the defence, though distinguished by the literal minuteness of the old historic ballad, is more artificial in structure and ornate in style; and perhaps it is too long-drawn out; though the final struggle and triumph are truly animating in their homely sublimity, and the close of the Lay is exceedingly beautiful. We must be content to choose merely a stanza here and there.

The citizens are dispirited, and filled with the utmost dismay at the approach of the formidable army; but when the chief wrong-doer, the hated Sextus, is seen among the besiegers, indignation rouses their spirit, and recalls their courage.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spate toward him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

When the bridge, upon the demolition of which the safety of the city depended, had been fairly beaten down, and was sinking; and when of the devoted Three who had defended it against the assailing force, two had darted back to the side of Rome and of safety, we again take up the ballad.

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome,

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry;
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

* * * *

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day,
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night:
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

There is nothing in the Lays finer than the conclusion of this ballad, though the poetry may be of a more refined character than is to be expected in the ballad strains of a rude age, however stirring or pathetic these may sometimes be. The end is this:—

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,

And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

The next Lay, of which we shall give a brief specimen, is in a different style. The interest of the tragic story of Virginia is essentially domestic. It affects the deep and universal affections of our common nature; and Roman patriotism here finds its animating principle in the purity of private life, the sacredness of female honour.

The first appearance of the young Virginia, in the light-hearted buoyancy of girlish innocence, is in exquisite contrast with the boding apparition of Appius Claudius, attended by his guard of axes, his pimps, parasites, and jesters, scowling along the Forum—

Like King Tarquin in his pride.
Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded Axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank, brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang, as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.
* * * * * * *
Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
The city-gates were opened; the Forum, all alive,
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day.
* * * * * * * * *

The seizure of Virginia, by Marius, the minion of Appius Claudius; the hot rage of the people; the sturdy resistance of the flesher, and of the "strong smith, Muræna," are narrated with great spirit. But vain was their courage; this was in the evil and degenerate times of Rome—

There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.

Yet before "the varlet Marius" had completed his odius task, and seized Virginia as his alleged slave-girl—while she "sobbed and shrieked for aid," the young Icilius started forth, stamped his foot, rent his gown, smote upon his breast, and springing upon the oft-sung column in the Forum, he—

Beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.
"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance done on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?

The poet passes over the immediate effect of this rousing democratic harangue upon the populace, which sinks into their hearts, and is only revealed in the subsequent insurrection. He hurries on to the catastrophe, to the most pathetic of Roman sacrifices, which is touched with singular delicacy and tenderness. The fate of his child is foreseen by the heroic father—and

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake: "Farewell, sweet child! farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so—who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! how glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold, when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure, to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;

And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

The horror and tumult in the market-place are dramatically displayed,—

Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.
When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and blood-shot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
"O! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

The popular *émeute*, and the resistance of the lictors and the followers, "the clients" of Claudius, are portrayed with equal spirit; and the ballad closes in this good and homely Chevy-Chase fashion,—

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be.
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see!

Many of Mr. Macaulay's readers, and most of his more learned critics, will probably single out the Battle of the Lake Regillus as the finest of these Lays. The main distinction which he makes between this poem and *Horatius* is, that the latter is meant to be purely Roman, while the *Battle of Regillus*, though national in its general spirit, has "a slight tincture of Greek learning, and of Greek superstition." As the Battle of Regillus is, in all respects, a Homeric battle, so does the poem in which it is chronicled, or dramatically described, aspire to be a Homeric ballad, and therefore, "upon principle," incidents and images are freely borrowed from the battle-pieces of Homer. It certainly has fire and action enough. The Lay is supposed to be chanted at the celebration of a solemn annual banquet given, about two centuries after the battle was gained, in honour of Castor and Pollux, the potent auxiliaries of Rome. As we have already given specimens of the descriptive style of the Lays, we may now plunge, for a stanza or two, into the tug of war, the combat hand to hand ——the very heart and current of the heady fight.

Now on each side the leaders
Gave signal for the charge;
And on each side the footmen
Strode on with lance and targe;
And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore,
And front to front the armies
Met with a mighty roar:
And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn,
The dust hung overhead;
And louder still and louder,
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield—
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

False Sextus rode out foremost:
His look was high and bold;
His corslet was a bison's hide,
Plated with steel and gold.
As glares the famished eagle
From the Digentian rock,
On a choice lamb that bounds alone
Before Bandusia's flock,
Herminius glared on Sextus,
And came with eagle speed;
Herminius on black Auster—
Brave champion on brave steed;
In his right hand the broadsword
That kept the Bridge so well,
And on his helm the crown he won
When proud Fidenæ fell.
Woe to the maid whose lover
Shall cross his path to-day!
False Sextus saw, and trembled,
And turned, and fled away.
* * * * *

Then far to North Æbutius,
The Master of the Knights,
Gave Tubero of Norba
To feed the Porcian kites.
Next under those red horse-hoofs
Flaccus of Setia lay;
Better had he been pruning
Among his elms that day.
Mamilius saw the slaughter,
And tossed his golden crest,

And towards the Master of the Knights,
Through the thick battle pressed.
Æbutius smote Mamilius
So fiercely on the shield,
That the great lord of Tusculum
Well nigh rolled on the field.
Mamilius smote Æbutius,
With a good aim and true,
Just where the neck and shoulder join,
And pierced him through and through;
And brave Æbutius Elva
Fell swooning to the ground:
But a thick wall of bucklers
Encompassed him around.
His clients from the battle
Bare him some little space;
And filled a helm from the dark lake,
And bathed his brow and face;
And when at last he opened
His swimming eyes to light,
Men say, the earliest word he spake
Was, "Friends, how goes the fight?"
But meanwhile in the centre
Great deeds of arms were wrought;
There Aulus the Dictator,
And there Valerius fought.
Aulus, with his good broadsword,
A bloody passage cleared
To where, amidst the thickest foes,
He saw the long white beard.
Flat lighted that good broadsword
Upon proud Tarquin's head.
He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins:
He fell as fall the dead.
Down Aulus springs to slay him,
With eyes like coals of fire;
But faster Titus hath sprung down,
And hath bestrode his sire.
Latian captains, Roman knights,
Fast down to earth they spring;
And hand to hand they fight on foot
Around the ancient King.
First Titus gave tall Caeso
A death wound in the face;
Tall Caeso was the bravest man
Of the brave Fabian race:
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
The priest of Juno's shrine:
Valerius smote down Julius,
Of Rome's great Julian line;
Julius, who left his mansion
High on the Velian hill,
And through all turns of weal and woe
Followed proud Tarquin still.
Now right across proud Tarquin
A corpse was Julius laid:
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
And at Valerius made.
Valerius struck at Titus,
And lopped off half his crest;
But Titus stabbed Valerius
A span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
Valerius reeled and fell.
Ah! woe is me for the good house
That loves the People well!

The struggle is now to recover the bodies of the fallen warriors; Aulus animating the Romans to recover the body of their champion Valerius—bidding the patriot warriors remember that—

"For your wives and babies
In the front rank he fell:
Now play the men for the good house
That loves the People well!"
Then tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest,
When a strong North wind blows.

Other desperate encounters of knights and leaders take place, but auxiliaries are seen approaching the Latian array. Herminius is slain, and fortune is turning against the Romans; when, at the critical moment, while the Dictator is preparing for a last desperate effort, Castor and Pollux, the Twin-gods, appear, and—

He was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know:
White as snow their armour was:
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

Every warrior is struck with awe when these unknown knights take the van of the Roman ranks. They confess that they are called by many names, and known in many lands; that their home is by the proud Eurotas, and that they have come to battle for the right on the side of Rome. The fight is now renewed with fresh vigour. Victory is with Rome, the citizens of which, with the High Pontiff, the Fathers, the higher dignitaries, and a great promiscuous crowd, are represented as waiting, with anxious hearts, for tidings of the battle. Eve was closing, when the same princely pair who, in the hour of need, stood by Aulus, were seen "pricking towards the town."

So like they were, man never
Saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armour was,
Their steeds were red with gore.
"Hail to the great Asylum!
Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from Heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow, your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!"
Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crest in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

We must stop here.——The generous attempt of Mr. Macaulay will, we hope, give an impulse to our younger poets. When the capabilities of the popular Ballad, for great and regenerating moral and political, as well as poetical purposes, begin to be understood, a change for the better must be visible in the character of popular verse,

LITERARY REGISTER.

ANNUALS AND GIFT-BOOKS.

THESE flowers of the season are just beginning to peer forth. The most remarkable that we have yet seen is FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK; which has again changed its Editress—Mrs. Ellis having taken the place of Mary Howitt, whose residence abroad, it is stated in the preface, precludes the publishers from availing themselves of her talents. The loss is theirs; and, in our opinion, a very decided one to the work. There is, as in former years, a copy of verses attached to each plate: though, no disparagement to Mrs. Ellis, a heavy monotony is felt even in their metres. A book of this sort demands lighter—more sparkling, or if the grave will it so, more frivolous talent; and, above all, greater diversity and brilliancy. The attractions of the DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK must therefore, in the present season, rest mainly upon the engravings, and the handsome binding. There are, among the plates, some good Oriental groups, some fine architectural and scenic pictures of the East; and a few portraits of distinguished individuals. Among these are the late Duke and the Duchess of Orleans, the late Earl of Munster, Lord Lyndhurst, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Fry. As we cannot exactly please ourselves in an extract, and take for granted that ELIZABETH FRY must stand very high in the esteem and and regard of Mrs. Ellis, we shall copy out a few of the verses addressed to her; which must be written under the inspiration of love and admiration.

Friend of the friendless! when we think of thee,
Strange feelings rise of human vanity.
Strange—for thy smile of meekness well might chide
Our lowlier claims to glory, and to pride.
Yet 'tis a thought the heart will linger o'er,
To tread with thee our own beloved shore,
To call thy peaceful sect—thy nation—ours,
To share with thee life's sunshine, and its showers.

Friend of the friendless! ever be thy brow
In its mild majesty, serene as now;
Thy voice untiring, with melodious thrill,
To bid all grovelling thoughts of self be still;
Wakening sublimest hopes of bliss divine,
With noble aims and purposes like thine;
Sending the spirit, on the wings of faith,
Through darkest scenes of infamy and death.
Yet soft and gentle as an angel's wings,
The soothing calm of thy sweet visitings.
Not to the court of kings, though such might well
Befit thy noble bearing there to dwell;
Not to the couch of rest, though soft and kind
The tender yearnings of thy woman's mind;
Not to the walks of intellectual pride,
Though knowledge there its humbled head might hide;—
But to the prison-hold, the dreary cell,
Thy footsteps turn, where guilt and misery dwell;
To the lone wretch on restless pillow toss'd,
The early doomed, the desolate, the lost.

* * * * * * *

Then pass thou on, along life's troubled ways,
Unharmed, unsullied, with thy Maker's praise
In strains of music ever on thy tongue.
Happiest of womankind! to whom belong
Ascription meet of gratitude and love,
That one among our sisterhood should prove
Before admiring nations, far and near,
How many Christian charity may cheer!
How much, with humble faith and purpose true,
The loveliest daughters of our land may do!

The verses addressed to Wordsworth may also be presumed to be written with effort and care. They are these;—

TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

Oh hang not on the silent bough
Thy lyre of sweetness yet;
Sing once again an evening song
Before thy sun shall set.

Sing once again—the listening hills
Wait for thy melody;
And mournful Echo asks once more
Her favourite strain from thee.

Strike once again with charmed touch
Thy harp, whose magic tone
Could wake from Feeling's deepest fount
A music all thine own.

Shines not the sun on Rydall Mount
As brightly as of yore?
Flows not the stream with silvery swell
Upon as green a shore?

Roll not the clouds of purple morn
As softly o'er the scene?
Rise not the mountain-peaks as high
Those misty waves between?

Sing not the birds their summer song
As blithely from the brake?
Glides not the bark at eventide
As smoothly o'er the lake?

Wave not the woods as glad and green?
Blooms not the rose as fair?
Glows not the golden West as bright
When sunset gilds the air?

Yes, Nature woos thee to her bowers;
While, all unchanged to thee,
She spreads again her choicest flowers,
And asks thy melody.

She asks of thee, her "great high-priest,"
To whom her rites belong,
To wake once more, throughout her realm,
The omnipotence of song.

Then hang not on the silent bough
Thy lyre of sweetness yet;
Sing once again—an evening song
Before thy sun shall set.

It was not to be expected that the Drawing-room Scrap-book, under the auspices of

"The gay and gifted thing"

sleeping at Cape-Coast Castle, and of Mrs. Ellis, was to be, in any respect, the same work,—and we are probably not yet reconciled to the inevitable change.

FISHER'S JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK is also edited by Mrs. Ellis; and here we like her much better. She is not tasked to the tread-mill; bound down to grind forth verses on every subject that offers. Most of the little stories, illustrative of the plates, are written in prose; and they all inculcate a pure moral, and breathe those sentiments of tenderness and affection which, while they refine the youthful imagination, ameliorate the heart. The plates, also, are of a much better kind than those which usually appear in juvenile books; and the whole forms as pretty a work of the kind as one could wish to endow a young friend withal.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING AND WINTER'S WREATH.—We cannot tell how many of these Offerings have now been presented to the public; but certainly not fewer

them fifteen or more. Yet the volume for 1845 shows no symptom whatever of falling off, either in strength or grace. The contributors are even more numerous than usual; and there are many attractive names among them. The Editor, Mr. Leitch Ritchie, has, as becomes him, written one of the longest and best Tales or Sketches; but there are many good stories besides his of the quaint title. Among them we would point out the *Adventures of a Cashmere*; *Norah*; and *Passages*—melancholy ones—*in the Life of a Governess*. The plates are, in general, very good; and the frontispiece, the domestic life of Queen Victoria—or of young Mr. and Mrs. Albert, and their "sweet babies" will, we are certain, be quite a pet thing. This neat and nice volume labours under no disadvantage that we can guess, save two very great ones; it is too cheap, and its names are not graced with titles.

We give one brief specimen of the FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, the only contribution of the Editor in this style.

THE BEETLE-WORSHIPPER.

"How cam'st thou on that gentle hand, where love should kisses bring
For Beauty's tribute? answer me, thou foul and frightful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes, that seem
Themselves the worshipped stars that light some youthful poet's dream?"

"Why bends the thick and golden grain, that ripes at my command:
From the cracked earth I creep to bless with food the fainting land;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But as sweet and bright as this are priestesses to me.

Throned in the slime of ancient Nile I bid the earth to bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and fruits appear.
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head."

"Dark teacher! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exoteric type of thy philosophy?"
"The Useful is the Beautiful; the good, and kind, and true,
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue."

* * * * * * * *

The FEMALE MR NOY, the mother of the goodly family of the Annuals, which has now, if we remember aright, nearly attained the years of majority, exhibits no symptom of falling off. The contributors have changed again and again during its existence, but its character retains the original impression. The Tales are numerous, and of fair average Annual merit; the Poems are few and good. Among the plates are several female portraits of probably real persons with ideal names, and all of them striking. In the list of contributors we find James Montgomery, Charles Swain, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Abdy, Miss M. A. Browne, the author of *The Lion*; and various other popular names.

Among the Gift-books of the Season, we may point out Fisher's HISTORIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, PRINCIPALLY AFTER THE OLD PAINTERS, OR THE GREAT MODERNS. Thirty plates are taken from the master-pieces of Guido, Raffaelle, Rubens, Poussin, Vandyke, Guercino, &c., &c.; and accounts of the original paintings are given in English, French, and German. The work forms an elegant, and, from its contents, a standard table-book.

ITALY ILLUSTRATED.—This is another of the numerous handsomely embellished books which the Messrs. Fisher put forth for the delectation of all Europe and America. The plates are from views on the Rhine, and in Italy and Greece; the drawings by Bartlett, Leitch, and Wolfenberg, and sundry amateurs. The letter-press descriptions, historical, traditional, and legendary, are written by the Rev. G. N. Wright, an experienced littérateur, familiar, from his previous labours, with such subjects. The book has a more abiding value than any *Annual*, as annuals are now to be obtained; and, from its rich binding and other appointments, it is equally ornamental as a drawing-room table-book.

Lectures on Female Prostitution: its Nature, Extent, Effects, Guilt, Causes, and Remedy. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. One volume, cloth. Glasgow: James Maclehose.

This delicate and difficult subject was almost forced upon Dr. Wardlaw, by a great number of respectable laymen, and thirty-eight ministers of all denominations; who, in a memorial addressed to him, state, that they view with alarm and regret the constant increase of gross immorality in their own city and neighbourhood. An application, made on such solemn grounds, Dr. Wardlaw could not resist; and the Lectures which he delivered are here published. He has accomplished his difficult task with equal judgment and tact; without veiling the deep horrors of the widely ramified evils he laments, or falling into an error—not always avoided by those treating this subject—of ministering to a prurient curiosity, by too great minuteness of detail. On the statistics of Female Prostitution there has, it strikes us, always been error and gross exaggeration, which is the more to be regretted, as the truth *is* lamentable enough without magnifying the number *of* victims. Dr. Wardlaw appears sensible of this tendency, and his statistical statements are founded on information as accurate as is likely to be obtained on so dark and complicated a subject. Excellent as these Lectures are, they do not offer many passages for popular extract. They are for the silent, thoughtful, and conscientious reflection of *women* as well as of men. We may, however, cite a passage or two to show in what style the awful question is treated. Dr. Wardlaw, after quoting, from a medical writer on the same subject, a shocking description of the filth, drunkenness, nakedness, and utter and shameless misery, in which, upon a December Saturday night, he had found the wretched inmates of an over-crowded low brothel, in which there was neither a particle of food nor an article of furniture, continues thus—

And now, some of you may naturally ask me—*is this fair?* Why dwell on scenes of such low and disgusting loathsomeness? Is this a just average specimen of the whole system? Is there nothing superior?—nothing more refined?—nothing less revolting? And if there be, why take an *ad-captandum* advantage, by giving such prominence to the very lowest and worst grade of the evil? My answer to such questions forms my promised reason for having introduced at all these disgusting details. The answer and the reason are one. It is—the affecting and fearful consideration,—that *to this lowest grade, in all its horrors, the entire system tends.* Yes:—I repeat it, and press it on your serious attention,—*the tendency is all downwards.* The case is, in this respect, *unique.* Even in thievery there may be an advance. The boy, of

the lowest grade, who, by his inferior practice, comes to be a dexterous pickpocket, or a clever abstracter of the contents of a till, may in time rise to the envied, though unenviable, celebrity of a Barrington. He who first pilfers a penny from a shop, if he gets forward in the arts of villany, may find his way to the thousands of a bank.—But in the present case, *rising is a thing unknown.* It cannot be. It is all descent. The young woman, who begins her shameless career in a low brothel, and amongst the refuse of the other sex, does not rise from the lower to the higher, and push her way upward, till she become the mistress of a peer. Mark me:—let me not be misunderstood: let me not be supposed to say this, as if I conceived the guilt would, in that case, be the less. Far be the thought! It would be the very same in the rising as it is in the sinking scale. I am speaking at present, not of the *morality*, but of the *misery* of the case. And again I say—the tendency is *all downward.* Gentlemen in high life may think lightly of their gallantries. *They* do things genteelly. They seduce in style; and they keep in style. They conceive themselves to lay under a kind of obligation the females whom they honour with their preference. And, alas! the poor females, in the vanity of their hearts, often think so too. But the honour is infamy; the flattery is ruin. Not only is the sin the same in the highest as in the lowest,—but soon the poor victim, who has yielded to the temptation, comes to know what I mean by the *tendency downward.* Whether seduced in private, or beguiled into one of the superior receptacles of infamy, it is seldom long ere satiety and the passion for change throw her off. She is turned mercilessly adrift. Her seducer has gained his end, and thinks no more of her.

We have a friend, not Ebenezer Elliott of Sheffield, who, without scruple, imputes the frightful extent of Female Prostitution, and its attendant evils, to the Corn Laws—to the restrictions on Trade; which, by lessening employment and crippling industry, prevent early marriages. In treating of the causes which contribute to the prevalence of Prostitution, Dr. Wardlaw comes forward as the eloquent advocate of early marriages, in the apparent belief that false ideas of prudence, or rather vanity and paltry ambition, may often urge the "*preventive check*" beyond the bounds of that virtue which is the highest prudence.

Early marriages, wherever they can be contracted with any ordinary regard to prudence, are among its best preventives;—and *whatever contributes to hinder the formation of these*, may be regarded as standing chargeable with their share of it,—as ranking among the causes of prostitution. I deny not that prudence is a virtue, and that the question of marriage is a proper sphere for its exercise. But there cannot be a doubt, that the high notions which, by the refinement and extravagance of our times, have been introduced, of the *style* in which young men entering on life must set up their domestic establishment, have, in many instances, laid restraints on the early cultivation of virtuous love, and prevented the happy union of hearts in youthful wedlock. I cannot look upon this as at all an improvement on the homely habits of our fathers. Many are the young men who are thus tempted to remain single by their felt inability to *start* in what is regarded a somewhat *creditable style.* Would to God I had the ear of all the youth in our city, and in our country, that I might tell them of the sweets of early virtuous union; that I might earnestly and affectionately urge them to consult their own best interests, and to set an example pregnant with the most beneficial results to the community, by bidding defiance to the tyranny of fashion; by returning to the good old way; by finding a partner who will marry from love, and who will be willing, and more than willing, to begin upon little, and by the blessing of Providence to rise gradually to more. *That* was the way in the olden time;—and, although no croaker for the superiority of all that pertained to ancestry, *this*, most assuredly, is a point in which I should "say of the former days they were better than these." I would say to the rising youth—the hopes of coming generations—"Moderate your views: defy custom; marry; fear God; be virtuous; and be happy." Could my voice and my counsel prevail, what a salutary check would be given to the prevalence of the vice which is our present subject! Virtuous love operates with a most beneficial influence on the vicious principles of our fallen nature;—nor are there many sights on earth more delightful for the eye to rest on, than that of youth joined with youth in honourable and hallowed union,—union of heart as well as hand,—and living together in all the faithfulness and tenderness of a first love. Even should their outset in conjugal life be somewhat stinted, how much better a little mutual self-denial, than that cold, calculating celibacy, which is ever looking forward to some distant, stylish, starting-point,—and which, in the meanwhile, is so frequent an occasion of young men's "falling into temptation and a snare," and into "foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown them in destruction and perdition!"

Another prominent cause of the prevalence of prostitution, is to be found, in the *low and light conceptions*, existing throughout society generally, *of the evil of the sin itself*;—and in the *ignorant and inconsiderate estimates of the train of miseries* which, in this world and the next, attend and follow it. Whatever tends to maintain upon the public mind light impressions of the turpitude of the vice, and of the fearfulness of its effects, contributes proportionally, of course, to its extension and perpetuation.

But we stop here, earnestly recommending the Lectures to the public attention; but especially to that of christian women; to matrons, and single women of mature age. It is most painful to learn how very little, comparatively, has yet been done by all the Magdalen Institutions in the kingdoms to mitigate the frightful consequences of prostitution.

Von Rolleck's General History of the World; from the earliest Times to 1831. Translated from the German, and continued to 1840. 4 vols. 8vo, cloth. Longmans & Co.

It is only in Germany, learned, patient, plodding Germany, that in this age of the world a work like this by Dr. Charles Von Rolleck could be produced. It is, in our opinion, a gift to the whole world; furnishing a compendious and yet complete view of all that the human family, in its numerous divisions, has done or suffered. Immense labour and industry must have been employed in gathering the materials for so vast an undertaking; but the ability which has enabled the author to reject, to generalize, to condense such materials when collected, is a much rarer quality, and one which stamps a corresponding value upon his work. In addition to this, the whole is moulded by the large and liberal views and philosophic spirit of the author. We may briefly illustrate our opinion by stating, that he sees a true hero in Washington, and in Buonaparte an ambitious and reckless adventurer; possessed of splendid talents, devoted to purposes which, if not wholly selfish—an impossibility—yet all centred in self. But Von Rolleck is as strictly just to the Legitimatists, to the "Holy Alliance;" as to Louis Philippe, or to Buonaparte.

By a clear arrangement, the History of the Modern World moves on beneath the eye of the reader, as it were simultaneously, or like a piece of well-constructed mechanism. This is felt to be of especial value in the momentous period extending from the French Revolution until the present hour. The work appears to be translated with the verbal accuracy which yet

does not always give, or properly sustain, the ideas of the author. Scholars will most admire the Ancient History; politicians, moralists, and philanthropists the Modern History.

The attempt to convey an adequate notion of so comprehensive a work by a few detached passages would be idle; but as a faint indication of its free spirit we shall copy out a paragraph from the Introduction, when, after viewing the causes and progress of the Reformation, the author comes to the grand "World-History of the present time,"—to the French Revolution. This stupendous movement he divides into four sections—I. The period of the French Monarchy; II. That of the Republic; III. The period of the Empire; and, IV. The times that have succeeded Napoleon. Of these, and of all they comprehend, he remarks:—

One character—the struggle of *philosophical law* against *historical institutions*—of the eternal idea against accidental relations, dictated by arbitrary authority and perversity, or of the force of public opinion against public power—reigns through the whole period; and gives it before all anterior periods a quite peculiar and imposing aspect; but the success, the extent, the chances of this struggle change multifariously; and an immensity of consequences result from every great blow. In general it is no more the resolves of cabinets, diplomatic intrigues, and the regular tactics of mercenary troops that direct the stream of events, and the destiny of nations; the *life of these nations* is itself awakened, and enters amidst violent opposition, yet formidably, into the history of the world;—they begin to be the terror of ministers and of the privileged, to be accounted something. The authorities deign to observe public opinion; and where they are indisposed to fall in with it, wage more violent war against it than before against the most formidable and odious enemy. War is no longer carried on merely for the acquisition or preservation of a province, or the maintenance of the worn-out system of the *European balance of power*. Continuance or destruction, the form of states and independence, triumph or suppression of political doctrines, liberty or slavery of large parts of the world, the highest destinations of mankind—these are now the springs of action. New tactics, new systems of administration, arise; all the relations of civil life are essentially changed. The conquests of science are immense in depth and extent; participation in them is diffused through all changes of society. The rays of enlightenment penetrate into the hitherto darkest recesses; self-judgment takes a bold stand against authority. But the aberrations of this yet unpurified self-judgment, and more still, the excesses of passion, and the numberless crimes of selfishness committed under the profaned banner of liberty give authority, and the classes reposing in its shade have specious reasons there; welcome pretexts for combating and persecuting the at all events inconvenient light. But the reaction produced new excesses and new crimes on the opposite side too; tyranny arises from the bosom of the revolution itself, and destroys its noblest traits; the counter-revolution undertakes the part of *liberation*. But the war of principles speedily returns; natural and historical law, allied against the tyrants of the world, renew their fatal contest. Who shall adjust it? Truth cannot yield; selfishness submits to no sacrifice; passion gives everything a false appearance. Spirits are more and more estranged; the course of truth and justice, as clear as it is traced by unbiassed reason, is abandoned; more and more the demands of *liberality* and *legitimacy* appear absolutely incompatible; it is resolved "the peace of the world cannot be bought too dear"—to attempt desperately to suppress all ideas that were the principle of the revolution; to make a disconsolate retrogression towards a time long since buried. Then the Genius of Liberty soars over the Sea of the New World in order to return one day, shedding its blessings upon Europe, or to cast looks of compassion and contempt upon this degenerate part of the world.

As affording a complete bird's-eye, or panoramic, view of the History of the World, this work, which supplies the place of hundreds of volumes, will be found invaluable to the student of General and of Elementary History; but its especial merit is, that its reflections are in general precious commentaries upon its facts.

The Parent's Hand-Book, or Guide to the Choice of Professions, Employments, and Situations. By J. C. Hudson, Esq., Author of "Plain Directions for Making Wills," &c. 18mo, cloth. Pp. 245. Longman & Co.

To how many fond and anxious parents do the subjects which are discussed in this informing and judicious book form the daily theme of inquiry and fire-side talk; of hopes and fears; of earnest and deep consultation! The difficulty among the middle classes, of finding profitable, or even promising employment for sons, is yearly increasing, and is generally complained of. With daughters, the difficulty, if as great, is sooner surmounted, as the utmost that can be done with them is known at once. If they have no fortune, and do not marry, there remains but the two usual resources, of either becoming governesses or burthens on their friends. But, with boys something must be done, or at all events tried; and it is the question,—How for the best! This Treatise gives much useful information, and clears away some difficulties, by, among other things, destroying many fallacious notions and hopes. It is, for instance, a general opinion, that if a man be so lucky as to get a son into one of the government offices, the youth's fortune is made, if he is only attentive and tolerably well-behaved. What is the fact! We cannot travel through the Army, the Navy, and Ordnance Offices, but, take the best among them, the Treasury.

There are (besides several special appointments) four classes of clerks, whose salaries are as follow:—Juniors, about twelve in number, commencing at £90, increasing after a certain period up to £200 per annum.

Assistants, between twelve and fifteen, commencing at £300, and increasing gradually but slowly to about £500 per annum.

Seniors, not more than six, commencing at £600, and increasing gradually to £800.

Five chief clerks at £1000, per annum each.

That no one may be misled by these figures, the highest of which have a tempting appearance, it is strongly recommended to every person who seriously entertains the idea of soliciting an appointment in either of the above-mentioned offices, to take pen in hand, and supposing certain probable ages for the persons at present filling the several clerkships, to calculate how long a newly-appointed clerk will be in arriving at a salary of £200 a-year, how much more time it will take to get £300, and what is the probability, regard being paid to his health, and the chances of survivorship, that he will ever succeed at all to either of the higher grades. It is certain that there are officers among the *assistants* in the Treasury, who have served 25 years, and are not yet half way through that class; although they are men of acknowledged ability, and have never been passed over. And in the Colonial office, there are clerks of more than fifteen years' standing, who have never been put aside when promotions took place, but who, nevertheless, have not yet arrived at a salary of £200 per annum.

Of Custom-house appointments it is said,—

A salary of £80 or £90 per annum, for a young man of sixteen or eighteen years of age at his very outset in life, and for which no capital is necessary to be laid out or sunk in previous education, (as in the legal and medical professions,) is a temptation to which many a parent yields, who thinks, nevertheless, that he is con-

sulting the welfare and happiness of his son. But if the future could at all times be placed before his view as vivid in colour and as distinct in outline as the present: if he could be brought to contemplate the situation of his son at the age of twenty-eight, with a salary of only £150; at the age of thirty-three, with no more than £200, and with prospects, in all probability, bounded by £300, he would pause to consider whether some immediate sacrifice on his own part would not be well made to put his son into a line of life where industry and talent may eventually lead to higher rewards.

The Parent's Hand-Book accurately and minutely describes the amount of emoluments, and the rational expectations of a young man entering upon the different employments specified, and the method of proceeding in soliciting or obtaining for him an appointment in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Merchant-service, the East India Company's service, and Bank of England, and all Banking-houses, Insurance-offices, &c., &c. It explains the nature and usages of all the different professions, and the expense of properly training young men to exercise them. Nor are the Arts, and the genteeler *trades* neglected. In short, we consider Mr. Hudson a valuable chamber-counsellor to parents and guardians, who are turning the destinies of their young friends anxiously in their minds. As a curious specimen of the work, we shall introduce to our readers an order of men in the metropolis, who are, probably, less known to most of them than the Newspaper Reporters, or short-hand writers, who are described here. These are called *Hackney writers*, though hackney clerks might be as accurate a designation, and their employers are not the publishers.

HACKNEY WRITERS.

These useful persons are ever waiting for any rush of business which may happen in the offices of law stationers. They may be compared to the sailors, who during calm weather are to be seen loitering about the beach at Deal, Ramsgate, and such places, with their hands in their pockets, and telescopes under their arms, hoping for a squall or a fog, or some mischance or other to bring a vessel into trouble and put their services in requisition. In something like the same manner, the hackney writers wait at the public-houses in and about Chancery Lane until a law stationer is taken aback to get some copying done which defies all the strength of his regular establishment. Then the hackney writers are called in, and the work is done be it what it may. No mass of parchment and paper was ever yet seen which the law stationer, by means of the hackney writers, did not get copied by the appointed time, however small, and in whatever portion of the twenty-four hours that time might happen to be.

After many commands and countermands, consultations, disputations, obliterations, alterations, and emendations, the draft is at length finished, after midnight, perhaps, of the day preceding that on which the fair copy is required to be ready for perusal. The worn-out draftsman, grateful that his task is accomplished, retires to rest, and the huge bundle of scarcely legible manuscript is sent to the law stationer. The gloom of his office is in a moment dissipated by a score of candles, the hackney writers are summoned; the work is portioned out; the well-trained fingers, like "machiners," gallop the distance allotted to them with certainty and precision; the task is done as if by magic, and the hackney writers return to their hiding-places and relapse into their former state of inaction. But this employment is a sort of *pis aller* for a young man.

The encouragement to parents held out in the Hand-Book is, upon the whole, not great; yet the world is not really standing still, though it seems at present in a state of temporary stagnation; and though the supply of skill and talent of all kinds seems far to exceed the demand, hope is held out.

"At present," we are told, "the most certain road to fortune is the discovery or creation of a new want in mankind, and of the means to gratify it.

To what insignificant trifles do some men owe their success! Since the invention of soda water and ginger beer, people have found out that they cannot live without these things, although sixty years ago they had never been heard of. The manufacture of blacking for polishing shoes is comparatively recent, and has raised many men to affluence. In every branch of trade and manufacture the introduction of a new article appears to be the most effective plan for getting money. Tea was unknown in England in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth; at the present day so vast is the consumption of this article, that the duty upon it amounts to three millions per annum.

How the great problem of finding employment for the million is to be solved it is not proposed here to discuss; but so long as it remains unsolved, so long as the race of competition must be run for a subsistence, the best advice which a young man in trade can follow is to endeavour to strike into a new path; and if by such means the area for the exertion of human industry can be widely extended, the successful inventor will derive the three-fold gratification of enriching himself, conferring a benefit on those who adopt his invention, and providing a means of subsistence for a certain number of his fellow-creatures.

So concludes Mr. Hudson; but, alas! the paths are ill to find, and the inventors many.

Polynesia: or an Historical Account of the Principal Islands in the South Sea, including New Zealand; the Introduction of Christianity, &c., &c. By the Right Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. & D.C.L. Cloth. Pp. 440; with map and frontispiece. Oliver & Boyd.

This well-filled volume forms the thirty-third of the series of the EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY; nor has any more interesting portion of that sterling work yet appeared, whether we regard the subject or the execution. The field was vast, but by care and skill in condensation Dr. Russell has managed to give a comprehensive, as well as luminous view of all its more interesting features. We own we opened the volume with some apprehension as to how a High Churchman and a Right Reverend was to describe the doings of the rough breakers-up of the fallow ground in the South Seas; but we are more than pleased to find that Dr. Russell has not in anything undervalued the labours of the missionaries, by whomsoever sent forth—at least not in the past time. Whether "the missionary is in due time to be followed by the churchman,"—whether the churchman is to systematize the materials, the elements the dissenting pioneers have collected; and whether those whom Dr. Russell understands by "the lively stones of an apostolical priesthood, qualified to offer the oblation of a spiritual sacrifice," shall be the only spiritual teachers and guides of Polynesia, remains to be seen; and is not, at this stage, worth cavilling about.

Of the work we may add, that by the narratives of voyagers from the earliest times of discovery in the South Seas until the present day, and the voluminous and interesting missionary records of the last forty years, the richest materials are supplied; and that on these are made to bear the various knowledge of a highly-cultivated and well-stored mind, whether for illustration or apt reflection.

Newfoundland in 1842. By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Knight, Colonel in the Royal Engineers, &c. 2 vols. cloth; with map, and illustrative wood engravings.

This is a minute and elaborate history and description of an important portion of the British colonies in North America. The first volume relates to the discovery and settlement of Newfoundland, and to its natural history; the second describes its natural productions and resources, and what the author terms its Moral History, Political Economy, and Statistics. The work will have an especial interest to those connected with Newfoundland; and some of its chapters, as those on the manners and customs of the people and on the aborigines, form pleasing and instructive reading. Some of the quaint old-fashioned Christmas and other holiday customs about St. John's, appear to have been preserved in their purity in exile, while at home they have been almost forgotten. The Mummers, the Morris-dance, and the revels of the Lord of Misrule, still flourish in this settlement; though, from the different character of the "Pilgrim Fathers," nothing of the kind is to be found in New England. Fishermen form an important class in Newfoundland, and in condition it is far from being a comfortable one. The following gives a pleasing picture of the more wealthy and comfortable of the fishermen and small farmers, though the avocations of fisherman and agriculturist are often found united:—

"They reside in comfortable dwellings, generally substantially built of Newfoundland wood," which is of such diminutive girth that the walls must necessarily be thin. "The house, in the country villages or stations, and in the farms, usually consists of one common room or kitchen; at the end of which is a capacious stone-chimney, with a deep recess, like those of the old farm-houses in Buckinghamshire, where benches and chairs are placed, and where the old people sit; or females knit stockings, woollen shirts, and mittens, or fingerless gloves, for the men. There, during the summer, you always see the good housewife busily employed in some culinary occupations; whilst the maidens are either assisting her, knitting or sewing, rocking the cradle, spinning, or minding the infants learning to walk in that most ancient and most abominable invention, which consists of two circles of wood, over the upper of which the poor child's arms lean, to the manifest danger of rendering it round-shouldered for life. The floor is boarded, and usually raised above the ground or cellar, which has stone walls; and there are plenty of windows, but I do not observe that these are often opened; partly because they are usually fixtures, and partly from the necessity of rendering them weather-tight in winter. Almost every house has a deep porch, to cover the door from the snow, rain and wind; but you very seldom see the door shut. The sleeping places are separated from the kitchen or common room by a bulk head, or wood partition; and the roof or garret is also thus employed. The great difference between a small farmer's kitchen, and at home, here consists in the absence of strings of onions, hams, and bacon, depending from the ceilings or joists. There you see sealing-guns, fishing apparatus, a fresh herring, or some other fish just caught, supplying their place. But still the good things of this world are not wanting. I never walked into one of these kind-hearted people's dwellings (and I often did so during my rambles last summer) without immediate and silent preparation for the stranger; for they do the same to all respectable persons, and in my instance frequently at first they did not know me. The goodwife puts some tea in the pot, spreads a clean cloth, if she has one at hand or time admits, boils some eggs, produces a pot of fresh butter and a large jug of milk, with a loaf of home-made bread, or if that is wanting, white biscuit; and without saying a word during the preparation, expects her visiter, whether he is hungry or not, to fall to; being perfectly satisfied if you drink three or four cups of tea—luckily the cups are not large—and eat a good deal of bread and butter, and two or three eggs, which she always takes care shall not hurt your digestion by their hardness. . . . . Fresh meat is seldom seen but on rare and festive occasions, when the fatted calf or the household lamb graces the board. They have usually, however, a store of flour, and of salt beef and pork, which, with their poultry, would afford at all times a good table, were it not that the latter are too profitably employed in producing eggs for the market, and the former too dear to eat much of."

The common necessaries of life, and clothing of all kinds, are dear in Newfoundland, though the absence of taxation makes wine, spirits, tea, and other luxuries, comparatively cheap; and also the untaxed manufactured commodities brought in abundance from England. Newfoundland, from its severe climate, and the poverty of the soil, holds out few attractions to the agricultural emigrant, although the author of this account of the island holds a different opinion, and is a strong advocate for colonising the unsettled parts of the coast, and making Newfoundland something more than a fishing-station—namely, a barrier of the British empire in North America.

Leaves from Eusebius, Bishop of Cesarea in Palestine, A. D. 330. By the Rev. Henry Street, M.A., late of Baliol College, Oxford. Post 8vo, cloth. Pp. 288. Edward Bull.

These *Leaves* consist of passages selected from the celebrated work of Eusebius entitled the *Evangelical Preparation*, and translated from the original Greek by the selector. The *Evangelical Preparation* is considered by the translator the most powerful in argument, and the most varied and copious in laborious erudition of any treatise of the fourth century,—which abounded in the writings of the Fathers. The treatise would be valuable to the scholar and theologian were it only as a compendium of the creeds and superstitions of the Greeks and Egyptians, as a record of ancient Paganism, by, we may almost say, a contemporary. By the way, this primitive bishop, whose authority on some points will not, we should imagine, be often quoted by the modern Oxford divines, holds the opinions of the Quakers on oaths, for which the Saviour, Eusebius avers, had substituted *affirmation*.

The exposition of the leading doctrines of Christianity with which this treatise sets out, would do honour to the most enlightened age.

"Under the dispensations of Christ," says Eusebius, "there is no longer any necessity for oaths in confirmation of truth, (far from any evasion of perjury being offered,) inasmuch as the Saviour hath taught us never to swear at all; and on no account to speak a falsehood, but to give utterance to truth, and to be content with the terms, yea and nay, as men who show that the purpose of the mind is more binding than any oath. We learn also from Christ, that in the common intercourse of life we should not speak unguardedly, but accurately, so that no untruth, no reviling, neither any base, nor unseemly words, should proceed from our lips; inasmuch as they are forbidden by Him in this declaration, 'For every idle word ye shall give an account in the day of judgment.' Facts like these, do they not give the promise of a life preëminently that of a wise man?——It must be added also, that countless multitudes of men, women, and children, slaves and free, learned and unlearned, Greeks and Barbarians—throughout every city, region, and country, and of all nations under the sun—seek to

be taught in these doctrines, which persuade them not only to curb intemperate acts, but the evil thoughts of the mind. . . . . The same institute also teaches, that the whole race of mankind ought to receive a Godly and divine education, through which they may learn, with a noble and lofty mind, to endure the affronts of adversaries; and not to make a like return to evil men, but to master their anger and indignation, and every furious impulse; and lastly, to communicate their substance to the needy and distressed, and to have fellowship with men in general, as being of one family, and to esteem him who is reckoned a foreigner, as being by the law of nature very near of kin, and a brother. Can any one, with such a collection of facts before him, deny that the word of our faith hath bestowed upon mankind the most service, and the most extensive good, and that it hath conferred on human life the chiefest instrument of its welfare! What must be the character of that system which hath put into the minds of the whole race of mankind—not only of Greeks, but also of the most fierce barbarians, and of the most distant nations—not only to abstain from their irrational brutality of manners, but as men fond of wisdom, to embrace Gospel doctrines; such, for instance, as the immortality of the soul, and of that life in the presence of God, laid up in store for those who are dear to him, after their separation from the present state! Through this belief men have imbibed a contempt of this momentary life; yea and they have made it clear, that they who of old were so loudly extolled for their wisdom, were children; and that death, the subject of so much philosophical declamation, was but a child's game; for women, boys of a tender age, and foreigners and others of no great esteem, humanly speaking, have, by the communion and power of the Saviour, declared the veritableness of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, by acts rather than by arguments. Hence also, mankind everywhere throughout the world have, through the instruction of the Saviour, been taught to hold solid and wholesome opinions concerning the providence of God, as superintending the universe; and as each individual soul learns the doctrine of the Divine justice, and of the judgment-seat of God, so doth it learn to live with discretion, and carefully to guard itself against the solicitation of moral evil. The beneficial tendency also of the doctrines of salvation, may be recognised as largely in action, if we turn our attention to the error of demon fear belonging to ancient idolatry, through which the whole race of mankind was tormented by the vexations of demons, even from very olden times. From this, as from a gloomy darkness, Christ hath translated Greeks and barbarians by his Divine power, into the light and intellectual day of the true and godly worship of the King of the universe."

This is a fitting preparation for an exposure of the manifold errors of paganism, and the "vain philosophy" of the Greeks, which, in his disputation with Porphyry, and defence of the Christian system from the attacks of that able adversary, Eusebius undertook. The translator is evidently a high Churchman; but he has the good taste, on this neutral ground, to avoid embarrassing topics; and his selection is a valuable contribution to sound popular literature.

Two Years in China; and Narrative of the Chinese Expedition. By D. M'Pherson, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth. Pp. 391. Saunders & Otley.

Dr. M'Pherson belongs to the part of the Madras Army, attached to the service of the Nizam. In 1840 he accompanied his regiment to China, where he remained during many of the late remarkable events. Of most of them he was, indeed, an eye-witness; and, on the voyage back from Hong-Kong to Madras, he employed an interval of professional leisure in writing this narrative of the Expedition. It may not add very much to the previous sum of public or political information; nor yet to our knowledge of the Chinese people; though a clear account is given of several of the negotiations and actions; and the personal adventures possess interest. The author appears to share in the hostile feelings and aggressive spirit too common among those officers who have been engaged in the untoward affairs he describes. One would like to hear what Chinese chroniclers and gazette writers have to say on the other side.

The scientific reader will here find a minute description of the small foot of a Chinawoman, which, by means of a bribe, Mr. M'Pherson was allowed to examine; and economists an account of that grand smuggling trade in opium, which, for the profit of a few magnificent English smugglers, named India or China merchants, occasioned the late unhappy disturbances. The Chinese appear to use opium in a less objectionable form than Europeans; but we must not say anything about it, lest our opium-eaters, Mr. De Quincey included, break their phials, and take at once to the smoking apparatus. Smoking the poison, or the bliss, seems not only the more elegant way of using the drug, but to be much less deleterious. Dr. M'Pherson tells us that an old prophecy, attributed to Confucius, is revived among the Chinese, that China is to be conquered by a woman—and, of course, by Queen Victoria. He concludes his observations by saying—

Though this war has dealt harshly with us, both in purse and person, yet must it be proceeded with until the proud Chinese nation be brought to succumb to us; and that can only be done under the walls of Pekin. Like all our eastern wars, this one has been too much a war of negotiation, until we found the enemy were laughing at us.

To quote the words of the great Duke—"A great nation can never engage in a little war." Happily, at present, John Bull feels, for the first time, that he cannot afford another great war, whether just or unjust; for as to the justice, if a "British object" were in view, he might not, we fear, be very scrupulous. We are somewhat amused by the following sly expression of a confident expectation of prize-money, the division of the ransom of Canton, which, it is alleged, ought to have been greater:—

The authorities, in fact, were driven to that state, that they would have agreed to any terms we chose to dictate, and have granted a much larger ransom had it been demanded. How unfortunate that Captain Elliott's temperament should be so conciliating! As it is, however, both the navy and army will be well rewarded for the toils and troubles they have endured. This ransom-money being quite unconnected with the original claims on the Chinese, it would be rather hard that those who succeeded in procuring it, should not benefit therefrom. Besides, we know of no case in the annals of history in which this practice was deviated from.

Now, this surely settles the point:—The following anecdote of two English cock-sparrows, will suggest reflections to some readers, which do not seem to have occurred to the narrator.

Encounters, some of an amusing nature, were of frequent occurrence about this time at Chusan. On one occasion, two middies—one fifteen, the other thirteen years old—went out on a foraging excursion for the benefit of their mess. They had taken the precaution to carry with them—a double-barrelled gun, loaded with ball. Proceeding inland, they soon met a Fakee in charge of a flock of goats. The younger of the boys now tried to strike a bargain; and, sporting his dollars rather too freely, advanced towards the latter, who, however, instead of receiving the dollars, caught the boy in his arms, and was running away with him. His progress,

however, was soon stopped; the elder boy having, on seeing his companion seized, advanced, and, placing the muzzle of his piece to the Chinaman's ear, blew his brains out; whereupon some men who were looking on proceeded to seize the boys. The boys stood still till the foremost was within shot. The younger boy, now snatching the gun out of his companion's hand, said it was his turn now to have a shot. He fired, and lodged the contents of the second barrel in the man's chest. The remainder of the Chinamen, not liking the aspect of affairs, took to their heels.

Sir Henry Cavendish's Debates of the House of Commons during the Thirteenth Parliament of Great Britain, commonly called the Unreported Parliament. Drawn up, from the Original Manuscripts, by John Wright, Editor of the Parliamentary History of England, &c. Volume I. Royal octavo, cloth. Longman & Co.

At the commencement of this work, which is appearing in Parts, we gave an account of its character and objects. The *Unreported Parliament*—so named because reporters were jealously excluded from witnessing the proceedings—embraces an important period in English History,—from the years 1768 to 1774; when Burke was in his glory, and Fox made his first appearance in the House. This was also the era of the Letters of Junius; of the Wilkes affair; and the breaking out, and gathering of the elements of revolt in the American colonies. Save for the persevering industry of Sir Henry Cavendish, many of the best speeches of Burke, and others scarcely less worthy of preservation, would have been for ever lost to the English statesman and historian. The work, which is diligently and carefully illustrated from published books, and the unpublished letters, private journals, and memoirs of the leading public characters of that age, to which the editor has obtained access, is one which nothing else can ever supply; an important portion of authentic parliamentary history. The present volume gives the reports for two sessions. Another of the same size will, we presume, finish a book indispensable to an English library.

Statistical Chart of the British Empire. Engraved by S. Williams, under the superintendence of Mr. B. Wyon, her Majesty's Chief Engraver of Seals. London: George Beeson.

Upon a very large sheet of drawing-paper, in columns and sections, diversely coloured, are given at one view the statistics of the Empire, in all its colonies, a separate column being devoted to each of the following heads: —*Extent, Population, Latitude,* and *Longitude, Face of Country, Climate, Productions and Exports, Trade, History, Government, Language, Religion, Cities and their Population, Finance.* This sheet is surrounded by the devices and mottoes of the seals of the different colonies and settlements, which form a handsome border to the Chart. The utility of this Chart is obvious. It will be found of great convenience if hung up in newsrooms, coffee-houses, and all places of public resort, supplying, as it does in a moment, accurate statistical information on any of the above heads.

The Rioters: a Tale. By Harriet Martineau. Second Edition. Houlston and Stoneman.

The appearance of this little story is peculiarly opportune. It is well said that only experience teaches fools; and what might have been ineffectual as warning, may be found useful in directing the thoughts of those now suffering the severe penalty of their rashness, to a wiser line of conduct in future.

Life and Times of Louis Philippe, King of the French. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., Author of the Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. 8vo. Pp. 624. With a portrait of the King, and numerous other portraits and illustrations. Fisher & Sons.

There is much to interest in the strange vicissitudes and contrasts presented by the life of the French King; and in his early romantic adventures and trials. Louis Philippe, as he advances in life, does not appear to sink in the affection of the world, in which he never stood very high; yet in sober truth, the Rev. Mr. Wright's Life of this sage prince does too strongly entitle that gentleman to a gold snuff-box, or portrait of the King set in brilliants, or whatever may be the latest fashion of rewarding adulation, to be agreeable to our tastes. One might fancy that the composition of some hireling eulogist had here been freely rendered from the French. Even *Egalité* finds favour, because he is the father of Louis Philippe. To make amends for fulsome courtliness to Louis Philippe and his family, the elder Bourbons are not spared.

Narrative of a Residence in various parts of New Zealand; together with a Description of the present state of the Company's Settlements. By Charles Heaphy, Draftsman to the New Zealand Company. Smith & Elder.

This history of New Zealand has at least the merit of brevity. The author disclaims every interested motive, but admires the Company's system very much, and very naturally. He speaks highly of the Chatham Islands as a field of emigration.

A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises. By Richard J. Cleveland. Moxon.

This is an American production. An old navigator, a native and inhabitant of Boston, who has suffered not a few of the hardships, vicissitudes, and reverses attendant upon the profession, has here related his adventures from his first going to sea. From Robinson Crusoe and Dampier, downwards, all works of this kind are interesting, and this is not an exception. It, moreover, affords insight into the shrewd, calculating, go-a-head character of American traders, and, indeed, of all voyaging speculators. The voyages, continued through a long series of years, were to all parts of the world, and show more of the interior life of a trading mariner than any book we remember.

The Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret M. Davidson. Edited by Washington Irving. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 350. Tilt & Bogue.

Margaret was the younger sister of Lucretia Davidson, a young and beautiful girl of New England, who, after a remarkable display of precocious poetical talent, died of consumption at the early age of seventeen. Margaret, not less gifted, followed her sister to the grave at a still earlier age, the victim of the same fatal malady. Lucretia's works were introduced to the world by President Morse, who, shortly after her death, wrote an interesting biography of her brief life, which, with her poems, was reviewed by Southey in the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Washington Irving has here performed the same

affectionate office for Margaret which Morse did for Lucretia; though the Memoir is not the less interesting from the bereaved mother of these gifted young creatures having supplied nearly all the materials. The Life will be read with deep sympathy by the young and gentle-hearted; and the Remains, which are wonderful productions for so young a girl, will be admired by many, and be criticised with kindness and indulgence by all. Many of the poems would not, indeed, discredit the most celebrated of the numerous versifiers of Margaret Davidson's native land.

The Royal Visit. By Andrew Park, Author of Blindness, a Poem, &c., &c. Glasgow: Smith & Sons.

A Glasgow Bard has got the start in the several poetical and embellished works meant to form a record and memorial of the visit of Queen Victoria to Scotland. The volume—a very neat one, well-printed, and bound in splendid ruby-coloured Paisley silk—is illustrated with landscapes of the most noted scenes honoured by her Majesty's presence; Taymouth Castle, Dalkeith Palace, Stirling Castle, and has, for a frontispiece, medallion portraits of the royal pair. Not its least agreeable feature is a long list of respectable subscribers; a *tail* which renders it superfluous to say much about the body to which it belongs.

How did England become an Oligarchy? By Jonathan Duncan, Esq., Author of "The Dukes of Normandy," "History of Guernsey," &c.

We heartily recommend this small elementary treatise to all who desire to be well-grounded in the science of government; and wish to know what is meant by the Constitution of England. It is yet more deserving of recommendation from the manner in which it traces the gradual, but steady encroachments made upon all classes by the Oligarchy; until Standing Armies, a numerous Police, Septennial Parliaments, Paper-money, and an enormous National Debt, have brought us to the condition thus described by Mr. Duncan:—

Since 1660, in its consequences the most important epoch in English history, the government has tended more and more to an oligarchic form and character, the crown having been as completely deprived of its prerogative as the people have been spoliated of their rights; all that remains to the sovereign is the power of signing official documents; all that remains to the people is the barren privilege of petitioning a legislature predetermined to turn a deaf ear to their grievances. The landed interest, to secure high rents; the colonial interest, to retain a monopoly of the home market; the monied interest, to guarantee the dividends due on the public debt; and the ecclesiastical interest, to perpetuate tithes; these have formed a compact alliance, supported by a standing army and a salaried police. Thus, the many are governed for the sake of the few. The classes who supply money to the national exchequer have no voice either in its assessment or distribution. How long will this system last? Till the capital and industry of the country can no longer pay the interest of the national debt. Is nothing to be expected from the justice of the legislature? Let those who put the question read the answer in the past.

And we would add, *agitate, agitate, agitate,* for complete suffrage.

Whistle-Binkie.

A fourth Part or series has been added to this Collection, which now forms a good thick "bunch of ballands." Contributions from the best of the living Scottish song-writers, Ballantine, Miller, Vedder, Rodgers, Gilfillan, Maclaggan, Thom, &c., &c., still enrich this ample body of modern fire-side and convivial minstrelsy. The fresh additions show no falling off whatever; so that we may anticipate many more series. Our brief specimen shall be this very sweet little Grandame's song by Ballantine; who is eminently felicitous in combining cheerful natural humour with simple tenderness.

Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang,
Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld grannie's sang;
Gin ye gang as far, ye'll think the road lang;
Creep awa', my bairnie,—creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, you're ower young to learn
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn;
Better creepin' cannie than fa'in' wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee broo;—creep afore ye gang.

Ye will creep and hotch, and ye'll nod to your mither,
Watchin' ilka step o' your wee dousy brither;
Rest ye on the floor, till your wee limbs grow strang;
Ye will be a braw chield yet—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee,
Folks are sure to tumble when they climb ower hie,
They wha canna walk right are sure to come wrang;
Creep awa', my bairnie—creep afore ye gang.

Stray Leaves from the Portfolio of Alisander the Seer, Andrew Whaup, and Humphrey Hankshi. Edited by Alex. Rodgers. Glasgow: Rattray.

The Glaswegians are a spirited race. Some of them—for their name is *Legion*—who admire the compositions of their townsman Rodgers, have formed themselves into a committee, and collected and published these Stray Leaves as a means of preserving the careless Poet's scattered treasures. They have printed a large edition, and obtained a numerous subscription; but we hope, and indeed are pretty confident, that one object of the publication being the benefit of Mr. Rodgers, much more may be done. He is in his own walk perfectly original, and of sterling merit. A brief memoir of the Poet prefixed to the volume, shows that he is also what every poet ought to be—a man of liberal opinions, which, at the time of the Political persecution of 1819, brought him into considerable trouble. During a period of solitary confinement in the Glasgow Bridewell, into which he was thrown upon suspicion, and released without any charge being made against him, he solaced himself with singing "wi' a' his birr" from morning to night; and he seems to sing songs as well as he composes them. Rodgers was bred a handloom weaver, and at one time gave instructions in singing. He has been in several casual employments, but has latterly been connected with the liberal newspaper press; and is become a favourite with all classes of politicians, though many of his best poetical pieces are pungent if homely satires on Tories and Tory measures. His *Songs of the Kirk* and ditties on the late Sunday Railway-travelling affray are even more severe. A considerable part of the Stray Leaves consists of prose Sketches, which are generally inferior to the poetical pieces, though they also possess considerable humour. We need not remind our Scotch readers that Rodgers is the author of the very popular songs "Behave yoursel' before folk," and "St. Mungo."

Brewster's Seven Chartist Military Discourses. Part I. Price 3½d.—The bold free spirit of John Knox is not yet wholly extinguished in the Church of Scotland; though that Church has, in the case of Mr. Brewster, become the most active agent in suppressing it. Mr. Patrick Brewster, Minister of the Abbey Church of Paisley, from his locality and warm sympathy with

the distress of his parishioners and neighbours—which extreme distress he in a great degree imputes to bad government and the denial of political power to the Christian people—has been induced to preach a series of discourses of a political character, which the Commission of the General Assembly has ordered the Presbytery of Paisley to libel. The order of that anomalous body has been obeyed. Mr. Brewster is libelled and dragged to the bar of the Church Courts, to answer for this offence. The result we do not pretend to foretell; but judging by recent instances, there is little chance that mercy will be strained in his case. Mr. Brewster not only claims the right, but declares it the first duty of a faithful minister, to preach as he has done; instructing the people in their political rights and duties, and denouncing the oppression and corruption of rulers, and their unjust and unequal legislation. In the Introductory Sermon to the series of impugned Discourses, it is pertinently asked—

If a teacher of Christianity may discourse, as often and as personally as it likes him, on the duty of obedience to rulers, without incurring the charge of preaching politics,—why is it, that another must be subjected to that charge, when he ventures to touch upon the reciprocal duty of rulers to their subjects? If one may be permitted to descant, at his will, upon the heinous crime of resistance to constituted authority,—why may not another have equal license, to condemn and expose an invasion—no less criminal—of the nation's rights. And if one may, without offence, tell you of the iniquity of breaking a law of the land, and, by such means depriving the government of part of its exactions, often cruel enough,—why may not another have also leave to discourse to you, on the still greater iniquity of a law of the land violating a law of God,—by decreeing "unrighteous decrees," by "turning aside the needy from judgment," and by "taking away the right from the poor of God's people?"

How far it might be expedient, in ordinary times, for the teachers of Theology to assume to become regular instructors in politics, is not the question before us; but whether Mr. Brewster had a right, under the circumstances, to preach these Discourses, or the General Assembly either to seek to gag him or to punish him for discharging what he considered his imperative duty. When the Seven Discourses, which are coming out in cheap Numbers, are fairly before the public, we will be in better condition to judge between the courts of the Kirk of John Knox and one of its ministers, who has ventured to act, whether right or wrong, upon the principles, and to follow the practice, of its great founder and champion. These Discourses are well worthy of the attention of our southern neighbours, both for their intrinsic merits and the question raised upon them. The ministers of other denominations—Baptists, Independents, Unitarians, Scottish Seceders—take an active part in political affairs and discussions unquestioned; and why is not the same freedom allowed to a minister of the Church of Scotland? Upon a former occasion, Mr. Brewster was persecuted by the Kirk Courts for saying grace at a public dinner given to O'Connell.

SERIAL WORKS.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. Vol. I., Part II.—This completes the first volume. But each Part is a respectably-sized volume, bound in cloth, though capable of being compressed into one when re-bound. The lives extend from that of Agathocles to Alexander. Among the more interesting modern Memoirs are those of the Aikens, Alembert, and Aikenside.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPERE.—William Shakespere, a Biography, No. 4.

CUMMING'S FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. Part XVII. With a view of Berne.

WATERSTON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMERCE AND COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY. Part V.

MARTIN DOYLE'S CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL HUSBANDRY. Part VI.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL. Parts IV. and V.

SMEE'S ELEMENTS OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY. Parts VI. and VII.

FISHER'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF SCOTT'S BIBLE. Divisions III. and IV.—Scott's Bible speaks for itself. This edition, which is embellished with well-executed engravings from the Scriptural pictures of the Old Masters, and from scenic views in the Holy Land, is at once a very handsome and a remarkably cheap Family Bible.

GURNEY'S TRANSLATION OF FAUST. Part the Second. Nos. 5 and 6.

CHESS; EXEMPLIFIED IN A CONCISE AND EASY NOTATION, GREATLY FACILITATING PRACTICE; being an Introduction to the Game, on a system of progressive instruction and examples. By the late President of a Select Chess Club. Part I., cloth, pp. 128. Longmans & Co.

WHIST; ITS HISTORY AND PRACTICE. By an Amateur. Illustrated by Kenny Meadows; the designs engraved by Orrin Smith, and W. Linton. London: Bell & Wood.—For anything we can tell, or guess, this system of *Whist* may be from the pen of Hood, or the Editor of the Comic Almanac. It overflows with jest, humour, and pun; and is rich in felicitous literary allusions, proving the author to be a man as well-read in other books as in the "deil's beuks." The illustrations, also, are generally clever, and remarkably well engraved. A history of the Game, and of works on *Whist*, precedes the instructions, which are not the less clear and precise for being quaintly expressed, and scoffing occasionally at the whist-playing "wisdom of our ancestors."

SCHOOL BOOKS.

SELECTORUM LATINE: FOR THE USE OF SCOTTISH SCHOOLS. New edition, revised. Edinburgh: A. Macredie.—This is a small, sturdy, cheap, leathern-bound tome, adapted to the daily tear and wear of school-boys. So far, the externals are faultless; but the kernel is deserving of the careful shell. The little book is a manual for beginners. It comprises a variety of lessons and exercises; commencing with merely the verb and its nominative, it proceeds to very short sentences and phrases, and gradually ascends until entire paragraphs are given, selected from the best classic authors, with a secondary view to the instruction and moral and religious improvement of the pupil. The book we consider particularly well adapted to country schools, to female seminaries in which a little Latin is taught, and to the use of those who study without the aid of a master; as the graduated lessons and tolerably full vocabulary form of themselves, a complete compendium.

I. A GUIDE TO GERMAN SPELLING AND PRONUNCIATION. By Ludwig Schwabe, Professor of the German language.

II. A CONCISE GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

III. A PROGRESSIVE GERMAN READER. Longmans & Co.

STEILL'S PICTORIAL SPELLING-BOOK; OR A SERIES OF EASY AND PROGRESSIVE LESSONS ON FACTS AND OBJECTS. London: Virtue.—We see nothing remarkable about this Lesson-book, save that many of the lessons are illustrated by a wood-cut of the thing or object described being prefixed to the reading; as the lesson about the great house-dog Trim, by a *Dog;* that about the *Duck* and the *Goat*, and so forth, with portraits of these animals. This plan is likely to catch the attention of children. The Parts of Speech are also illustrated, or made visible or tangible in the same manner, by figures. The evil of all these helps is, that the thing learned—the symbol, has to be, in due time, unlearned, and this becomes a troublesome process with dull children.

LECTURES GRAMMATICALES, ET HISTORIQUE OU EXERCISES SUR LA LANGUE FRANCAISE.—A new French Grammar, illustrated by Examples, referring to the History of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c. By A. F. Guillerez. Translated by E. C. Anderson. Edinburgh: Rickard. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

THE LADIES' HAND-BOOK OF FANCY NEEDLE-WORK AND EMBROIDERY. London: Clarke & Company.—A neat very small tome, containing "plain and ample directions," according to its own story, "whereby ladies may become perfect mistresses" of the above "delightful arts."

THE LADIES' HAND-BOOK OF KNITTING, NETTING, AND CROCHET.—This is by the same author, and a ditto ditto to the above. We do not pretend to understand either of them; but that is not wonderful.

THE HAND-BOOK OF THE ELEMENTS OF PAINTING IN OIL. Pp. 53. London: Clarke & Wilson.

CLAXTON AND MORTON'S COMPANION TO A HYDROSTATIC AND HYDRAULIC APPARATUS. Pp. 45.

LETTERS ON THE SLAVE TRADE, SLAVERY, AND EMANCIPATION; WITH A REPLY TO OBJECTIONS MADE TO THE LIBERATION OF THE SLAVES IN THE SPANISH COLONIES, &c. &c. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 176. By G. W. Alexander. London: Gilpin.—This little work is in the form of Letters, purporting to be written while the author was in Spain and Portugal. The letters are addressed to FRIENDS (Quakers, we presume) on the Continent of Europe. They give a succinct history of the Anti-Slavery cause in England from its commencement; of the trade itself; and the present condition of the negroes in the emancipated colonies. The Letters are of comparatively small value at home, where the subject is so familiar; but they may do good abroad.

LETTS'S DIARY FOR 1843.—A volume ready-prepared for daily entries, on every-day in the year, and containing many useful tables, and a great deal of miscellaneous information.

THE VOICE OF AN OCTOGENARIAN, DENOUNCING WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES. By Samuel Roberts, the Paupers' Advocate. In a Letter to Sir Robert Peel.—The Octogenarian is a violent enemy of the New Poor-Law, and a warm friend of the poor;—of those who have so few friends, that one must not look too nicely into the colouring of those few, where their drawing is so right. No one pretends to say that the New Poor-Law was not a faulty, and, in many respects, a very harsh and unequal measure. It was not for itself, but for its anticipated results, that it found many of its friends and advocates. The best that can now be said is, that time has not yet been afforded for these beneficial results to develop themselves; and that the doubts of them which have been entertained by many, (among others ourselves,) are not lessening as time passes and experience increases.

THE THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WAGHORN & Co.'s OVERLAND GUIDE TO INDIA, BY FOUR ROUTES.—Persons going to India, overland, will find the information, hints, and directions in this pamphlet of the greatest utility.

OLIVER & BOYD'S THREEPENNY ALMANAC FOR 1843.—This is one of the wonders of this age of improvement; a great mass of useful information is given of the kind found in Almanacs, at the low price which makes it as accessible as it must be found useful to even the poorest individual.

LETTERS ON INFANT SCHOOLS, ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG TEACHER. By a Lady. London: Burns.—The Letters contain sound and judicious advice.

FOURRIER AND HIS SYSTEM. By Madame Gatti de Gamond. Translated from the French, by C. T. Woon, jun., Esq.—Fourrier, a prophet long without honour in his own country, has found an able and zealous disciple and exponent of his doctrines in Madame Gatti de Gamond. We do not pretend thoroughly to understand the doctrines; which, however, seem a vast improvement on those of St. Simon and Mr. Owen, though partaking somewhat of the character of both systems; but the sect is at present making some noise in the United States, and also in this country; and the curious and speculative could not find an easier method of studying the system of Fourrier, than in this tract.

QUACKS AND QUACKERY UNMASKED. By J. E. Feldman, M.D.

THE METEOROLOGICAL EPHEMERIS FOR 1843.

GAS-METERS; THEIR UNFAIRNESS DEMONSTRATED, &c. &c. By Henry Flower. London: G. Mann.—According to Mr. Flower, extensive frauds are committed by the servants of all gas companies upon the unfortunate consumers, who, all the while, are never the wiser, trusting implicitly to their meters, which register a great deal more gas as consumed than ever passes through them. He indeed states that consumers pay for from ten to twenty, and sometimes even thirty, per cent. more gas than they burn. The matter deserves to be looked into. If the gas companies assume the sole regulation of the meters, these instruments ought surely to be made and managed in as perfect a manner as is possible. The pamphlet strenuously recommends Mr. Lowe's method of naphthalizing and purifying coal gas.

CATECHISM OF GEOLOGY. By James Nicol, Author of a "Catechism of the Natural History of Man," &c. &c. —This is one of Oliver and Boyd's excellent cheap series of Elementary Scientific works. It gives a clear outline of Geology; and has even the illustrations cut in wood, necessary to an accurate knowledge of the first principles of the science.

END OF VOLUME NINTH.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.